S. W. Winder

[Reliure à la Cathédrale]

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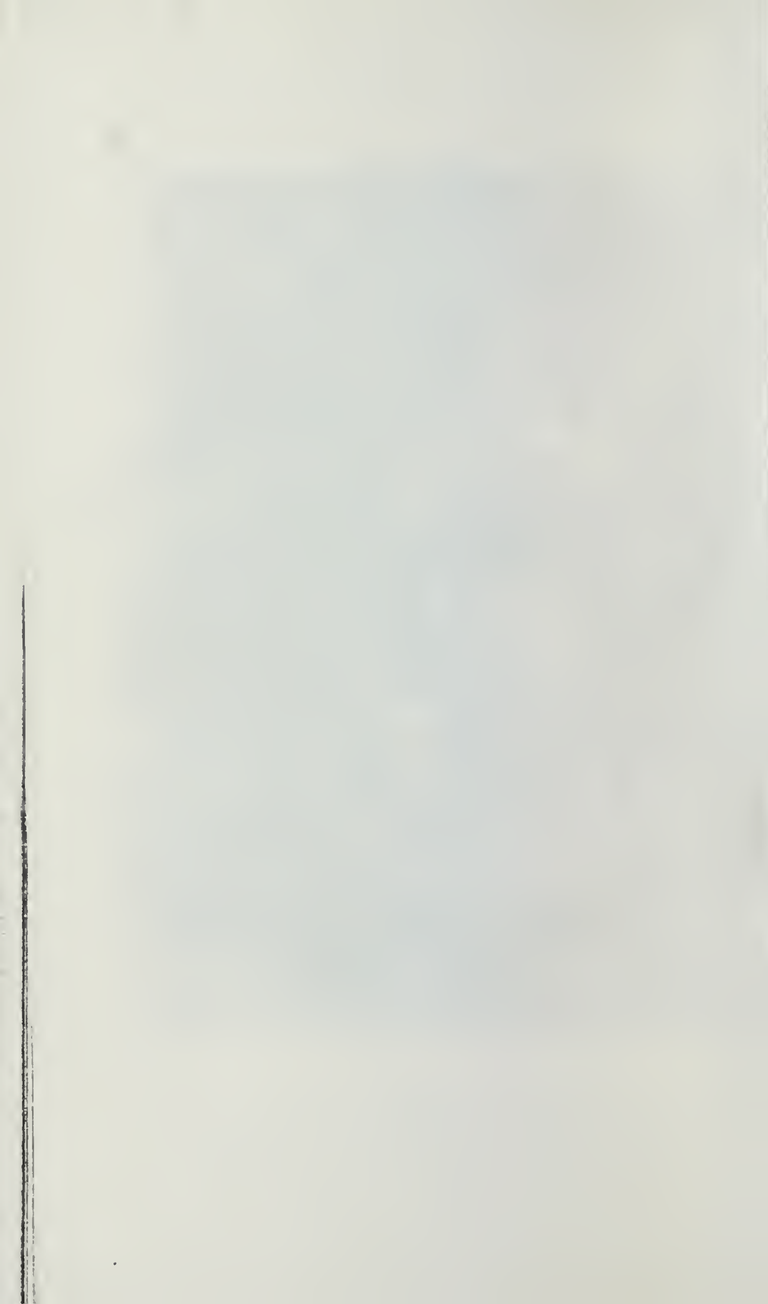
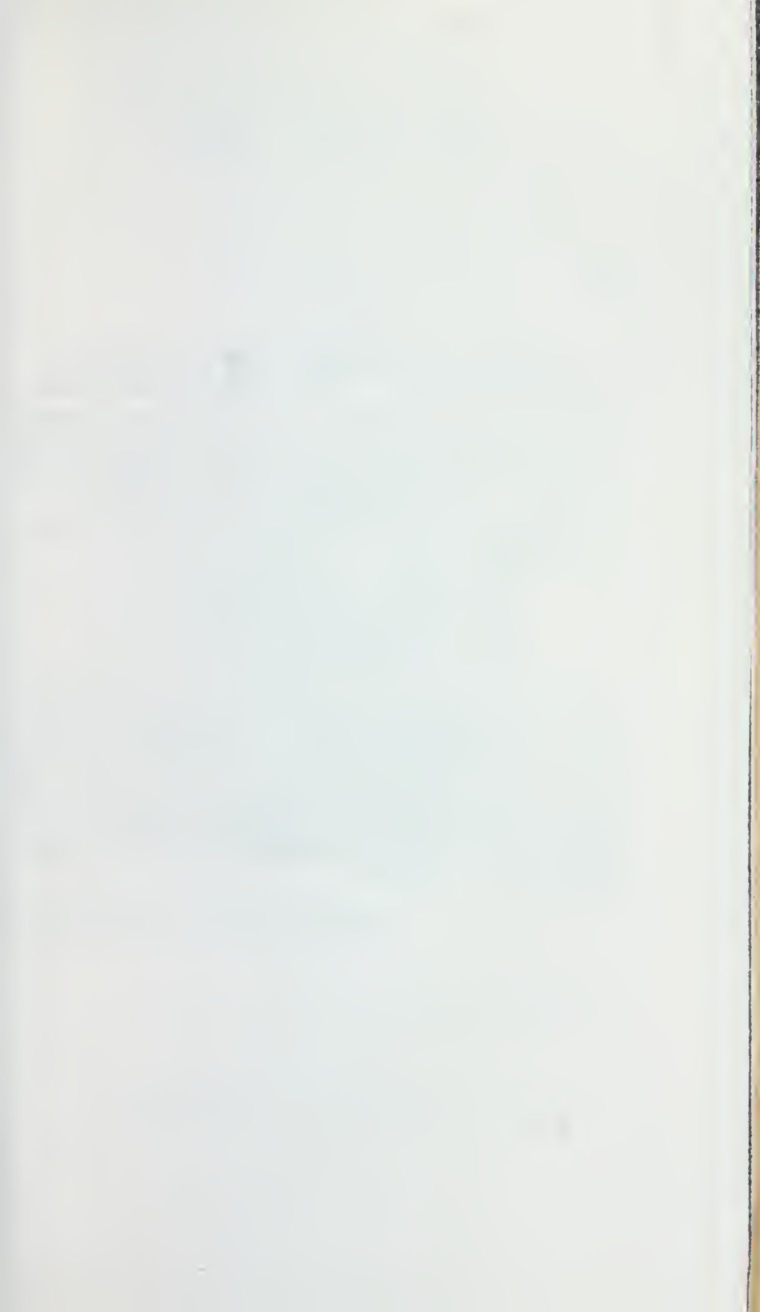
Published by Carter & Hendee, Boston

THE TOKEN

Boston





DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twentieth day of August, A. D. 1829, in the fiftyfourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, S. G. GOODRICH, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—

'The Token, a Christmas and New Year's Present, Edited by S. G. Goodrich.

"So, take my gift! 'T is a simple flower,
But perhaps 't will wile a weary hour,
And the spirit that its light magic weaves,
May touch your heart from its simple leaves—
And if these should fail, it at least will be
A Token of love from me to thee." '

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;' and also to an act, entitled 'An act supplementary to an act, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical aud other prints.'

JNO. W DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

EXAMINER PRESS, SCHOOL STREET.

THE TOKEN;

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

EDITED BY S. G. GOODRICH.

'So, take my gift! 'T is a simple flower,
But perhaps 't will wile a weary hour,
And the spirit that its light magic weaves,
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And if these should fail, it at least will be
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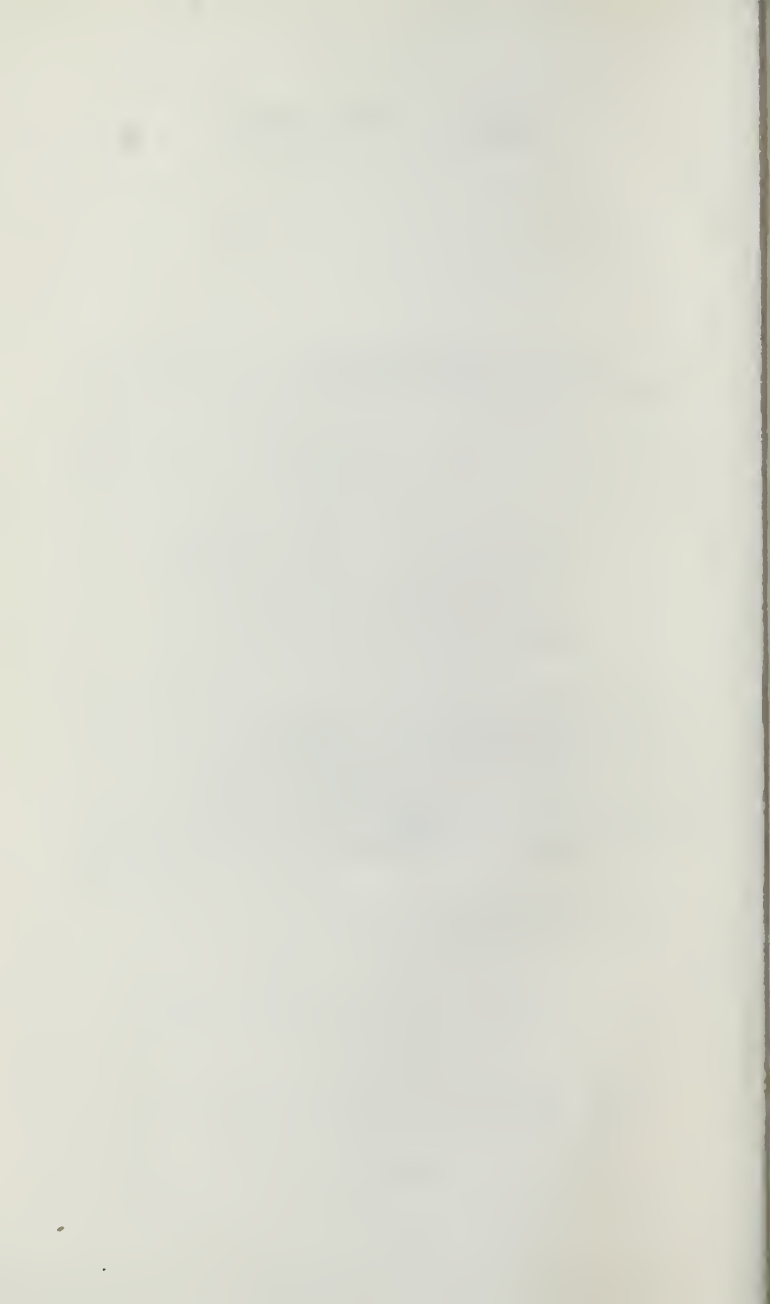
BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CARTER AND HENDEE.

MDCCCXXX.



PREFACE.

In presenting the third volume of the Token to the public, the editor may be allowed to say for himself and the publishers, that they have used their endeavours to make it worthy of the same liberal encouragement which has been extended to its predecessors. In the present advancing state of literature and the arts in this country, it has not been deemed sufficient merely to equal the volume of the last year. We have felt that it might be fairly expected that each number should surpass the preceding one, in whatever may constitute excellence in this species of publication. Accordingly we have sought to engage the first talents as well in the literary as the mechanical departments, to which we have added our own exertions, and now respectfully submit the result to the public.

The contributions are, as heretofore, all original, and by American writers.

The engravings are on steel. Eight of them are from original paintings, six of which are by American artists, and were executed for the work. The picture entitled 'Sibyl,' is from a painting belonging to Dr Binney of this city; 'Grandfather's Hobby' is from a picture by Sully, after a design by King, in the possession of J. Fullerton, Esq. To these gentlemen our thanks are due for the loan of these pictures to the artists who copied them.

From the beginning it has been the design of the proprietors to make the Token strictly American. It is believed to be the only work of a similar kind, which has attained to any considerable distinction, that has employed in its composition, and the execution of its embellishments, American talent only. In waving the advantage which might be derived from the assistance of eminent English writers and artists, the publishers have relied upon the national feeling of the American public, to foster and sustain a work peculiarly their own. Hitherto the success of the experiment has been encouraging. The Token has not only been favorably received by those to whom it particularly appealed for support, but it has met with unexpected favor at

the hands of foreign critics. In England, France, and Germany, many of the leading articles have been republished, and the work as a whole has drawn forth terms of commendation, not a little surprising, when it is taken into view how very recent are the first attempts to produce works of this kind in our country.

These remarks are made with no other view than to present such considerations to the public as may excite whatever degree of interest is due to our publication. For, notwithstanding the ready sale which has attended the former volumes, yet the Token has hitherto scarcely paid its expenses. From the published statements, as well in the English as in one of the American Souvenirs, we may safely state that the Token has been more costly to the publishers in proportion to the price at which it sells, than any similar work. It is true that the English publishers pay a higher price for their engravings, and also for the literary contributions. But the number of copies in their editions is twice or thrice that of the Token, and the price at which those annuals of an equal number of engravings are sold, is about one third more. Could works of this sort find the same liberal encouragement with us as in England, as to price and

extent of sale, we are confident in the opinion, that ours would soon be in no respect inferior to those of London. In truth, reasons, founded upon our peculiar scenery, and upon the rich mines of poetic and legendary materials, which lie buried in our general and local history, together with the aptitude of our countrymen for the fine arts, could easily be assigned why we should ere long take the lead in this elegant class of publications.

There is another consideration which we venture to suggest, as a reason for hinting to our countrymen, that the Token not only asks for, but is dependent upon their liberality. The publishers of the English Souvenirs have their plates executed on steel. These are capable of producing an almost indefinite number of impressions. After having supplied their own market, therefore, they can still strike off a sufficient number of plates to supply America. Add to this, that the literary articles are also on hand, and the setting up of the types is already done. Thus, with reference to the American market, the English publisher can manufacture these works, without either the cost of engravings, the literary articles, or the composition of

the types; three items which will embrace at least one half of the whole expenses of such publications. Then let it be considered that the average duty paid on their importation, does not exceed twelve and a half per cent. *ad valorem*, and it is obvious, that not only English annuals, but all other works of a similar character published in England, may be introduced into the United States, at a far less relative cost than those of our own production.

But these are, perhaps, too grave topics for an introduction to a work like this. The young and the fair will of course 'skip' them, and give us, as we hope, their good will and good wishes, without taking the trouble to pore over this dull prose. As to those difficult people, who must have a good reason for everything they do, we respectfully submit the foregoing hints, and hope they may find 'in, on, or about them' a conclusive argument for lending their support to our humble enterprise. If there is yet a third class who are not provided with a motive for becoming our patrons, we part with them, making the simple request that they will not pass us by until they have consulted the Sibyl.

With respect to the future, it is intended still to prosecute the publication of the Token, and every effort shall be made to raise its character for literary and mechanical excellence. The contributions of our friends are again solicited; and we request favorable excuses for any seeming neglect of those which they have already sent us. We have received many articles, well worthy of insertion, which, however, for various reasons, could not appear this year. Several of them will be printed in the next volume.

The subscriber proposes in future to assume the responsibility of the editorial department. It is proper to add, that in the preparation of the present volume, he has had the assistance of a gentleman, whose taste has largely contributed to whatever degree of merit it possesses. With no other pretensions than those which his experience as a publisher may furnish, he submits the present volume, and his future plan, to the public.

S. GRISWOLD GOODRICH.

Boston, September 1, 1829.

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THE TOKEN.

THE TOKEN.

REFERRING TO THE VIGNETTE TITLEPAGE.

THE sportive sylphs that course the air,
Unseen on wings that twilight weaves,
Around the opening rose repair,
And breathe sweet incense o'er its leaves.

With sparkling cups of bubbles made
They catch the ruddy beams of day,
And steal the rainbow's sweetest shade
Their blushing favorite to array.

They gather gems with sunbeams bright
From floating clouds and falling showers,
They rob Aurora's locks of light
To grace their own fair queen of flowers.

Thus, thus adorned, the speaking rose
Becomes a Token fit to tell
Of things that words can ne'er disclose
And nought but this reveal so well.

Then take my flower, and let its leaves
Beside thy heart be cherished near,
While that confiding heart receives
The thought it whispers to thine ear.

THE SEA.

BY F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

——— and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

THOMSON.

'The sea is his, and he made it,' cries the Psalmist of Israel, in one of those bursts of enthusiasm and devotion, in which he so often expresses the whole of a vast subject by a few simple words. Whose else indeed could it be, and by whom else could it have been made? Who else can heave its tides, and appoint its bounds? Who else can urge its mighty waves to madness with the breath and the wings of the tempest; and then speak to it again in a master's accents, and bid it be still? Who else could have poured out its magnificent fulness round the solid land, and

'Laid as in a storehouse safe its watery treasures by?'

Who else could have peopled it with its countless inhabitants, and caused it to bring forth its various

productions, and filled it from its deepest bed to its expanded surface, filled it from its centre to its remotest shores, filled it to the brim with beauty, and mystery, and power? Majestic ocean! Glorious sea! No created being rules thee, or made thee. Thou hearest but one voice, and that is the Lord's; thou obeyest but one arm, and that is the Almighty's. The ownership and the workmanship are God's; thou art his, and he made thee.

'The sea is his, and he made it.' It bears the strong impress of his greatness, his wisdom, and his love. It speaks to us of God with the voice of all its waters; it may lead us to God by all the influences of its nature. How, then, can we be otherwise than profitably employed while we are looking on this bright and broad mirror of the Deity? The sacred scriptures are full of references to it, and itself is full of religion and God.

'The sea is his, and he made it.' Its majesty is of God. What is there more sublime than the trackless, desert, all surrounding, unfathomable sea? What is there more peacefully sublime than the calm, gently heaving, silent sea? What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea? Power, resistless, overwhelming power, is its attribute and its expression, whether in the careless, conscious grandeur of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath.

It is awful when its crested waves rise up to make a compact with the black clouds, and the howling winds, and the thunder, and the thunderbolt, and they sweep on in the joy of their dread alliance, to do the Almighty's bidding. And it is awful, too, when it stretches its broad level out to meet in quiet union the bended sky, and show in the line of meeting the vast rotundity of the world. There is majesty in its wide expanse, separating and enclosing the great continents of the earth, occupying two thirds of the whole surface of the globe, penetrating the land with its bays and secondary seas, and receiving the constantly pouring tribute of every river, of every shore. There is majesty in its fulness, never diminishing and never increasing. There is majesty in its integrity, for its whole vast substance is uniform; in its local unity, for there is but one ocean, and the inhabitants of any one maritime spot may visit the inhabitants of any other in the wide world. Its depth is sublime; who can sound it? Its strength is sublime: what fabric of man can resist it? Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged song of its ripple or the stern music of its roar; whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves; or thunders at the base of some huge promontory; or beats against a toiling vessel's sides, lulling the voyager to rest with the strains of its wild monotony; or dies away with the calm and dying

twilight, in gentle murmurs on some sheltered shore. What sight is there more magnificent than the quiet or the stormy sea? What music is there, however artful, which can vie with the natural and changeful melodies of the resounding sea?

'The sea is his, and he made it.' Its beauty is of God. It possesses it, in richness, of its own; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows, as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own, a soft and sparkling light, rivalling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface, leave streaming behind a milky way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven. What landscape is so beautiful as

one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of its loveliness is from the waters, where it dwells and rests, singing its spells, and scattering its charms on all the coast. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious as those which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves, and fields, and dwellings are so enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea?

If we could see the great ocean as it can be seen by no mortal eye, beholding at one view what we are now obliged to visit in detail and spot by spot; if we could, from a flight far higher than the sea eagle's, and with a sight more keen and comprehensive than his, view the immense surface of the deep all spread out beneath us like a universal chart, what an infinite variety such a scene would display! Here a storm would be raging, the thunder bursting, the waters boiling, and rain and foam and fire all mingling together; and here, next to this scene of magnificent confusion, we should see the bright blue waves glittering in the sun, and while the brisk breezes flew over them, clapping their hands for very gladness—for they do clap their hands, and justify by the life, and almost individual animation which they exhibit, that remarkable figure of the Psalmist. Here, again, on this self same ocean, we should behold large tracts where there was neither tempest nor breeze, but a dead calm, breathless, noiseless, and, were it not for that swell of the sea which never rests,

motionless. Here we should see a cluster of green islands, set like jewels, in the midst of its bosom; and there we should see broad shoals and gray rocks, fretting the billows and threatening the mariner. 'There go the ships,' the white robed ships, some on this course, and others on the opposite one, some just approaching the shore, and some just leaving it; some in fleets, and others in solitude; some swinging lazily in a calm, and some driven and tossed, and perhaps overwhelmed by the storm; some for traffic, and some for state, and some in peace, and others, alas! in war. Let us follow one, and we should see it propelled by the steady wind of the tropics, and inhaling the almost visible odours which diffuse themselves around the spice islands of the East; let us observe the track of another, and we should behold it piercing the cold barriers of the North, struggling among hills and fields of ice, contending with Winter in his own everlasting dominion, striving to touch that unattained, solemn, hermit point of the globe, where ships may perhaps never visit, and where the foot of man, all daring and indefatigable as it is, may never tread. Nor are the ships of man the only travellers whom we shall perceive on this mighty map of the ocean. Flocks of sea birds are passing and repassing, diving for their food, or for pastime, migrating from shore to shore with unwearied wing and undeviating instinct, or wheeling

and swarming round the rocks which they make alive and vocal by their numbers and their clanging cries.

How various, how animated, how full of interest is the survey! We might behold such a scene, were we enabled to behold it, at almost any moment of time on the vast and varied ocean; and it would be a much more diversified and beautiful one; for I have spoken but of a few particulars, and of those but slightly. I have not spoken of the thousand forms in which the sea meets the shore, of the sands and the cliffs, of the arches and grottos, of the cities and the solitudes, which occur in the beautiful irregularity of its outline; nor of the constant tides, nor the boiling whirlpools and eddies, nor the currents and streams, which are dispersed throughout its surface. The variety of the sea, notwithstanding the uniformity of its substance, is ever changing and endless.

'The sea is his, and he made it.' And when he made it, he ordained that it should be the element and dwellingplace of multitudes of living beings, and the treasury of many riches. How populous and wealthy and bounteous are the depths of the sea! How many are the tribes which find in them abundant sustenance, and furnish abundant sustenance to man. The whale roams through the deep like its lord; but he is forced to surrender his vast bulk to the use of man. The lesser tribes of the finny race have each their peculiar habits

and haunts, but they are found out by the ingenuity of man, and turned to his own purposes. The line and the hook and the net are dropped and spread to delude them and bring them up from the watery chambers where they were roving in conscious security. How strange it is that the warm food which comes upon our tables, and the substances which furnish our streets and dwellings with cheerful light, should be drawn up from the cold and dark recesses of the sea.

We shall behold new wonders and riches when we investigate the seashore. We shall find both beauty for the eye and food for the body, in the varieties of shell fish, which adhere in myriads to the rocks, or form their close dark burrows in the sands. In some parts of the world we shall see those houses of stone, which the little coral insect rears up with patient industry from the bottom of the waters, till they grow into formidable rocks, and broad forests whose branches never wave, and whose leaves never fall. In other parts we shall see those 'pale glistening pearls' which adorn the crowns of princes, and are woven in the hair of beauty, extorted by the restless grasp of man from the hidden stores of ocean. And, spread round every coast, there are beds of flowers and thickets of plants, which the dew does not nourish, and which man has not sown, nor cultivated, nor reaped; but which seem to belong to the floods alone, and the denizens of the

floods, until they are thrown up by the surges, and we discover that even the dead spoils of the fields of ocean may fertilize and enrich the fields of earth. They have a life, and a nourishment, and an economy of their own, and we know little of them, except that they are there in their briny nurseries, reared up into luxuriance by what would kill, like a mortal poison, the plants of the land.

> 'There, with its waving blade of greeu,
>   The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
> And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
>   To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
>
> 'There, with a light and easy motion,
>   The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
> And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
>   Are bending like corn on the upland lea.'

I have not told half of the riches of the sea. How can I count the countless, or describe as they ought to be described, those companies of living and lifeless things which fill the waters, and which it would take a volume barely to enumerate and name? But how can we give our minds in any degree to this subject; how can we reflect on a part only of the treasures of the seas; how can we lend but a few moments to the consideration of the majesty and beauty, the variety and the fulness of the ocean, without raising our regards in adoration to

The Almighty Creator, and exclaiming with one of the sublimest of poets, who felt nature like a poet, and whose divine strains ought to be familiar with us all, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayst give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.'

We must not omit to consider the utility of the sea; its utility, I mean, not only as it furnishes a dwelling and sustenance to an infinite variety and number of inhabitants, and an important part of the support of man, but in its more general relations to the whole globe of the world. It cools the air for us in summer, and warms it in winter. It is probable that the very composition of the atmosphere is beneficially affected by combining with the particles which it takes up from the ocean; but, however this may be, there is little or no doubt, that were it not for the immense face of waters with which the atmosphere comes in contact, it would be hardly respirable for the dwellers on the earth. Then, again, it affords an easier, and, on the whole, perhaps a safer medium of communication and

conveyance between nation and nation, than can be found, for equal distances, on the land. It is also an effectual barrier between nations, preserving to a great degree the weak from invasion and the virtuous from contamination. In many other respects it is no doubt useful to the great whole, though in how many we are not qualified to judge. What we do see is abundant testimony of the wisdom and goodness of him who in the beginning 'gathered the waters together unto one place.'

There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomed, and perhaps unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains are there, to which the fountains of the earth are in comparison but drops? Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt, which so impregnate its waters, that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them? What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes, may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek, the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest bed! What

spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been ingulfed by the insatiable and reckless waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this uncounted and idle wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep?

And oh! yet more affecting to the heart and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiem? What shrouds were wrapped round the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that secret tomb? Where are the bones, the relics of the brave and the fearful, the good and the bad, the parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother, and sister, and lover, which have been tossed and scattered and buried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea? The journeying winds may sigh, as year after year they pass over their beds. The solitary rain cloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which lie strewed in that unwonted cemetary. But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulchre? It is mystery all. When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but he to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all

nature bows; he who shall one day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll and there shall be 'no more sea.'

NAPOLEON.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Napoleon, when in St Helena, beheld a bust of his son, and wept.

Long on the Parian bust he gazed,
  And his pallid lips moved not;
But when his deep cold eye he raised,
  His glory was forgot;
And the heated tears came down like rain,
As the buried years swept back again—
      He wept aloud!

He who had tearless rode the storm
  Of human agony,
And with ambition wild and warm,
  Sailed on a bloody sea,
He bent before the infant head,
And wept—as a mother weeps her dead!—
      The pale and proud!

The roar of all the world had passed—
  On a sounding rock alone,
An exile, to the earth he cast
  His gathered glories down!
Yet dreamt he of his victor race,
Till, turning to that marble face,
      His heart gave way;

And nature saw her time of power—
  A conqueror in tears!
The mighty bowed before a flower,
  In the chastisement of years!
What can this mystery control!—
The father comes, as man's high soul
      And hopes decay.

Alone before that chiselled brow,
  His proudest victories
Flit by, like hated phantoms now,
  And holier visions rise—
The empire of the heart unveils,
And lo! that crownless creature wails
      His days of power.

The golden days whose suns went down,
  As at the icy pole,
Lighting with dim but cold renown

The kingdom of the soul!
When all life's charities were dead,
And each affection failed or fled
That withering hour!

Oh! had the monarch to the wind
His hope of conquest flung,
And to the victory of mind
Had his warrior footsteps rung,
What then were desert rocks and seas,
To one whom Destiny decrees
Such fadeless fame!

Oh! had the tyrant cast his crown
And jewels all away,
What though the pomp of life had flown,
And left a lowering day!
Then had thy speaking bust, brave boy!
Awoke with memories of joy
Thy fated name!

SIBYL.

THE SYBIL.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

INVOCATION.

Come to my call, sweet spirits! I am sick
Of the poor, even pulses of the world,
And I would yield me to some stirring spell
Till my sad heart sits lightlier. Ye have been
Dew to my life, bright ones! I have no joy
In my remembrance chronicled, unsung;
Never a gentle sorrow, nor a tear
Loosened from over-fulness, nor a prayer,
Nor a meek lesson of humility
Read in a violet's beauty, nor a sigh,
Nor anything that hath a tie on love,
That is not linked with poetry.

My life
Hath had the seeming pleasantness of a child's,
And I am bound up in the hearts of them
Who part the hair upon my brow, and pray
Daily for their fair girl; and I have drawn
Holy affections round me, and should find

Life but the gliding of a summer's dream—
Yet I could sometimes die, its changeless pulse
Beateth so wearily, and there doth come
Over my brow a fever, and a thirst
Upon my spirit, difficult to allay,
And nature hath seemed dark to me, and eyes
From the dim kingdom of the night looked out
With a most troubled sadness; and when life
Became to me a wretchedness beneath
These sicknesses of spirit, I have found
Forgetfulness in poetry, and known
How like a blessed medicine it can steal
The pang of an impatient heart away.

Come at my bidding, then, ye spirit dreams!
And in my ears breathe music, and upon
My fancy pencil images of things
Holy and beautiful, and let me in,
As if I were a presence, to your rare
And unsubstantial world. I would put off
The memory of my nature till my love
Is from the earth estranged. I would forget
The heaviness of these delaying hours
Of waking, and go up with you awhile
Into the walks of air, and, like a cloud,
Give myself up unto the passing wind,
To float away on its invisible wings.

THE MANIAC.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

On a tall cliff that overhung the deep,
A maniac stood. He heeded not the sweep
Of the swift gale that lashed the troubled main,
And spread with showery foam the watery plain.
His daring foot was on the dizzy line
That edged the rock impending o'er the brine;
His form was bent and leaning from the height,
Like the light gull whose wing is stretched for flight.
Far down beneath his feet the surges broke,
Above his head the pealing thunders spoke;
Around him flashed the lightning's ruddy glare,
And rushing torrents swept along the air.
But nought he heeded, save a gallant sail
That on the sea was wrestling with the gale.
Far on the ocean's billowy verge she hung,
And strove to shun the storm that landward swung.
With many a tack she turned her bending side
To the rude blast, and bravely stemmed the tide.

In vain! the bootless strife with fate is o'er—
And the doomed vessel nears the iron shore.
She seems a mighty bird whose wing is rent
By the red shaft from heaven's fierce quiver sent.
Her mast is shivered and her helm is lashed,
Around her prow the kindled waves are dashed—
And as a vulture swooping in his might,
Toward the dark cliff she speeds her fearful flight.
She comes, she strikes! the trembling wave withdraws,
And the hushed elements a moment pause;
Then swelling dark and high above their prey,
The billows burst, and bear the wreck away!

One look to heaven the deep-wrapt maniac cast,
One low breathed murmur from his bosom passed;
'God of the soul and sea! I read thy choice—
Told by the shipwreck and the whirlwind's voice.
In this dread omen I can trace my doom,
And hear thee bid me seek an ocean-tomb.
Like the lost ship my weary mind hath striven
With the wild tempest o'er my spirit driven;
That strife is done—and the dim caverned sea
Of this wrecked bosom shall the mansion be.
Thou who canst bid the billows cease to roll,
Oh! smooth a pillow for my weary soul,
Watch o'er the pilgrim in his shadowy sleep
And send sweet dreams to light the sullen deep.'

Thus spoke the maniac while above he gazed
And his pale hands beseechingly he raised;
Then on the viewless wind he swiftly sprung,
And far below his senseless form was flung;
A thin white spray told where he met the wave,
And the piled surges form his fearful grave.

THE WOUNDED BIRD.

THIS wing no more can flight sustain,
  Or I to distant groves would fly;
For less I heed the arrow's pain
  Than in my native wood to die.

Yet, be the struggle brief or long,
  The victim's moan they shall not hear;
Or it shall be a swan-like song,
  Too sweet to mark his end so near.

Though scorn shall never watch the woes
  It was its pastime thus to deal;
My last, faint flutter may disclose
  The wound I can no more conceal.

Yet might it make the fowler weep
  To see me fold my crimsoned wing
Upon a barb before too deep,
  And hasten death to hide the sting.

P.

THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRANCIS BERRIAN.'

That hermit hath gone to his last narrow cell,
And his bosom at length has forgotten to swell.
The couch, where he slept, is all crusted with mould,
And the fire on his hearth is extinguished and cold.

WHOEVER has travelled far, and seen many men, has seen much sorrow. That lonely man of singular habits, so well known, by those who navigate the Upper Mississippi, by the name of Indian Fighter, or the Hermit of Cap au Gris, has at length paid his last debt; and I am released from my promise, not to relate the passages of his life, until he was no more. I well know that the life of man is everywhere diversified with joy and wo; and that his story is but one of countless millions, varied only in the lights and shades. But it seemed right to me, to declare to the proud inhabitants of cities, that scenes of tragic interest, and incidents of harrowing agony, rise on the vision and pass away unrecorded in the desert. As I sojourned

on the prairies of Illinois, I experienced, for one night, the well known and ample hospitality of the hermit, and over his cheerful autumnal fire heard the following narrative of the more prominent events of his life.

'The pride of life hath long since passed away from me. But it is due to the simplicity of fact, to declare, that my family in Britain was patrician, of no ignoble name, or stinted possessions. A hereditary lawsuit deprived us of all but the mere wreck of our fortunes. We came over the seas, to escape from the scene of our pride and humiliation. We crossed the western mountains. We were borne down the forests of the beautiful Ohio. We ascended the majestic father of waters, and debarked on the devious and secluded Maccoupin, which, after winding through the central woods and prairies of Illinois, pays its tribute to the Upper Mississippi, some leagues above the mouth of the Missouri.

'With us emigrated a band of backwoodsmen, who sought their homes on these fair and untrodden plains. As friends knit by the ties of common pursuits, and the strong bond of intending to be fellow dwellers in the desert, we selected contiguous farms on the open grass plains; and our cabins rose under the peccans and sugar maples, that formed a skirt of deep and beautiful forest on the banks of the stream. We were fresh

from the fastidious creations of luxury and art. I well remember the day when our tents were first pitched in the wild. Here all was fresh nature, as in our forsaken home all had been marked with the labor of men. The sky was beautifully blue and cloudless; and the mild south gently rustled the trees, as it bore fragrance in soft whispers along the flowering wilderness. The huge, straight trees were all moss-covered; and their gray trunks rose proudly, like columns. The starting hares, and deers, and the wild denizens of the woods bounded away from our path. Eagles and carrion vultures soared above our heads. Birds with brilliant plumage of red, green, and gold, sang among the branches. The countless millions of water dwellers, awakened from the long sleep of winter, mingled their cries in the surrounding waters. We added to this promiscuous hymn of nature the clarion echoes of our bugles, the baying of our dogs, all the glad domestic sounds of animals that have joined partnership with man, the hearty blows of the woodcutter's axe, the crash of falling trees, and the reckless wood notes of the first songs which these solitudes had heard from the creation. I look back upon these pleasant, and too fond remembrances, as a green island in the illimitable darkness of the past.

'We consecrated our cabin in this forest with the affecting and tender name of home. I have seen many

a spot since, where nature is beautiful in privacy and seclusion, as it should seem, for her own solitary joy; but none more like Eden than this. I had scarcely lived twenty years. I had seen the richly dressed and haughty fair of my native country and of American cities, as an equal, and all with the same indifference. It may be that the heart has more tender sentiments, the eye keener perceptions, and the imagination more vivid and varied combinations, in places like these, than amidst the palling and commonplace associations of art. Little had I dreamed that in these wild forests I was to see a vision of loveliness, which will forever remain impressed upon my memory and my heart, like the stamp of the seal upon wax. Here is the image of the loved one, I hope innocently worn along with that of my Saviour. I pass my eye from one to the other; and while I remember that they are both in heaven, I long to rejoin them.'

His voice failed for a moment; and he took from his bosom, where it hung with a crucifix, on which, engraven on a gem, was the head of a Jesus, a miniature of a beautiful girl, with raven locks, and radiant eyes of piercing blackness. It showed a countenance of uncommon loveliness even to me, who saw with impartial view. But the eye of a lover discovers perfection where less entranced vision sees

only common beauty. As I intensely viewed the miniature in different lights, he proceeded, in the luxuriant amplification of a lover's poetry, to paint his beloved with a pencil dipped in sunbeams. The ambrosial curls, the divine expression of a melting eye, the lily and the rose in her cheek, the snowy neck, the majestic form, in short, the usual illustrations of that vocabulary were all put in requisition.

'She, too,' he resumed, replacing the miniature in his bosom, 'before she had seen sixteen summers, had seen reverses; and her piercing eye sometimes swam in a languor, which told a tale of sorrow. Her father had ventured all on the seas; and his wealth had been merged in the fickle element. His proud spirit, like mine, brooked not the affected pity of those who had shared in the hospitality of his better days. He sought repose in the same forests, and had selected his home on the same stream a few leagues above. In passing near our cabin, his horse, affrighted by the starting of a hare from his path, had thrown him. I found him, bore him home, and nursed him, during his lameness, till he was able to return to his own house. Next time we saw him, he brought his lovely daughter with him on a visit to our settlement. I no longer complained of the tedium of slumbering affections, or spoke in derision of the mock torments of love.

'The time of her visit was a sweet April evening; and the place an extensive sugar camp, near our cluster of cabins. The greater portion of our settlement were gathered round the caldrons and the blazing fires in that pleasant valley. The sugar maple poured its rich syrup abundantly; and the tree itself, the fairest of the American forest, had begun to start the germs of its leaves beneath its brilliant red flowers. The fresh air told that the snow had not yet all melted from the higher hills. But violets, columbines, the white clover, the cornel, and red bud already mingled their fragance in the evening breeze. A requiem to departing day was lulling the song birds to rest among their branches. A number of black servants, engaged in the work, sang, in the strain of their spicy native groves, songs, at once gay and plaintive, which breathed remembrances of the Lote and the Palm. Steaming above the bright fires arose the fragrance of the forming crystals. The aged parents sat under the trees, and told their feats of hunting buffaloes and bears, and their still sterner contests with the Indians. The young men and their elected maidens were grouped apart. A fat and joyous black, as laughing and as reckless as though he had neither heard nor known the import of the word slave, scraped his violin. At the note the scattered groups left their satisfying privacy for the more exciting sport of the dance. The Africans, meanwhile, enacted

their own under plot of still more boisterous gladness; and, when weary with laughter, sipped the syrup, and, imitating the phrase of the adjacent dancers, talked of their dusky loves as still sweeter than the forest nectar.

'It was at such a time and place that the father and Emma dismounted from their horses and joined us. It was, as if Diana had descended amidst the rustic assemblage. I no longer had indistinct visions of grace, and loveliness, and dignity, which all stood embodied before me. The time and the place added their charmed influence to the impression. The father named me to his daughter as one to whom he owed a debt of grateful obligation. At her home the maple was not found; and this scene, and the process of preparing the sugar, had for her all the charm of novelty. She seemed no ways disinclined to make the circuit of the camp with me, nor to repose herself on a rustic bench at a spring fountain, whence the whole gay scene was surveyed below, and which was beautifully illumined by the hundred bright fires. Her reserve wore away with mine; and I became bold, as she turned her melting eye upon me, as if to inquire, why a being as unlike the rest as herself, had been cast in these woods. I talked of the charming country, and of the unlimited selection in these fertile solitudes. I spoke of the peace of those who are far from the corroding passions

and the venal motives of crowded cities, and who live in guileless peace, content, and privacy; and, I added, that the poet's song, in the days of primeval innocence, had peopled such scenes with gods and nymphs; but that I had not dreamed to find, as I now did, the fable true in these iron days. A smile slightly ironical gave me no omens of displeasure. We named over our stores of books; and in the course of this delightful evening she incidentally expressed the hope that our fathers might be acquainted. The song and the dance and our fathers' colloquy and ours ceased not until the moon in the centre of the concave told us, that it was the noon of night; and yet much remained for us both to say.

'Her father came for her, complaining, in the usual phrase, of the unperceived lapse of the hours. They mounted, and rode towards their home. I followed them with my eyes and my thoughts, as the yet unabated and boisterous mirth around rung upon my ear. The tempest of war had begun to rage along our immense line of frontier; and the fierce and ruthless northern savages were abroad among the commencing settlers of the Illinois plains. We began to hear of their desolations of fire and blood. I neither affirm nor deny the wisdom of believing in presentiment in the case of others. It may be I followed the leading of a new train of thoughts; but it seemed to me as if

a mysterious intimation warned me to follow in their course. I moved over the hills until our fires had faded upon my eye, and the mirth around them upon my ear. One height drew me on to another, until I heard a sharp and piercing scream, preceded by a rifle shot, in a thicket but a little way before me. An instant brought me to the place. The father lay on the ground, apparently lifeless, and covered with his blood. A half-suppressed groan, as of one flying away among the fallen trees, directed me to the daughter. She, too, was on the earth; but whether in faintness or death, appeared not; though, reclined in her white dress, my dark thoughts viewed her as lying in her shroud. In springing to reach her, I stumbled over a fallen tree. It providentially saved me from the unerring aim of an Indian hatchet, which gleamed past the point, to which I should otherwise have advanced. The sender instantly after grasped me in deadly strife. Then first I knew by experience the fierce encounter of the red man. Providence or love endowed me with more than mortal powers. While I felt in the tremendous clutch of my adversary, as exerting the weak efforts of man against the brute and irresistible powers of nature, I had, I scarcely know how, inflicted such a wound, that I felt his spasmodic grasp relax. His arms sunk away nerveless; and the sternness of disappointed vengeance was sealed upon his grim brow in death.

'I need not prolong my tale. Water from a neighbouring spring restored Emma. She had fled unharmed, and fallen in faintness and terror. Her father had been wounded, but not severely, by a rifle shot. He was removed to my father's cabin; and nursed, I need not say, with tenderness. While a firm friendship grew up between the fathers, a compact of another sort had been unalterably ratified between their children. There was no glade, spring source, or cool and sequestered bower of the broad-leaved grape, that had not been consecrated by the repetition of our vows, and our words of love. The days fled, and we counted not how fast; for the sun, moon, stars, and seasons were not our remembrancers. Alas! the memory of these halcyon days alone remains to me; but even the memory is pleasant. It is like a calm and sweet dream in a feverish night of pain.

'The time of our union was fixed. Our parents would not separate until it had taken place. Ample provision had been made for our commencing a farming establishment in rustic abundance and comfort. Earth can furnish no happier anticipations than were ours.

'A savage that we had deemed friendly, and who often brought us venison for sale, came in one evening, when a number of our neighbours were paying us a social visit. He begged my father to send some one to help him bring in a deer, which, he said, he had

killed near the house. The greater number of the men, and I among them, improvidently set forth to see the game. An ambush of hostile Indians rose between them and the house. The yells of the savages, the dying groans of our neighbours, the sharp reports of the rifles, all ring in my ears as I think of the past. I was stunned and struck down, remote from the rest, with a rifle blow. The fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, the husbands and wives fell together. Savage knives spilled the blood of the young infants. They exerted themselves even to kill our house dogs. To render the ruin complete, conflagration glared upon their murders. With horrid dexterity, they composed a pyramidal pile of bodies; the longer laid at the base, the shorter forming another tier, and the little infants, lying in their innocent blood, crowned the pile. By this pile they held their infernal orgies, dancing and yelling, as they circled round it, by the glare of the burning buildings. I should have made one, had they found me. I remained awhile insensible at a distance among the brush; and awoke to consciousness with this shocking scene in full view, though it was my fortune not to be myself discovered.

'In the midst of their horrid rites of blood and drunkenness, the clarion notes of the rangers' bugles awakened the night echoes. The murderous foe cowered and fled, like wolves from the sheepfold.

Had it been heard an hour before, I had not passed from hope to despair; and many a brave heart had palpitated with the joy of welcome, which would now beat no more. The rangers soon came up in measured gallop, and, clad in steel, alighted to survey the work of death. I called them to my aid. They carried me to a cabin which the savages had spared; and I speedily recovered of my bruises. Revenge burned at my bosom, and for that alone I wished to live. Besides, the body of Emma had not been found among the dead. Might not the loved and forlorn orphan be a captive to these ruthless invaders? To seek for her, and to measure back to the murderers the cup of retaliation, these were motives for which to cherish life. All uncertainty touching Emma's fate, was soon dispelled. A single captive, with her, sole survivors of the massacre of my father's house, escaped them, rejoined our settlement, and reported, that they were carrying the lovely captive to Rock Fort, near Peonia of the Illinois.

'The rangers had gone on their ordered destination, in another direction. But, stimulated by the sympathy of common feelings, and urged by my despair, a few gallant friends from the vicinity joined me in pursuit of the captive. They were brave and determined spirits, who knew how to find a home in the forest, to whom rivers and forests, and prairies and distance, and danger and death were familiar objects. They

were men of robust body and unconquerable mind. We mounted our horses, heedless of provisions. as long as we had powder and lead, and as long as the prairies and the forests alike afforded food for our horses. We bounded away through the wood, stream, prairie, and over hill and dale. On the third night of our march we saw the watch fires of our foe gleaming afar through the forests. So far away from the scene of their murders without pursuit, they now reposed in reckless riot. Gorged with food, most of them slept in drunkenness. One trusty sentinel slept not; and his dismal guttural song occasionally chimed in with the hoot of the owls, the long dismal cry of the wolves, and the distant crash of trees, falling in the forests under the weight of time.

'I felt that my motives impelled me to confront the first dangers; and they detached me to reconnoitre, or, if I chose, to enter the camp in secret. I almost suppressed my breath, the beatings of my heart I could not suppress, as, panther-like, I crept upon the foe. The tall, grim sentinel, with half blinking eyes, nodded erect over a decaying fire. A fallen tree interposed on his flank, as a screen, and I crept undiscovered by him. Unheeded, as I crawled, I surveyed many a brawny warrior in deep sleep; and one, as I passed near him, half started up, and commenced a dozing note of his habitual "Cheowanna! ha! ha!" and sunk back to his visions. Providence, that watches over innocence,

guided me to the very tent where Emma lay, feeding upon her sleepless tears. A start of joy marked her instant recognition. "Hush! A word is death. Follow me. We are free, or fall together!" I waited in breathless impatience. In sounds inaudible by any but a lover's ear, she whispered, "I am bound." I cut the vile bonds from her swollen and tender limbs. I felt at my heart the full and confiding pressure of her pledged hand. We stole away, as noiseless as the footstep of time. Our devious course was often changed by seeing a gigantic body, first in this direction, and then in that. More than one turned in his sleep, as we passed, with a half waking spasm, and settled back with a long drawn sigh to his repose again. The warrior sentinel seemed to have caught in his ear the rustle of our feet among the leaves; for he raised himself fully erect, and cast a keen and searching glance on every side. We sunk unmarked behind a briar tangle. Our hearts palpitated equally with love and terror during this suspense of horror. The grim Argus, having scrutinized the whole scene with a detail of survey, stirred his fire, passed his dusky form twice around it, uttered in his most lugubrious tones, "Cheowanna! ha! ha!" and, as if ashamed of his fears, seemed to court his former dozing apathy.

'This dreadful suspense elapsed, we fled; and I safely brought back the captive orphan to my friends.

We saw most clearly that the foe was too numerous for prudent attack. We whispered a moment in earnest debate. Having secured the chief object of pursuit, we concluded to return with all possible speed to our settlement. We commenced our march by the uncertain light of the moon, now dimmed by clouds and mists. Morning dawned upon our forest march in crimson splendor and dewy freshness. The glad sounds of matin music showed that every living thing rejoiced in the renovated day but ourselves. We would have chosen the sheltering darkness that was the scourge of Egypt; for, from the hills behind us, the Indian yell of pursuit was heard. Behind us was this loud and appalling war song of the foe; before us a prairie, gay with flowers, dripping and sparkling in the freshness of morning dew, but measureless to vision, and offering only the unsheltered nakedness of a level plain.

'To fight, retreat, or seek shelter, were our only alternatives. The foe outnumbered us ten to one. Their horses were fresh; ours fatigued. We were unwilling that the rescued orphan should sustain the same chance from their rifles as ourselves. One of those immense elliptical, concave basins, so common on the verge of the western prairies, offered itself before us. The general voice was to descend the basin, take down our horses, and, if we might, lie there concealed until the storm of pursuit should be past. If the foe had

not tracked us, our chances were good. The basin was a hundred feet in perpendicular depth; and the descent so prone, that our horses slid from the summit to the base. Briars and thorns and bushes and small shrubs sheltered the rim as a kind of hedge. At the base a cool spring trickled across the limestone floor.

'Here we stood in breathless suspense, while Emma clung fast to my side. Alas! we soon heard the measured trample of their horses at hand; and, as if to preclude all chances of concealment, our horses, scenting theirs, neighed vehemently, and were instantly answered by theirs. Our basin was surrounded in a moment. The rifle's sharp clang was heard, again and again, followed by the heavy sigh of my falling comrades; while our return fire upon those who stood high above, and showed only their heads at the moment of discharge, took little effect. Emboldened by impunity, and impatient at the slowness of their work, the foe soon came howling down the basin. Then we fought at bay, and with desperation; and the blood of more than one of their number mingled with ours. Emma fell on my bosom. "Henry," said she, "we die together." Stout frames, and noble minds, and fearless hands availed nothing against numbers. Emma was slain in my arms; and her last look mingled in strange union love, terror, and death. Darkness came over my own eyes; and the last sensation of a heavy and iron sleep,

was, that our released spirits were making the last journey together.

'But life returned to me, and brought with it bitter and distinct consciousness, and rayless despair. The morning sun had just emerged from the mists when we entered this basin. It was now burning noon. I lay on the stone floor. The pale, cold face of Emma was near me. Her eye, lately so piercing, was fixed and glassy. I was bound in various points by thongs, which a giant could not have broken. I struggled madly with them, until I was exhausted, and nature would go no further. Then I cried to Heaven from the depths, and called aloud on God for mercy. When I paused in the intervals of my groans, what a spectacle! There were my companions, lying as they fell. My brain began to madden. I strove to dash my head on the stone floor. Bright, broad gleams of light, in all the colors of the prism, filled the heavens in my view, and I fondly hoped that my last hour had come. But I was not permitted thus to lay down my loathed life.

'The sun seemed, for a whole age, to remain suspended high in the heavens only to concentre his radiance on my head. But after the scorching of that long period, the burning orb declined. I was in darkness, wet with the chill dews of night, and constantly enduring the benumbing torture of my cords. First I heard the hooting of owls. The panther's harsh

scream next grated on my ear. The sharp bark and the hungry howl of the wolves commenced, and still drew nearer. I soon heard their menacing growl, and their stealthy and cat-like tread. Immediately after a whole troop, emboldened by numbers, rushed down the den, licking their greedy jaws, as they fell at once upon their horrid feast. The bodies were torn, and in their rabid eagerness, they often turned their rage upon each other. Could they have instantly destroyed my own life, I had been content. But, when I saw them tearing the form of my beloved, all my associations with life arose; and I unconsciously raised such a cry of horror, as drove the satiated and coward prowlers in rapid retreat from the den.

'The morn returned. The hot sun once more illumined the summit of the basin. Corruption had commenced its appropriate work; and a new evil, more insupportable than all the rest, crowned my miseries. I burned with the mad thirst of fever, and my mouth and throat were as parchment. Then I knew the truth of all that I had heard of the agony of thirst. Mere physical thirst expelled all horrors of the mind, and reigned sole object of my thoughts. Drink! Give me drink! I cried, till I heard the wild echoes calling for drink. I had no conception of any misery but thirst, or of any joy in earth or heaven, but to quaff water forever from a cool spring.

'Then I felt that time is a relation of the mind, and the creation of thought. I looked up at the sun. Roll on, I cried in my despair; roll on, and bring me death. But it seemed as though the voice that suspended his course in Ajalon had renewed the mandate. Worn down and exhausted, I slept, as I knew by a waking start, that broke off a dream that myself and my beloved had passed our mortal agonies and were safe landed in heaven. The cool evening was drawing on, convincing me, that in joy or sorrow, time never stands still. I had long seen the carrion vultures wheeling their droning flight above the basin, allured by the scent of carnage. The effluvia now directed them to their mark. They settled down by hundreds.

'But God, who is rich in mercy, heard my cry in the bottom of this deep basin. The corps of mounted rangers was scouring the prairie in search of the bodies of their friends. Their practised eyes were directed in a moment, by the wheeling circles of these birds of evil omen. They found me; and in the madness of my thirst, I struggled with them in wrath, to be allowed to quaff my fill, and drink death at the spring. But by kindly violence they held me back. Some washed my swollen limbs, while others with manly tears committed decently to the earth the mangled remains of my friends.

'All my purposes and affections were now concentered in the insatiate desire of retaliation and vengeance. At

the head of a volunteer corps of rangers, I vowed to the shade of Emma, that I would expiate her murder by copious libations of Indian blood. I faithfully redeemed my pledge. When a daring assault was to be made on one of their villages, or a body of their warriors, I was the first in attack, and the last to spare. My companions saw that I took no counsel from distance, toil, exposure, or danger. My only inquiry was, where is the foe? My corps emulated my example; and many a burning village testified to the deluded miscreants that we knew how to retaliate. So terrible had my name become to them, that I bore in their language an appellation which imports Indian Fighter.

'At length we met the same band that destroyed my father's family and Emma. They retreated, after a short fight, to the same basin where she fell. It was filled with the high grass of autumn. We sent down flames among them, and drove them howling upon the plain. We destroyed many of them there. The remnant fled before us to their lair, their summer residence near the Illinois. Here were their wives and children, and the mounds that contained the bones of their forefathers. Here they turned and stood at bay. Why should I recal these scenes of vengeance and blood? Their warriors agreed to kill their women and children, and then despatch each other. We heard the aged warriors singing the death song, as the work

of destruction went on. Our rangers were affected, and the reports of their rifles ceased. All had fallen but the leader of the band. He fired the village, and came forth. "Indian Fighter," he said to me, "I killed thy father and mother. I killed the maiden of thy love. If thou art indeed a warrior, and a warrior's son, seek thy revenge now." Nor was I one to refuse that invitation. We struggled long for mastery, for life and death. These scars remain, as durable memorials of that strife. But as I was weak with loss of blood, I shouted Emma! and my arm was renerved. He rolled on the grass, and I saw, not without a strange feeling of respect, the look of defiance and the denial of triumph fixed on his stern brow, after his spirit had passed.

'Peace has revisited these plains many years past; and it is not long since I made a pilgrimage to the ruins of the Indian village. I should say to thee, stranger, that I trust I have long since become a Christian. Anger, revenge, despair are alike merged in my immortal hopes, and the new tempers of a better mind. I stand amazed at myself, and ask, is this quiet and forgiving bosom the same, where such a whirlwind of vengeance and wrath so lately raged? I shed tears of pity and forgiveness over these affecting ruins. There were the scathed peach and plum trees. There were the dilapidated remains of the few cabins that had escaped the fire. There were the clumps of hazel bushes

covered with the wild hop. There were patches of the green velvet sward of blue grass, indicating that human habitancy had introduced it among the wild grass of the prairies. I remembered to have seen this sward covered with the business and bustle of life. I remembered the bench at the head of the village, where I had beheld the aged council chiefs smoking their calumets in silent gravity. Their bones were now bleaching around me. In their sculls the ground rattlesnake had gathered up his coil, and waited for his prey. But the robin redbreast and the purple cardinal, birds that love the shorn sward of blue grass, picked their seeds upon it, and now and then started a few mellow notes, as if singing the dirge of the dead.

'That whole race is wasting away about me, like the ice in the vernal brooks. I shall soon be with them. But, stranger, when thou goest thy way, say to those that come after me, that it is wise, as well as christian, to stay the storm of wrath, and leave vengeance to Him, who operateth by the silent and irresistible hand of time, and will soon subdue all our enemies under our feet.'

TO A BRIDE.

BY JOHN W. STEBBINS.

FAREWELL! that seal is set,
In life unbroken;
Thou hast with the heartless stranger met—
With the quivering lip, the eyelid wet,
And blessing spoken—
In the holy scene that haunts me yet.

Farewell! for thou art now
Enshrined forever;
With the bridal chaplet round thy brow,
And thy spirit holier for the vow,
That breaks not ever,
To which thy soul must hopeless bow.

For thee my lonely heart
With passion's sorrow
Will wither as thy guileless steps depart,
And oft the heavy tear will start,
When on the morrow
Thou 'rt gone, my life-star as thou art!

Yet is thine image one,
  That long will linger
In Memory's temple, like a melting tone
Of music from a spring bird gone,
  Till Death's dark finger
Hath written that my hour is run.

My love will to thee cling,
  Like thought in morning
Around a vision that hath taken wing
From sleep, or as to flowers of spring,
  The bower adorning,
That have been ta'en away while blossoming.

Farewell! I keep my sight
  Where thou art fleeting,
And with a feeling of sad delight,
While darkens around me despair's deep night,
  View thee retreating,
As if an angel was there in flight.

INNOCENCE.

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INNOCENCE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

'The pure in heart.'

EMBLEM of purest light on earth!
In whom the beautiful has birth,
That with a silent power commands
The stern and sinful of all lands;
Type of the sainted and divine!
That first on Eden's bowers did shine
With the young morning of that day
So soon to pass in clouds away!
Sweet purity and love!—sleep on—
Not yet, not yet has glory from the dim earth gone!

Sleep mid thy forest leaves, fair boy—
The heavens hang over thee in joy,
And through thy shadowy solitude
Steals glaring by the horrid brood
Whose roar has startled the lone night,
Turning the dream-flushed slumberer white,

Now passing onward as in fear
Of youth so bright and brow so clear,
Laid in its wondrous beauty there,
Under the waving woods and dewy scented air!

Sleep 'neath thy whispering canopy—
Thy infant look has hallowed thee,
And thy untented head reposes
Mid noise of brooks and breath of roses,
'Neath desert crags with garlands gray,
Where wild birds wing their glancing way,
Secure, as if in guarded dome
Had been thy pillow and thy home,
As though a hundred heads were bent
Intense, o'er thee, less lovely and less innocent!

So go the beautiful in heart,
From all the troubled world apart,
And mid the wild flowers and the voice
That make life's wilderness rejoice—
All bloom and music!—they lie down
With time's most enviable crown!
Kind spirits glance about their way,
And guard and glad each dreamy day,
Until the quiet and the pure
Pass to that better world whose glories shall endure.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

BY JAMES ISAACS.

Mr A. Flint was a clerk in one of the public institutions in the city of New York. He received a modest salary for his services, which enabled him to support in comfort, and with unambitious propriety, a wife and a very small family. It is not at present necessary to be more explicit as to his circumstances. He was a good man; that is to say, good enough, according to the moral barometer of his times and his topical latitude and longitude. But he was a man of timid disposition; and, though not troubled himself with thick coming fancies, was apt to be troubled by those of other people, whether they were traditional or inspired. Mr Flint had no great taste for encountering belligerent flesh and blood in the day time; and of ghosts in the night time he had a mortal abhorrence.

Now he was returning once, on a winter afternoon, after his daily labors, to his dwelling in one of the streets in the upper part of the town, which cross the Bowery Lane, reflecting, probably, on the small

concerns comprehended in the small routine of his own operations and associations. I have no right to thrust a candle into his encephalic machinery, or to mention any other of his cogitations than the following. He reflected that his wife had gone to drink tea with her neighbour, Mistress Dobbs, and had taken the three small children and infant with her, and that he had promised to call for them; and, as he felt already very much fatigued indeed, he sorrowed that the balance of his daily labor was not yet stricken.

But, as may be inferred, he was an obedient husband, and easily pacified with a good reason, or no reason at all, when he got it from his wife. He grinned and bore the minor trials of this life with creditable and enviable resignation. One other domestic anticipation, at the point of time from which I start, made him uneasy. He was apprehensive that his solitary domestic, with her usual Gallio-like contempt of orders, had availed herself of the absence of her mistress and her Cupids, to go a-visiting likewise; thus leaving the house empty of all live stock, save the cat and her customers.

The day had been cloudy; and when our friend arrived at his own door, it was, as they say, pretty much dark. He knocked; but no one appeared, nor did he hear any stirring within. The house was of humble pretensions, having but one entrance in front. The door of this, with considerate precaution, was

always fastened on the inside; but, as dead silence succeeded to the reverberations of a second knock, our friend thought he might as well, by way of experiment, try the handle before he went to the neighbouring grocery store, where the key was usually left on such emergences. Much to his surprise, this piece of chironomy operated as an open sesame; or, in plainer English, the door opened, and he stood in his own entry. Internally bestowing a malison on the untrustworthy wench, who had left the house thus desolate and liable to invasion, and, with a slight flutter of trepidation, Mr Flint made his way through the dark but familiar passage, hoping to find in his little back parlour, sparks enough among the ashes to light a candle with.

Hastily entering, and unconsciously closing the door behind him, he was thrown into an unequivocal paroxysm of terror. A far better fire than had ever gladdened it under Mrs Flint's administration, was blazing on the hearth. Two spermaceti candles on the mantlepiece, long kept for ornament and not for use, were dispensing their radiance beautifully. There was light, and too much of it; for, right in front of the fire, with his back to Flint, sat the strangest figure his eyes had ever beheld. It was sitting on a pillow, which must have appertained to the family bed, and have been brought from a room above; and the *coup d'œil* our friend took, before the ague of his fear came upon

him, revealed to him the astounding fact, that this phantom was using for a spit-box the curiously painted China jar, which his wife's aunt had left her in her will, and which had been immemorially, that is to say, for seven years, the pride of Mrs Flint's mantlepiece. That mantlepiece was now singularly adorned with two very muddy old overshoes, one hanging on each side from a branch of a brass ornament; while an old greasy hat, with a brim whose circumference was as large as that of a corn basket, depended between them from the nail that supported the picture of Flint's grandfather. Other desecrations seemed to have taken place; but the visible objects in his back parlour were presented to our friend, just as those on the road are to a traveller, in a dark night, by a flash of lightning. The presence of the representation of a man before the fire, palsied his physical energies, and he was completely terrified. His immediate impulse was to make his exit, more rapidly than he had made his entrance, and to call for help from his neighbours. But, either from the disordered state of his nerves, or from some other cause which is unknown, the knob of the lock was not so successfully tractable as its brother at the street door had been, and our friend's dalliance with it was ineffectual;

> 'For his trembling hand
> Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.'

But, heavens and earth! what were his feelings, when the Eidolon before the fire slowly turned round, and fixed him with its calm, cold, fascinating gaze! He did not swoon; but, as the clammy moisture gushed from his forehead, stood, upheld by the energy of his own terror, which was so strong, that if his organs of speech could have executed a monosyllable, his paralysed will was not able to dictate it. I hold it to be indecorous to go further into the anatomy of the passion of fear.

'Amaziah,' said the Image, 'sit down. I have something to say to thee.'

Cold and stern and hollow were the tones in which these words were uttered. But whether it was that Flint had picked up enough of demonology to know that ghosts never speak first, or that his courage began to ooze back into his finger nails again, in small quantities, he made his way, as one does who is about to faint, to a seat in the corner most remote from his visitant, and there sat, neither alive nor dead, with moveless limbs, rayless eyes, and monumental expression, waiting, like the sailor who was blown out of the juggler's show room, to see 'what would be done next.'

'Thou art cold, Amaziah,' said the Apparition. 'Approach the fire.'

Its eyes glared with steady and glassy fulness on the master of the house, who, beneath their scrutiny,

could no more execute the poetry or prose of motion, than philosophers can explain its final cause.

'I tell thee, approach the fire! I must speak with thee,' again said the Voice.

Intense passion of any kind cannot keep its bent long. Whether Flint had too little wits to be scared out of them, or familiarity reconciled him even to this horrible presence, his system began to be agitated by an attempt to exercise its muscular functions. There was something so imperative in the tone of the speaker's command that it resuscitated our friend's will, from amidst the prostration of all his other faculties. So, to use the language of a great statesman, he began to try to develope his ineffectual energies; and, though it was utterly out of his power to perform in that branch of gymnastics which Touchstone called 'tasting his legs,' he contrived to wriggle along on his chair, towards the fireplace, about as fast, and as straight, and as gracefully, as a turtle moves on a smooth floor, or an eyestone in vinegar. As if to accommodate him, with a movement so instantaneous and silent that Flint did not see how it was effected, the Appearance transferred itself and its chair to the other side of the fireplace; and when the involuntary host had, in a manner infinitely more dilatory, but equally unintelligible to himself, made what mathematicians call an approximation, on his side, he sat right opposite to the Phantom. And, though

he had not then the power of examining its contour and costume, I may as well describe them now as at any other time.

It bore the semblance of an old man; and, though not in any of the commonplace characteristics of venerable old age, yet in an indescribable peculiarity of the features, and in there being a want of any expression in the round blue eye, indicative of associations with the circumstances of the breathing and active world, an impression was communicated to the beholder, of extreme and unnatural longevity. It was dressed in a butternut-colored suit, of antique fashion and coarse fabric, a red waistcoat and thick mixed-colored hose, and had accommodated its feet with a new pair of yellow slippers, belonging to Flint himself, its brogues having been hung up to illustrate the mantlepiece, as I have before stated. Around its neck something of different colors was curiously twisted like a cable, and knotted under the left ear. Certain singular spots in this cravat looked like eyes, and had a fearful effect. It had a red worsted nightcap on its head, with a black tassel on the top. No hair was visible beneath it; but a long queue, fastened with an eel skin, stuck out in front over the right shoulder. The forehead was ample, marked with many deep lines, but not corrugated; and beneath it coldly gleamed the large, speculative, but unimpassioned orbs before mentioned. It was chewing

the Indian weed, and liberally bestowed the juice in every direction, with great energy and great impartiality, on the carpet, hearth, chimneypiece, &c.

Flint had scarcely effected his transit to the chimney corner, when the Mystery again addressed him.

'Amaziah,' it said, 'I am dry. Get me some brandy and water, and help thyself. Thou art either cold or sick.'

There was a carnality about this invitation to partake of creature comforts, which certainly qualified the spiritual tremor of our friend in some degree. Perhaps he began to entertain a glimmering suspicion that the shadowy old man was a live one, and a very impudent one too. If so, the equilibrium of his nerves was by no means restored in consequence of the doubt; for the personification of impudence, which had thus occupied his parlour, and taken possession of his appurtenances, would not scruple, being alone with him in the house, to blow out his brains in case of resistance. Between the fear, therefore, of the invisible world, as present or as to come, while he became more able to stir, it was only to be less unable to disobey the vision. Let him not be brought into utter contempt for such lack of manhood. Plutarch tells a story of a renowned man, who saw a tall old woman at the end of a passage, sweeping the floor, and was half frightened to death. Now if this had been only, as perhaps it was, actually

a tall old woman, and she had came up to the illustrious man, brandishing her besom, and threatening to belabor him, unless he marched off, he would have minded her orders, as Flint did those of the audacious spectre.

With some difficulty, therefore, he arose, and took from his pocket the key of a cupboard, which was about one pace distant from him. This manœuvre he contrived to effect the more readily, as he was enabled to turn his back on the overbearing Anonymous. But to adapt this little guardian of his small store of drinkables to its corresponding wards, was a much more troublesome operation. The courtier who pretended to essay to thrust the sword into the scabbard, held by the virgin queen, had a task comparatively easy.

Meantime the self-constituted *bien-venu* stretched out his legs leisurely, putting one foot against the chimneypiece, and the other on the family bible, which reposed on a little table, much respected as the depository of all Mrs Flint's working apparatus and knick-knacks. At the same time he contrived to shift another small table, which was at long arm's length from him, in front of the fire; so that when Flint had succeeded in extracting his decanter from its sanctum, and, with averted face, was holding it with a hand as willing as King John's, when he signed Magna Charta, and as steady as that of Dr Faustus, when he signed his compact with the enemy, certain it was that the

table was between the stranger and himself; and he had only to dump the bottle down upon it, a feat which he accomplished without breaking either.

'There is water on the sideboard, Amaziah, and tumblers for two,' said the old Dictator, in the same dry, imperative tone.

Flint brought his pitcher, and then his tumblers. As he happened to catch a glimpse of his volunteer customer's countenance, he reeled backwards; and, by a curious accidental process, caught hold of his own chair, and, bringing it forwards, collapsed into it; and there he sat by the table, with the inexplicable 'Lord of his house and hospitality,' who seemed more horrible to him than Wordsworth's 'meagre Want;' though I am not aware that he had ever read the sonnet.

The representation of an old gentleman immediately helped himself to what is called by the cocknies a 'pretty stiff noggin;' in other words, he filled up more than one third of the half pint tumbler with the fluid on which the 'sweet Naiad of the Phlegethontic rill' presides. He did this with an unsounding motion, and a silent laugh, like that of Hawk-eye in the 'Last of the Mohicans.' He then watered the fiery liquid from the pitcher, with an idea of that simple element, which Pindar says 'is best,' till the contents of the glass rose a few lines higher than they did before the apologetic dilution.

'Now, my son,' said he, 'drink that down, right away. It will do thee good. I cannot stay long; and I wish to discharge thee as quickly as possible.'

So saying, the Abomination took out its quid, and, giving it an emphatic toss, plaistered it over a rose, in a picture drawn by Mrs Flint when she was at school, and which now ornamented the wall opposite to the old man. Our friend did as he was commanded, and quaffed off the strong waters. He had never before, in the whole course of his life, in which he counted seven lustres and a large fraction of another, swallowed at a single gulp, a fourth part of the dose of high wines qualified with *coclicus indicus* and other enormities, which was now administered to him. I do not believe that a chemical analysis of his potations, during any week of his previous existence, would have given so tremendous a result as that which he now was fain to pour down his throat, mainly because he was terrified into so doing, and partly, perhaps, from a faint hope of plucking up a little of what is called Dutch courage. But henceforth I shall be dramatic only, leaving the philosophy of motives and actions to my readers' own good sense, if they happen to have any. It is a rare possession.

The guest tossed off his own glass, made a wry face, and exclaiming, 'Shocking stuff, Amaziah,' took the decanter and pitcher entirely into his own keeping.

'Now, Sir,' he continued, 'listen to what I have to say to you. Put your feet on that thing, and be attentive, because my business is a serious one.'

So saying, the Phenomenon 'put forth,' with the promptness required of the property-man in the infancy of the English stage, a stool covered with embroidered silk, for which Mrs Flint had a particular veneration, because the lambkin disfigured in the worsted, which had been cruelly darned into the fabric of the cover, had been wrought by her grandmother. They call one of the yarns which they use to make fanciful decorations of this description, crewel; and I do not wonder at it. Our poor friend was obliged to desecrate the stool, and to clap his soiled boots on the lambkin, which none of his babes had ever dared to touch with their cherubic fingers, without incurring a reprimand which left visible marks on their tender cuticles. Ah! if his wife had been at home! But she, alas! unconscious matron! was drinking tea with Mrs Dobbs, not dreaming of the predicament of her husband, who sat shaking in the company of this impudent wizzard,

> 'While all his household gods were shivered round him.'

'Look me in the face, Amaziah,' said the Tasker.

'I—I,' stammered Flint, 'want to know—.'

'Listen to me, young man, if you please. You are at the expense of the firewood, and light, and this brandy,

such as it is. I will not put you to the additional expense of conversation. Hold your tongue. I was a friend of your grandf'ther,' slurring the penult. 'Do you want to see him?'

Flint looked at the old hat.

'Not that miserable daub,' said the uncivil personage, rising in apparent choler, and removing his hat. 'Do you call *that* your grandf'ther? Pshaw! I will show you how he looked.' So saying, he took some cinders from the hearth, and delineated with them a monstrous pair of black whiskers on the pale cheeks of Flint's ancestor. Then making a mark in each eye, which made each squint in a different direction, he observed, in a tone of indignation, 'There now, that *does* look something like old Peter Flint. But,' replacing the hat, 'that is not what I mean. Shall I bring your grandf'ther *up*, Sir; shall we have him *up?*' stamping violently on the floor.

'N—o—o,' said Amaziah.

'Well, I don't know that there is any use in bothering him about it. It would be a serious job; and I know he would rather keep quiet. Keep yourself quiet, Sir.' Here he finished his second tumbler, and helped himself to another.

'I come here to talk to you, young Flint, about an old business between your grandf'ther and myself. Keep your feet on that old stool, and listen to me.

Your grandf'ther and I were fellow soldiers in the revolutionary war. I have a great regard for you on his account. I waved the inferiority of his rank, and entertained for him the greatest friendship, though he was a great fool in many respects, and too much addicted to lying.'

Amaziah hickupped and sneezed.

'It is not mannerly to make that kind of noise, Sir,' said the guest, very solemnly. 'I must, though it is a serious job, bring your grandf'ther up, to make you listen with decorum and attention.' He plucked out the tongs which he had thrust into the fire, and rising, made a circle with its red hot extremities, round a sheepish looking lion in the rug, which Mrs Flint had purchased but a few days before, as a great second hand bargain. At the same time he lighted a whole bunch of matches at once, in the candle, and whirled them in fiery spirals and other curves over our friend's head, muttering words in a strange tongue. The smell of burnt wool and of brimstone, and the awful attitude of the necromancer, well nigh made Flint swoon away entirely. He could only articulate, 'No, no, no,' in a manner so whining, piteous, and imploring,

> ' ——— was ne'er prophetic sound so full of wo.'

'Once more, then, I forbear,' said the Magician. 'But beware henceforth. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit.'

There *was* a strange noise from the cellar. He threw the matches in the fire, whirled the tongs three times round the ceiling, delineating upon it something like the zodiac of Denderah; then opening the legs of the tongs wide, and laying them across the table, he resumed his seat, while Flint, with his eyes shut, and with a chill of horror, waited for the awful revelation. Considering all the accompanying circumstances concurring to intimidate him, it is my opinion that his acquiescence can be more naturally accounted for, than that of the 'wedding guest,' whom the 'ancient mariner' jockied out of his frolic, merely by 'holding him with his glittering eye,' and telling him a long cock-and-a-bull story.

'Hear me, then, Amaziah,' said the ancient warrior, 'and be not so loquacious. I am an old man; and my time is short. During the revolutionary war, I and your grandf'ther were friends. He was a private, and I was an adjutant in the corps of musicianers, when the army lay at Valley Forge. Silence, Sir! Sit up, and look more like a soldier and a gentleman, for the credit of your grandf'ther. I had a great regard for him. I must now proceed to the matter of business between your grandf'ther and myself, in relation to which I have called upon you; and which I have hitherto kept secret from mortal ears, out of regard to the memory of the dead, the repose of Christian souls, and motives of personal delicacy. Circumstances

now render it not only proper, but necessary, that I should make to you the following communication. Ahem! When the army lay at Valley Forge, at about nineteen minutes past six o'clock, one stormy night, when the wind was blowing from every quarter, General Washington sent for me to his quarters, and we had an interesting conversation together. What passed is of course secret; but the result was, that I agreed to go out of the lines, on a most important confidential mission, taking with me one such trustworthy person as I should think proper to select, to assist me in this service. I selected your grandf'ther. Though I was an adjutant, and he was only a private, yet as we were fellow soldiers in the great war of independence, I waved all questions of rank; and though he often acted like a fool, was sadly given to lying, and would steal when he had an opportunity, yet I had a personal regard for him, as he was in the habit of paying strict obedience to my orders and advice. Blow your nose, Amaziah, it wants blowing. On that same stormy night, the wind blowing, as I have already told you, from every quarter, I and your revered grandf'ther set out on our secret mission, a hint as to the object of which one Cooper pretends to give in a crazy novel. But I assure you that it is all a humbug, and the secret shall die with me. The commander-in-chief said to me in our confidential interview;—"Cobb"—my name is

Jedidiah Cobb—"Cobb," said he, "I repose unlimited confidence in your intelligence, valor, and discretion." And well he might. He also lent me a pair of his own jack-boots; for I and your revered grandf'ther were both barefooted at that time, Amaziah. In those times which tried men's *soles*, we had no such luxuries as you and I are now indulged with. We had no comfortable stout shoes to march in during the day time; nor could we at night hang them up, like those, to dry gradually, without being scorched, and put on such easy slippers as these. But to continue my relation. We left the camp at midnight, when all was silent, having the pass-word. I went in the direction I proposed taking, and your revered grandf'ther trotted barefoot behind me, at a respectful distance. We might have proceeded about half a mile, when our path led past a farm yard. I heard a cackling from one of the outhouses, and, turning my head, saw your grandf'ther crawling on all fours towards it. I immediately went back, seized him by the collar, and dragged him onwards a hundred yards or more, until we were out of the reach of observation; when I threatened to blow his brains out with a pistol which I had with me, if he attempted any of his old tricks. I told him that it was disgracing the service, and discreditable to my character and that of the commander-in-chief, for our confidential agent to be robbing every henroost along the road. We then

proceeded, your grandf'ther following at the same respectful distance, until we entered a pass between two high, rough, and perpendicular hills. Proceeding with great caution, I was suddenly struck with a very fearful appearance, which stood on one side of the road, at about twenty yards in advance of me. It was very tall, and white, with a floating mantle, which covered it entirely, and seemed waving to and fro with solemn and threatening gestures. I ordered your grandf'ther to come up, and demanded his opinion as to what the apparition was. Not that I wanted it, or had not made up my own mind; but I deemed it judicious, in order to justify me in my own proceedings. The old fool first guessed that it was moonlight, though the night was as dark as pitch; then that it was a waterfall; and then that it was smoke. While he was making these wise conjectures, the thing vanished. I marched boldly forward, bidding him follow. When we had passed the spot, and emerged into more level ground, I told him that we had seen a spook. In his ignorance, he pretended to laugh at me. I felt a strong inclination to chastise him for his presumption; but recollecting my duty to the country, and considering that it is best to deal with a fool according to his folly, I offered to bet him fifty dollars, continental money, that we had seen a ghost, and that I would convince him of it. He took me up; and I ordered him to follow me,

holding no further conversation with him. I executed my mission, and received the private thanks of the general, in terms too flattering to repeat.

'It was but a few days after, that your grandf'ther, in climbing over an oven, to get into a window, with a view of stealing a piece of bacon, fell down and fractured his skull. I felt sorry for his loss. I had a regard for him, notwithstanding all his failings. Now, Amaziah, I come to the point of my business with you. I have seen that spectre since. I saw it on another perilous occasion, and conversed with it. When and where, I must not tell you; but I have its own word that it was a ghost, and that it would have spoken to me on the former occasion, had not your grandf'ther been present. My time is short, and I must settle up my accounts before I go. I calculate that the continental money which your grandf'ther lost by our wager, was worth about a dollar in hard money; which, with compound interest from that time, amounts now to nine dollars three and six pence. This you must pay me. If you doubt the truth and honor of an old soldier, Sir, I will give you proof on the spot, which will blast your senses with conviction. I will call up that terrible ghost, though the house should tumble about our ears. Shall I do it?'

'No,' said Flint, 'but—.'

'You have the money in your pocket, Sir; you were paid off to-day. My time is short.'

Here he bent over towards Flint, and glared upon him, as the poor man, with trembling hands, drew forth his pocket-book and fumbled with its contents. A ten dollar bill fell on the table. Immediately a monstrous bony, brown, and freckled hand, with nails long, hooked, and black, was spread over it; and in the next instant the guest had thrust it in his pocket. He drew out a crumpled piece of paper, and some jingling pieces of metal, which he laid down.

'There,' said he, 'is your receipt, and there is your change. I am glad to see that you are a man of honor, and pleased to find that you are so intelligent a young man. I must go now, but I will call again soon, and spend the day with you. Give my best respects to your wife.'

So saying, he finished the contents of the decanter, kicked off Flint's slippers, and taking his brogues down, put them on, and tied them very leisurely. He then took down his hat, and said; 'You may light me to the door, Amaziah.'

The poor host, who felt terribly vexed, though still overawed, obeyed. The door now yielded to his attempts, and he had just got into the entry, followed by the old soldier, when the front door also opened, and Mrs Flint entered with her three interesting babes, and the servant carrying the infant. The guest immediately advanced.

'My dear Mrs Flint,' he exclaimed, taking her in his arms and kissing her, before she had time even to scream, 'I was afraid I should not have seen you at all. And these are your sweet, pretty children. I must come soon and spend the day with you. I was in hopes to have found you at home.'

'Who is this person, Mr Flint,' said the lady.

'My name is Cobb, Madam, Jedidiah Cobb. Your husband will tell you about it; but I must tear myself away from your embraces at present, because my time is short.'

So saying, he departed. It would be impertinent to dwell on the domestic scene which ensued. Flint made a complaint in the police office the next morning, and the case was reported in a morning newspaper, as one of bloody murder, accompanied with strong symptoms of abduction.

DESTINY.

BY P. M. WETMORE.

Who can control his fate?

SHAKSPEARE.

WHY should the spirit strive to penetrate
The veil that shrouds, stern Power! thy dark decrees!
Whether our bark of life shall sweep o'er seas
Of pain and peril, tempest tossed by fate,
Or glide o'er waves at peace, where Zephyrs wait
To waft us on our course; be bliss or wo
The haven we approach, the best to know,
Would banish Hope, the charmer of our state;
And if the worst, the certainty of ill
Would like the storm-cloud o'er life's ocean lower,
Darkening the elements around us, till,
With self-engendered poison fraught, the hour
That destiny hath cursed came on in gloom—
Vain thought! Come cherub Hope! and smile e'en on the tomb!

THE THREE AGES OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEMOIRS OF A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE CHOIR.'

OBSERVE what wisdom shines in that decree,
Which, varying life, appoints our ages three,
Youth, manhood, and decline. In these we trace
A rich proportion, and harmonious grace.
Deprived of either, life would charm no more;
A whirl of passion, or a desert shore.
If all were young, and this a world of boys,
Heavens! what a scene of trifles, tricks, and toys!
How would each minute of the live-long day,
In wild, obstreperous frolic, waste away!
A world of boys! defend us from a brood
So wanton, rash, improvident, and rude;
Truants from duty, and in arts unskilled,
Their minds and manners, like their fields, untilled;
Their furniture, of gaudy trinkets made,
Sweetmeats their staple article of trade,
No fruit allowed to ripen on the tree,
And not a bird's nest from invasion free.
In public life, there still would meet your sight

The same neglect of duty and of right.
Pray, for example, take a stripling court,
And see which there would triumph, law or sport.
'Adjourn, adjourn,' some beardless judge would say,
'I'll hear the trial when I've done my play!'
Or if the judge sat faithful to the laws,
Hear how the counsel might defend his cause.
'May 't please your Honor—'t is your turn to stop,
I'll spin my speech, when I have spun my top.'
Meanwhile the jury pluck each other's hair,
The bar toss notes and dockets into air,
The sheriff, ordered to keep silence, cries,
'Oh yes! oh yes! when I have caught these flies.'

Such were the revellings of this giddy sphere,
Should youth alone enjoy dominion here.
All glory, mischief—and all business, play—
And life itself a mispent holiday.

Now let us take a soberer view again,
And make this world a world of full-grown men;
Stiff, square, and formal, dull, morose, and sour,
Contented slaves, yet tyrants when in power;
The firmest friends, where interest forms the tie,
The bitterest foes, where rival interests vie;
Skilled to dissemble, and to smile by rule,
In passions raging, while in conduct cool;

Still, with some deep, remote design in view,
Plodding, yet wanting ardor to pursue;
Still finding fault with every fretful breath,
Yet hating innovation worse than death;
In arts unwieldy, but too proud to learn,
In trifles serious, and in frolic stern;
In love, what glances—at a manor-ground!
What sighs and wishes—for a thousand pound!

But sure the stream of life must sweeter stray,
The nearer to the source its waters play.
Besides, there 's such a raciness in youth,
Such touches too of innocence and truth,
We love the things, how full so e'er they be
Of all their noisy pranks, and frivolous glee.
If they require our tight, experienced rein,
Our grosser vices they in turn restrain.
From youth, the profligate their sins conceal,
And feign that virtue which they cannot feel.
Before his son, what father is profane?
What parent dares a filial ear to stain?
Who does not check his conduct and his tongue,
In reverence for the yet untainted young?
Oh yes! in tender age, a holy charm
Breathes forth, and half protects itself from harm.
Bereft of youth, and to mid age confined,
The life of life were ravished from mankind.

The same dull round of habits would prevail,
Vice wax inveterate, folly would grow stale,
And this fair scene of active bliss become
A long, dark fit of hypochondriac gloom.

Thus youth's and manhood's fierce extremes contend,
With wholesome clash, each other's faults to mend;
Waging a kind of elemental strife,
They raise and purify the tone of life;
The light and shade, that fix its colors true,
The sour and sweet, that give it all its *goût*.

But shall old age escape unnoticed here?
That sacred era, to reflection dear,
That peaceful shore, where passion dies away,
Like the last wave that ripples o'er the bay?
Hail, holy Age! preluding heavenly rest,
Why art thou deemed by erring fools unblest?
Some dread, some pity, some contemn thy state—
Yet all desire to reach thy lengthened date;
And of the few so hardly landed there,
How very few thy pressure learn to bear,
And fewer still thy reverend honors wear.
He who has stemmed the force of youthful fire,
And rode the storm of manhood's fierce desire,
He only can deserve, and rightly knows
Thy sheltering strength, thy rapturous repose.

As some old courser, of a generous breed,
Who never yielded to a rival's speed,
Far from the tumults of Olympic strife,
In peaceful pastures loiters out his life,
So the wise veteran ends his race, his toils,
And sweetly his late lingering eve beguiles.
What though the frost of years invest his head?
What though the furrow mark Time's heavy tread?
There still remains a sound and vigorous frame,
A decent competence, an honest fame;
In every neighbour he beholds a friend;
E'en heedless youth to him in reverence bend,
Whilst duteous sons retard his mild decay,
Or children's children smooth his sloping way,
And lead him to the grave with death-beguiling play.
Thus, as the dear loved race he leaves behind,
Still court his blessing, and that blessing find,
Their tenderness in turn he well repays,
And yields to them the remnant of his days.
For them he frames the laughter-moving joke;
For them the tale with pristine glee is spoke;
For them a thousand nameless efforts rise;
To warn, to teach, to please, he hourly tries,
Nor ever feels himself so truly blest,
As when dispensing comforts to the rest;
His hands in active duties never tire,
He grafts the scion, points the tendril's spire,

Or prunes the summer bower, or trims the winter fire.
Nor is this all. As sensual joys subside,
Sublimer pleasures are to age allied;
Then, pensive memory fondly muses o'er
The bliss or wo impressed so long before;—
The sinking sun thus sheds his mellowest ray
Athwart those scenes it brightened through the day.
Then, too, the soul, as heavenly prospects ope,
Expands and kindles with new beams of hope.
So the same parting orb, low in the west,
Dilates and glows, before it sinks to rest.
Oh! if old age were cancelled from our lot,
Full soon would man deplore the unhallowed blot;
Life's busy day would want its tranquil even,
And man must lose his stepping-stone to heaven.

Thus, every age by God to man assigned,
Declares his power, how good, how wise, how kind!
And thus in manhood, youth, and eld, we trace
A sweet proportion, and harmonious grace.

THE DOOMED BRIDE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Ay, ay—and she hath offered to the doom
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears,
Wringing her hands—whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for wo.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her incompassionate sire.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

'Nay, I tell thee, Amy, that thou talkest like a witling. It is now nearly three moons since the day he promised to be back; and Sir Spenser Brydone is too good a knight to break his word to man or maid. He must, he must have met with disaster; or, wo's me! perhaps he has heard of my cruel destination, and would desert me!'

'And yet,' replied Amy, quickly, 'little would the Lady Edith Montfort bear to be told of that young knight's bad faith or craven heart. Would my lady deign to take comfort from her poor tirewoman, I would

say again, that sure I am he will soon be here; at least so I must think, talk I never so foolishly about it.'

'Well, Amy, well, take it not to heart that I spoke impatiently. I must hope, I must hope,' returned Edith with a heavy sigh. 'Would to God, girl, that my situation were as lowly as thine own! How willingly would I exchange with thee!'

These last words were uttered in a suppressed voice; and, as she ended, the beautiful speaker rose from the deep sunken window from which she had been gazing, and moved across the floor with evident agitation. She continued to traverse the small apartment, like an anxious and irresolute person, whose thoughts are thronging upon him in painful confusion. Now and then she exchanged a word with her humble attendant, and now stooped to touch her guitar, or to pluck the leaves of some curious flower from the vessels arranged about her.

We have called Edith Montfort beautiful. She was so, if the stamp of intelligence, impressed upon delicate and faultless features, can make the face beautiful. And she was beautiful, too, and commanding in figure; and being of high birth, a consciousness of it, perhaps, as it is often said to do, imparted to her manner a grace and dignity well worthy a maiden of such consideration and rank. She was an only child; and Sir Guy Montfort, her father, a rough and brave knight of the times, would

have been glad to keep her to sing to him in hall and bower, even till he went to his grave, had his affection been able to prevail against his spirit of ambition and revenge. A bitter feud existed between him and a neighbouring powerful baron, which time had only rendered more inveterate, but which had heretofore vented its fury, for the most part, in heavy words and vindictive threats. Violence had indeed been sometimes resorted to, between the retainers of the two castles, in their occasional encounters; but the strength of the leaders had not yet been fairly tested by any meeting in open field. It was now about to be tried. Sir Guy had tendered his adversary direct defiance, and the day had arrived when regular battle should be had upon the plain between their walls. But Sir Guy was not of a temper to recoil from treachery; and he was determined to take any measures, so he might be able to annihilate his enemy, and satiate the cravings of his wrath.

Among the suitors for Edith's hand, was Sir Piers Staunton, a bold and desperate man, with little of knightly courtesy, and much of that hardihood and directness that charmed Sir Guy. He had knelt and sworn allegiance to the will of the maiden; but he had been repulsed. The heart of Edith was with another and a younger knight. In answer to as fervent vows as ever man breathed to the spirit of woman, she had whispered the confession of her love upon the mailed

bosom of Sir Spenser Brydone. He had departed, on high duty, and honorable, brilliant enterprise. But Edith Montfort remembered her troth.

Though rejected, however, Sir Piers Staunton was not delicate enough to surrender his hope, or to relinquish pursuit. He was too sensual, or too dull, to distinguish maiden bashfulness from maiden indignation; and, though Edith had met his addresses with a proud lip and a flashing eye, his courage or his perseverance was nowise daunted by such a reception. His determination to urge his suit derived fresh inducement at this time from Sir Guy, who, on the eve of his trial of battle with his ancient enemy, had taken secret counsel with the knight, and received the promise of his aid in the coming contest, on condition of his daughter's hand as the price of his power. This Sir Guy willingly acceded to; and, in his eagerness for revenge, swore that he whose arm should win him the field, should his own prove powerless, should also win the child of his house. Sir Piers departed satisfied, having given his hand in promise to meet him as ally on the appointed ground. Again he sought Edith. Her father had apprized her of his covenant. She heard it; but she saw that his brow was then too stern for reason or for tears, and she entered her little chamber to bewail her fate, and think of her true knight. But Sir Piers was destined even now to no better reception. He felt the strong

conviction of a haughty spirit that his arm would decide the day, and he sought her presence with a proud and resolute step. But he was spurned; and he retired from before the burning brow of Edith Montfort with a terrible determination. It was at this juncture that our tale commenced.

An attendant just then appeared at the door, bearing orders from her father, for Edith to descend to the hall.

'I need no adjusting, Amy. I will go even as I am; perhaps this negligent dress and these pale cheeks will speak for me;'—and with a sigh she passed from her turret chamber, followed by her tiremaiden.

Her father received her with neither kindness nor displeasure. His feelings were concentrated. One deadly absorbing thought of revenge seemed to possess him; and when Edith entered, his sullen brow was unusually contracted, and his hand closed firm and nervously upon his heavy sword.

'Come, Edith,' said he, relaxing, 'sit and listen to me. Thou knowest, child,' continued he, as she sank upon a rude seat opposite her father, 'thou knowest, Edith, that I have determined upon this issue, and why dost thou hold back! Art so thankless as to deny me this, when, by granting it joyfully, thou wilt only increase the victory I shall obtain over my proud and detested foe? Yes, my revenge will be doubly dear, if so be thou urgest me not to compel thee to this

bridal. And have I not sworn, Edith,' said he rising, and standing before her full of the bitter passion that haunted him, 'have I not sworn that Sir Piers Staunton shall receive you at my hand, in reward for his succour! I say, have I not sworn it!'

Such was the language of a father to his child in those dark and desperate days. What an exhibition and what a lesson to the heart of a young and beautiful and virtuous daughter! 'Have I not sworn!'

'And have *I* not sworn!' was ready to leap from the lips of Edith, as she remembered her vow to her absent lover. But she kept back the words, and raising her eyes, full of tears, to her father, she besought him to relinquish his determination, to drop the feud, and prevent this terrible sacrifice of his child on the altar of blood. She spoke eloquently; and she, too, rose as she spoke, and she wondered at it afterward, for a father's power was, at that time, like the hand of slavery upon the heart and lips of his offspring.

She spoke eloquently, but she spoke in vain. Worse than in vain was it to have uttered that hope, the hope of a relentless man's forgetting his enemy. Sir Guy answered her with an indignant glance. 'It is enough,' said he; 'go, Edith, but remember thou hast advised me to my shame, hoped for my confusion, said peace to thy father, when his foe hath dared to cry battle and war! Yet hear me, and disobey on thy peril.

This night *my* vow is to be fulfilled. Nay, nay, words are vain; I will hear nothing, I have listened too long already. Sir Piers Staunton shall receive thee from this hand; for I have sworn that he whose gallant aid shall retrieve for me this day, should fate incline it against me, shall possess the hand of Edith Montfort. No words—away! It is irrevocable. Go, and array thyself—put on thy bridal dress—I command it—and be ready to receive me and thy bridegroom, before night shall be here.'

So saying he waved her away; and Edith, supported by Amy, scarce able to bear up under this loud denunciation, once more sought her lonely chamber.

Here her kind and simple companion endeavoured again to comfort her distressed mistress. Sir Spenser Brydone would now return at all events, if it was mereiy to interfere in this bad business of her father's cruelty. She could give no reason for her surmises about the knight's appearance; but so it would certainly be, though she was no astrologer.

'Alas! Amy, I see no escape for me,' cried Edith. 'My father's anger is terrible; and if I should prove the cause of his defeat, what is to become of me! Indeed, indeed, Brydone should be here.' She checked herself, not deeming it decorous to give vent to her feelings before her attendant, and summoning to her aid the spirit and dignity of her nature, ordered Amy

to prepare her dress and decorations, and array her as for the bridal ceremony.

'I will prepare for the sacrifice,' said she; 'there is yet hope. It may be that fate will favor my cause. He may yet relent.' In short, Edith hoped a thousand things, as her bosom swelled with the thoughts of coming events. They 'cast their shadows before' her with the feeling of a presence and a portent from which she could not escape. Still, so strangely mingled were her emotions, that something like promise seemed to loom from the very uncertainty that thickened about her. Who knew how the struggle might terminate? Sir Piers bore not a charmed life, and some lance might bear him to the dust. Then came the possibility of her knight's return, and his arm might bear her away, where she knew not, and thought not. And then the image of her father, borne back a corpse to the castle, rushed upon her vision, until her hurrying mind rose into a degree of excitement, that, while it betokened the extremity of her emotion, served most effectually to support her through her trials. Long and busily did Amy employ her little hands in the array of her mistress. Every additional article of dress was accompanied with some kind, low tone of encouragement. Each tasteful ornament begat a consolation, and every little arrangement about the person of her beautiful lady, furnished matter of comfort.

'Sure she was,' and she repeated it again and again, 'sure she was that this display would never be made for nothing. Good fortune would come out of it yet. True enough, it was no better than murder to throw a Montfort away upon such a rough and reckless knight, and fathers were hard tyrants, they had much to answer for; but still—still—' and thus she went on, in a soothing, prognosticating strain, till her task was ended. All this Edith permitted, as a part of the loquacious familiarity, to which long and faithful service, and a kind heart withal, had given a sort of sanction; and though she heard little of her simple consolations, so wrapt was she in her own thoughts, yet it served as a quiet and thankful kind of monotony, to lull the agitation of her spirits.

It was now long past noon, and she knew by the various movements in the lower part of the castle, that her father was about issuing forth. Could she allow him to pass the gates, on this perilous enterprise, without his parting blessing! Once more she glided from her chamber and stood before him.

'Why this looks well, my child; thou art now apparelled fit for the most gallant knight that rides,' exclaimed Sir Guy, as he surveyed Edith from head to foot. 'Nay, look not so beseechingly; I know what thou wouldst ask. Let there be an end of this. I know thy song, girl, has been my delight for long years, and

I know thy voice has been—but enough, enough—in what better cause can I relinquish thee! No, Edith, no, thine must be a triumphant bridal, and this night shall witness it! And now, my child, farewell. Remain within the castle. I shall soon rejoin thee. Should I not, or should fate possibly bear against us, Brandon here, will bring thee tidings, and arrange thy escape to a place of safety.'

A sudden thought seemed to animate Edith. 'It shall be so, father,' replied she with firmness and composure. 'I will remain within the walls; and, while Edith Montfort governs here, neither hostile foot nor flag shall be planted upon them. Our guard is but feeble, indeed, but there is filial love, and a sense of filial duty still left in the bosom of thy unhappy child.'

'Now this is in the spirit I love, though somewhat wild, considering thy present means,' exclaimed Sir Guy, grasping her own in his gauntleted hand; 'this redeems all, and I shall prick forth with new courage. Go, go, my daughter, and while thou waitest our coming, be assured that a father's blessing is upon thee!'

So saying, he pressed a kiss upon the pale cheek of Edith, and passing to the castle yard, his heavy armour rattling as he went, he vaulted to his saddle, arrayed shield and helm, and with lance in rest, issued, at the head of his numerous band, from his Gothic gates.

As they rode forth, Edith ascended to the terrace of the castle, whence she could enjoy a wide prospect of the bold scenery that lay about the fortress, and catch a distinct view of the field of warfare. Already, at a distance, she could discern the glittering of spears and the glancing of horsemen, as the slanting sunbeams poured upon their panoply; and the sound of trumpets, and the confused noise of preparation came indistinctly upon her ear, as she paced the balcony.

Her father's retinue had now passed far into the plain, and was fast advancing to the busy ground. The spot was one well fitted for knightly strife and hard encounter. A long level tract spread in unbroken beauty to the very base of the hills that lifted themselves round about as an amphitheatre; and the romantic grandeur of the rocks and woods that crowned the mountains wherever they rose, imparted to the scene below, stirring and shifting as it then was with squadrons of armed men, a singularly wild and indescribable interest.

Near the walls of the castle, and between them and the plain described, swept a narrow, but exceedingly deep and rapid stream. This was crossed by a rude, shattered bridge, over which Sir Guy and his men at arms rode forward to the appointed field. It was but a frail passage, and it shook from bank to bank, as the knight and his followers crowded upon it, in their hurry to go forth. But the river was cleared, and the noise

of hoofs and horsemen had now sunk away, and Edith was left to her desolate and fearful anticipations. She had dismissed her attendant, and seated herself upon the terrace that overlooked the surrounding country.

Here, then, she was to await the issue. After her father's stern and irrevocable determination had been made known to her, and until this moment, she had been supported by the very excitement and intensity of her feelings. There was something in the sense of abandonment to her fate that had given her a sort of reckless courage, that began to subside and quail, as the allotted hours passed on, and the possibilities of ultimate escape from her cruel doom seemed to diminish or grow dim. The high spirit that had flushed her as she parted from her father, sunk down, as she saw his forces mingle in the distant mass, and thought of the doubtful strife upon which he was entered. Languid and pale, she sat, still as a statue, surrendered to the terrible mastery of her fears. It need not be said that the image of her lover floated before her again and again, and was as often greeted with prayers and hopes that died almost in the breathing.

'Truly,' cried she, her heart leaping against her girdle, as the truth of her situation flashed upon her, 'truly this would be a sore sight or sorry tale for him who holds my plighted faith. Yet would to Heaven he were here! He would see me decked indeed for

sacrifice;'—and she glanced impatiently upon portions of her rich and stately costume; 'but then,' she murmured to herself, 'but then he might bear me from the hated altar.' As she spoke, and drew the folds of her dress about her, some token of his sealed troth, that was suspended by a heavy and curiously wrought chain of gold, fell from her bosom upon her clasped hands, and glittered in her eye. Long and intently did she peruse it, and then raised her look upward in silent supplication, as she thought that this simple accident might portend something fortunate in her coming fate.

'Fair chance befall thee, Brydone; this is indeed but poor requital for true affection. The world is getting of little worth to me, and I must perforce take misery as my companion. But then it shall not be said that Edith Montfort came passively to this; and if thy good steed bring thee not, before all is over on yonder field, thou shalt never be told that I forgot to defend my father's house, or mine own honor.

Bearing up once more under the force of her high resolve, she rose to look more attentively abroad in the direction of the battle field. The sun was now near its setting, and, as she gazed towards the west, she could see the clouds of dust circling over the place of combat. Her attention was soon, however, drawn towards an object that was apparently making rapid approach to the castle, from the midst of the contending

parties. As it neared, she perceived it was one of her father's men at arms, urging on at the top of his speed, as though eager to gain the walls. Dashing across the bridge, he rode hastily to the gates, and demanded immediate interview with the Lady Edith.

'Speak, speak where thou art, Brandon,' cried Edith, leaning from the terrace in breathless alarm; 'say, how stands the fight—and my father—and why art thou here in such hot haste?'

'There is no hope, lady,' cried he, quickly dismounting, 'and escape from the castle must be immediate; it will be beleaguered ere nightfall.'

'No hope, no hope!' exclaimed Edith, looking wildly in every direction; 'but there is, there is,' she cried, as her eye became fixed upon a horseman that had already rode forward unperceived, as her attention had been engaged in another quarter. 'There *is* hope,' she cried again, as she nearly sunk upon the ground; 'for here is one that shall yet redeem, if mortal arm can save us. Forward to meet him, good Brandon, and apprize him of the crisis, and the day may yet be ours.'

The man at arms rode forward accordingly, but the knight waved him off as he approached, and, pressing onward, reined not nor slackened, till he stood beneath the walls, and at the gates of Sir Guy Montfort. Quick as light his eye glanced to the battlements, and Edith, her whole form expanding with joy, and her

beautiful face beaming and bright in tears, broke upon him like a vision. She waved him welcome, and, with a rapid salutation, he prepared to alight.

'Dismount not, dismount not, Sir Spenser Brydone; it is no time for word of love; ride, ride,' exclaimed Edith, ere word spoken, or question asked; 'my father is in danger, my home is threatened, and I am the sacrifice! Away! my hand, my heart depends upon thy haste; speak to him, good Brandon, tell him our peril, for I—I—'

'I know it, lady, I know it all; I have heard of combat and danger and treachery, and hither for life and death have I rode, first, perchance, to tell thee, in a breath, the tale of my delay.'

'Why, then, dost thou loiter! why linger an instant now! I pray thee stay not steed nor spur till this day's destiny is revealed. Away, on thy knighthood away!'

Other word was needless. Sir Spenser Brydone was the next instant in full speed towards the field of the struggle.

'Now, then, Brandon,' cried Edith, lighting up with a wonderful energy, 'now to our last duty. Quick provide implements, and give yonder bridge at once to the waters. Hesitate nct. I command thee to cut and heave it from its support. These walls shall not be assailed this day, though all things else should fail us. Haste, haste to thy duty! Ply battleaxe and bar!'

We have already said, that the bridge here mentioned was but a rude and frail structure. With the combined aid, therefore, of a strong arm and desperate exertion, Brandon was soon enabled so far to loosen and detach the portion that rested upon the bank, as to make the whole totter under his blows. At length the connected mass gave way, and thundered heavily into the water, upon which, as the fragments successively emerged, they eddied and whirled, until they went sweeping, an undistinguished wreck, far down the rapid current.

When Sir Piers Staunton rode forth to meet Sir Guy Montfort as auxiliary in the onset, it was not his intention to do more than meet him, and thus save at once the letter of his engagement, and his own sense of knightly honor. At all events, he had resolved to do no more battle in his behalf, than was necessary for the more effectual execution of his designs. His was not a spirit that cowered before the suggestions of treachery. True it was, he could boast high ancestry and a princely retinue; but beyond these external trappings of fortune, nothing had he of which he could speak vauntingly. He was unfeeling, base, and revengeful; and the last indignant rejection of his suit by Edith, had determined him upon some deed of desperation that should insure him at once the triumph of his malice, and the possession of his victim. He felt by no means satisfied that he should receive his

daughter from the hand of Sir Guy, even should he prove instrumental in achieving his victory; but, on the contrary, believed that her tears and entreaties, her expressions of hate towards himself, as her affianced lord, and, above all, her confession of her plighted troth to Sir Spenser Brydone, operating as they would upon her father, returned, perhaps, in the generous flush of conquest, would prove the certain destruction of all his hopes. These considerations made him reckless and resolute. He swore to win by force what chance might snatch from his grasp. He determined to surprise her, when unprotected, and bear off Edith by the strong arm.

Accordingly, soon after the appointed hour, but not till Sir Guy, no longer able to restrain his impatience and his ire at the sight of his deadly foe planted, face to face, directly in his path, had already commenced the struggle of blood, Sir Piers Staunton appeared upon the ground with scarce half a score of men at his back. He rode in with great show of bravery and earnestness, but, in reality, brought little with him to aid the cause of confusion. It was already late in the day. The sun had sunk down, and twilight was gradually gathering in, even to indistinctness, under the hills, and still the contest continued desultory and doubtful. Sir Piers, finding that Sir Guy was engaged in the depth and heat of the conflict, and that everything favored his

project, withdrew, in company with two or three of his followers, to whom he had given his instructions.

'It is now time,' said he, addressing himself to them, 'to act, and that with speed—to try the deep spur and the bold hand; draw off here, and follow at due distance, for yonder cometh one from the castle, who seemeth to bend this way. He is inclined, too, to mingle in the *mêlée*, for his course lieth into the very midst of it. So, our path is clear again; and now, my good men, ride!'

At the word, he set himself forward at a rapid rate, directly for the castle, that still loomed heavily through the dusk of the distance. As he drew near, he could perceive an object in white moving upon the terrace, and, fearing that he might be recognised by Edith, if, perchance, he was right in his conjecture that she had descried him, he closed his visor, and bowed himself in his saddle, still urging his courser forward with increased vehemence. Keeping the usual route towards the bridge, he dashed headlong upon the bank, and, ere horse or rider was aware of his mistake, strong arm and steel curb were as useless as a hair against their inevitable fate. With a shrill cry, the noble steed sprung far into the stream, bearing his master with him. As he struck the water, the knight reeled from his back, and, encumbered as he was with his heavy armour, he but flung his arms convulsively

into the air, and then sunk like a mass of iron. His followers, though hard upon his heels, seeing their leader suddenly vanish, reined up just in time to mark the whirling waters closing over him, and to descry in the now dim light, his panting and snorting horse struggling ineffectually, far below them, with the rushing river. In a short space, all sounds died away, save that of the swollen stream sweeping angrily by, and the riders, who had stood for some time in amazement and inaction, finding that all hope of recovering their master was utterly gone, and their business thus suddenly terminated, conferred for a few moments, then, drawing their horses together, turned and rode rapidly away.

All this scene had transpired in the presence of Edith. It was she whom the treacherous knight had descried upon the elevation of the castle, just before he met his deserved, but luckless fate. There she had remained during all the rapid, but momentous events of the last few hours, agitated by a thousand fears, and flushed by as many hopes.

'It may all be well yet,' whispered she, joyfully, to her heaving heart, as she gazed on her gallant lover bounding swiftly upon the plain; 'all may be well, and my father's vow may yet be kept. Why, Amy,' cried she, having yet scarcely recovered from her surprise, as she summoned her bower-woman, 'why,

Amy, thy prophecy is like to prove true; thou hast more forewit about thee, far, than thy mistress. But what thinkest thou of the issue of the contest, Amy? Speak, wench, thy opinion should be worth gold.'

'I am but a "witling,"' replied the maiden, with a lurking expression of mock humility, 'and should know nothing of the matter. But still I say that I shall marvel much if all this bridal decking be for nothing; but, if my lady command it, my humble opinion is that the issue of the heavy business yonder, will certainly be an espousal, and that right speedily.'

'Now, no more of this, mad maiden; I shall chide thee again, Amy, if this humor holds,' cried Edith, as a blush mantled to her brow. 'Why! thy fancy flies faster than yonder horseman. Here, dost thou not discern one making rapidly in this direction? And, by my hopes! he rides bravely, but not well. Methinks his speed is greater than his wit, if he knows the nature of the path hitherward. But he must rein well, and that perforce right soon! Sure he cannot but see his danger, and yet—.'

While she yet spoke, the doom of the rider was sealed forever. She beheld it, and sunk overpowered with terror, at the feet of her attendant.

When Edith fully recovered her recollection, it was to witness a far different spectacle. On that very bank from which she had seen the horseman take his

fatal leap, was fast collecting the band of her father's followers, and he himself, already conveyed to the hither shore, was approaching the castle gates, amid the tramp of men at arms, and the breath of trumpets. He was returning slightly wounded, though victorious, and at his side was Sir Spenser Brydone. One glance was enough, and in the next instant, Edith was at the gates to give them welcome. She would have flown to her father.

'Back, back, girl; let me but reach my own hall, and doff somewhat of this heavy casing, and then the whole tale shall be told thee,' exclaimed Sir Guy, as he urged forward, with his mute daughter at his side, and entered the castle yard.

Edith supported him to the hall, and it was not till she had ministered to her father with a particular and fearful anxiety, that she first met the beaming gaze and knightly salutations of Sir Spenser Brydone. Then, as in the full and free expression of generous love, he held her to his bosom, the truth of their heart's idolatry flashed upon Sir Guy.

'It is enough, Edith,' he cried, as he pressed his lips to her brow; 'I am revenged, and now thou shalt be rewarded. Here,' said he, turning to the gallant knight at his side, 'here is the good arm that saved my cause; here is the hand that held the day up bravely, and won it, too. Sir Piers Staunton—let him doubly

perish! did but play the traitor unseen. He rode hot and fast, Sir Spenser Brydone; but we won the castle before him. So be it; he met a traitor's reward.'

'Mention it not, mention it not, my father,' cried Edith, hiding her face in her hands, as though some horrible sight was before her eyes.

'And yet, Edith,' answered Sir Guy, 'I question whether thou couldst have wished mailed traitor a firmer passage than yonder quick water, or another fate than that he has found beneath it. But enough! I swore this day that the hand which won it for me, should receive from mine the hand of Edith Montfort, nor shall my promise be forgotten. This young knight did wonders, and turned the tide when fearful odds were against me. If looks and eyes lie not, I think he needs not command to help me through my vow.'

'Is my lady yet convinced of magic?' whispered Amy to her mistress, as Sir Guy ordered preparation of priest and candle.

And that night witnessed the bridal of Edith Montfort and Sir Spenser Brydone.

DEPARTURE OF THE EAGLE,

AFTERWARDS NAMED THE LADY ARABELLA,

FROM ENGLAND, MDCXXX.

Oh! many a deep and mournful thought,
In each lone heart did burn,
Among that band the Eagle brought,
But brought not to return,
When, floating down o'er England's sea,
With sunny sail unfurled,
And banner waving gallantly,
She sought another world.

For there were youthful spirits here,
That had not known before
How memory clasps, with secret tear,
The relics loved of yore;
And when the proud high cliffs of white,
That fringed the ocean's verge,
And tower, and spire, and emerald height,
Went down amid the surge,

10*

For aye,—yea, ocean, as a grave,
Closed coldly o'er them all,
And evening stretched along the wave
Her darkness like a pall—
Burst forth their frenzied passion, strong
And comfortless, in tears;
For fairy thoughts, forgotten long,
Came up from early years,

And pointed them, far, far away,
O'er shadowy flood and field,
Their fathers' roofs with mosses gray,
And eaves all vine-concealed,
And church, the dewy hill that crowned,
And stream that crossed the dell,
And herd and flock, that grazed around
The low, worn household well.

Of these they thought—still standing there
Along the Eagle's wale,
Their tiny arms outstretched, and hair
Aloose before the gale,
If haply they might hear again
The land breeze breathing free;
Or cherry-breasted robin's strain
From the old common-tree;

Or humming bee, that loved the vine
Which climbed the pillared door,
And sipped, whene'er the sun did shine,
Its blossoms o'er and o'er;
Or low lone chant of that dear stream,
Down the green, lilied glen;
Yea, anything—to make them dream
They were as they had been.

It was in vain—and then despair
O'erwhelmed each orphaned heart;
Now felt they that indeed they were
Of earth no more a part;
They turned away with their heads bowed
And idly lingering tread,
And lifted up their voices loud,
Like mourners for the dead.

So sorrowed they—but not so these
Yet clustered calmly there,
Now pouring forth, upon their knees,
The blended voice of prayer;
Faint are their tremulous words, but high
Their looks of solemn pride,
And radiant every aged eye
With tears—but smiles beside.

Dark were their bosoms too, and sore
With yearnings unconfessed;
But sunlight, where they looked before,
Came from the gleamy west—
Freedom's strong hope and faith in God,
Filled them with holy cheer—
They rose with hands unclasped, and trod
With footsteps firm as e'er.

A THOUGHT.

The storm is hushed, and on the deep
The moonbeams sleep,
Pure as the light that gleams
From a spirit's eye,
When it comes in dreams
From the holy sky,
And looks smiling down on some friend below,
With no earthly frown upon its snowy brow.
And oh! when life's dark storm is done,
May our souls forgiven,
Lit by a never setting sun,
Be fixed in heaven,
As the stars that sleep in yon 'Upper Deep.'

G.

A. Scheifer. J. Cheney.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

Published by S. G. Goodrich & Co Boston.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

There is a nice distinction in Scheffer's picture of the Lost Children. You would think at the first glance that the design was faulty. The position of the boy, and his face buried in his hands, show that he is overcome by his situation, and has abandoned himself to his feelings, while the girl stands looking into the dim wood, sorrowful indeed, but with a countenance of that earnest and patient sadness which expresses her willingness to look longer for the path if her brother will, and an evident bearing up, against sympathy and example, of the hope of her little heart.

It shows a fine trait of observation in the mind of the painter. If there were danger to encounter, or any definite obstacle to overcome, the boy would be resolute and foremost. He would climb, or take a perilous leap, or struggle with a fierce animal, or do anything that a boy's daring may compass; but he cannot bear, after all his exertions have been of no avail, to sit down with the desolate hopelessness of their situation. He has tried every path in vain. The night is coming on, damp and fast, and the distinct leaves begin to mingle

in one dull covering, and the trees look tall and gray, and the frightful stillness is less and less broken by the cheerful birds. The glimpses of the sky are not so frequent, and the apparent openings of the wood close up, one by one, as they enter them, and the insects they are accustomed to hear as they lie in their beds after the sun is down, are beginning to chirp, and every moment brings a heavier thought of home, and every trodden leaf, and branch stirred with the night wind, reminds them drearily that they are lost.

They have come now to an open spot, where the path ceases, or can be traced no farther, and the boy's impatient courage fails him. He kept a good heart, and spoke cheerfully to his sister while there was something to do; but it requires a more patient quality than courage, to suffer without action or excitement, and this is properly developed in the gentle, but more enduring character of the girl.

The painter has told it with a beautiful expressiveness in her face and attitude. She stands meekly at her brother's side, evidently conscious of their gloomy situation, but the folded hands, and the firm position of the little feet, and the calm, yet sorrowful resignation of her sweet face, show that she is prepared to wait with a quiet fortitude for the event. It is a masterpiece of touching and eloquent expression, and displays with the faithfulness of genius, one of the most beautiful distinctions of human nature.

SNOW.

SEE! see! I am falling, I 'm falling!
  Through the realms of the clear blue air;
I 'm leaving my bright pure dwelling,
  I shall fall on your world of care!
Shall I sink in the fathomless ocean,
  Or rest on the top of the hill?
Shall I sleep on the breast of the valley,
  Or melt in the murmuring rill?

The world! it looked dark, it seemed dreary,
  When I was high up in the air;
But now I am nearer it brightens,
  Its hills and its mountains are fair;—
A cloud! its dim bosom receives me!
  What through its dull mist do I see?
Proud city! I 'll shun thy dark border;
  I wish not to fall amidst thee.

Kind Wind! waft me farther, I pray you,
  To the breast of yon flowing tide;
Let me fall on its soft silver bosom,
  And with its bright waters I 'll glide;

Then I 'll float to the far green ocean,
  Where the Zephyr and whirlwind fly,
Till the sunbeam shall be my lover,
  And I go to my own blue sky.

E. W. T.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The hand that late in friendship's grasp
Was warm and true to mine,
Now lies in death's cold, mouldering clasp,
Submissive and supine.
The eye that shone so calmly blue,
And deep as yonder sky,
As if a world of thought it knew,
Is closed for aye.
And the cheek that kindled with fresh feeling,
As the hills redden into day,
The dawn of every sentiment revealing,
Is now unconscious clay.
The lip is mute, and the silent breast
A lonely house within,
And the spirit away in the land of rest
Forgets this world of sin.

G.

J. G. C. BRAINARD.

TO THE MEMORY OF J. G. C. BRAINARD.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

I ROVED where Thames old ocean's breast doth cheer,
Pouring from crystal urn the waters sheen,
What time dim Twilight's silent step was near,
And gathering dews impearled the margin green;
Yet though mild Autumn, with a smile serene,
Had gently fostered Summer's lingering bloom,
Methought strange sadness brooded o'er the scene,
While the deep river, murmuring on in gloom,
Mourned o'er its sweetest bard laid early in the tomb.

His soul for friendship formed, sublime, sincere,
Of each ungenerous deed his high disdain
Perchance the world might scan with eye severe;
Perchance his harp her guerdon failed to gain;
But Nature guards his fame, for not in vain
He sang her shady dells, and mountains hoar—
King Philip's swelling bay repeats his strain
To its lone tower, and with eternal roar
Niagara bears it round to the wide-echoing shore.

Each sylvan haunt he loved—the simplest flower
That bears heaven's incense in its bosom fair,
The crested billow, with its fitful power,
The chirping nest that wooed a mother's care,
All woke his worship, as some altar rare,
Or sainted shrine doth win the pilgrim's knee;
And he hath gone to rest where earth and air
Lavish their sweetest charms, while proud and free
Sounds forth the wind-swept harp of his own native sea.

His country's brave defenders, few and gray,
By penury stricken, with despairing sighs,
He sang; and boldly woke a warning lay
Lest from their grave a withering curse should rise;
Now near his bed, on which the peaceful sky
And watching stars look down, on Groton's height,
Their monument attracts the traveller's eye,
Whose souls unshrinking took their martyr-flight
Where Arnold's traitor-sword flashed out in fiendish
light.

Youth, with gay step and liberal hand, had sown
Fresh germs of hope to cluster round his head.
Those blossoms withered, and he stood alone,
Till on his cheek the blushing hectic fed,
And o'er his manly brow cold death-dews spread;

Then on his soul a quenchless star arose,
Whose holy beams their purest lustre shed
When the sealed eye to its last pillow goes;
He followed where it led, and found a saint's repose.

And now farewell. The rippling stream shall hear
No more the echo of thy sportive oar,
Nor the loved group thy father's halls that cheer,
Joy in the magic of thy presence more;
Long shall their tears thy broken harp deplore—
Yet doth thine image, warm and deathless, dwell
With those who prize the minstrel's hallowed lore,
And still thy music, like a treasured spell,
Thrills deep within their souls. Lamented bard, fare-
well!

TO MRS HEMANS.

Thy spirit hath a pure, embalming ray,
E'en like the sun, with his all-silvering light,
That sweetly sheds its glory through the day,
And lends us its reflection still at night—
Falling on every hill and mountain bright,
And forest dark, and sweet and quiet vale,
Bringing a thousand beauties to the sight,
That else had been unseen, or dim and pale;
Filling our souls in summer with delight,
And making winter's snowy robe more dazzling white.

Thus, o'er the world of human feeling, thou
Hast shed the glory of thy thrilling song—
Lit up its pinnacles to flash and glow,
Like stars, that in the deep blue sky do throng,
Till its romantic spots are hallowed so,
That all of beautiful in woman's love,
And all that 's noble on the hero's brow,
All that resembles holiness above,
All that we venerate on earth below,
Unconscious in thy song to tenfold beauty grow.

The Pilgrim Fathers! how its light doth stream
And flash in glory o'er that thoughtful band;
In the clear brightness of its magic gleam,
Not dimly seen, those various forms are scanned.
With burning thoughts they tread the rock-bound strand,
The hoary head, the frank, free face of youth,
The dear child clinging to the father's hand,
Stern manhood's brow, and woman's eye of truth—
A mingled crowd upon that wished for land,
Oh! more than Plato's dream, devoutly there they stand!

The lays of many lands—they are thine own—
Yet hast thou twined them with such feelings dear
To all free hearts, and they have such a tone,
Ye may not strike them in the tyrant's ear,
Nor can the coward heart their music hear.
Some should be sung around the peaceful hearth,
For they are loved by all the dwellers there,
And mid domestic scenes had their own birth,
Scenes, e'en the wicked in their hearts revere—
Some in the battle heard, the freeman's soul might cheer.

Thou hast a voice, a glad voice for the spring,
And harvest hath a song of music quick,
And joyous chords the bridal morning ring;
But other notes than these for the sad wreck,
The faithful boy on that still burning deck,

The last, long look to him who was so dear,
The settled paleness on the cold, dead cheek,
The solemn chant, slow pealed by the sad bier,
The reft one's grief that is too deep to speak,
Woman's strong love, for which all words but thine
  are weak.

And thou hast thrown o'er all thy blessed songs
A veil of feminine thought, that still doth greet
The soul with joy that not to earth belongs,
A charm from thine own heart, that when we meet
Thy much loved verse, it tells of thy retreat;
Even as those shells, thrown by the flowing sea
In polished beauty at our careless feet,
More exquisitely fair than art can be,
Far from their native ocean still repeat
Forever its loved roar, in mimic murmurs sweet.

G. B. C.

THE YOUNG PROVINCIAL.

'Now, father, tell us all about the old gun,' were the words of one of a number of children, who were seated round the hearth of a New England cottage. The old man sat in an arm-chair at one side of the fireplace, and his wife was installed in one of smaller dimensions on the other. The boys, that they might not disturb the old man's meditations, seemed to keep as much silence as was possible for individuals of their age; the fire burned high, with a sound like that of a trumpet, and its blaze occasionally shone on an old rifle which was suspended horizontally above the mantel.

'Willingly, my boys,' said the old man, apparently animated by his returning recollections. 'It may help to give you an idea of old times, when boys could not stay in their quiet homes like you, but were forced, or rather glad, to do what little they could for their country. My father lived in Tewksbury, a small town in Middlesex county. We were not generally much interested in the news of the day, but the spirit of resistance had then spread to every cottage in the country. The younger men of our village, following

the example of others, had formed themselves into military bands, who were obliged by the terms of their association to be ready to march at a moment's warning, and were, therefore, called Minute Men. Perhaps if you accent the last syllable of that word minute, it would better describe a considerable portion of our number, of whom I was one. I armed myself with that rifle which you see over the mantel, though it was a weary labor to me to bear it on a march, and this, with a leathern bag for bullets, and a powder-horn, completed my equipments. We relied more upon the justice of our cause, not to mention our skill in sharp shooting, than upon military discipline, and thence derived courage which was not a little needed; for the name of Regular was a very formidable one to every American ear.

'Having completed our preparations, such as they were, we waited for an opportunity, which the British were expected soon to afford us. It was understood that their purpose was to possess themselves of certain military stores at Concord, and a secret arrangement was made with the friends of liberty in Boston, that when they marched out for that purpose, lights should be displayed in certain spires, to alarm the country. One night in April, after a day of unusually hard labor, we were suddenly startled with a heavy sound which shook all the windows of the house. Another followed

it, and we said in deep and half breathless tones to each other, "It is the signal gun!" I must confess that my heart beat hard at the sound, and my cheek was cold with dismay; but my father, who was lame with a wound received in the old French war, encouraged us by his animation. "Now," said he, "the time is come. Go, my boys, and do your best." We had no time for sad reflections, so we ran hastily to the meetinghouse, where the rest of our number were already collected by the light of lanterns. With your ideas of military show, you might in a calmer moment have smiled at our display. The younger men were gathered in groups round certain veterans who rejoiced in that opportunity of fighting their battles over again; but the arrival of the colonel broke up their conference. He came, not in state with his staff around him, but with that sign of authority in his hand. He was a man whose equanimity nothing ever disturbed, and I am free to confess that I heartily envied him, when I heard his quiet tones calling to his men to mind their business; and when they had sufficiently arranged their ranks, saying, "Come, we 'd as good 's go along." Along he went, as quietly as he had followed his plough that day, but there were hearts among his followers that were sorely oppressed by the excitement of the scene.

'We moved in darkness and silence on the road to Lexington. As we came near the town, we thought

we heard the sound of some unusual motion, and, as the day began to dawn, were on the watch to discover the cause, when suddenly, as we turned the base of a hill, the martial music burst upon the ear, and the bright colors, and long red files of the British army came full in view. As if by one consent, we all stood still for a time; and I declare to you, that helpless as we were in comparison with such a force, and young as I was for such encounters, the moment I saw what the danger was, I felt at once relieved, and, nothing doubting that an engagement must take place, I longed for it to begin.

'In a few moments we heard the sound of irregular firing, and saw our countrymen dispersing in all directions. Then our senior officer gave orders—not after a military sort, but still the best that could be given on such an occasion—for each man to go into the fields and fight "upon his own hook." This was done at once, and with surprising execution. A close fire was poured in on the Regulars from all quarters, though not an American was to be seen. They fired passionately and at random, but every moment they saw their best men falling, and found themselves obliged to retreat without revenge. Closely did we follow them throughout that day. Unused as we were to blood, we felt a triumph when each one of our enemies fell. I received two balls in my clothes, and

one passed through my hat, but so engaged was I in firing, that I hardly noticed them at the time.

'When my powder was gone, I went out on the track of the retreating army, with a high heart and burning cheek I assure you. The first of the fallen that I saw before me, was a young officer, not older than myself, who had received a wound in the breast, and was lying by the wayside. There was a calm repose in the expression of his features, which I have often seen in those who died with gunshot wounds; his lips were gently parted, and he seemed like one neither dead nor sleeping, but profoundly wrapt in meditations on distant scenes and friends. I went up to him with the same proud feeling which I had maintained throughout the battle; but when I saw him lying there in his beauty, and thought of all the hopes that were crushed by that blow, of those who were dreaming of him as one free from danger, and waiting the happy moment that was to restore him to their arms; and, more than all, when I thought that I might have been the cause of all this destruction, my heart relented within me, and I confess to you that I sat down by that poor youth and wept like a child. I left the spot with the heavy steps of one who feels the weight of blood upon his head, and returned to my father's house resolved to expiate my crime. The image of that youth, pale and bleeding, was before my

eyes by day, and at my bedside by night, for weeks after, and in every wind I thought I heard the voice of the avenger of blood.'

'And did you fight no more, father!'

'Oh! yes, my boy. As soon as Boston was invested, we heard that our services were called for, and nothing more was wanted to fill the ranks of the army. I arrived at the camp the evening before the battle of Bunker Hill. Though weary with the march of the day, I went to the hill upon which our men were throwing up the breastwork in silence, and happened to reach the spot just as the morning was breaking in the sky. It was clear and calm; the sky was like pearl, the mist rolled lightly from the still water, and the large vessels of the enemy lay quiet as the islands. Never shall I forget the earthquake-voice with which that silence was broken. A smoke like that of a conflagration burst from the sides of the ships, and the first thunders of the revolutionary storm rolled over our heads. The bells of the city spread the alarm, the lights flashed in a thousand windows, the drums and trumpets mustered their several bands, and the sounds, in their confusion, seemed like an articulate voice foretelling the strife of that day.

'We took our places mechanically, side by side, behind the breastwork, and waited for the struggle to begin. We waited long and in silence. There was no

noise but of the men at the breastwork strengthening their rude fortifications. We saw the boats put off from the city, and land the forces on the shore beneath our station. Still there was silence, except when the tall figure of our commander moved along our line, directing us not to fire till the word was given. For my part, as I saw those gallant forces march up the hill in well ordered ranks, with the easy confidence of those who had been used to victory, I was motionless with astonishment and delight. I thought only on their danger, and the steady courage with which they advanced to meet it, the older officers moving with mechanical indifference, the younger with impatient daring. Then a fire blazed along their ranks, but the shot struck in the redoubt or passed harmlessly over our heads. Not a solitary musket answered, and if you had seen the redoubt, you would have said that some mighty charm had turned all its inmates to stone. But when they stood so near us that every shot would tell, a single gun from the right was the signal for us to begin, and we poured upon them a fire, under which a single glance before the smoke covered all, showed us, their columns reeled like some mighty wall which the elements are striving to overthrow. As the vapor passed away, their line appeared as if a scythe of destruction had cut it down, for one long line of dead and dying marked the spot where their ranks had stood.

Again they returned to the charge; again they were cut down; and then the heavy masses of smoke from the burning town, added magnificence to the scene. By this time my powder-horn was empty, and most of those around me had but a single charge remaining. It was evident that our post must be abandoned, but I resolved to resist them once again. They came upon us with double fury. An officer happened to be near me; raising my musket, and putting all my strength into the blow, I laid him dead at my feet. But, meantime, the British line passed me in pursuit of the flying Americans, and thus cut off my retreat; one of their soldiers fired, and the ball entered my side. I fell, and was beaten with muskets on the head until they left me for dead upon the field. When I recovered, the soldiers were employed in burying their dead. An officer inquired if I could walk; but finding me unable, he directed his men to drag me by the feet to their boats, where I was thrown in, fainting with agony, and carried with the rest of the prisoners to Boston. One of my comrades, who saw me fallen, returned with the news to my parents. They heard nothing more concerning me, but had no doubt that I was slain. They mourned for me as lost, and a rude stone was erected near the graves of my family, in the burying-ground, to record the fate of the one who was not permitted to sleep with his fathers. I doubt not that the mourning

was sincere, nor do I doubt that there was in all their sorrow a feeling of exultation, that one of their number was counted worthy to suffer death in the service of his country. The old schoolmaster, who was a learned man, said it was like the monument to the slain at Marathon, a great field of ancient times, and often pointed it out to his scholars from his school window, to encourage that spirit of freedom which was the passion of that day.

'I was carried to the hospital in Boston, and never shall I forget the scene presented in that abode of wo. The rooms were small and crowded; the regular and provincial were thrown in together, to be visited, that is, looked upon, if perchance they could catch his eye, once a day, by an indifferent physician, who neither understood nor cared for his duty. It was dire and dreadful to hear the curses poured out by some dying wretch, upon the rebels, who had given him his death wound; but my heart sunk far more at hearing the last words of some of my countrymen, who entreated the surviving to tell their friends that in death they remembered them, and gave up their lives calmly and religiously as brave men should. One youth of my own age do I especially remember; his bed was next to mine. One night his gasping informed me that his death was drawing nigh. I rose upon my elbow and looked upon him, as a pale lamp shone upon his features.

There was a tear in his eye, and his thoughts were far away, evidently returning to that home which never was to behold him again. Long time he lay thus, and I remained gazing on him, expecting myself soon to pass through the same change. At last the expression of his countenance altered; he raised his hands and clasped them as if in supplication; his eyes were turned upwards, and in that prayer, when sleep had happily sealed the eyes of the blasphemers round him, he gave up his soul to God.

'When the British were obliged to retire from Boston, I was taken to Halifax with the rest of the prisoners, in the fleet. I was first placed in a prison-ship, but soon removed to a prison in the town. The confinement grew intolerable as my limbs recovered strength, and the prison door was hardly closed before I resolved with my companions, that we would not rest till we had made one great endeavour. Every day we were insulted by the wretches employed to guard us; our food was hardly sufficient to sustain us; we were not permitted to know anything of the success of our countrymen, and as often as any favor was requested, it was denied with bitter scorn. Our apartment, in which six were confined, resembled a dungeon; but this, while it added to the gloom of our condition, aided our attempts at escape. I was fortunate enough to find an old bayonet upon the floor, with which I

loosened the masonry of the prison wall. Long and wearily did we labor, relieving each other at the task, and thus keeping constantly employed day and night, except when the grating of rusty hinges informed us that the turnkey was coming near our room. We had hung up our clothing on the wall where we labored as soon as we entered the jail, so that it was not suspected to be a screen for our labors. In the course of four long weeks we succeeded in penetrating through the wall, and never did my heart bound with such delight, as when I saw the first gleam of a star through the opening.

'We waited for a night suitable to our purpose, and it seemed as if the elements had conspired against us; for seven days passed, and each night was as clear and calm as possible. At last the night set in dark and stormy. The wind, as it howled from the ocean, and sent the rain rattling against our little window, was music to our ears. We heard the toll of midnight from the bells of the town, and then began our operations. We took the stones of the wall and placed them within the dungeon, removing them silently and one by one. When the passage was opened, we saw that it was not very high above the ground. We doubted not that the sentry would shelter himself in his box from the storm, but lest he should discover us, each armed himself with a stone. He was sheltered, as we supposed, but hearing the sound we made in letting ourselves down

from the breach, he came towards us. Before he could give his challenge we threw our stones at the unfortunate man, and heard him sink heavily to the earth, his musket ringing as he fell.

'Four of our number were strong, but one, with myself, was infirm from the effect of wounds. They, therefore, at our request, left us behind, though with much apparent reluctance. It was an evil hour for them when they did so, for they were afterwards retaken, and committed to prison again, where ill treatment and depression put an end to their lives before the close of the war. I went with my companion into a swamp about a mile from the town, and we had hardly secured our retreat, and laid ourselves down to rest, when the roar of a gun came floating upon the wind, a signal that our retreat was discovered. It was followed by the martial shout of the bugle; but, near as it was, we could go no farther, and could only quietly employ ourselves in gathering boughs of pine to form a kind of couch and covering. Thus we lay sheltered till the day dawned, listening in no pleasing suspense to the sounds of alarm that reached us from the town. In a few hours the sounds drew near us; we could even see our pursuers as they passed by. A small party employed a stratagem to draw us from the swamp, in which they thought it possible we had taken shelter. Suddenly crying out, "Here they are," they fired into

the shrubbery; but though the balls fell all around us, we saw their motions, and were not frightened from our hiding place. We rose at night, and went on our way, subsisting upon roots and berries, together with a little miserable bread, which we had saved for this expedition; but we were tortured with hunger, and, on passing a barn my companion secured a fowl, which we ate, raw as it was, with delight.

'Thus we travelled for seven days, almost without food, and entirely without shelter; but our strength began to give way. I deliberated with my companion, who was resolute, though still more feeble than I, and we determined to throw ourselves on the mercy of some passing traveller. We had no other possible chance of relief, and though this was hazardous, and almost hopeless, we resolved, if we met but one person, we would make ourselves known, and ask his protection. Soon after we had decided on this adventure, we heard the lingering tramp of a horse, and saw a venerable looking person, who reminded us of one of our New England farmers, going to market with well filled saddlebags, from which the claws of poultry made their appearance, in the attitude of supplication. He was to all appearance just the man we wanted to see, and our first impressions were not disappointed. I came out from the hedge, and requested him to hear me; but he looked at me with his eyes and mouth wide

open, and saying, "Can 't stop," endeavoured, with much clamor, to urge his beast into a quicker step. But the steed was my friend on this occasion, and absolutely refused to hasten his movements without some better reason than he saw at the time. I took advantage of his delay to state my condition to the old man, whose countenance changed at once on hearing my story. "Conscience!" said he, "I thought ye no better than a picaroon; but ye look 'most starved." So saying, he got off his horse, and, opening his saddlebags, he gave me the bread and cheese which he had provided for his own journey. This I shared with my companion, who came forward and joined me. "I was going to ask you to ride double," said the farmer, "but the creature can 't carry three, though ye are both of ye rather meager. However, wait here till I come back at night, then I will lend a hand to help you. I do n't know as it 's quite right, but I took a notion for the Americans myself, when I heard you were angry about the price of tea. It 's dear enough here, that 's certain. But whether or no, I can 't see how I should help King George by carrying you back to Halifax, to be hanged, may be, though I would do anything for the old gentleman in reason." With many cautions and encouragements, he left us.

'We concealed ourselves through the day, and many suspicions came over us, that our friend might be

induced by the reward to give us up to our pursuers. But we did him injustice. At night he came back, and seemed glad to see us when we made our appearance. "I might have come back before," said he, "but I thought we could work better in the dark." He then dismounted, and without delay directed us to mount the horse, while he would walk by its side. For a long time we refused to suffer him, aged as he was, to encounter such fatigue; but we were really worn out, and at last consented. We went on all that night, the old man keeping up our spirits by his conversation. It was daybreak before he showed any intention of making a permanent halt; but as the morning grew red in the sky, he urged us forward till we stopped under the windows of a solitary farm house, with its large buildings round it, not neat as they are seen in New England, but still indicating thrift and industry in its possessor. "Thank Heaven, here we are," said the farmer, "for I do not know how it is, I am not the man for a walk I once was;" and truly the weight of eighty years might have exempted him from such labors. He went to what appeared to be a bedroom window, where he knocked with some caution. Forthwith a nightcapped head made its appearance, and at once declared its native land by the exclamation, "Law for me! what brings you home at this time o' night." But the question was only answered by a request

that the individual, who was no less than the old man's helpmate, would rise and open the door. She rose with cheerful alacrity, and immediately began to make preparations for the morning's meal, without troubling herself much about the character of her husband's guests, though it should not be forgotten, that he condescended to make some little explanations. When the breakfast was over, which, however, was a work of time, we were invited to spend all that day in rest after our long and painful labor.

'In the evening we met again in the huge kitchen, which was the gathering place of the family, who were amused with some feigned account of our character, and the object of our visit. When the miscellaneous collection had retired, leaving us with the old man and his wife, we gave him a full account of our adventures, finding from his unconcern as to politics that we were in a place of security. He told us there was much confusion in the town on account of our escape, and that a reward was offered for our detection, while at the same time detachments of soldiers were sent in pursuit. He himself was strictly examined, and he said that he did not feel quite easy in his mind, when he thought of the lies of all sorts and sizes which he had felt obliged to tell. "However," said he, "I did not do evil that good might come. I did the good first and then the evil followed, which was no look out of mine."

'We proposed to leave him that night, but he would by no means consent to this, and insisted on our remaining with him for some time, as he said, "to pick up our crumbs." On the third night we took leave of our Samaritan with the deepest emotion of gratitude for his kindness. I always looked on the bright side of human nature; but I never received an impression in its favor so decided and reviving as from the conduct of this humble man. I never saw nor heard of him again.

'Our friend had given us directions to a place where we could take passage for Falmouth, now Portland. We succeeded in reaching it without difficulty, and, though we had no money, his recommendation gained us a place in the vessel. I felt relieved when once more upon the waters, and standing gallantly out to sea. With what different feelings had I traversed the same ocean-roads before! Then my heart died within me, as I stood on the battlements of the floating castle that bore me through the waves; every moment increased the distance that separated me from my home and country, which grew dearer to me in the hour of its own distress and mine; now, as our little whaleboat bounded over the waves, I felt bold, joyous, and triumphant. I thought then that there were moments in a life of changes, which atone for the heaviness of many of its hours. I have since learned that the only

real happiness is that which I then unconsciously felt, arising from the reflection that I had done my duty.

'From Falmouth we went home on foot. Before I reached my native village, my companion left me. His society had become endeared to me by our partnership in misfortune, and I parted from him with sorrow. He has ceased from the number of the living long ago, but I hope to meet him again. I entered my native place in a clear summer afternoon; the air was calm, the sky was clear, and there was stillness like that of the sabbath through the whole extent of the place. I remembered hearing the distant bell, and knew that they were assembled for the lecture which preceded the communion service, according to the custom of our fathers. I went to my father's door, and entered it softly. My mother was sitting in her usual place by the fireside, though there were green boughs instead of faggots in the chimney before her. When she saw me, she gave a wild look, grew deadly pale, and, making an ineffectual effort to speak to me, fainted away. With much difficulty I restored her, but it was long before I could make her understand that the supposed apparition was in truth her son whom she had so long mourned for as dead. My little brother had also caught a glimpse of me, and with that superstition which was in that day so much more common than it is in this, he was sadly alarmed. In his fright he ran to

the meetinghouse to give the alarm; when he reached that place, the service had ended, and the congregation were just coming from its doors. Breathless with fear, he gave them his tidings, losing even his dread, in that moment, for the venerable minister and the snowy wigs of the deacons. Having told them what he had seen, they turned, with the whole assembly after them, towards my father's house, and such was their impatience to arrive at the spot, that minister, deacons, old men and matrons, young men and maidens, quickened their steps to a run.

'Never was there such a confusion in our village. The young were eloquent in their amazement, and the old put on their spectacles to see the strange being who had thus returned as from the dead. I told my story over and over again. As often as I concluded it, new detachments arrived, who insisted on hearing all the particulars in their turn. The house was crowded with visiters till far into the night, when the minister dismissed them, by calling on my father and mother to join him in an offering of praise, "for this son which was dead and is alive again, which was lost and is found."'

LINES.

A CLOUD lay near the setting sun,
As he smiled in the glowing west,
And his glorious beams, as he slowly sunk,
Fell full on its shining breast;
And it sent him back again his rays,
And grew brighter, and more bright,
Till it seemed, as its glowing colors changed,
An embodiment of light.
But the sun sunk down at the close of day,
And in rain-drops it wept itself away.

A fair young bride at the altar stood,
And a blush was on her cheek,
And her voice was so low, that the vows she vowed
Seemed scarce from her lips to break.
Yet joy sat on her placid lip,
And in her downcast eye,
For a long, long life of happiness
Before her seemed to lie.
But her lord soon bowed to Death's stern doom,
And she wept herself to her silent tomb.

SIGNORA.

TO A WAVE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

List! thou child of wind and sea,
  Tell me of the far off deep,
Where the tempest's wing is free,
  And the waters never sleep.
Thou perchance the storm hast aided,
  In its work of stern despair,
Or perchance thy hand hath braided,
  In deep caves, the mermaid's hair.

Wave! now on the golden sands,
  Silent as thou art, and broken,
Bearest thou not from distant strands
  To my heart some pleasant token?
Tales of mountains of the south,
  Spangles of the ore of silver,
Which with playful singing mouth,
  Thou hast leaped on high to pilfer?

Mournful Wave! I deemed thy song
  Was telling of a floating prison,

Which when tempests swept along,
  And the mighty winds were risen,
Foundered in the ocean's grasp,
  While the brave and fair were dying.
Wave! didst mark a white hand clasp
  In thy folds as thou wert flying?

Hast thou seen the hallowed rock,
  Where the pride of kings reposes,
Crowned with many a misty lock,
  Wreathed with samphire green and roses?
Or with joyous playful leap
  Hast thou been a tribute flinging
Up that bold and jutting steep,
  Pearls upon the south wind stringing?

Faded Wave! a joy to thee
  Now thy flight and toil are over!
Oh! may my departure be
  Calm as thine, thou ocean rover!
When this soul's last joy or mirth
  On the shore of time is driven,
Be its lot like thine on earth,
  To be lost away in heaven.

SONG OF THE BEES.

BY H. F. GOULD.

We watch for the light of the morn to break,
  And color the eastern sky
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, 'Awake! awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply.'

And off we hie to the hill and the dell,
  To the field, to the meadow and bower;
We love in the columbine's horn to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
  The mint and the rosemary flower.

We seek the bloom of the eglantine,
  Of the pointed thistle and briar;
And follow the steps of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth, supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
  And reach for a state still higher.

While each on the good of her sisters bent,
Is busy and cares for all;
We hope for an evening with heart's content,
For the winter of life without lament
That summer is gone, its hours mispent,
And the harvest is past recall.

THE SLEEP WALKER.

In midnight dreams the wizzard came,
And stood before my view,
While tempting hopes of wealth and fame
He to my vision drew.
He led me forth across the heath
To where a river swept,
And there a glassy tide beneath
Uncounted treasure slept.
The joyous ripples gaily danced
Around the cherished store,
And circling eddies brightly glanced
Above the yellow ore.
I bent me o'er the deep smooth stream
And plunged the gold to get,
But oh! it vanished with my dream—
And I got dripping wet!

MEDITATION.

Tell me, ye viewless Spirits of the Air,
Who steal upon the soul with silent wing,
Seeming to wake, as with its breath, a string
That yields deep melody all hidden there,
Tell me if ye are visions from the tomb,
Or dreams awaked by Fancy's wizzard call,
Or ministers of ill, released from thrall,
In robes of light, to tempt us to our doom,
Or messengers of peace from regions blest,
On mercy's errand, stooping from above,
Or friends departed, drawn by lingering love
To whisper weal or warning to the breast?
Ye have no voice to answer, but the eye
Doth trace your homeward pathway to the sky!

INFIDELITY.

THOU who scornest truths divine,
Say what joy, what hope is thine?
Is thy soul from sorrow free?
Is this world enough for thee?
No; for care corrodes thy heart.
Art thou willing to depart?
No; thy nature bids thee shrink
From the void abyss's brink.
Thou mayst laugh, in broad sunshine;
Scoff, when sparkles the red wine;
Thou must tremble, when deep night
Shuts the pageants from thy sight.
Morning comes, and thou blasphemest;
Yet another day thou deemest
Thine; but soon its light will wane;
Then thy warning comes again.
There 's a morrow with no night—
Broad and blazing, endless light!
Should its dawn thy dreams o'ertake,
Better thou didst never wake!

J. I*****.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOPE LESLIE.'

He is a man, and men
Have imperfections; it behooves
Me pardon nature then.
The Patient Countess.

L' homme honore la vertu,
Dieu la recompense.

THE dark empire of superstition has passed away. This is the age of facts and evidence, experience and demonstration, the enlightened age, *par excellence.* Ghosts, apparitions, banshees, phocas, cluricaunes, fairies, 'good people all,' are now departed spirits. The fairies, the friends of poets and story-tellers, the patrons, champions, and good geniuses of children, no longer keep their merry revels on the greensward by the glow-worm's lamp; they are gone, exhaled like the dews that glittered on last summer's leaves. The 'dainty spirits' that knew 'to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to put a girdle round

about the earth in forty minutes,' have no longer a being save in poetry. Like the Peri of the Persian mythology, they forfeit their immortality when they pass the bounds of their paradise—that paradise the poet's imagination.

Though in the full meridian of our 'enlightened day,' we look back with something like regret to the imaginative era of darkness, when spirits, embodied in every form that fear or fancy could invent, thronged the paths of human life, broke its monotony, and colored its dull surface with the bright hues and deep shadows of magic light. We almost envy the twilight of our Indian predecessors, whose quickening faith, like the ancient philosophy, infused vitality into external nature, imparting a portion of the Infinite Spirit to mountain, valley, stream, and flower, that faith that gave discourse and reason to trees, and stones, and running brooks. Strange that in the progress of light, mind should surrender its dominion to matter! that the metaphysics of nature should yield to the physical sciences! that the materialism of the mineralogist, the botanist, the geologist, should prevail over the spirituality of the savage! But so it is. The suggestions of superstition, so universal in man's natural state of ignorance, are silenced by the clear, cold demonstrations of knowledge. Who now ventures to tell a fairy tale beyond the purlieus of the nursery? Who would hope to raise a

ghost above the subterranean region of the kitchen? The murdered lie as quietly in their graves as if they had been dismissed to their rest anointed and annealed; and even Love's martyrs, the most persevering of all night-walkers, no more revisit the glimpses of the moon. And yet there seems to be a deep foundation in nature for a belief in mysterious visitations, in our unknown and incomprehensible connexion with spiritual beings. The mighty mind of Johnson was duped by the ghost of Cocklane, and seized, as he himself confesses, on every tale of the reappearance of the dead to support his religious faith! What are we to infer from the horoscope of the hero of 'Guy Mannering,' what from the 'Lady of Avenel,' and all the strange prophecies fulfilled of Sir Walter Scott, but that the wild and fantastic superstitions of his native land, that 'meet nurse of a poetic child,' still control his imagination. Even Napoleon, who feared no power embodied in flesh and blood, bowed like an Oriental slave before the dark, mysterious despot Destiny.

We have made this long introduction to a ghost story it was once our good fortune to hear well told, to persuade our readers that we have drunk deep enough of the spirit of the age to laugh, when we are in the presence of the honored public, at the superstition and credulity of others, though we may still cherish some relic of it in our secret soul.

Somewhere between twenty and thirty years ago — there is, alas! a period when accurate dates become a sort of *memento mori* — we, or rather I — for, like a late popular writer, we detest that reviewer in the abstract, the 'cold, and critical,' and pompous *we* — *I* was on a visit to a friend of my parents who resided in New York, Mrs Reginald Tudor. She was an Englishwoman by birth, but had long been a resident in this country, and, though of a noble family, and educated with aristocratic prejudices, she was, in all acts of kindness, condescension, and humanity, a Christian; and is not Christianity the foundation, the essence of republicanism? Her instincts were aristocratic, or those principles of conduct that are so early inculcated and acted on that they become as impulsive and powerful as instincts; but when a deed of kindness was to be done, she obeyed the levelling law of the religion of universal equality. As Mrs Reginald Tudor, the lady of polite society, she was versed and strict in all artificial distinctions and nice observances; but as a Christian, friend, and benefactress, no fiery revolutionist ever so well illustrated the generous doctrine of equality; for hers was the perfect standard of rectitude, and every one who needed the tender charities of life from her, was her 'brother and her sister.' Forgive her then, gentle reader, a slight contempt of republican manners, and a little pride in her titled ancestry and noble English relatives.

Like most old people, Mrs Tudor talked always of the past, and the friends of her youth. Her grandfather, whose pet she had been sixty years since, was her favorite topic. Her stories began with 'My dear grandfather, Lord Moreland'—'Lord Moreland' was the invariable sequence. But this was an innocent vanity, and should not cast a shade over my honored friend's memory. The only evil attending this foible, so ill adapted to our country, was, that it had infected her grandaughter, my friend Isabel Williamson.

Isabel, at the period of which I write, was a beautiful girl of eighteen, an only child, and as such cherished and caressed, but not spoiled by her parents and grandmother. Nothing could spoil so frank and generous a disposition, so noble-minded a creature. But Isabel was touched with the family taint of pride. She had a feeling very closely bordering on contempt for everything American; and, though born in the city of New York, though her mother and her maternal ancestors were American, she always called herself English, preferred all English usages, however ill suited to our state of society, had some pretty affectations of Anglican phraseology, imported her dresses, hats, shoes, from England, employed English teachers, and preferred English beaux.

At the time I was with her, her parents were away from home on a long absence, and during my visit her

cousin Lucy Atwell arrived in town from 'the West.' 'The West,' a designation that has removed with our emigrants to Missouri, then meant one of the middle district counties of the State of New York. Lucy came, consigned for life, to Isabel's parents. She was a meek, timid, country girl, of about seventeen, made an orphan by sudden bereavement, and by an accumulation of misfortunes left pennyless. This was an irresistible appeal to Isabel's heart. 'Grandmamma,' she said to Mrs Tudor, 'we must provide for poor Lucy.'

'Certainly, Isabel, I was sure you would say so.'

'I have been thinking,' resumed Isabel, 'that Mrs Arnott's would be such a good place for Lucy to board.'

'My dear Isabel, we must keep her with us.'

'Grandmamma!'

'Why not, my child?'

Isabel well knew the 'why not,' operative on her mind, but she did not care to tell it, and she offered the most plausible reason that occurred to her. 'You know, Ma'am, it must be so unpleasant for a person to live as a dependent in the family of relatives.'

'That depends, Isabel, on the tempers of the parties. If you are not wanting in kindness and consideration, I am sure, from little Lucy's sweet face, she will not fail in gratitude and contentment; at any rate she must stay with us.'

'Do you not think,' said Isabel to me when we were alone together, 'that grandmamma is getting childish? She was so decided, obstinate to-day, about Lucy.'

The following day I perceived that Isabel suffered a series of mortifications on her cousin's account. In the first place nothing could be more decidedly *countryfied*, not to say vulgar, for I cannot bear to apply that word even for once to one so pretty, gentle, and essentially refined as Lucy—nothing could be more *countryfied*, more ill made, and unbecoming than our little rustic's dress. The date of our story was long before the artful looms of Europe had prepared every variety of texture, and brought the light silk and delicate *barége* level to the means of the most humble purchaser. It was the age of cotton cambrics and bombazettes, and our country cousin was dressed in a stiff, glazed, black cotton cambric, with a vandyke of the same, a crimped *leno* frill, and white knit yarn stockings. It was then the fashion to dress the hair low, with braids and bands after the classic models; Lucy's was drawn up like a tower on the top of her head, and walled in by a horn comb. Isabel spent too much money, time, and thought on her dress not to pride herself on its style, and never was there a more striking contrast than the two cousins presented, when they were both seated together in the parlour. Isabel, arrayed in high fashion and taste, with her toy work-basket filled with the

elegant implements of 'idlesse' work, and Lucy, in the costume we have described, diligently knitting a full sized, substantial cotton stocking. But in spite of this homely vulgarity, there was something of nature's aristocracy in her graceful and delicate outline, in her 'serious eye,' and thoughtful, fair young brow, and I felt hurt and mortified for my dear friend Isabel, when I perceived a little flutter and fidgetiness about her at every rap at the street door, indicating too plainly her dread of having her cousin seen by her fashionable acquaintance. Isabel was not sufficiently a woman of the world, and she had too much good feeling to disembarrass herself of this concern, as a true woman of *ton* does, by the current jokes on country cousins.

It was a day of trial to Isabel. The heavens were serene, the air balmy, and the walking fine; and it seemed as if all our acquaintances, and especially those who for very delicateness were afraid of the rough visitation of the winds, had selected this day to pour in upon us. Mrs Tudor was at her usual station on a corner of the sofa, and, punctilious in the formal politeness of the day, she most precisely introduced every visiter to 'Miss Lucy Atwell—Miss Williamson's niece;' and each time, Lucy, according to her notion of good manners, laid aside her knitting-work, rose and dropped her little dot of a courtesy; and, though Isabel affected to laugh and talk in her usual careless style, I could

perceive in her face, as in a mirror, her consciousness of poor Lucy's every word and motion.

Isabel's Anglo-tastes had led her to avoid every Americanism, word or phrase; and the 'concludes,' 'calculates,' and 'guesses,' which were in all poor Lucy's replies to the few questions addressed to her, grated harsh discord on her cousin's ear. It is difficult to recall, after time and matured sense has released us from the galling fetters that are imposed by the false notions and artificial distinctions of fashionable society, it is difficult to recall the feelings that, like the emotions of a troubled dream, were then as real to us, as they now are illusory and ridiculous. It now seems to me incredible that my friend Isabel, the noble woman whom I have since seen wrestling with fearful calamities, and enduring calmly and sweetly the darkest night of adversity, should at eighteen have wasted tears, and a flood of them, on the mortifications I have recorded. But so it was. They were, however, shed in private, and known only to myself and to her grandmother, with whom she again expostulated on the subject of Lucy's removal to some other home. Mrs Tudor was mild, but firm in her first decision. In the evening, at the usual hour for retiring, the good old lady invited us to her apartment. This was her frequent custom, and a great pleasure to us, for there is always something in the sociality of one's own room, far more unbending,

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intimate, and endearing, than in the parlour intercourse. Mrs Tudor left her stateliness, her only infirmity, below stairs, and in her own apartment was the true grandmother, easy, communicative, and loving.

It was late, I believe near the witching time of night, when we, Isabel, Lucy, and myself, drew our low chairs around Mrs Tudor's matronly rocking-chair. The oil in the lamp was expended, a stick of wood was burning, as all wood burns after twelve o'clock, fitfully, and the bright, changeful flame threw such strange distorted figures on the wall, that braver spirits than ours might have been frightened at a shadow. Our conversation turned, I do n't know how, but it then seemed naturally enough, on ghost stories. Mrs Tudor was the benefactress of the rising generation; her mind was stored with strange and forgotten events; she had treasures of marvellous appearances, which had no record but in her memory. After relating various anecdotes till we were all in a state of considerable excitement, till Isabel had forgotten her coldness, and Lucy her timidity, Mrs Tudor said; 'There is one ghost story that I have never told, not even to you, Isabel, for whose insatiable curiosity I have produced every other treasure from my storehouse. This is connected with many sacred recollections, it deeply affected my imagination at the time, and related to persons in whom I had some interest. There are many preliminary

circumstances before I can come at the supernatural incident—it is late—shall I tell it to-night?'

'Oh yes!' was the unanimous voice, and Mrs Tudor proceeded.

'When I lived in London, I had an intimate friend who was, like myself, a widow, with an only son. Mrs M'Arthur—that was her name—had set her heart on having her son fix himself in the calm quiet of home and domestic life, such as suited her matured and feminine tastes, but was not at all adapted to a young man of unchecked ambition and ardent passions. M'Arthur's mind was early steeped in the military spirit of tales and songs of chivalry, and as soon as he was old enough to think of a profession, he avowed his will—the will, and the wish of a widow's only son is fate—to be a soldier. My friend opposed him at first, but he who was never denied anything, was not long opposed in his most impetuous passion, and his poor mother, fearing all things and hoping nothing, procured a captaincy for him, and soon after had her heart almost broken by his being ordered on the American service. Your father, Isabel, came to this country at the same time, and was ever after intimately associated with M'Arthur, and from him I have received the particulars that I shall relate to you.

'Captain M'Arthur was appointed to command a detachment that was sent to wrest the possession of a

small town from the Americans. The male inhabitants, notwithstanding the confusion of a surprise, made a valorous resistance, but, overcome by numbers and discipline, all who could fly, fled to support the banner of their country in a more fortunate field, and defend her where defence would be available.'

'Ah!' said Isabel, whose partialities were always in the English ranks, 'the Yankees often practised that better part of valor — discretion.'

'Not till its bolder part was useless,' retorted the gentle Lucy.

'The fray is past, fair champions,' said I, 'do not interrupt the story.'

'No, girls,' continued Mrs Tudor, 'my story has little to do with the war, though a good deal with the passions it engendered. Captain M'Arthur had gallantly achieved his object. He obtained undisputed possession of the town, but in effecting this, he received a dangerous wound, and was carried bleeding and insensible to the best house the place afforded, situate at the entrance of the town, and belonging to one Amos Blunt, a bold yeoman, who had been first and last to fight in defence of his home, and who, as he caught from a distant hill a last look of the roof that sheltered his two lovely and now defenceless daughters, swore eternal hatred to the English. Fatally and cruelly did he keep his vow.

'To return to M'Arthur. The sad chances of the battle had made his life to depend on those very daughters of the yeoman, Emma and Anna Blunt. Unskilful surgical treatment aggravated his wound; a violent fever ensued, and for many weeks the gay and gallant young officer was as dependent as an infant on the tender vigilance of feminine care.

'The two sisters, as I have heard, were alike in nothing but their devoted affection to each other; even their looks were as dissimilar as distinct races, as unlike, Isabel, as you and your cousin Lucy. You might, indeed, if I remember their pictures accurately, stand for their living portraits, so fair, so like a snowdrop, or rather so like that meek representative of all spiritual purity and womanly tenderness, the Madonna, so like my sweet Lucy was Emma—yes, just so sensitive and blushing at her own praises, even from the lips of an old woman; and you, my dear Isabel—but you cannot so well bear flattery. It is enough to say that Anna had a brow of lofty daring, a quick, glancing, laughter-loving eye, a rich damask on her cheek that expressed the quick kindling and burning of her feelings; lips that a Grecian artist would have chiselled to utter the laws of love, rather than its prayers; in short, a face and shape that a painter would have chosen for a Semiramis, or Zenobia, or Clotilda.'

'Grandmamma!' exclaimed Isabel, 'are you describing two daughters of a farmer?'

'Even so, Isabel; and truly you must remember, my dear,' what Isabel was prone to forget, 'nature has no aristocratic moulds; the peasant is born with as fine limbs and beautiful features as his lord. Besides, you must know, these girls had not impaired their natural beauty by household drudgery. Their father was wealthy; they were his only children, and motherless from extreme childhood, their stern father, stern to everything but them, had lavished his wealth to procure for them whatever advantages of education the country then afforded.

'You must allow, that when the romantic M'Arthur awoke from his long delirium, and beheld these beautiful forms flitting around his pillow, he was in more danger than he had been from their father's sword. In the flush of health and unbroken spirits, Anna would have been most attractive to him; but in the gentleness, the patient watchings, the soft, low toned voice, the uniform tranquillity of Emma, there was something so suited to the nurse and leech, so adapted to the abated spirit of the invalid, that his susceptible heart was touched, and, in the progress of a slow convalescence, entirely captivated, and honestly surrendered.

'It was not in human nature, certainly not in Emma's tender nature, not to return the fondness of the most interesting man she had ever seen. She did return it, with a strength and depth of devotion, that I believe, my dear girls, men seldom, if ever, feel.

'The rash, impetuous lover proposed an immediate marriage. His intentions were strictly honorable; never had he, by one thought of sin, offended against the purity of Emma; and for her sake he was willing to forget his noble birth, the wishes of his far-off, widowed, but, alas! proud mother, the duties of his official station, propriety, expediency, the world, for love. But Emma was of another temper. She could have surrendered every other happiness in life to be M'Arthur's wife, she could have died for him, but she would not deviate one point from the straight line of filial duty. She would not hear M'Arthur's vows, acknowledge him as a lover, nor think of him as a husband, till she had her father's sanction. This was strange to the indulged youth, who had never regarded any sanction but that of his own inclinations, and he felt himself thwarted by her determination, and half offended by the absolute necessity of waiting till the consent of her father could be obtained. However, there was no alternative. He addressed an earnest letter to Amos Blunt; Emma added a modest, but decided, postscript; and a trusty American boy was hired to convey it a distance of little less than a hundred miles, where Blunt was stationed. In the then condition of the country, this was a long and uncertain journey, and during the weary weeks of waiting, M'Arthur lost all patience. In this tedious interim the fearful Emma truly anticipated the result

of their appeal to her father, and, with maidenly modesty withdrew herself from every demonstration of her lover's tenderness. He called this preciseness and coldness, and his pride, even more than his love, was offended.

'While Emma, with the resolution of a martyr, secluded herself in her own apartment, M'Arthur, still confined to the house, was also limited to the society of Anna. The vigor of his spirit returned with his improving health, and then he found that her gay and reckless spirit harmonized far better with his natural temper, than the timid disposition of her sister.

'Anna's beauty was more brilliant, her conversation more lively and taking, and—have I prepared you for it, my dear girls?—when the parental fiat arrived, the peremptory, unchangeable no, it was received by him with indifference, I am afraid with a secret satisfaction. Poor Emma! the cold, precise Emma, fainted in her sister's arms; and for many successive days she seemed hovering between life and death. To disobey, or evade, or attempt to soften her father's will, was to her impossible; but to endure it, appeared equally impossible. She must suffer, might die, but would submit.

'At first she dreaded the remonstrances of her lover, then she expected them, and expressed this expectation to Anna, first in broken sentences and then in more significant looks; but Anna made no reply to her words

or questioning glances. She loved Emma better than anything but—M'Arthur. She hung over her with devoted tenderness, and, I doubt not, with a self-reproach she could not stifle.

'By slow degrees Emma recovered her self-control, and, armed with all the fortitude she could gather or assume, she prepared to meet her lover's gaze—that gaze was altered, the lover her lover no longer. How sure and rapid is the intelligence of true affection! A short, slight observation proved to her that M'Arthur's love was transferred—transferred to her sister. The infidelity of the two beings she most loved on earth, almost broke her heart; but, as the most touching of writers has said of the sweetest manifestation of character, the "temper of Emma was like an Æolian harp, whose sounds die away in the tempest, and are heard again in every gentle breeze." She said nothing, she looked nothing; she was much alone, and her troubled spirit found rest, where it is only to be found in every modification of human misery, in those high communings that are on the spiritual mount, far above the atmosphere of mortal passions. Anna felt the rebuke of Emma's silence and downcast eye far more than she would the gentlest even of reproaches—an involuntary look. She accused herself, she wept, she fell at her sister's feet, she offered to abjure her lover forever. Emma folded her in her arms, and it was long

before either could speak or listen; but when Emma could utter her resolves gently, softly, tenderly, as they were spoken, it was evident they were unalterable. "*That* bond, Anna, is severed forever; we are sisters, our God has united us by this tie, our sin alone can destroy or weaken it; it has been rudely jarred, but it is not harmed—is it, Anna?" Anna only replied by a more fervent embrace, a freer burst of tears. Emma was long silent, but when she at last spoke, no one would have detected in the tones of her voice a more passionate feeling than sisterly tenderness.

'During their interview, Anna confessed that the inconstant, but really ardent, and I must say really honorable lover—'

'Oh! say nothing in his favor! say nothing in his favor!' interrupted, in one voice, the indignant young auditors.

'Ah! my dear girls,' replied Mrs Tudor, 'we learn, as we go on in life, to look far more in sorrow than in anger, on the transgressions of our fellow beings; we know better how to estimate human infirmity and the power of temptation; but I have no time to moralize. I will only beg you to remember, when you have still more cause for indignation against poor M'Arthur, that he was then scarce twentytwo, that he was spoiled by fortune, by admiring friends, and by that chief spoiler, a doating, widowed mother; and, lest you should be too

harsh, let me tell you, that he has since redeemed, by a virtuous life, the follies, the sins of his youth.

'Where was I? Oh! on the point of telling you that Anna confessed M'Arthur had urged an immediate marriage, without a reference to her father, which, he maintained, experience had taught them would be useless. "The military events of the day," he said, "indicated that the British forces would soon be withdrawn from ———town, and his last letters from his commanding officer, intimated that he would then probably be transferred to the southern army."

'He intreated, with all the vehemence of love, that Anna would give him a right to claim her, as his wife, when the disastrous wars should be over. Anna had half consented to sacrifice her filial duty. Against this Emma remonstrated most earnestly. She adjured her sister not to provoke the wrath of Heaven, so sure speedily to overtake filial disobedience. She saw M'Arthur; and, with the unfaltering, and almost irresistible voice of determined virtue, intreated him not to tempt her sister to this departure from filial duty.

'"But of what use," asked M'Arthur, "will be an appeal to your father, when his old prejudices will be all justified by," his voice sunk to an almost inaudible tone, "by the demerit that none but an angel would forgive?"

'Emma hesitated for a few moments, and then said, with decision, "I will go to him myself."

'"You, Emma! You cannot, you shall not; there are a thousand dangers!"

'"There are none that need to deter me. I will go. My father, though terrible to his enemies and stern to the world, never denied me anything that I asked myself from him. I am sure I can make such representations that he will give me his consent. I will hear nothing more from you, no, I will not hear your thanks till I get back; provide a proper guard to attend me as far as your lines extend, I shall have nothing to fear after I get among our own people."

'M'Arthur would have poured out his admiration and gratitude, but Emma fled from it all, and hastily prepared herself for her romantic expedition. A small detachment of the regular army, and a large body of militia, to which her father was attached, had approached within fifty miles of ———town; but for a young girl to traverse this distance in the unsettled state of the country, required all the spirit that a noble purpose inspires, and all the courage of heaven-born innocence. Poor Emma endured manifold fears, and encountered some dangers; but this detail I reserve for some other time. At the expiration of the third day she arrived safely at the American quarters.

'When her father's first surprise and joy at seeing her was over, she communicated, with her own sweet grace and earnestness, the purpose of her journey.

No words can ever describe her father's rage. I would not repeat to you, if I could, his horrible language. He commanded her, on pain of his everlasting displeasure, never again to mention the name of M'Arthur. He looked upon his daughters as bewitched by a spell of the arch enemy. He said M'Arthur's conduct was just what he should have expected from an English scoundrel, from any, or all of the miscreants. Every breath that Emma dared to utter, swelled the torrent of his rage. He swore to revenge her wrongs, to revenge his polluted home; and, finally, he concluded by pronouncing curses, loud and deep, and, as poor Emma thought, interminable on Anna, if she did not immediately break off all connexion with M'Arthur, and abjure him forever.

'Emma trembled and wept. She knew how unrelenting was her father's determination, and her whole anxiety now was to save her sister from these terrible curses, as fearful to the duteous Emma as the wrath of Heaven. She set out on her return without any delay. A variety of circumstances protracted her journey. When she arrived at the point where M'Arthur's guard was to meet her, no guard was there, and her progress was arrested by an American officer, a friend of her father's, who absolutely forbade her proceeding. The British, he said, were daily contracting their lines. There were almost hourly skirmishes between

small detachments of soldiers, and nothing could be more perilous than for a young woman to traverse even the short distance that remained to her home. She was conducted to a comfortable lodging in a kind family, but no kindness or security could tranquillize her troubled and anxious mind. She knew too well the impetuous temper of M'Arthur to hope he would have patience to await her return, and she feared that her light-hearted, reckless, sanguine sister, would, trusting implicitly to her success, yield to the importunities of her lover. For three weeks she was compelled to endure these apprehensions; to endure the thought that she was freighted with those curses that were to fall on her sister's head like the withering vengeance of Heaven.

'At last she was permitted to proceed, and she arrived at ———town without the slightest molestation or accident. As soon as she entered it, she saw that the aspect of things was entirely changed. The military array that had given to the quiet scene a temporary life and bustle, had vanished. The street was as quiet as a sabbath morning. A few well known faces appeared peeping from the doors and windows. Emma did not stop to ask any explanation, she did not even see their welcoming nods and smiles; and though an old man, the walking chronicle of the town, quickened his pace towards her, as if he would be the first to communicate

what tidings there were, she hurried her horse onward. Her home was on the outskirts of the town. When she reached it, her servant girl met her at the gate, and broke forth in exclamation of—Emma knew not what. She cast one wild glance around the parlour, screamed Anna's name, and flew to her apartment. The one fear that she had gone with M'Arthur prevailed over every other. She opened her chamber door, she was there, buried in her shawl, and weeping aloud. At the sight of Emma she uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy, and dying away in bitter grief, "Oh! Emma, my sister, he is gone, my husband is gone!" "Your husband!" cried Emma, and it was long, long, my dear girls, before she uttered another word. It was as she had apprehended. M'Arthur had been impatient of her delay, and had persuaded Anna to a private marriage, only one week after Emma had left them. Emma did not reproach her sister, she would not have added a feather's weight to the inevitable consequences of her rashness. Those consequences it was now her anxious care to avert. She only communicated to Anna so much of her father's reply as expressed his firm negative. This was fearful enough to Anna; but as her marriage had been strictly private, she hoped to keep it from his knowledge, and Emma, to shield her sister, prepared herself, for the first time in her life, for evasion and concealment.

'There was now no obstacle to her father's return. He came home the next day, and his wrath against the enemy grew at every trace of their footsteps. He suspected nothing, but he was for some time less kind and frank to his daughters than formerly. He never alluded to their guest by words, but, when anything having the most distant relation to his residence with them occurred, he would contract his brow, become suddenly pale, bite his lips, and indicate, in ways too obvious to his gentle daughters, that his hatred burnt as fiercely as ever.

'Sally, the servant, made her appearance before him one day in a holiday suit, with a gay locket dangling from her neck. "Ah! Sally," said Blunt, "where did you get that pretty finery in these hard times?"

'The girl knew her master's infirmity, and she saw the color mount to her young ladies's cheeks, and she stammered out, as if she had stolen it, "Captain M'Arthur gave it to me, Sir." Blunt tore it from her neck, and crushed it under his foot.

'Some weeks after this startling demonstration of his unabated hatred, and several months after M'Arthur's departure, a little crippled boy, who lived on an adjoining farm, came into Blunt's parlour with a pretty flute sticking in his hat-band. "Ah! Jerry, my boy," said the old man friendlily, for, like the lion, he was tender to all small and defenceless creatures,

"Ah! Jerry, that is the little flute that makes such pleasant music for us of these moonlight evenings, and that piped such a merry welcome to us the day we came home, is it? let's see it, Jerry." Jerry gave it to him. Emma and Anna trembled. "Oh!" said Jerry, "if you could only have heard the captain play it, Sir; he gave it to me for finding Miss Anna's ring."

'The poor boy's flute was instantly crackling in the flames, and a fiery, suspicious, questioning glance darted at Anna. It fell on the ring—the fatal wedding ring. Oh! my dear girls, I cannot describe the scene that followed. All Blunt's honest feelings were wounded, all his fierce passions excited. Emma, fearless for herself, wept and interceded for her sister; but her voice could no more be heard than the wail of an infant amidst the raging of the ocean. Anna was cast out from his door, commanded never again to enter his presence, every name of dishonor was heaped upon her, and, while she lay on his door step, fainting in her sister's arms, for Emma, in spite of his commands, supported her, the last sounds she heard were her father's curses.

'Emma watched over Anna's fate with more than a sister's love. She procured a humble, but decent lodging for her, and expended her youth and strength in secretly working to obtain a pittance for her support. Blunt had peremptorily forbidden her ever to impart

one shilling of his substance to his discarded child. Obedience to this command was the hardest of all Emma's trials; but she held fast her integrity, and was compelled to see daily delicacies that she loathed, to live in overflowing plenty, without daring to give a crumb that fell from her father's table to her poor sister.

'Three months after Anna was driven from her father's house, she gave birth to a child, a boy, and, as if to fill up the measure of her sorrows, he was born blind. The poor, suffering, crushed mother, wore away her life in watching over her stricken boy, in sorrow for the past, and despair for the future. Five weary years were passed without one word of intelligence from her husband. Newspapers were then rare, and few found their way to ——town, and in those few Emma, who diligently inquired, could never ascertain that any mention was made of M'Arthur. He might have perished in battle, might have returned to England, or, worse than all, might have forgotten his wife. Time had no tendency to soften the heart of Amos Blunt, time only *cut in* deeper the first decisions of his iron will. His property, though necessarily impaired by the war, was still far superior to his neighbours'; Emma was to inherit it all, and Emma, the dutiful and still lovely Emma was sought by many an earnest suitor. But she was alike

deaf to all. She had no heart for anything but duty to her father and love to her sister, and the tenderest love to the little blind boy. For them she toiled, and with the inexhaustible ingenuity of affection, she devised for him every pleasure of which his darkened childhood was susceptible. She contrived toys to delight his ear. She sung for him for hours together. Everybody in the country round loved Miss Emma, and the little rangers of flood and field brought her wild fruit and sweet flowers for her favorite.

'The child seemed to be infected with his mother's melancholy. He would lie on the floor for hours in most unnatural inactivity; but when he heard Emma's step, his feet danced, his hands were outstretched, his lips were raised, every limb, every feature welcomed her, all but that sparkling gem that most brightly and piercingly speaks the feelings of the soul. Emma would take him from his drooping mother's side, and try by exercise, and the free enjoyment of the genial air, to win the color to his cheek, but alas! in vain.

'Finally, my dear girls, that power, at whose touch the sternest bend, laid his crushing hand on Blunt. A slow, but mortal disease seized him; he knew he must die. He had long before made his will, and given everything to Emma, but on condition that she never should transfer one penny of his property in any form to her sister. If she violated this condition, his estate

was to be divided into one hundred dollar annuities, to be given to such survivors of the war as had served in the revolutionary army from the beginning of the contest, and could give sufficient testimony of their having killed each ten Englishmen.

'Among Emma's most constant and heartily devoted lovers was one Harry Lee. He was the favorite of her father. He had fought, and had triumphed beside him; and to give Emma to Harry before he died, was the father's most earnest wish. On this subject he became every day more and more importunate. At first, Emma, who really felt a strong friendship for Lee, only said, "Father, Harry knows I cannot love him."

'"What does that signify?" the old man would reply; "Harry knows you say that, to be sure; but he is willing to take you without it; a dutiful child will make a dutiful wife; and I tell Harry love is nothing but a jack-o'-lantern business."

'When this conversation was renewed in every form that could express that this was Blunt's strongest and almost only earthly wish, it occurred to Emma it was possible that, by a sacrifice of her feelings in this affair, she might induce her father to relent towards Anna. This was the hardest sacrifice a woman could make—but she was a noble creature.'

'Oh! grandmamma,' exclaimed Isabel, 'too, too noble—I cannot believe you are telling us a true

story—I cannot believe that any woman so wronged as Emma, would have made such exertions, such sacrifices.'

'I believe it,' said Lucy Atwell, her face kindling with an expressoin of fervent feeling, 'I know there has been one woman capable of any virtue—my mother,' she added, dropping her face on Mrs Tudor's lap.

We were all affected at this involuntary tribute to her mother, for whom she was still in deep mourning, and it was some moments before Mrs Tudor proceeded, and then in a faltering voice; 'It is, in spite of your unbelief, Isabel, "an o'er true tale." Emma prepared herself for a scene, and then, her face beaming with her celestial spirit, and her voice sustained by firm resolve, she told her father that she would comply with his wishes that she would marry Harry Lee, if he would provide by will for her sister, and revoke those terrible curses that had already blasted her innocent offspring with blindness, and were consuming her life. The old man heard her without interruption, and without reply; a deadly paleness overspread his countenance, large drops of sweat rolled from his face, his breathing was like one suffocating, and it seemed that the terrible conflict of unexpressed feeling must snap the worn thread of life. Emma was dreadfully alarmed; she dared not then urge him further but used every means to tranquillize and revive him.

‘For two days these convulsive agitations continued, more or less violent. He spoke not one word to Emma, he did not even look at her; but still there was something in the gentle touch of his hand as he received the cordials she gave, that kept her hope alive—but just alive, for the physician had pronounced him dying. He revived, as is usual before the last struggle, and, looking Emma, for the first time since she had spoken on the forbidden topic, full in the face, he bade her bring him a certain sealed packet from his desk. She obeyed. It was his will. With his trembling hands he tore it to fragments, and said, as he did so, “The law will do right to you—both.” Emma fell on her knees; “Oh! dear father!” she cried, “say you forgive her.”

‘“I can’t, Emma; but I have—I have prayed God to forgive her; now, my good child, pray for your father.” Emma began that sacred petition, that blessed essence of all prayer, “Our Father,” and her parent, in a low, dying whisper, repeated the words after her. When she came to the clause, “forgive us our trespasses as we”—“Stop,” he cried, in his own energetic voice, for then he, for the first time, understood the full import of those words, “stop! that I may not say.” At this moment Anna, the poor, disobedient, discarded, suffering child, rushed with her boy in her arms to the bedside. She knelt by Emma, she stretched out

her hands, and her lips trembled with the prayer she could not utter. Pale, emaciated, her form attenuated, her eye sunken—was this the bright, blooming, gay Anna? To her father's eye she looked heaven-stricken, and indeed accursed. He groaned from his inmost soul. "Oh! I do forgive, but," as he closed his eyes, "I never will forget;" and thus divided between the obdurate passions of earth, and the victorious spirit of Heaven, he expired his last breath.'

Mrs Tudor paused, her auditors were silent, appalled by the history of passions too stern to have come within the scope of their young experience, or even their imaginations. Isabel was the first to resume her interest in the progress of the story, and to revert to M'Arthur, who, in his character of an English officer, had peculiar claims in her eyes. 'Grandmamma,' she said, 'I hope we have got over the dreadful part of the story, through the thick of it; Anna must die, that I see—poor, poor girl! I am sure she suffered more than she sinned—and I foresee how it will end, M'Arthur will return, find his wife dead, and marry Emma.'

'But,' said Lucy, 'that was impossible, you know, after her promise to marry Harry Lee.'

'Oh! he was a generous fellow; I dare say he gave that up, and it would be a different case, you know, after poor Anna died. Ah! I know now how it will all be. Grandmamma began by saying it was a ghost story,

and the only one she ever heard she fully believed. "Alas! poor ghost!" we did all forget thee. Anna's ghost appeared to Emma, and bade her marry M'Arthur, or perhaps the old man's—oh! I should hate to see him come back.'

'Well, my dear Isabel, if you are not more interested in your own speculations than in my story, I will proceed; and, in the first place, I assure you the old man's spirit never revisited the earth. I am a little astonished that you should, for a moment, think M'Arthur worthy of the saintly Emma; but, since you have such a predilection for him, I will let you know your instincts do not entirely err. He did afterwards become all that I—that—that his mother ever hoped of him.

'He was, as he had expected to be, transferred to the army of the south. The ardor of his attachment to his wife was unabated for a long time; but he received no communications from her, and his own letters and remittances never reached her. After the lapse of two years the impression made by his short intercourse with Anna, in some measure faded. He distinguished himself in his military career, was loaded with favors by his commanding officer, he associated exclusively with the high-born, gay, and, I fear, in too many cases, unprincipled young men of the army, and his own natural pride and self-indulgence were

fostered; and, it must be told, he looked back on his humble alliance with mortification and deep regret. He never communicated it to a human being. At last came that monitor, so friendly, so necessary to human virtue, that messenger of Heaven—sickness. For months he was confined and wasting away under the effects of the fever of the southern climate, and it was not till about the period of the peace that he had health and strength to execute a resolution he had formed and cherished in his solitude.

'A few weeks after Amos Blunt's death, M'Arthur, mounted on a fine, but way-worn steed, reined him up at an inn, a few miles distant from ———town. It was late, on a mild star-lit evening. Two or three men were sitting in the porch of the inn. His intention was to make some inquiries in relation to his wife's family, but he could not utter them. He merely asked, "How far is it to ———town?" "Five miles and better." He did summon courage to add, "How far to Amos Blunt's? he lives, I think a little on this side of the town?" "Yes; it is four miles to Amos Blunt's, to where he did live; the old man is dead, but you'll find some of the family there."

'M'Arthur turned his horse's head abruptly, and spurred him on, afraid to hear another word; and he hurried him forward, or slackened his pace, as his hopes or fears prevailed. His mind was overshadowed

with dark apprehensions; the lapse of years had given a new coloring to life, the pangs of awakened conscience a new aspect to his past career. He now looked with something bordering on contempt, on his boyish, impetuous, and inconstant passion, and with deep anguish on his rash marriage and criminal neglect. He felt that he deserved the judgments of Heaven; he believed he was going to receive them.

'His road gradually wound up a mountain. The feeble starlight was shut out by the towering pines, the lighter beeches, and the straggling dwarf oaks, that, with all their summer's growth of foliage, overhung the path. The woods were alive with the autumn insects, whose monotonous notes, associated as they are with the first fading and decay of nature, are always sad. To M'Arthur they seemed creatures of evil omen, and a whip-poor-will, who had lingered behind his tribe, for it was now September, and was perched on a blasted and riven oak, repeating his piercing plaint, was a bird of evil augury to his disturbed imagination. What sweet intimations these "wood notes wild" would have conveyed to the sense of a returning happy and hopeful lover! and how true it is that the mind does not receive, but gives its impressions to the outward world! When M'Arthur attained the summit of the mountain, the wide amphitheatre in which ———town lay, was outspread before him. The waning moon had just

risen above the horizon, but was veiled by a mass of dense clouds, their silvered edges just giving the intimation of her sweet presence. Above the moon there was a singular illumination of the atmosphere, resembling a column of golden mist, now streaming up like the most brilliant northern lights, and then fading and melting away in the clear depths of ether. The phenomenon was beautiful, but it was singular, and, to M'Arthur, it appeared unnatural and portentous; so apt is man, even in his misery, to magnify himself, and so quick is his conscience to interpret and apply the manifestations of nature in the glorious heavens, as if they were a "hand-writing on the wall."

'Every variety of evil that could have happened to his wife, by turns offered itself to M'Arthur's imagination; but the fear that she might be dead, that she had passed the barrier whence the voice of forgiveness and love never comes, was stronger than any other. As he proceeded, the moon rose triumphantly above the clouds, and lent him her clear and steady light. He passed a rustic bridge, a sudden turn in the road, and mounted a litle knoll that brought him in full view of Blunt's house. There it stood, just as he had left it, an irregular and spacious building, with its wealth of outhouses and its court yard, sparingly dotted with a few lilacs. Not a single "little beam" of cheering, hope-inspiring light streamed from any of its windows; all was dark and sullen.

'Before M'Arthur reached the house, he had to pass a spot associated with his tenderest recollections, and now with his saddest fears. It was a smooth green area of about forty yards in breadth, level to the road-side, but elsewhere enclosed by a steep rocky bank, thickly set with maples, beech, and lime trees. Two old and magnificent elms sheltered this little sanctuary from the road. Amos Blunt, rough as he was, blind and deaf to all the beauties and appeals of nature, had, at some soft moment, had his heart touched by the genius of this sacred spot, and there he had said he would bury his dead. There M'Arthur had often been with the two sisters, there their mother had been laid when they were infants; the sight of her grave inspired them with tenderness unmingled with gloom, and there they had often talked with him of death, as young persons, my dear girls, talk of it, to whom it is a matter of sentiment, not of experience.

'M'Arthur felt a coldness and shivering come over him, as he approached the little wicket gate, where he knew he could see distinctly every mound of earth. "I will not look that way," he said to himself, "I cannot bear to learn my fate here." But he could not command his eye. It turned by irresistible instinct, and was fixed. He saw a figure approaching a grave, that, dim as the light was, appeared newly made. The figure had the height and movement of his wife. It was

enveloped in a winding-sheet, and, having reached the grave, laid down beside it, and rested its head on it. M'Arthur's fears now all vanished, for they had sprung, not from cowardice, but affection. He was not superstitious, all the habits of his mind and his life were opposed to superstition; and his first impression was, that he was tricked by his sickly fancy, that his gloomy portents, the lateness of the hour, the associations of the place, and his coward conscience had conjured up the apparition before him. He dismounted from his horse, turned his eyes from the figure to assure himself, by each familiar and sensible appearance, of the reality of the scene, and then, resolved not to be the sport of idle fancies, again turned towards the grave.

'The figure was still extended there. He approached so near as to discern the features. It was no illusion of his disordered imagination—the death-stricken cheek laid on the glittering and broken sods. It was the form of his wife, such as she was at parting, save the mortal paleness, and the signet sage that sad thought had stamped on her brow. Her face wore the peace and serenity of death, without its sternness; her eyelashes rested on her cheek as if the lids had fallen naturally in sleep. There was nothing of the rigidity of death about the figure; even the winding-sheet in which it was enfolded, had nothing of the precision of the drapery of death, but was wrapped about the form with

a careless grace. One arm was thrown over the grave, as if encircling some loved object, with a consciousness of possession and security, and on the finger gleamed the wedding ring! M'Arthur at first gazed at the apparition with a critical eye. Incredulity was roused, and reason questioned, and revolted from being duped by a mere phantasm of the brain; but as he gazed, as he marked each well remembered feature, his incredulity was overcome, his reason assented to the convictions of his senses, and yielding himself to the power of this awful visitation from the dead, he prostrated himself on the earth, and breathed a prayer he could not utter, that Heaven would vouchsafe to interpret the purpose of this spectral apparition to his senses. Again he lifted his head and looked at that silent, immovable figure. In the eagerness of excited feelings, he drew nearer to it, he knelt beside, it he bent over it, and gazed till the awe and shrinking from a preternatural appearance gave place to a gush of tenderness and bitter grief and broken ejaculation to the spirit of his wife.

'At the sound of his impassioned voice, the figure became instinct with life, the blood mounted to her lips and cheeks, and Anna, his living Anna, stood before him. Her eye glanced wildly around, then fell on the new made grave, then fixed on her husband, and, uttering a shriek, expressive of her alarmed and uncertain feelings, she sunk unconscious in his arms. She was

living—he might hear the accents of forgiveness and love from her lips, and, nerved by this blessed assurance, he bore her in his arms to her father's house. Emma, first awakened by his footsteps, was at the door.

'I need not, my dear girls, detain you with any unnecessary particulars. The grave, as you have no doubt conjectured, was the little blind boy's. He had been interred there the preceding day; and his poor mother, exhausted by many nights' watchings, had, in a deep sleep, risen, wrapped the sheet over her night dress, and, led by her feverish dreams, had gone to the grave over which her imagination and affections hovered.'

We were all silent for a few moments, partly absorbed in the pleasure of finding the story turn out better for the happiness of all concerned than we had expected, and partly—I must confess it—disappointed that it was, after all, no ghost story. Isabel, as usual, was the first to speak. 'And M'Arthur, grandmamma,' said she, 'was M'Arthur always afterwards faithful and kind?'

'Always, my dear Isabel. He took his wife to England, where she was honorably received by his mother, and she has since been ever tenderly cherished.'

'And Emma,' asked Lucy, 'the sweet, excelling, sacrificing Emma, of course she married as she promised?'

'Yes, my dear girl, she did so; and in her growing affection for her excellent husband, she found, what is not always the consequence of a first and romantic passion, a stable and tranquil happiness.'

'But,' asked Isabel, 'what did Anna—what could she do, to testify her gratitude to that angelic sister?'

'There are feelings, Isabel, for which there is no adequate expression, but Anna manifested in every mode their relative condition permitted her, love and gratitude; and Emma was satisfied, for when a sudden reverse of fortune befell her, and was followed by a mortal sickness, she bequeathed her only daughter to her sister, in the reposing confidence that she would share an equal care, an almost equal love with her own child.'

Isabel looked eagerly in Mrs Tudor's face—she started up, 'Grandmamma!' she exclaimed, 'it is so—I know it is. You have been telling us of our mothers!'

It was plain enough that she had guessed rightly. She turned to Lucy and folded her in her arms. I saw in Isabel's glowing face, and fine up-raised eye, the quick succeeding thoughts that were afterwards embodied in sisterly affection and kindness to Lucy; and Lucy's saintly face shone with a holy triumph such as the virtue of a parent may inspire.

The reason why these circumstances had never before been related to the daughters was obvious; the

reason why Mrs Tudor had now disclosed them, and deferred the *exposé*, by using assumed names, as apparent, and fully approved by its permanent happy influence.

Isabel, with the generosity of a noble nature, assumed her mother's debt; and the only vestige I perceived of the worldliness that tinged her first intercourse with Lucy, was in the elaborate care with which she lavished all the elegant refinements of fashion on the native graces of the Country Cousin.

TO ———.

WHEN Love and Reason dwelt together,
As forth they went, one morn in May,
Love's heart was lighter than a feather,
But Reason neither grave nor gay.
Love told her dreams—that worst of bores—
Though Reason half was pleased to hear,
And paused to look in eyes like yours—
And how those eyes would sparkle, dear!
But soon they met a graceful youth,
His face was fair, his figure slender,
And he could tell a lie like truth,
And languishing could look, and tender.
So Folly drew young Love away,
While Reason seemed but melancholy;
And in a mansion great and gay
Love ever after dwelt with Folly.
Since then has Reason lived alone,
Declaring Love a little traitor,
And so uncharitable grown
They say he is a woman-hater.

P.

THE JUNIATA.

BY S. GRISWOLD.

ɿɪ of the South! how calm thy waters rest,
Bene. . that sullen cliff of green and brown,
Bearing the thunder cloud upon its breast,
As if it were some tyrant on his throne.

And thou, fair river, bending gently there
With trembling bosom, and with whispers sweet,
Dost seem that monarch's queen in beauty rare,
Murmuring of peace and pity at his feet.

Flow on, bright waters! through each winding dell,
And braid thy currents with the far sea waves;
Bid these wild banks a long and last farewell,
And lose thy being in dim ocean caves.

'T is thus with all that 's beautiful below,
Love, hope, and youth, are speeding to the sea,
Sparkling awhile like waters in their flow,
Then lost forever in eternity!

THE UNFINISHED MONUMENT,

ON BUNKER HILL.

NAY, sceptic, gaze thou not in scorn,
At this fair mount of fame,
Where patriot hearts, for freedom born,
To death and glory came.
Pause with me o'er the laurelled spot—
Dost doubt thy country's power?
She waits to breathe—she falters not—
Look for her quickening hour!
The very blood that 's scattered here
Is flowing in her veins;
Shame on thy calculating fear—
She 'll cover well these stains.
This tower *shall* rise—and the sun's first ray
Will gild it with his beam,
And the last bright look of parting day
Upon its summit gleam.
The seaman's eye its top shall seek,
When he turns to ocean's roar,
And its towering crest a welcome speak,
As he nears his native shore.*

C. G.

* See Webster's Address.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

BY JAMES HALL.

—

After an absence of several years from my native city, I had lately the pleasure of paying it a visit; and, having spent a few days with my friends, was about to bid adieu, once more, to the goodly and quiet streets of Philadelphia. The day had not yet dawned, and I stood trembling at the door of the stage-office, muffled in a great coat, while the driver was securing my baggage. The streets were still and tenantless, and not a foot seemed to be travelling but my own. Everybody slept, gentle and simple; for sleep is a gentle and simple thing. The watchmen slumbered; and the very lamps seemed to have caught the infectious drowsiness. I felt that I possessed at that moment a lordly preeminence among my fellow citizens; for they were all torpid, as dead to consciousness as swallows in the winter, or mummies in a catacomb. I alone had sense, knowledge, power, energy. The rest were all *perdu*—shut up, like the imprisoned genii, who were bottled away by Solomon, and cast into the sea. I could release them from durance, in an instant; I

could discharge either of them from imprisonment, or I could suffer the whole to remain spell-bound until the appointed time for their enlargement. Everything slept; mayor, aldermen, and councils, the civil and the military, learning, and beauty, and eloquence, porters, dogs, and drays, steam engines and patent machines, even the elements reposed.

If it had not been so cold, I could have moralized upon the death-like torpor that reigned over the city. As it was, I could not help admiring that wonderful regulation of nature, which thus periodically suspends the vital powers of a whole people. There is nothing so cheering as the bustle of a crowd, nothing more awful than its repose. When we behold the first, when we notice the vast aggregate of human life so variously occupied, so widely diffused, so powerful, and so buoyant, a sensation is produced like that with which we gaze at the ocean when agitated by a storm; a sense of the utter inadequateness of human power to still such a mass of troubled particles; but when sleep strews her poppies, it is like the pouring of oil upon the waves.

I had barely time to make this remark, when two figures rapidly approached—two of Solomon's genii escaped from duresse. Had not their outward forms been peaceable and worldly, I could have fancied them a pair of malignant spirits, coming to invite me to a meeting of conspirators, or a dance of witches.

It was a Quaker gentleman, with a lady hanging on one arm, and a lantern on the other, so that, although he carried double, his burthens were both light. As soon as they reached the spot where I stood, the pedestrian raised his lantern to my face, and inspected it earnestly for a moment. I began to fear that he was a police officer, who, having picked up one candidate for the tread-mill, was seeking to find her a companion. It was an unjust suspicion; for worthy Obadiah was only taking a lecture on physiognomy, and, being satisfied with the honesty of my lineaments, he said; 'Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?'

What a question! Seldom have my nerves received so great a shock. Not that there was anything alarming or disagreeable in the proposition; but the address was so sudden, the interrogatory so direct, the subject matter so unexpected! 'Take charge of a lady,' quoth he? I had been for years a candidate for this very honor. Never was there a more willing soul on the round world. I had always been ready to 'take charge of a lady,' but had never been happy enough to find one who was willing to place herself under my protection; and now, when I least expected it, came a fair volunteer, with the sanction of a parent, to throw herself, as it were, into my arms! I thought of the country where the pigs run about ready roasted, crying, 'Who'll eat me?' I thought, too, of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp,

and almost doubted whether I had not touched some talisman, whose virtues had called into my presence a substantial personification of one of my day dreams. But there was Obadiah, of whose mortality there could be no mistake; and there was the lady's trunk—not an imaginary trunk, but a most copious and ponderous receptacle, ready to take its station socially beside my own. What a prize for a travelling bachelor! a lady ready booked, and bundled up, with her trunk packed, and her passage paid! Alas! it is but for a season—after that, some happier wight will 'take charge of the lady,' and I may jog on in single loneliness.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, during a pause in the Quaker's speech, and, before I could frame a reply, he continued; 'My daughter has just heard of the illness of her husband, Captain Johnson of the Rifleman, and wishes to get to Baltimore to-day to join him. The ice has stopped the steamboats, and she is obliged to go by land.'

I had the grace to recover from my fit of abstraction, so far as to say, in good time, that 'It would afford me pleasure to render any service in my power to Mrs Johnson;' and I did so with great sincerity, for every chivalrous feeling of my bosom was enlisted in favor of a lady, young, sensitive, and no doubt beautiful, who was flying on the wings of love to the chamber of an afflicted husband. I felt proud of extending my

protection to such a pattern of connubial tenderness; and, offering my hand to worthy Obadiah, I added, 'I am obliged to you, Sir, for this mark of your confidence, and will endeavour to render Mrs Johnson's journey safe, if not agreeable.'

A hearty 'Thank thee, friend, I judged as much from thy appearance,' was all the reply, and the stage being now ready, we stepped in, and drove off.

As the carriage rattled over the pavement, my thoughts naturally reverted to my fair charge. Ah! thought I, what a happy fellow is Captain Johnson of the Rifle! What a prize has he drawn in the lottery of life! How charming it must be to have such a devoted wife! Here was I, a solitary bachelor, doomed perhaps to eternal celibacy. Cheerless indeed was my fate compared with his. Should I fall sick, there was no delicate female to fly to my bedside; no, I might die, before a ministering angel would come to me in such a shape. But, fortunate Captain Johnson! no sooner is he placed on the sick list, by the regimental surgeon, than his amiable partner quits her paternal mansion, accepts the protection of a stranger, risks her neck in a stage-coach, and her health in the night air, and flies to the relief of the invalid.

I wonder what is the matter with Captain Johnson, continued I. Got the dengue perhaps, or the dyspepsia; they are both very fashionable complaints. Sickness is

generally an unwelcome, and often an alarming visiter. It always brings the doctor, with his long bill and loathsome drugs, and it sometimes opens the door to the doctor's successor in office, Death. But sickness, when it calls home an affectionate wife, when it proves her love and her courage, when its pangs are soothed by the tender and skilful assiduity of a loving and beloved friend, even sickness, under such circumstances, must be welcome to that happy man, Captain Johnson of the Rifle.

Poor fellow! perhaps he is very sick—dying, for aught that we know. Then the lady will be a widow, and there will be a vacant captaincy in the Rifle Regiment. Strange, that I should never have heard of him before—I thought I knew all the officers. What kind of a man can he be? The Rifle is a fine regiment. They were dashing fellows in the last war; chiefly from the West—all marksmen, who could cut off a squirrel's head, or pick out the pupil of a grenadier's eye. He was a backwoodsman, no doubt; six feet six, with red whiskers, and an eagle eye. His regimentals had caught the lady's fancy; the sex loves anything in uniform, perhaps because they are the very reverse of everything that is uniform themselves. The lady did well to get into the Rifle Regiment; for she was evidently a sharp-shooter, and could pick off an officer, when so disposed. What an eye she must have?

A plague on Captain Johnson! What evil genius sent him poaching here? Why sport his gray and black, among the pretty Quaker girls of Philadelphia? Why could not the Rifle officers enlist their wives elsewhere? Or why, if Philadelphia must be rifled of its beauty—why had not I been Captain Johnson?

When a man begins to think upon a subject of which he knows nothing, there is no end of it; for his thoughts not having a plain road to travel, will shoot off into every bye path. Thus it was, that my conjectures wandered from the captain to his lady, and from the lady to her father. What an honest, confiding soul, must worthy Obadiah be, continued I, to myself, to place a daughter, so estimable, perhaps his only child, under the protection of an entire stranger. He is doubtless a physiognomist. I carry that best of all letters of introduction, a good appearance. Perhaps he is a phrenologist; but that cannot be, for my bumps, be they good or evil, are all muffled up. After all, the worthy man might have made a woful mistake. For all that he knew, I might be a sharper or a senator, a plenipotentiary or a pickpocket. I might be Rowland Stevenson or Washington Irving—I might be Morgan, or Sir Humphrey Davy, or the War dering Jew. I might be a vampyre or a ventriloquist. I might be Cooper the novelist, for he is sometimes 'a travelling bachelor,' or I might be our other Cooper, for he is

a regular occupant of the stage. I might be Captain Symmes going to the inside of the world, or Mr Owen going—according to circumstances. I might be Miss Wright—no, I could n't be Miss Wright—nor if I was, would anybody be guilty of such a solecism as to ask Miss Wright to take charge of a lady, for she believes that ladies can take charge of themselves. After all, how does Obadiah know that I am not the President of the United States? What a mistake would that have been? How would the chief magistrate of twentyfour sovereign republics have been startled by the question, 'Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?'

It is not to be supposed that I indulged in this soliloquy at the expense of politeness. Not at all; it was too soon to intrude on the sacredness of the lady's quiet. Besides, however voluminous these reflections may seem in the recital, but a few minutes were occupied in their production; for Perkins never made a steam generator half so potent as the human brain. But day began to break, and I thought it proper to break silence.

'It is a raw morning, Madam,' said I.

'Very raw,' said she, and the conversation made a full stop.

'The roads appear to be rough,' said I, returning to the charge.

'Very rough,' replied the lady.

Another full stop.

'Have you ever travelled in a stage before?' I inquired.

'Yes, Sir.'

'But never so great a distance, perhaps?'

'No, never.'

Another dead halt.

I see how it is, thought I. The lady is a *blue*—she cannot talk of these commonplace matters, and is laughing in her sleeve at my simplicity. I must rise to a higher theme; and then, as the stage rolled off the Schuylkill bridge, I said, 'We have passed the Rubicon, and I hope we shall not, like the Roman conqueror, have cause to repent our temerity. The day promises to be fair, and the omens are all auspicious.'

'What did you say about Mr Rubicam?' inquired Mrs Johnson.

I repeated; and the lady replied, 'Oh! yes, very likely,' and then resumed her former taciturnity. Thinks I to myself, Captain Johnson and his lady belong to the peace establishment. Well, if the lady does not choose to talk, politeness requires of me to be silent; and for the next hour not a word was spoken.

I had now obtained a glimpse of my fair companion's visage, and candor compels me to admit that it was not quite so beautiful as I had anticipated. Her complexion was less fair than I could have wished, her eye was

not mild, her nose was not such as a statuary would have admired, and her lips were white and thin. I made these few observations with fear and trembling, for the lady repelled my inquiring glance with a look of defiance; a frown lowered upon her haughty brow, and I could almost fancy I saw a cockade growing to her bonnet, and a pair of whiskers bristling on her cheeks. There, thought I, looked Captain Johnson of the Rifle—fortunate man! whose wife, imbibing the pride and courage of a soldier, can punish with a look of scorn the glance of impertinent curiosity.

At breakfast her character was more fully developed. If her tongue had been out of commission before, it had now received orders for active service. She was convinced that nothing fit to eat could be had at the sign of the 'Black Horse,' and was shocked to find that the landlord was a Dutchman.

'What's your name?' said she to the landlady.

'Redheiffer, Ma'am.'

'Oh! dreadful! was it you that made the perpetual motion?'

'No, Ma'am.'

Then she sat down to the table and turned up her pretty nose at everything that came within its cognizance. The butter was too strong, and the tea too weak; the bread was stale, and the bacon fresh; the rolls were heavy, and the lady's appetite light.

'Will you try an egg?' said I.

'I do n't like eggs.'

'Allow me to help you to a wing of this fowl.'

'I can 't say that I 'm partial to the wing.'

'A piece of the breast, then, Madam.'

'It is very tough, is n't it?

'No, it seems quite tender.'

'It is done to rags I 'm afraid.'

'Quite the reverse—the gravy follows the knife.'

'Oh! horrible! it is raw!'

'On the contrary, I think it is done to a turn; permit me to give you this piece.'

'I seldom eat fowls, except when cold.'

'Then, Madam, here is a nice cold pullet—let me give you a merry-thought; nothing is better to travel on than a merry thought.'

'Thank you, I never touch meat at breakfast.'

And my merry thought flashed in the pan.

'Perhaps, Sir, your lady would like some chipped beef, or some—.'

'This is not my lady, Mrs Redheiffer,' interrupted I, fearing the appellation might be resented more directly from another quarter.

'Oh la! I beg pardon; but how could a body tell, you know—when a lady and gentleman travels together, you know, it 's so *nateral*—.'

'Quite natural, Mrs Redheiffer—.'

'May be, Ma'am, you 'd fancy a bit of cheese, or a slice of apple-pie, or some pumpkin sauce, or a sausage, or—.'

I know not how the touchy gentlewoman would have taken all this—I do not mean all these good things, but the offer of them; for luckily before any reply could be made, the stage driver called us off with his horn. As I handed the lady into the stage, I ventured to take another peep, and fancied she looked vulgar; but how could I tell? Napoleon has said, there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and we all know that between very high fashion and vulgarity there is often less than a step. Good sense, grace, and true breeding lie between. The lady occupied one of those extremes, I knew not which; nor would it have been polite to inquire too closely, as that was a matter which more nearly concerned Captain Johnson of the Rifle, who, no doubt, was excellently well qualified to judge of fashion and fine women.

By this time the lady had wearied of her former taciturnity, and grown loquacious. She talked incessantly, chiefly about herself and her '*Pa*.' '*Her Pa* was a Quaker, but she was not a Quaker. They had turned her out of meeting for marrying Captain Johnson. *Her Pa* was a merchant—he was in the shingle and board line.'

Alas! I was in the *bored line* myself just then.

Gentle reader, I spare you the recital of all I suffered during that day. The lady's temper was none of the best, and travelling agreed with it but indifferently. When we stopped she was always in a fever to go; when going she fretted continually to stop. At meal times she had no appetite; at all other times she wanted to eat. As one of the drivers expressed it, she was in a *solid pet* the whole day. I had to alight a hundred times to pick up her handkerchief, or to look after her baggage; and a hundred times I wished her in the arms of Captain Johnson of the Rifle. I bore it all amazingly, however, and take to myself no small credit for having discharged my duty, without losing my patience, or omitting any attention which politeness required. My companion would hardly seem to have deserved this; yet still she was a female, and I had no right to find fault with those little peculiarities of disposition, which I certainly did not admire. Besides, her husband was a captain in the army; and the wife of a gallant officer who serves his country by land or sea, has high claims upon the chivalry of her countrymen.

At last we arrived at Baltimore, and I immediately called a hack, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of setting down my fair companion.

'At the sign of the Anchor, ——— Street, Fell's Point,' was the reply.

Surprised at nothing after all I had seen, I gave the order, and stepped into the carriage. 'Is any part of the Rifle regiment quartered on Fell's Point?' said I.

'I do n't know,' replied the lady.

'Does not your husband belong to that regiment?'

'La! bless you, no; Captain Johnson is n't a soldier.'

'I have been under a mistake, then. I understood that he was a captain in the Rifle.'

'The Rifleman, Sir; he is captain of the Rifleman, a sloop that runs from Baltimore to North Carolina, and brings tar, and turpentine, and such matters. That 's the house,' continued she, 'and, as I live, there 's Mr Johnson, up and well!'

The person pointed out was a low, stout built, vulgar man, half intoxicated, with a glazed hat on his head, and a huge quid in his cheek. 'How are you, Polly?' said he, as he handed his wife out, and gave her a smack which might have been heard over the street. 'Who 's that gentleman? eh! a messmate of yours?'

'That 's the gentleman that took care of me on the road?'

'The supercargo, eh? Come, Mister, light and take something to drink.'

I thanked the Captain, and ordered the carriage to drive off, fully determined, that, whatever other imprudence I might hereafter be guilty of, I would never again, if I could avoid it, 'take charge of a lady.'

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

HERE is the boundless ocean, there the sky
O'erarching broad and blue,
Telling of God and heaven, how deep, how high,
How glorious and true!

Upon the wave there is an anthem sweet,
Whispered in fear and love,
Sending a solemn tribute to the feet
Of Him who sits above.

God of the Waters! nature owns her king!
The sea thy sceptre knows;
At thy command the tempest spreads its wing,
Or folds it to repose.

And when the whirlwind hath gone rushing by,
Obedient to thy will,
What reverence sits upon the wave and sky,
Humbled, subdued, and still!

Oh! let my soul, like this submissive sea,
With peace upon its breast,
By the deep influence of thy spirit be
Holy and hushed to rest;

And as the golden sun lights up the morn,
Bidding the storm depart,
So may the Sun of Righteousness adorn,
With love, my shadowed heart.

NULLA NISI ARDUA VIRTUS.

Not without toil is Fame's bright palace won,
Or Glory's race with faltering footsteps run.
The richest fruit the highest bough adorns,
The loveliest rose is guarded most by thorns;
In the deep ocean precious pearls do shine,
The brightest diamond seeks the darkest mine.
And that which is with greatest toil possessed,
We prize the longest, and we love the best.

N*****.

TO AN AUL' STANE.

BY THOMAS FISHER.

Wee shapeless bit of aul' whin stane,
Lyin' untented on the lea,
Atweel thou maist had brought me doon
  An' dirled my knee.
Thou 's broken on my reverie,
  Dan'rin' alang;
Sae now I 'm ga'en to mak o' thee
  A careless sang.
In troth thou looks baith rough an' aul',
Thou 's surely lain for mony a year,
Ere yon'er burnie 'gan to brawl,
Or bonnie gowan blinket here;
Ere Adam's froward generation
  Were made o' clay,
Or the bright lamp o' a' creation
  Had lit the day.
Wha now can tell what great convulsion
Has reft thee frae yon tow'rin' rock;
Whether 't was Noah's flood's revulsion,
  Or thunder shock?

Thou 's stooden mony a summer shower
An' mony a weary winter's storm;
Fu' mony a wee bit daisy flower
Has bloomed aside thy rugged form.
Whan the aul' forest flourished here,
The autumn leaves wad rustle by thee,
An' aftentimes the wolf and deer
Hae left their banes an' hornies nigh thee.
Guid night, my staney! I maun gang;
The stars are peepin' owre the brae;
I 'll gie an en'en to my sang,
I maun na linger on my way.
Aiblins ere lang some ane may tak' thee,
When yon'er hieroad wants a help,
An' set some buirdly chiel to crack thee,
Wha 'll smash thee wi' a cruel skelp.
Aiblins some eident youth may pouch thee,
Ee'in' thee wi' a pawkie look,
An' in his nackie closet couch thee,
Or write about thee in a book.—
The various fate o' stanes an' men,
The future thou nor I maun ken;
The lear' we 've got frae mother natur
  Is unco sma';
But then we hae a kin' Creator
  Wha mad' us a'.

THE WAG-WATER;

A WEST INDIAN SKETCH.

BY S. HAZARD.

'And thus do all my visions of happiness vanish into air.' I was sitting in the stern of a boat, on my way from the Seabird to the shore. A sigh was rising to eke out the above mental soliloquy, when a violent thump of the boat against the pier brought me to my senses and my feet. I was standing up to my knees in water. By some mismanagement of the boatmen, their craft had taken in some barrels of the dirty element which generally fills the docks of Kingston, and I was left to put my own construction on the accident, whether to consider it a parting benediction from father Neptune, or a sort of outlandish welcome to my native land.

With such a complete *damper* upon both soul and body, I took the shore in no pleasant mood. All nature seemed to frown; and the dark faces that thronged the wharf, with their white eyes and glittering ivory, lowered and gleamed upon me like alternate thunder cloud and lightning. However, 'Forward!' was the word, and I was soon one in a group that put *motley*

out of countenance. Had I been spirited to the shores of Saturn I could scarcely have felt less at home. In the faces of the multitudes that thronged the market-place might be traced, in various combinations, all the hues of the rainbow. There also were features cast in every possible mould of form. There were the portly lips and unobtrusive nose of the Guineaman, the unwieldy proboscis of the German-Jew, the snakish eye of the Spaniard. But among these there bustled one, with that firm, straight forward step and assured air, which belong only to the '*terrarum domini.*' There was no mistaking the son of John Bull. He was there, with the intellectual physiognomy, and the bloom of his native isle, which even the blasting heat of the tropics cannot destroy. The English complexion may with propriety be considered the finest in the world. I know of none equal to it, excepting, perhaps, their descendants of New England. It stands the extremes of climate better than any other. I have seen in Jamaica, Frenchmen, Danes, and Dutchmen, with their faces completely bronzed by a few years' seasoning; while Englishmen, who had been equally exposed, seemed, from the freshness of their color, never to have looked a tropical sun in the face. The others may be as fair at home, but their faces are certainly more easily spoiled. Philosophize upon it who please, I merely state the facts as I have observed them to exist. But to proceed.

My first impulse, on approaching this heterogeneous group, was to stop my ears. Such a tower o' Babel scene I had never imagined. In the discord of harsh sounds which rattled on all sides, it was hardly possible, at first, to recognise any of the tones of articulate, speaking man; and afterwards it would have puzzled a philologist to tell which was uppermost, English, Spanish, or heathen Congo. All, in fact, were run together into a barbarous *Lingua Franca*, enough to stun one, and of which the utterance would be fatal to the jaws of any but the dark and party-colored beings that used it. But, 'Onward!' was still the word.

'The sun is get high,' said my faithful Robert, 'and Massa must cross the Blue Peak and the Wag-water afore dark.'

Robert was a noble fellow, and a Koromantyn of the Gold Coast. Tall and straight as his country's palm tree, his form was faultless as Apollo's. Unlike most of his race, his countenance was expressive and commanding; and a lofty forehead, tattooed curiously like a piece of embossed velvet, proclaimed him a chief in his own country. But notwithstanding his high descent, Robert was a slave, and what memory he retained of his fall, was buried in a gravity which was seldom disturbed, and a devotion to the interests of his master the most exemplary. With him he had crossed the seas repeatedly, and once with me when a child; and now, at the

end of fourteen years, he stood before me like the spirit of my infancy, 'kindling thoughts that long had slept,' and unchaining ideas which had been congealed, but not annihilated by the frosts of years. It is remarkable that time commits less ravages in the face of an African than of a white man. Robert did not look an hour older than when he jumped into the Flint River to save me from the jaws of a monstrous alligator, that was dropping down the stream to catch me as I was bathing; and that checkered forehead—there was but one such in the world—I should have known him in Timbuctoo.

'The sun is get high, Massa,' said he, pointing up, and then significantly northward, where the barrier of the Blue Mountains rose like a perpendicular wall to the heavens. 'Ay, my boy,' said I, springing on my little Creole pony, 'and which way lies our path?' 'Yon,' said he, still pointing to the gigantic chain, which completely hems in the barren plain upon which Kingston stands; 'yon, and Massa must ride sharp to pass the Wag-water afore the rain fall, and the river there come down.' I looked every way, and, to my unpractised eye, from that plain there seemed no outlet. On one side was the summer sea, glittering like gold, and tossing up its glad little billows, as if to woo me back to its bosom, where I had been so happy; on the other, heights that seemed eternal as the heavens, and inaccessible as the thunder clouds that frowned from their summits.

'But are we to go under or through those same mountains?' said I; 'for certainly there can be no getting over them.' 'Water Valley on t' other side,' was the laconic answer. I shrugged my shoulders, and took refuge in a very comfortable apothegm, 'What man has done, man can do.' Then turning my nag's head towards the object of my fears, and putting him to a brisk trot, I pushed resolutely on. 'The rain there come!' cried Robert, glancing his understanding eye at the tremendous array of clouds, that even then were muttering audibly from their mountain thrones; 'the rain there come! and Massa must ride sharp while the road smooth.' So saying, and giving my dull pony several vigorous cuts, we dashed furiously over the plain, raising a cloud of dust that reached a mile. But at the end of eight miles, when the breath was nearly shaken from my body, this rapid motion was arrested, and the Blue Mountains, clad in the livery of eternal summer, arose directly in our path.

In an atmosphere that glowed like Sahara, we had crossed a plain parched and barren, marked only here and there with a cocoa-nut tree or a clump of prickly pear. But here was a soil which the sun visited but to bless, and to draw forth from its bosom beauty and fragrance. Man's approach was permitted, but his dominion unknown. It was the realm of the evergreen forest; and every tree, with its gaudy blossoms and

drapery of vines, seemed dressed for some gala-day in nature. Springs, bursting from places beyond the sight, came dancing down in music, to freshen the scene and sprinkle the leaves with pearls. And then an air came around, fresh and pure as the wind of Eden, and oh! it was a luxury to breathe.

It is astonishing with what facility our feelings accommodate themselves to our situation, and catch their tone from surrounding objects. From Kingston I had regarded this mountain passage with a species of horror; and to say the truth, with the unrivalled beauties of the road, there was blended much of the terrific. I had traversed, without shrinking, the edges of numerous precipices, which overlooked chasms of fearful depth, when the descriptions of similar passes in the Andes have before now thrilled me with the sensation which one feels when he dreams of falling from a height. And even now, in remembering the dangers of that perilous journey, I feel more apprehension than when a single bound of my horse might have carried me five hundred feet down the mountain. I had unconsciously nerved myself to the task. My feelings rose as I ascended. I stood upon the highest point of the road, and was master of a horizon of three hundred miles diameter, but it was not vaster than the thoughts and wishes of that moment. Lifted above the petty fears of men, I stood upon that green pinnacle

with a feeling of triumph, chastened with something so calm and hushing, and yet so longing for wings. The world, bright and blooming as the garden of God, was at my feet, and yet I wanted to soar away, for the blue deep of heaven was above me, and the south sea heaved and beckoned as if there might be more of undiscovered beauty beyond the bend of its waters.

I was standing on a rounded promontory that shot out from the main body of the peak. To the south was an illimitable ocean, the capital, and the mountain district we had traversed, while to the north, stretched the long line of Cuba, like a blue mist. The clouds had discharged their contents long before we reached this point, and new ones were forming in the deep ravines below, and covering the dizzy depths as with a veil. The sun was now getting low, and the voice of Robert, like the bell of a clock, was again heard. 'Massa has pass the Blue Peak,' said he, pointing to the cloud-capped summit that rose immediately on our right, 'and here is the Wag-water.'

Three springs, leaping in beautiful cascades from the impending hills, went murmuring into a deep and thickly wooded dell, that wound far northward through the gaps of the mountains. Their united streams form the Wag-water, a river celebrated for the rapidity of its current, and the terror of its floods. Through the bottom of this valley, which is visited by the sun's beams only

for a few hours of the day, the Wag-water pursues its sullen and turbulent course; and along the sides of that valley the road from Kingston to the northern shore is cut, crossing occasionally bold projections of the hills, and then traversing, for a considerable distance, the bed of the river. The stream is generally fordable; but such is the formation of the land that it receives nearly all the water that falls on the western side of the peak, and within the tremendous gorge through which it flows; and as every body knows how it rains in the West Indies, it will not appear incredible that a shower of an hour should often render it impassable. Then wo to the unwary traveller who is caught low in the valley; for the return of the recoiling sea at an earthquake, is scarcely more sudden and irresistible. To a stranger, no intelligible warning is given, till a succession of turbid waves sweeps the horse and his rider beyond the reach of hope.

The last rays of the sun were gilding the eastern heights, but in the deep shadows of the valley it was night. We had forded the river twenty times with ease, and were now descending to the last and deepest pass, where it issues through a tremendous 'notch' into the rich cane lands of the northern shore. Some rain had already fallen, and the powers of the air appeared to be congregating their forces over the peak for a second onset. 'The rain there come!' cried Robert,

glancing an eye of apprehension at those ominous signs, 'and Spaniar' Pass two mile ahead!' Just then the clouds were rent, and three continuous sheets of flame streamed forth. The awful thunder of the tropics followed, and every mountain side along the valley echoed it, till it died away over the sea.

At this precise moment we had reached a high bank which commanded a full view of the stream. Our beasts stopped as if stunned. I was for spurring onward, but Robert checked me. 'Massa can 't ride with the Wag-water,' said he, and he held up his finger like one listening intently.

A low murmur in the air was just perceptible. It seemed to have no local habitation. It rose from the river, but the moment attention was fixed there, anon it came from the hills, till every leaf of the aged forests seemed to have found a tongue, and to be uttering a supernatural whisper of warning. These ominous sounds were soon concentered in the upper part of the gorge in which we were journeying. It grew louder every moment, and nearer. 'The river there come down!' cried Robert, in a voice of awe, and, amid the crashing of trees and the trembling of the earth, the Wag-water, swollen out of all proportion to its former self, rushed by in its power.

The feelings produced by the scene were most solemn. My thoughts were forcibly directed to that

passage in the life of Moses, where the Lord passed before him and proclaimed his name. And to a mind disposed to interpret the sublime revelations of the Deity's presence, in scripture, as only awful exhibitions of his power in the phenomena of physical nature, what could have been more impressive than a scene like this? When rocks are torn from their beds, and trees uprooted, what would man have been upon the bosom of the flood, had his miserable destiny thrown him in its way? A reed, a bubble, well might be the symbol of his impotence.

There is nothing more sublime in its movement than water. We can see it in the floods of our rivers, when the treasures of the snow are poured into them, and the fetters of the frost removed. We can see it in the ocean. I have seen it there such as the mariner may not witness in the course of a life. But he that is a stranger to the wonders of the tropics, has not yet seen it in a form of peculiar terror, nor felt a set of emotions the most singular imaginable. Our lightning flashes; but there, it streams, and every burst of thunder seems to rend some aerial reservoir, and the rain descends with the violence of a water spout. Then, to a spectator on the plain, as the river, in the expressive phrase of the country, 'comes down' through the gaps of the mountains, it would seem that the caverns of the earth were broken up, and the waters which had been

prisoned there since the flood, were again sent forth to waste and destroy.

'The night is getting dark, Robert,' said I, 'and the flood slackens fast. Let us move on to the ford.' He again looked around with a distrustful air, and stood listening. He seemed to hold some secret communion with nature. Another peal of thunder came rolling from the peak, like a signal gun. 'More rain there come,' cried Robert, 'and Massa must ride hard to reach the pass afore the river.' We reached it, and, though the waters still leaped and roared like a thousand bulls, I was determined to cross. 'I try the stream, Sir,' said Robert. About one third of the way over, was what seemed a chalky rock. 'That is the "guager,"' said Robert, pointing to it; 'if a man can see t' other side of it, Massa can cross.' He then dismounted, and went steadily in, the waters leaping off from his side as it is seen to do when a ship is making great head-way. 'I see him face,' at length cried he; but had scarcely spoken when he was whirled swiftly round, as a child might be when taken by the shoulders by a man. 'I see him face,' said he, coming out of the water in a hurry; 'but the stream strong, and Massa can hear the river there coming.' I could not deny the evidence of my senses, but I was still five miles from home, and impatience got the better of discretion.

'The night is getting dark,' said I, 'and I have no idea of sleeping here, in the woods.' I was dashing into the stream when he checked my horse. 'If Massa will go, I go first,' said he, pushing his mule ahead, and striking well up the stream in order to allow for the drift of the current, or lee-way, as they say at sea.

We had made good one third of the passage, and could both look the witch in the face. Our beasts were staggering under the immense pressure of the stream, but were not yet beyond their depth. Trained to the mountains and the torrents, nothing could be surer footed. This, and the trust I had in my guide, inspired me with confidence, notwithstanding the novelty and dangers of my situation. Suddenly the roar from the upper gorge was redoubled, and the earth was swept from under my horse's feet, like a quicksand. The affrighted animal, finding itself at the mercy of the stream, uttered a cry, the like of which my ears had never heard. It went to my heart like a death-note, and, joined to the deafening roar of the water, created in my bosom an indescribable sensation of horror. But above the din of the element was heard the voice of Robert; 'The river there come down! Wheel! Massa, wheel!' With a desperate effort I turned my horse while I could. A few plunges and he gained a foothold, and finally the shore.

I was bewildered with terror. At length I turned to speak to Robert. and, to my infinite dismay, I found myself alone. I shouted and screamed, but in vain. The weight of the flood was passing at this moment, and, as it swept round a point below, something was dimly visible upon it, like a man standing upright. But it was gone like a dart. Again I screamed, but soon felt the sickening conviction. that Robert was gone down with the flood, and I left in that strange solitude alone. My poor Robert! I sat down and wept like a child. I took my horse by the bridle, and without thinking what I did, wandered back up the mountain. Some vague idea of finding succor was in my head. The foliage was dripping with dew, and the path gloomy as darkness and harrowing thoughts could make it. The owls hooted from the trees, and the cold lizard and the yellow snake rushed among the underwood. I looked up and then downward. The moon was up, and the misty mountain tops were glittering in her light, like nebulæ in the sky; but it would be hours before her beams would reach that valley, where all the demons of the flood seemed unchained for a nocturnal revel.

I toiled on and reached the summit. Surely the genius of the place must have led me thither to witness the sweetest and most wonderful scene that eye ever beheld. I will speak of it as it seemed to me then.

I stood upon an island in an ocean of molten silver. An archipelago of enchantment was around me. There were its waves, heaving softly, as if a wind from the blue islands was moving upon it, and imagination was not slow in peopling the scene with 'forms of life and light.' Then, as if at the waving of a magician's wand, the fairy ocean was broken up, and a change passed upon the scene. A congregation of Titan kings stood around, surrounding one who seemed the sire of their race. His aged head was bared to the holy influence of the moonlight; and a girdle of silver, in which a lunar iris was weaving its fairy hues, was cast around his middle. I looked down upon the valleys, apparently dark and fathomless gulfs, save where a devious line of vapor marked the course of the Wag-water, or a lagging cloud, dappling the darkness of some mountain side, was slowly rising to catch the moonlight. Silence was mistress of the scene. Still, however, a hollow murmur would come at intervals from below, as the pæan of the flood rose and died away upon the breeze.

The hours rolled away like a trance. Daylight streaked the east. The *genius loci*, like the habitant of another world, threw down his wand, and the visions of the night vanished. Then came back, like a damp mist upon the spirit's flow, the rush of worldly cares. My guide was lost, and I a stranger in the wilderness.

I had had enough of solitary contemplation, and waited not for the sun. I descended as rapidly as I could to Spanish Pass, crossed without difficulty, and, after surmounting another height, came upon the cane fields of the northern shore. I knew my ground at once. With a kind of instinct, I struck off to the right, where a semicircular sweep of hills embosomed the dearest valley in the universe.

Oh! the emotions of that moment! Home of my infancy, hail! receive the wanderer to thy bosom! Once, that little nook was my world. My thoughts never stretched their wings beyond its sheltering hills. But time and passion, what a change ye work upon the heart! How many hopes had expired! What wishes had sprung up, and in spite of the frosts which passed upon their vernal buds, had shot their roots deep, and attained a vigorous growth! A change seemed to have passed over my home also, and still it was the same, in each loved feature. The old wingless windmill stood its ground still, but it seemed some twenty rods nearer the house than fourteen years ago. The same was true of the sugar-house and other buildings. All were drawn more closely together since last I saw them, and the negro hamlet, the Ultima Thule of my childish rambles, stood within sixty yards of the rear of the great-house. The grove of cocoa-nuts was there, and the brook still ran merrily between, with its tribute

to the Wag-water; but the trees were mere dwarfs to their image in my memory, and the cascade, where the river, as I used to call it, leaps down the mountain, hung like a white ribband in the air, beautiful indeed, but nothing wonderful.

The delusion was strong, but not lasting. Reason was forced to admit the conviction, that the change was altogether in myself. All were there, as they stood fourteen years before, neither grown nor lessened. But the mind, in that interval, had grown; and these objects, pictured on its tablets, like names cut in the bark of young trees, and which spread and extend with their growth, had grown also. Hence, they occupied now precisely the same space with regard to the whole, as at the time of these impressions; and, on comparing notes, therefore, I confess I was disappointed. The picture far exceeded the original in size and vividness of coloring. Miles were shrunk into rods, rivers to brooks, and what I would have quoted an hour before as a paradise, vast and beautiful, was indeed a very pretty valley, but much like other earth. Why then are not all early impressions, in a measure, erroneous; and if so, all which the mind receives before it reaches its maturity? In fact, it is this exaggerated view of things which creates and nourishes the buoyancy of youth. The world appears larger and fairer than it really is; toys afford the

mind business, and all beyond, to its little capacity, is wonderful, vast, strange; till, arrived at maturity, the mirror shows things in their proper colors and true dimensions. At least so man, in his imbecility, too often thinks, forgetting that there are objects as far superior to the pursuits of men, as the business of life and the structures of art are to the puerile gratifications and baubles of a child, and that there are minds which view the eager pursuit of mankind after wealth and fame with as much indifference or pity as we can bestow on the infant's rattle; nay, that the time is coming, when we shall wonder how they could possibly occupy so large a space in our minds.

I drew nearer to the house. Objects were now recognised, of which I was unconscious till that moment that there was any image in my memory; and had I been required an hour before to sketch a map of the place, I should not have put them in. Still their image must have been there, but drawn as with those chemical solutions, which are invisible till exposed to the heat. Or, to change the figure, there are ideas which enter our minds and fall asleep there, and are never waked but by the presence and touch of the object whence they spring, or, like the sensitive plant, by the waking of a neighbouring sleeper. Thus fruits were presented to me, which for fourteen years I had not seen, and whose names I had forgotten. Yet by

tasting, I knew them in a moment for old acquaintances. Their flavor was as familiar to my mind as if I had eaten them but yesterday, and with the greatest ease I picked out the favorites of a child of some five or six years. And flowers also, whose fragrance called up an answering sweetness from the spirits; and persons, their features, their very names were forgotten, but they came, and claimed, and found their pictures in the cabinet of my memory. But to proceed.

The sun was just rising from the sea, when I entered Water Valley. Half a dozen horsemen were seen riding briskly up the opposite height, by a path which ran direct to Spanish Pass. I had followed the main road, which made a sweep round the foot of the hills, and entered the valley on the north. 'Poor fellows!' thought I, 'you are gone upon a bootless errand.' I tapped at the gate. To my utter astonishment, it was opened by Robert. The old fellow really smiled. 'Eh! Massa, me get home fust.' In fact he had very coolly kept his saddle, and drifted with the flood till it crossed the plain of Agualta, five miles below, where his mule first found a foothold. The old fellow, as he came down the stream, must have formed no bad representation of the god of a tropical river, where, from analogy, we must suppose that even spiritual essences must be rather dark favored.

GRANDFATHER'S HOBBY.

WHEN some tall sage, revered and gray,
Prolongs his late and lingering stay,
What reverent eyes upon him turn!
How from his lips we love to learn
The legends of the olden time,
When the deep wood was in its prime,
And when, as fancy paints the view,
All was heroic, bold, and new!
What though the gray old man may stride
Some Hobby now and then, and ride
Full tilt against this generation,
Preaching the downfal of the nation?
Still, still, we love to hear him tell
Of wile and war with savage fell,
Of bristling bears that bounded by
And looked lone travellers in the eye,
Of panthers stealing o'er the wold,
And hungry wolves that sought the fold.
And how around his aged knees,
At winter eve will childhood squeeze,
And beg with many an earnest dun,
He 'll tell of war and Washington!

20 *

How will the favorite grandson climb
And claim *his* seat at such a time,
And list intently to the tale,
With wondering eye and cheek all pale—
Though he perchance can only sift
From look and tone the story's drift.
How on the morrow will that boy,
With swelling thought resign his toy,
Steal the cocked hat, and on his nose,
The reverend spectacles impose,
Mount to the vacant chair, and place
The wise gazette before his face,
And there half sly, half serious pore
The last night's legend o'er and o'er,
And deem himself in boyish glory,
Like the old man that told the story!

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY W. G. CLARK.

I SLEPT; and lo! upon my shrinking sight
The melancholy waste of ocean rose;
Not with its glassy pictures of delight,
When o'er its caves the glancing sunbeam throws
The peerless glory of a deep repose;
But like a world of waters, sounding high,
As when o'er Alps the rushing storm-clouds close;
Thus each roused foam-wreath whitened in the sky,
And blending with their roar, came Terror's funeral cry.

Deep murmured unto deep; the up-heaving tide
Disclosed the skeleton, the diadem;
Once shrieks arose, to which no heart replied,
When the waves made a sepulchre for them,
As the storm-spirit heard the requiem,
And fanned the dun clouds with his dusky wing;
Young, bounding hearts, that scarce the air could stem,
To boundless depths were given, an offering,
Faded, as buds will fade, cut off in early spring!

The staggering ships sank down into the brine,
The lightning went upon its hurried way;
Oh! that a gift of eloquence were mine,
That stirring scene of horror to portray,
All mingled in one dark and dim array!
I stood upon the shore; the lone gull near,
As he swept onward through the troubled spray,
Shook his stern pinions by my startled ear,
Hastening, with screams of joy, upon his proud career!

I woke! 'T was morning—in the infant year—
Roused by the voices of the early spring,
How danced my heart, as eloquent and clear
The reckless wild birds chanted on the wing,
Pouring their lays, a sinless offering!
While silver streams by meadow verdure wound
Far through the pleasant landscape glistening,
As buds bent humbly to the dewy ground,
And steeped in golden light, the blue hills stretched around!

LEGEND OF THE WITHERED MAN.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

'We are gaun a bit into the Hielands. These Hielands of ours, as we ca' them, are but a kind of warld by themselves—full of heights and brows, woods, caverns, lochs, rivers, and mountains, that wad tire the very deevil's wings to flee to the tap o' them; and inhabited, they are, by the maist lawless, unchristian limmers that ever disturbed a douce, quiet, God-fearing neighbourhood, like this of ours in Glasgow.'

Baillie Nicol Jarvie.

'It is impossible to sail while the wind tears at this rate—it 's a fearful night, Sir,' said an elderly, weather-beaten man, addressing himself to one who appeared to be in the prime of life, and who by his impatience showed that he had been unaccustomed to having his wishes thwarted.

'Try it, Townsend,' he replied, casting an anxious look at the troubled sky, and pacing backward and forward on the beach, alternately gazing on the broad Hudson, tossed by the hurricane which now roared along its surface, and then on his faithful attendant,

who by his looks evinced that he thought it a desperate undertaking. 'Try it, man,' he repeated, 'we may as well drown as —.'

'Try a fool's errand and be drowned for your pains,' exclaimed a rough voice in a jeering tone, and at the same moment a man, evidently in a state of partial intoxication, emerged from the wood which stretches itself to the very brink of the river.

'You think it unsafe, then,' said the stranger, in a conciliatory tone.

'Think it unsafe!' retorted the man with a sneer; 'I guess I do. But if you have a fancy for a dip in the Hudson to-night, I 'm not the man that 's going to say nay to it;' and bursting into a fit of obstreperous laughter, he reeled back to his companions, whose revelry was now heard by the visitants in the distance.

The gusts of wind became more and more frequent, sweeping up through the Horse Race, and howling over the mountains with indescribable fury, while the rain, which had been some time gathering in dark clouds over head, poured down in torrents. 'There is no remedy,' said the stranger to his companion, who waited with considerable anxiety for his orders. 'It would be madness to attempt a departure. Pull up the boat into yonder cove, and fasten her where she will be sheltered from the storm, and let us see what kind of a reception we shall meet with from those fellows.'

So saying, he turned towards the wood which covered a wild, rocky glen, and soon discovered by the light of a blazing fire the solitary cottage in which these revellers were carousing. As he approached, the din of human voices rung in his ear, until some kind of silence being obtained, one of the parties commenced a bacchanalian song. The location of the hut, and the appearance of the company within, had both a suspicious aspect. And as the stranger had approached unperceived, availing himself of the partial shelter from the tempest afforded by the rock which formed one side of the rude habitation, and against which rested the ends of the unhewn timbers of which the front was constructed, he stood for a few moments to reconnoitre, and overheard the following song.

'I 'll sing you a song that you 'll wonder to hear,
Of a freebooter lucky and bold,
Of old Captain Kid — of the man without fear —
How himself to the devil he sold.

'His ship was a trim one as ever did swim,
His comrades were hearty and brave —
Twelve pistols he carried, that freebooter grim,
And he fearlessly ploughed the wild wave.

'He ploughed for rich harvests, for silver and gold,
He gathered them all in the deep;
And he hollowed his granaries far in the mould,
Where they lay for the devil to keep.

'Yet never was rover more open of hand
To the woodsmen so merry and free;
For he scattered his coin 'mong the sons of the land,
Whene'er he returned from the sea.

'Yet pay-day at last, though unwished and unbid,
Comes alike to the rude and the civil;
And bold Captain Kid, for the things that he did,
Was sent by Jack Ketch to the devil.'

'Avast there!' exclaimed an old weather-beaten man, with curled gray hair, and a thick beard which had not met a razor for weeks. 'Robert Kid was no more hanged than I was, but spun out his yarn, like a gentleman as he was, and died of old age and for want of breath, as an honest man should.'

'Nay, Wilfred, blast my eyes if he wa' n't hanged at Execution Dock; for do n't the song say so, that the boys are singing, "When I sailed, when I sailed," and so on?'

'No, Rollin,' replied the other; 'I tell you he was no more hanged than I 'm hanged, and what 's more, they dar' n't hang him, although parliament folks raised such a breeze about it, when old Bellmont nabbed Rann there away in Boston.'

'That 's a likely story, Wilfred,' exclaimed, with an oath, a dark, brawny looking fellow with bushy hair and black shaggy whiskers. 'How do you know anything about it?'

'Know! why I know all about it. Did n't I live at Governor Fletcher's, seeing as how I was born without any parents? And did n't the governor ship me as cabin boy for Kid? And did n't I sail from New York to the Bahamas with him, and from the Bahamas to Madagascar, and a place which I could never see, called El Dorado? And a fine time we 'd had on 't for one cruise — though we took a fine haul of doubloons from the Dons for all that — if that New Englander, Phipps, with the Algier-Rose, armed, they said, by the Duke of Albemarle, had n't got the start of us, and fished up the old *sows* of silver from the Spanish wreck down by Hispaniola there. And did n't I see the captain at Wapping once, long after the land-pirates said he was hanged at Execution Dock?'

'And so he was hanged,' said another, 'or I 'll make my supper of snakes and milk.'

''T is no such thing,' replied Wilfred; 'for though I was but a boy then, I 've got everything logged in my memory as though 't was but yesterday. I overheard some of the secrets one day in Fletcher's cellar, and if it had n't been for Kid I guess some folks would have had less manors up along the river there. I guess, too, he 'd have made some of their dry bones rattle if he 'd told half he knew about Fletcher, and Bellmont, and old Somers, and the Duke of Shrewsbury, and some other big wigs that I could mention. No, you have

Jack Wilfred's word for it, that the king himself would not have dared to hurt a hair of the bold rover's head, without stopping his mouth first.'

'Well, whether he was twitched up by the neck or not,' croaked out another hoarse voice, 'I think we 've his match cruising about the coast now, in old Vandrich.'

'That I 'll swear you have,' replied Wilfred, 'and you may throw in the devil to boot, for that matter. But —.'

At this moment the conversation was arrested by the entrance of the stranger, who chose no longer to abide the peltings of the storm. In an instant all was hushed, and every eye fixed on him with that rude stare with which vulgar people generally receive strange faces. The stranger moved towards the fire without seeming disconcerted by his reception, and, merely remarking that the night was very tempestuous, seated himself in a retired part of the room. One of the company, who seemed more inebriated than his companions, with a vacant grin between a smile and a laugh, staggered towards him with a cup of spirits, probably intending it as a mark of hospitality, and told him to drink. The offer was declined, on which the fellow's brow darkened, and, raising his arm with an air of menace, he swore a deep oath that he should finish the cup instantly, or —.

At this moment the drunkard was appealed to by several voices at once, on a subject which seemed to

be exciting considerable contention among the party, and the stranger, left unmolested, was now enabled to survey the strange society into which he had been so unexpectedly and unwillingly thrown. The company consisted of about twenty men, mostly in the prime of life, inhabiting the Highlands, just above the confined channel, now called the Horse Race, and in the neighbourhood of what was afterwards the site of Fort Montgomery. Their professed occupation was that of woodsmen; but their most profitable employment was that of assisting in the secretion of goods and valuable property brought to this retired spot by freebooters, who levied contributions at sea under the black flag and pennant. The neighbouring country was exactly suited to purposes of this kind, abounding in places of concealment, where many a deed of blood had been executed without fear of detection, and many a treasure secreted without danger of discovery.

It may seem strange that mingling with desperadoes of this kind, the inhabitants should not have participated more in that ferocity of disposition which distinguishes such wretches. But this was not the case. While they assisted the pirates, they feared and hated them; and while they concealed their atrocities, never partook in them. They were bound together only by the ties of interest. Each party had become necessary to the other. The pirates having once confided in them,

felt the danger of seeming to distrust them; and the Highlanders, although frequently disgusted with their visiters, did not think it safe to betray them, because they knew that the law might reckon with them for offences long past, while they would be perpetually exposed to the piratical vengeance of any who should escape. Under these feelings they drowned disagreeable reflections in revelry, and, during the absence of the freebooters, squandered away the share of spoil they received as a recompense of their silence.

Such were the people among whom the stranger now found himself, and it may easily be supposed that his sensations were not of the most agreeable kind. But he wisely judged that his best way would be to affect unconcern; and throwing out his legs before the fire, and breathing hard, as if, overcome with fatigue, he had fallen asleep, he listened to the conversation which was carried on, in an under tone of voice, by two or three of the party, who, having drunk less freely than the others, had not yielded to the same soporific influences.

'I tell you, Tom, I heard and saw it all,' said a young man, who seemed less schooled in debauchery than the rest, to an aged sailor who appeared to listen with surprise, and occasionally shuddered with horror; 'I tell you, Tom, I saw and heard it all; and since that moment it has never been out of my sight, night nor day. And it 's only last night I went by that very spot, and heard a groan which I shall never forget.'

'Curse him,' replied the old man, 'and cursed be the day I ever entered into his villanous secrets. So long as he chooses to hide his gold here, it 's not for me to ask anything about how he came by it. But murder in cold blood 's another thing, and Tom Cleveland 's not the man to help in such work.'

'Hush,' replied his comrade — for the old man 's voice had been unconsciously raised, as his spirit boiled at the idea of being connected with a murderer — 'hush, Tom, and do n't plague yourself now about the difference between hiding blood and helping to spill it. In my mind both 's bad enough. But let 's see what 's to be done, for Vandrich will be sure to be here again in a week.'

'I 'll leave,' said the old man, 'if it costs me my life.'

'And so will I,' said the younger one, 'for no man can prosper with blood spots on him. But let 's turn out now; the rain 's almost over, and all these fellows are asleep.'

'A good thing if they slept their last,' muttered his companion; 'some of them know more than I thought they did, or I 'd never have been here now. But come along, and let 's have this tale of yours fairly out. It makes me feel as if hot water was trickling down my back to think on 't.'

So saying they crossed the threshold, and disappeared in the gloom. The stranger's curiosity had been strongly

excited, and rising, after they were gone out, he watched the direction they took, and then striding across two or three of the revellers, who lay snoring on the floor, he silently took the same path, and, guided by their voices, was easily enabled to fix himself in a situation where he could hear all that was said without being observed.

'After I had shown him this spot,' said the one who had commenced the conversation, 'to which he could bring his boat in the dark narrow channel of the creek, he bid me begone, with a look that seemed to say, "Stay at your peril." So I thought, "Sure enough there 's something he wants to keep secret, is there? But if I know half I 'll know all." So, after turning round that little clump of cedars, I easily crawled up and hid myself among yon pile of rocks—a place he knows nothing of—and saw as well as heard all that passed. After he and his men had dug the hole, they went back to the schooner, and never shall I forget the sight I then saw. They all came back together, and who should they have with 'em but an old man, trembling with age, who seemed as if his whole heart was fixed on the gold they had in the pot.'

'"What! will ye not leave a poor old man sixpence, ye wretches, but bring him here to see ye bury it? Many a weary night's calculations has it cost me, and many a tempest have I encountered, in earning it, ye

thieves," said the old man, looking wistfully at the gold. "Many 's the time it 's been through my fingers; and am I come to this, after all my toil, to see it wasted here, when a good nine *per cent.* might be made of any doubloon of it? Twenty thousand pounds sterling at nine *per cent.* for only six years, would be —."

'"Hold your prating, you old fool," cried Vandrich, as he went on muttering his calculations of usury. "You have had pleasure enough in gathering your gold, and I hope to have the pleasure of spending it. 'Thieves' and 'wretches' call you us? And did it never occur to you, during the long years that you have been employed in stealing people in Africa as good as yourself, to sell them in Hispaniola, to look into your mirror, and see what sort of a man you are yourself? For these ten years I have kept my eye on you, old boy, resolved to pick you up, whenever you might leave your El Dorado for the old country, and I 've overhauled you at last. I have caught you, as you have caught thousands in Africa, and thus far I am a thousand times the better man. You never loved anything else but your gold, and, cheer up, old man! you sha' n't be parted from it. Harkee, old fellow! will you do a message for me to the devil?"

'"You are the devil yourself, I think," said the old man, "or you 'd never be so wasteful of money, which cost—"

'"How many negroes, my old Crœsus?" demanded Vandrich with a sneer.

'"—so much labor to get it," continued the old man, without regarding the interruption, "and might be let out, on good security, for nine *per cent.*, which, on twenty thousand pounds, would yield—"

'"Just eighteen hundred pounds a year, old Gripus," retorted Vandrich. "You shall go and see what the devil will give you for it. Come along," continued the pirate captain to the men who now deposited the pot of gold in the hole which had been prepared for its reception; "I 'll be parson." Then taking the old man by the collar, who, looking wildly about him, seemed quite unconscious of their purpose, he walked three times round the pit, and turned and advanced directly to its brink. With the quickness of a flash he drew a knife from his leathern girdle, from which hung a number of pistols, and plunged it to the hilt in the bosom of the prisoner. A deep groan was the only sound he uttered, as a few drops of blood trickled from the wound, and, falling forward into the pit, he expired. The pirates then joined hands, forming a circle round the hole, while the captain repeated some strange mummery, which I cannot recollect.

'After this was over, they hastily covered up the hole, took such observations, and made such memoranda as would enable them to find the spot again, and returned

to their vessel. But the last groan of that poor old man I can 't forget; and it 's only last night as I was walking by that spot I heard it as plain as I did the very moment Vandrich stabbed him.'

'It 's a horrible story, indeed,' responded Cleveland. 'Mercy on us sinful men! to have any dealings with Vandrich and his crew! But I 'll never believe the devil cares for him or his money, and know what I 'll do—.'

'Not touch the gold?' said his companion, trembling at the thought.

'Never,' responded his companion; 'I am not going to touch what has been blasted by the black mummery of Vandrich. Preserve me from connexion with the devil or his crew! But meet me here to-morrow night—.' The rest was spoken so low as to be inaudible. But they agreed to meet again, and parted.

The stranger, who had heard all that passed, now left the retreat, and bent his way back to the cottage, or rude cabin rather, which was by this time cleared of its visitants. The gray tints of the morning were beginning to appear, and the sots, one by one, had strolled away from the scene of their recent and frequent carousal. He immediately walked towards the shore, where he found his attendant anxiously awaiting him, and glided down the Hudson. For reasons which are altogether unknown, he never allowed what he had heard or seen

to pass his lips, and his account of it in manuscript was not discovered till many years after his death.

In the mean time the Revolutionary War had broken out, and various fortifications were planted among the fastnesses of the Highlands. Fort Montgomery had been erected on a little plain immediately north of the deep, narrow creek of which we have already had occasion to speak, and piquets of observation were posted in various directions. Among other stations the one we have just described was selected, and a sentinel paced every night within fifty yards of the spot where Vandrich had concealed his treasure. On the first night of duty at this spot, during the middle watch, the sentinel heard the noise of approaching footsteps among the bushes skirting the margin of the creek, with low, sepulchral voices, mingled with harsh, shrill, and unearthly sounds, as of people in half-suppressed conversation. Having hailed without answer, he fired his piece, and retreated instantly to the guard-house. A sergeant with a squadron of men was despatched to the spot, but no enemy could be discovered, although the sentinel stoutly persisted that he heard noises which were ample cause of alarm. The second night a similar alarm was given by another sentinel there upon the middle watch, with the additional assurance that he had seen a mysterious shadow, like a boat with persons therein, skimming along under the deep shade cast upon

the water by the opposite mountain, until it came over against the mouth of the creek, when it shot across the river in a twinkling, and disappeared amid the foliage which overhung the cove. Presently afterwards he heard the noise; but it was not until he had actually seen figures moving among the trees, that he discharged his piece. These alarms were repeated several times, and always with similarly unsatisfactory results. At length a resolute fellow by the name of Bishop, of the Connecticut line, volunteered to mount guard upon this startling post during the hour of alarm, vowing with many bitter oaths, that he would not yield an inch until he had encountered some overpowering force, and given them three rounds of lead and twelve inches of cold iron.

He was a man of great personal bravery, and was resolved not to be trifled with; and his comrades well knew that what he said was no idle boasting. They knew that whether encountered by 'a spirit of health or goblin damned,' bringing with it 'airs from heaven or blasts from hell,' it would be all the same to Hal Bishop; he would 'speak to it,' and have a brush with it, too, if he could. Bishop had no superstition about him; but still he had heard of the utility of silver bullets in certain exigences, and he thought it was no harm to cut a few Spanish dollars into pieces to be used as slugs with his balls; and his cartridges had accordingly been

made up with a leaden bullet and three silver slugs each. Thus provided, with a heart that never quailed, and limbs that never shook, he took his station.

It was a clear night, and the moon rose so late in the evening, that the lofty mountain on the east side of the river, now called Anthony's Nose, cast its dark shadow far across the water. Bishop had not occupied his post until midnight, before his vigilant eye discovered what seemed the shadow of a boat, with a sail set, issuing from a little cove at the foot of the mountain before mentioned, some three quarters of a mile down stream. The shadow seemed to glide along near the bold shore on that side of the river, until opposite the mouth of the creek, when it darted across and disappeared in its estuary. Bishop soon heard the rustling among the trees. He cocked and pointed his piece, and stood firm. Very soon he saw figures gliding among the bushes, and presenting his musket in that direction, he commanded them to 'Stand.' No attention being given to the caution, he fired and immediately reloaded. While he was thus occupied, a figure considerably below the common size, wrinkled and deformed, made its appearance, and approached him. He immediately fired with a precision that he judged would have winged a duck at a hundred yards. But regardless alike of lead and silver, the figure, unmoved, kept his way. As he approached, and came crowding steadily on,

Bishop involuntarily retreated, but not without loading and firing at every step. Still the strange figure pressed on. At one moment by the light of the moon he caught a full view of this mysterious visitant, but could distinguish nothing about him peculiar, excepting the piercing keenness of his sunken eye, and the air of magisterial authority with which the little withered semblance of humanity waved him to retire. On the first report of Bishop's musket, the guard, which was to a man upon the '*qui vive,*' was mustered, and marched, or rather ran towards the spot. Their curiosity, however, was not satisfied; for after he had passed a certain boundary, the figure always disappeared, and the foremost only of the guard now arrived in season to catch a glimpse of him as he vanished into thin air.

These circumstances soon became noised abroad, the tale, as usual, losing nothing in its progress; and the officers of the garrison, becoming satisfied that no sentinel could be kept upon the post, after due consultation, abandoned it. Every inquiry was of course made about this unaccountable appearance; but nothing satisfactory could be obtained. All the inhabitants from Haverstraw and the shores of the Tappan Sea to Buttermilk Falls, had a dread of that spot. An old man, who kept the ferry at the entrance of the Horse Race, and who was the patriarch of that region, was the only being able to give any account of it.

He said, that groans had been heard there, and figures seen about it, for fifty years; that when he was a child, the inhabitants were greatly alarmed by the appearance of a mysterious bark, which, gliding down the river, shot into the cove formed by the mouth of the creek, with the swiftness of an arrow. No human being could be seen in it excepting the helmsman, who was a little deformed man with withered cheek and sunken blue eye. He never left the helm, and wherever he turned the vessel, blow the wind as it would, or not at all, she darted forward with the swiftness of lightning. Her sails were black, and her sides were painted of the same color; and a black flag with a death's head and cross bones, floated from the top of her mast. After remaining there about an hour, when last seen by the inhabitants, she departed, and had not been heard of since. A few hours after her last visit, there was found at the head of the cove a freshly dug pit, in the bottom of which the shape of a large pot was distinctly defined in the earth, and a skull, with a few human bones were scattered about the ground. Groans are still said to issue from the wood, at the hour of midnight, and a figure similar to that which has been described, is reported to flit restlessly through the glade. Certain it is, that old and young are alike careful to avoid getting benighted near the Haunt of the Withered Man.

THE MINSTREL.

BY V. V. ELLIS.

Low on the solemn bier!
The laurel is a gloomy mockery now—
While they who gloried in its wearer, bow
In grief, and shed the tear.
Hushed is the glowing strain;
The lip is pale that burned with love and pride;
And thought, which flowed in such a living tide,
Never may wake again.

Visions of earth and sky,
Of sounding seas, the infinite unknown,
The empire of the intellect and throne,
Gleamed on his mental eye.
He read with wizzard skill,
The passions of our nature; pity, love,
Hatred, joy, sorrow, madness; and could move
Their energies at will.

In glorious Italy,
Amid rich gardens, and proud marble halls,

Where shapes of beauty breathe along the walls,
Beneath a blushing sky,
Where silver fountains play,
Amid dark forests, and leaf-hidden cells,
The mountain tops and perfume-breathing dells,
He dreamed his soul away!

His life has been a tale,
Well told, where every line and word is bright,
A silver tissue of unshaded light—
Then weep ye not, nor wail!
Bury him in a spot,
Where the first sunbeam lights, where the birds sing,
The wild flowers blossom, and the green vines cling—
He shall not be forgot.

Painted by Tho[illegible] Engraved by Geo. W. Hatch

CHOCORUA'S CURSE.

CHOCORUA'S CURSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOBOMOK.'

The rocky county of Stafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable for its wild and broken scenery. Ranges of hills towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of heaven; precipices, from which the young eagles take their flight to the sun; dells rugged and tangled as the dominions of Roderick Vich Alpine, and ravines dark and deep enough for the death scene of a bandit, form the magnificent characteristics of this picturesque region.

A high precipice, called Chocorua's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legend which tradition has scarcely saved from utter oblivion. Had it been in Scotland, perhaps the genius of Sir Walter would have hallowed it, and Americans would have crowded there to kindle fancy on the altar of memory. Being in the midst of our own romantic scenery, it is little known, and less visited; for the vicinity is as yet untraversed by rail-roads or canals, and no 'Mountain House,' perched on these tremendous battlements, allures the

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traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion. Our distinguished artist, Mr Cole, found the sunshine and the winds sleeping upon it in solitude and secrecy; and his pencil has brought it before us in its stern repose.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizzards and mountain spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which, either from discontent or enterprise, had retired into this remote part of New Hampshire. Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life from an impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this had stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell; something of a haughty spirit strongly curbed by circumstances he could not control, and at which he scorned to murmur. He assumed no superiority; but unconsciously he threw around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, they knew not why, that he was 'among them, but not of them.' His stature was gigantic, and he had the bold, quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding-places of nature. His voice was

harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression: and sometimes, under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep, strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty; and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splendid alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure, for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favorable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles the Second was the death-warrant of his hopes. Immediate flight became necessary, and America was the chosen place of refuge. His adherence to Cromwell's party was not occasioned by religious sympathy, but by political views, too liberal and philosophical for the state of the people; therefore Cornelius Campbell was no favorite with our forefathers, and being of a proud nature, he withdrew with his family to the solitary place we have mentioned.

It seemed a hard fate for one who had from childhood been accustomed to indulgence and admiration, yet

Mrs Campbell enjoyed more than she had done in her days of splendor; so much deeper are the sources of happiness than those of gaiety. Even her face had suffered little from time and hardship. The bloom on her cheek, which in youth had been like the sweet-pea blossom, that most feminine of all flowers, had, it is true, somewhat faded; but her rich, intellectual expression, did but receive additional majesty from years; and the exercise of quiet domestic love, which, where it is suffered to exist, always deepens and brightens with time, had given a bland and placid expression, which might well have atoned for the absence of more striking beauty. To such a woman as Caroline Campbell, of what use would have been some modern doctrines of equality and independence?

With a mind sufficiently cultivated to appreciate and enjoy her husband's intellectual energies, she had a heart that could not have found another home. The bird will drop into its nest though the treasures of earth and sky are open. To have proved marriage a tyranny, and the cares of domestic life a thraldom, would have affected Caroline Campbell as little, as to be told that the pure, sweet atmosphere she breathed, was pressing upon her so many pounds to every square inch! Over such a heart, and such a soul, external circumstances have little power; all worldly interest was concentrated in her husband and babes, and her spirit was satisfied

with that inexhaustible fountain of joy which nature gives, and God has blessed.

A very small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and, although their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorua was a prophet among them, and as such an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength; but growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in dark, fierce, ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it seemed so like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small, black, fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son, about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies

of civilized life, he would inspect everything, and taste of everything which came in his way. Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox, which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy; and he went home to his father to sicken and die. From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions—he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Cornelius Campbell left his hut for the fields early one bright, balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was turned towards his wife, answering her parting smile—his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned to dinner, they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too cruelly showed that an Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a mind grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnered up all his heart; and now they were torn from him, the remembrance of their love clung to him like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sinking him down, down, into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—

the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

> 'It was as if the dead could feel
> The icy worm around him steal.'

Such, for many days, was the state of Cornelius Campbell. Those who knew and reverenced him, feared that the spark of reason was forever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild, demoniac spirit of revenge. The death-groan of Chocorua would make him smile in his dreams; and when he waked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition at the time he committed the murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterward took his name, probably looking out for indications of their return.

Here Cornelius Campbell resolved to effect his deadly purpose. A party was formed under his guidance, to cut off all chance of retreat, and the dark-minded prophet was to be hunted like a wild beast to his lair.

The morning sun had scarce cleared away the fogs when Chocorua started at a loud voice from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness. 'The

Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua; and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of a white man.' 'Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!' exclaimed Cornelius Campbell, as he pointed his gun to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as a panther, had never overcome his dread of fire-arms. He placed his hand upon his ears to shut out the stunning report; the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But he recovered himself, and, raising himself on his hands, he spoke in a loud voice, that grew more terrific as its huskiness increased. 'A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye killed him while the sky looked bright! Lightning blast your crops! Wind and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war path of the Indian! Panthers howl, and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white men!'

The prophet sunk upon the ground, still uttering inaudible curses—and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested on the settlement. The tomahawk and scalping knife were busy among them, the winds tore up trees and hurled them at their dwellings, their crops were blasted, their cattle died,

and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last the remnant of them departed from the fatal spot to mingle with more populous and prosperous colonies. Cornelius Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking or seeing his fellow men; and two years after he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burton, in New Hampshire, is remarkable for a pestilence which infects its cattle; and the superstitious think that Chocorua's spirit still sits enthroned upon his precipice, breathing a curse upon them.

LINES.

When God is heard, the giant whirlwinds rise,
And o'er the land with blackening pinions sweep,
Stretching their dark pavilion through the skies,
And heaving hills and vallies o'er the deep.

Again he speaks! and the quelled tempests flee,
Like vultures scared, on rapid wings away,
And o'er the sky and shore and startled sea,
Peace sheds her light and happiness her day.

TO ———— .

By the pale moon we told our love,
  Her white ray fell, like snow,
On the scarce rustling leaves above,
  And the still brook below.

We met, as for each other born,
  With hearts in unison,
Like two pure dewdrops of the morn,
  That touch and melt to one.

And ever since that holy hour
  I fain would try the lyre;
My genius opened not its flower,
  Till warmed by Love's true fire.

Lady! henceforth be thou my Muse;
  Inspire each tender lay
Of passion, while youth's golden hues
  Are mine, and when I 'm gray.

N———s.

THE LEAF.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

It came with spring's soft sun and showers,
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers;
It flourished on the same light stem,
It drank the same clear dews with them.
The crimson tints of summer morn
That gilded one, did each adorn.
The breeze that whispered light and brief
To bud or blossom, kissed the leaf;
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions passed away,
And left the leaf to lone decay.
The gentle gales of spring went by,
The fruits and flowers of summer die.
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,
And winter's breath came cold and chill.
The leaf now yielded to the blast,
And on the rushing stream was cast.
Far, far it glided to the sea,
And whirled and eddied wearily,

Till suddenly it sank to rest,
And slumbered in the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins—its morning hours,
Bright as the birthday of the flowers—
Thus passes like the leaves away,
As withered and as lost as they.
Beneath the parent roof we meet
In joyous groups, and gaily greet
The golden beams of love and light,
That kindle to the youthful sight.
But soon we part, and one by one,
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.
One gentle spirit seeks the tomb,
His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom.
Another treads the paths of fame,
And barters peace to win a name.
Another still tempts fortune's wave,
And seeking wealth, secures a grave.
The last grasps yet the brittle thread—
Though friends are gone and joy is dead,
Still dares the dark and fretful tide,
And clutches at its power and pride,
Till suddenly the waters sever,
And like the leaf he sinks forever.

THE FROSTED TREES.*

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

WHAT strange enchantment meets my view,
So wondrous bright and fair?
Has heaven poured out its silver dew
On the rejoicing air?
Or am I borne to regions new
To see the glories there?

Last eve when sunset filled the sky
With wreaths of golden light,
The trees sent up their arms on high,
All leafless to the sight,
And sleepy mists came down to lie
On the dark breast of night.

But now the scene is changed, and all
Is fancifully new;
The trees, last eve so straight and tall,
Are bending on the view,

* January 10, 1829.

And streams of living daylight fall
  The silvery arches through.

The boughs are strung with glittering pearls,
  As dewdrops bright and bland,
And there they gleam in silvery curls,
  Like gems of Samarcand,
Seeming in wild fantastic whirls
  The work of fairy land.

Each branch stoops meekly with the weight,
  And in the light breeze swerves,
As if some viewless angel sate
  Upon its graceful curves,
And made the fibres spring elate,
  Thrilling the secret nerves

Oh! I could dream the robe of heaven,
  Pure as the dazzling snow,
Beaming as when to spirits given,
  Had come in its stealthy flow,
From the sky at silent even,
  For the morning's glorious show.

THE HUGUENOT DAUGHTER.

BY HANNAH DORSET.

The Atlantic waves were sparkling under a sun of almost tropical brilliancy, and breaking over the beach of a wild and singularly beautiful island, whose aspect was that of nature, fair and stainless as in the morning of the creation, when, unsullied by traces of man or crime, she seemed good in the eyes of the Creator. Beyond the silvery beach rose an elevated plain, covered with the richest variety of foliage. Vines, in their graceful wanderings, hung their dark tresses, gemmed with clusters of scarlet and purple berries, on the branches of lofty trees, among whose leafy bowers birds of resplendent plumage filled the air with sounds of mirth and liberty. Groves of palmetto, with their column-like stems and arching leaves, formed those natural temples which first gave to man the model of the proudest edifices of art.

Such was the shore which presented itself to the anxious eyes of a group of persons assembled on the deck of a small vessel, which was approaching it without attracting either the gaze of curiosity, or the welcome

of expectation. The stately deer, that lifted up its head as the bark drew nearer and nearer, turned away with the indifference of animals 'unacquainted with man.' No eye beheld that humble vessel, as it floated towards the shore, save His who had watched it on its perilous voyage, and guided it in safety to the hemisphere destined to become, in after ages, the resting place ot the weary and heavy laden, and the home of religious liberty. At the helm stood the commander, earnestly gazing on the coast towards which they were rapidly approaching; a man apparently of fifty years, with the countenance of one who had thought and suffered much, and spite of his fixed brow and compressed lip, the varying hues of his cheek betrayed the emotion that agitated his breast. He stood aloof from the group, plunged in deep, but not unpleasing thought, interrupted at last by a gentle touch and a voice of thrilling sweetness, whose first whisper lit up his features with fondness and delight.

'Joy! my daughter; we shall quit this prison in which you have languished for so many tedious weeks; we shall taste again the fresh air of the woods, and look upon the green of the forest shades, and among them we may commune with our God, undisturbed by persecution, unharmed by tyranny. Here man's spirit shall be free as his limbs, and worship the Father even as his own word commands, in spirit and in truth.

Oh! my child! the hour is coming when our footsteps shall be traced to this shore, and our wanderings shared by many of our outraged countrymen. How joyfully we shall hail them, with the loud assurance that here is the spirit of the Lord, and here also is liberty.'

He paused, and sought in his daughter's countenance for signs of the exultation which filled his heart, but his own fell, as he perceived on her lovely face, a far deeper despondency than that which had overshadowed it when the shores of France were fading from her view. 'How is this, Eléonor?' asked the disappointed father; 'Have you no pleasure in the thought of landing?'

'This ship,' murmured Eléonor, half unconscious of the feelings she betrayed, 'this ship is part of France; while in it I cannot think myself forever separated from that land of beauty.' A shower of tears fell from her eyes, but dashing them hastily away, she exclaimed, 'Dearest father! pardon me. Thy country shall be my country, for thy God is my God. Thou art all that can endear my lot, and if it be cast on these shores, it is well, since such must be the will of Him who ordereth all things aright.'

The vessel had now come as near to the beach as it could without danger, and its crew landed by means of the small boat which carried them successively over the surf. Laudonniere, the commander, came last, and, as his foot touched the beach, the 'Gloria in excelsis'

burst from his lips, and every voice joined in that sublime anthem, which proclaims the very spirit of Christianity in those beautiful words, 'On earth peace, good will towards men.' But mingled with deep thankfulness for dangers escaped, was a deep anxiety about those that probably awaited them on this unknown coast, which cast a shade over every face; but the high trust in Heaven that had led them from the sunny plains of vine-clad France, from the hearths of their fathers and the graves of their kindred, to the depths of an American forest, still supported them, and stilled the beatings of their hearts, as many an undefined shape of danger floated before their imaginations. The trembling mothers, who, on touching the shore which told how far they were from their homes, had shed irrepressible tears as they clasped their infants to their bosoms, dried them after the first gush of feeling, and gathered round Laudonniere, who, kneeling in the midst of them, offered up the prayer of one whose thankfulness of heart rises in eloquent words to Heaven.

It was indeed a sight for angels to look down on. Those hoary headed men, leaning on the sons they had followed to a new world; those shrinking forms, their bright eyes dimmed by tears as thoughts of home rush upon their hearts, each mother unconsciously pressing close to her the infant group, whose wondering faces seem to ask an explanation of the emotion they did not

share—what did they all on that uninhabited island, where the exile might have expiated his crimes to his country by loneliness and fear? But they, the guiltless, what did they there? It is their chosen dwelling-place; for in its primeval forests, its untrodden solitudes, they may offer the pure and free worship of their souls to God.

With that presentiment of evil, which in sagacious minds amounts to prescience, Admiral de Coligny discerned, as early as the year 1562, that France would soon cease to be a safe home for the followers of the reformed religion. Neither Catherine de Medicis nor her weak and treacherous son had dissembled so well as to elude his penetration. In the dark hatred of the house of Guise, and the superstitious faith of Catherine in the predictions of an obscure professor of a science, which at that day exercised a far greater ascendency over the minds of the great than the oracles of holy writ, he foresaw the horror and confusion that would inevitably fill the kingdom; and the political reasons for the enmity of the crown towards the Huguenots, gave a coloring to his fears, which urged him to seek an asylum for his ill fated brethren, ere the cloud that was then lowering should burst over their heads. It was with hope and confidence that he turned his eyes towards the world which the daring Genoese had made known to Europe. The splendid description of the

coast of that great western continent, the specimens of gold and pearl, of rare and aromatic plants, and of every variety of wealth, which the earlier adventurers had displayed to the court of Spain, had already laid the foundation of colonies from that country, and it was without much difficulty that De Coligny succeeded so far as to effect a French settlement under the direction of Jean Ribault on the island now called St Helena, on the southern coast of Carolina, a few degrees north of the tropic of Cancer. The golden expectations which led them to an unknown shore, by fancy painted as a paradise, where the means of supporting existence would be spontaneous as delicious, prevented their carrying with them either the instruments of labor or a necessary supply of provisions. After a short time they became discontented. The island afforded neither gold nor silver, and even had it poured forth all these treasures at their feet, they would have availed them nothing, since the soil, though fertile beyond their hopes, required cultivation before it could yield them food; and the miserable settlers, exasperated by disappointment and privation, put to sea in the same vessel in which they had before crossed the ocean. After suffering the most horrible extremities of hunger, they were taken up by an English ship, and returned to France to report the miserable end of their expedition.

Spite of their disastrous story, others were found daring enough to embark for the same coast; and two years after, René de Laudonniere, whose religious enthusiasm and determined spirit shrunk not from any prospect of danger or difficulty, raised a band of Protestants, who, wearied with the reproach their faith brought on them, and charmed with the idea of religious freedom in a land where they might expect to be lords of the soil, lent a willing ear to Laudonniere. Disgust with his own country gave a brilliant coloring to his description of a clime which had for him and his followers all the magnificence of the unknown. A project so vast as sailing for America, required in those days many months of deliberation and preparation; but the object of René's deepest solicitude was his daughter. To leave her in France, where the horizon was daily growing darker and darker, was not to be thought of; but he dreaded the reluctance she would express or feel at quitting the elegant and luxurious home in which fortune had placed her. He dreaded lest a life of ease and safety should have unfitted her mind for a step so bold and hazardous as the one he was about to propose to her. The wives and daughters of his friends had shared their misfortunes, they had nothing to leave behind, but Eléonor had much to relinquish. She had not felt, as he had, the unkindness and ingratitude of the great, the insolence of rank and power, and all the stings which a lofty mind,

born in low estate, must feel in a country where the people were hardly considered by the aristocracy as beings of the same species with themselves.

At her mother's death Eléonor was adopted by a Protestant lady of distinction, whose life was wholly passed in acts of devotion and charity. Upon the young Eléonor she bestowed more education than usually fell to the lot of women at that time. Indeed every Protestant possessed a wonderful advantage over the children of the Romish Church, whose priesthood keeps locked up from their eyes the book of knowledge. The bible tends strongly to enlarge the understanding, refine the taste, and furnish materials for thought. The professors of an unpopular religion are proverbially more attached to it than those whose creed enjoys the broad sunshine of public favor, and Eléonor's mind became early tinctured with its sublimity. Her thoughts were all high and solemn. She walked on earth as though she belonged not to it, and abstracted from its vanities as well as its vices, she seemed the very person to be as happy in the wilds of America as in the fertile plains of Languedoc. And so she was, during the lifetime of her patroness; but at her death her daughter took Eléonor home with her, and there the world burst on the startled vision of the recluse.

The young countess was of a very different disposition from her mother, and, freed from all restraint, she

indulged in every dissipation and every folly. What a contrast to the severe simplicity of Eléonor's life! She shrunk in horror from the new sights and sounds that everywhere awaited her, and devoted herself with increasing interest to her religious duties. The gradations of rank, so scrupulously attended to in France, prevented her ever mingling in the brilliant crowds that assembled at the Hotel de C———; but in the boudoir of the countess, or small circles of her friends, Eléonor soon caught the spirit of society. She was at first pained, then amused, then, spite of herself, pleased. The grace and ease of the ladies, the chivalric courage of the men, their deferential homage to woman, their bland and gentle courtesy, the splendor of their costume, their graceful games, all possessed charms for the eye of eighteen, and Eléonor soon began to feel that killing apathy, that deadness of the affections and wandering of the thoughts, so fatal to the spiritual minded. Her religious exercises were still faithfully performed, but the unhallowed images that floated before her mind's eye, made them an unaccepted sacrifice. The offering was laid upon the altar, but no fire descended to kindle it into flame. She wept and struggled to bring her heart back to its former pure and sacred joys. She sang the hymns that were wont to lift her above this world; but still the brilliant airs that had lapt her prisoned soul in an unsanctified Elysium, thrilled upon her ear, and

when she called upon her memory for holy melodies, they rose to her lips in mockery of the attempt. But by degrees these struggles declined. The song, the dance, the tournament, became a source of delight and expectation, though, true to her early feelings, she sometimes acknowledged, with sighs, that this broad and flowery path possessed not the charms that she had found in the narrow and unornamented one. Her mind was in this state when she received the first intimation of René's design. In the disgust it excited, she perceived the force of the chains that bound her to earth. But hers was no common mind. She did not attempt to persuade herself that it was possible to reconcile the love of the world with that of Heaven; she saw her danger, saw the means of escape, and, trampling upon the temptations which urged her to remain, she set out to join her father at the seaport from which he was to embark, and, with an unvarying cheek and steady voice, declared her willingness to follow him to the deserts of the new world.

Profiting by the sad experience of the former settlers, René and his little band immediately applied themselves to labor. They chose a favorable site for their dwelling, which cost them little trouble to construct. The light palmetto was easily felled, and its fan-like foliage required only ingenuity to be twisted into hangings for the walls, or woven in with the flexible canes with

which the island abounded, in order to form the roof of these sylvan huts. Anticipating privations, they had brought with them the instruments of industry, and seeds of various kinds, to guard against the probable deficiency of wild fruits. It was René's own precaution that had stocked the vessel with these articles, and it was owing wholly to his discretion and management that his followers were not discontented at finding themselves dependent upon their own hands for support in this Eden of loveliness and repose. The sunny skies, the delicious climate, the deep stillness, the fair forms of vegetable magnificence that everywhere met their eyes, the tints of the earth hardly less beautiful than those of the sky, the freshness and verdure produced by the streams that watered this lovely isle, brought a calm to their bosoms which they had ceased to hope for on the civilized side of the Atlantic.

In a few months the settlement began to wear an air of comfort. In the rear of each cottage, or rather bower, was an extensive garden. René and his daughter were unceasing in their efforts to promote order and harmony in the little community. It was by them that the gardens were laid out, and the seeds planted. Eléonor taught the women to weave the palm leaves and light bamboos into a variety of household ornaments; she assisted them in the care and instruction of their children, and found in these simple pleasures the peace which the world

had banished from her heart. By degrees the women began to lose that awe which her air of grandeur, her delicate beauty, and that indefinable something which a superior education casts over its possessor, had inspired. They loved while they reverenced her. They delighted to listen, as at morning and evening she read to them from the holy volume; and the fervor with which, when it was closed, she dwelt upon the peace, the joy, that waited upon obedience to its heavenly precepts, gave her a powerful ascendency over the minds of her simple auditors. To their children she was an object of affectionate idolatry. The gentle graciousness with which she noticed their little attempts to please, the sweetness of the voice which never addressed them but in the language of kindness, and the soft glance of her dark eyes, were a sufficient reward for all their infant efforts to be good.

How happily did the days of the adopted children of the wilderness go by! The mildness of the climate prevented their feeling any of the rigors of winter, and the cool sea breezes and redundant shade mitigated the burning heat of the summer's sun. The beach was the scene of their pleasures. Rustic seats were constructed just above the highest reach of the tide, to which the aged repaired at evening to watch the sports of their children, or indulge in the thoughtfulness which the view of the glorious image of eternity always

inspires. The young wandered close to the edge of the sea, delighted to see the waves approach as if to kiss their feet, then, starting back, escape their touch; and sometimes the loud laugh was heard, as some unwary one was suddenly covered with surf. Here a stout boy dragged a sylph-like sister in a car formed of basket-work, while other children were borne proudly along in palanquins formed of the bamboo, and curtained with the gorgeous plumage of the birds their nets had taken. When wearied with these amusements the young girls sat down beside their mothers, and wove coronals of flowers and berries, sportively commanding the youths who watched their progress, to climb the hillocks that lay behind the beach in search of brighter or sweeter blossoms. How happily their days went by!

Laudonniere had often expressed to Eléonor his surprise at finding the island so entirely uninhabited. For some time after his arrival, he had been in constant apprehension of the approach of the Indians, who, he knew, had abundant reason to hate Europeans; but as time rolled on and he saw nothing of them, he presumed that they had withdrawn to the interior on the arrival of the first settlers. Constant employment, and the care which the colony required, had prevented his making any excursions beyond three or four miles from the settlement; but now that all things were arranged for comfort and pleasure, he indulged himfelf in long

walks along the borders of the forest. In these rambles Eléonor was often his companion. The clearness of her judgment had been so often proved, that René felt a confidence in her opinions seldom merited by the young, and she became his wisest and dearest counsellor.

It was on a lovely morning in October, that Laudonniere and his daughter wandered far from the settlement, following the margin of the beautiful stream called by them, in allusion to the month of their arrival, the river May. Led on by the softness of the air, and the luxuriant verdure of the banks of the stream, they pursued its course till they suddenly found themselves on the borders of a cultivated plain. The blue smoke of a distant hamlet was rising in the stillness of noonday. A small enclosure just before them, caught their attention. Both started, both grew pale. A slight elevation of the earth, with a cross at its head and foot, told them they beheld the burying-place of Catholics.

Eléonor first broke the silence into which this unexpected sight had plunged them. 'Alas!' she exclaimed, 'how perverted is the mind of man! How fatally does he abuse the best gifts of Heaven, when this holy symbol, this sign of love and salvation becomes the signal for mistrust and apprehension. The cross should only tell of the pride of life and the power of death overthrown, but now far other thoughts arise at the sight of it.'

Laudonniere answered not; the whole truth flashed upon his mind in a moment. He remembered well having heard, before he left France, that a Spanish colony had been founded a few years previous, on an island within or near the tropic of Cancer, but from the situation he had chosen, he had imagined himself many degrees north of a people far more intolerant than those from whom he had fled. His fair hopes were dashed to the ground. Dark and undefined ideas of danger crossed his mind, and, sickening with the conviction of the futility of that darling scheme which had led him over the vast Atlantic, he was hurrying from the spot, when his steps were suddenly arrested by the appearance of a group of men who had watched his progress along the bank. One among them, of noble and commanding figure, advanced. At sight of Eléonor he removed his hat and plume, and respectfully addressed them in the Spanish language. René's imperfect answer in the same, drew from the Spaniard some courteous expressions in French, after which he inquired by what chance it happened that two persons of their appearance were wandering on the island. A few words served as an explanation on both sides, and René departed with Eléonor, the Spaniard promising to visit his settlement on the following morning. Nor did he fail; the beautiful face, the graceful form of the bright creature who had thus suddenly burst on his gaze, haunted his dreams,

and early on the morrow he repaired with several of his followers to the southern side of the island, throwing the peaceful hamlet into great agitation by their warlike air and dress.

Their courtesy was painful to René. He felt they could not long be friends, and he would rather have fallen into the lair of wild beasts than into the hands of his fellow men. There was a fierceness in the eye of Pedro Melendez, the commander, that told how little mercy might be expected, should any disagreement arise between the settlements; and his haughty bearing, his imperious tone to his followers, awakened in the minds of the unfortunate French, the most gloomy presages. Eléonor shrunk with horror from his bold glances, and beheld his daily visits with increasing disgust. To shun him was impossible; in their open dwellings no place of retirement was to be found. Her only security was in her father's presence; but there were hours when the fields and gardens required his attention, and Eléonor found herself compelled to listen to language at which she had no right to be displeased, for it was that of honorable love. He sought hers in return. He wooed her as he would have done a daughter of some proud house in his own land of pride; but Eléanor recoiled from him with insurmountable disgust. Instances of his cruelty had reached her ear from the feebler part of his colony, and the very first whisper of his voice was hateful to her.

The subject of their different opinions had never been touched on. Each had his own reasons for avoiding it, but Melendez began at last to think that the time was come when he might seize on their heresy as an instrument for accomplishing his purpose. He arrived at the settlement one morning just as they were celebrating the funeral of a child. He paused till all had quitted the spot except Laudonniere, who still lingered beside the grave.

'I do not see,' said Melendez, 'the cross at the head of that grave.'

'It is not our custom to place it there,' said René calmly.

'You are Lutherans, then?'

'We are.'

'I suspected it;' and Melendez strode hastily down to the beach, where Eléonor was walking, plunged in deep and painful meditation. The object of it stood suddenly before her. Triumph gleamed in his dark eyes. 'You are Lutherans, heretics, obnoxious to the holy church, and by the orders of our king it is my duty to exterminate all such from this island. But, beautiful Eléonor, the fate of your countrymen is in your hands. Be mine, enter the bosom of the church, and you and yours shall be taken under our special protection.'

It was not the cold and decided language in which Eléonor spoke, but the look of loathing with which she

withdrew her hand from the Spaniard's passionate grasp, that sunk deep into his revengeful heart. All that could appal her gentle nature he urged to intimidate her; but springing from his side Eléonor flew rather than ran, till she reached the hut where the women were assembled, and, busying herself in their occupations, endeavoured to forget the dreadful threats that still sounded on her ear.

Several days passed on, and she saw nothing of Melendez. He appeared at last, and in the sinister expression of his ferocious countenance, his victim read her fate. She screamed as he approached from behind a thicket. 'You are mine,' he exclaimed exultingly.

'No, no,' she shrieked loudly, losing all self-command; 'kill me, but talk not to me of ever being yours.'

'Their blood then be on your head.'

He left her with these savage words ringing in her ears. Their full import did not burst on her till he was out of hearing, and then what a horrible struggle convulsed her frame. 'I, I alone can save them; but at what a sacrifice! Oh! that the ocean had swallowed us up, rather than have cast us on this fatal shore! Oh! that some native worshipper of idols had offered me as a propitiation to his gods! But to fall into the hands of Catholics, enter the bosom of the church, adopt again the errors which my fathers have renounced! Never.'

Eléonor remained long in doubt as to the expediency of alarming her father; but the dread of his being taken by surprise impelled her to disclose all the apprehensions that preyed upon her mind. Long, and gloomy, and ineffectual were his meditations, and bitter his despair as he felt that man was indeed the common foe of man. In the forest the nobler animals knew their kind; instinct preserved them from the desolating fury which waited on intellectual differences.

Midnight found René and his half distracted child still dwelling on their painful position; and many more hours elapsed before slumber calmed their agitated bosoms. Suddenly both sprang from their couches. A fierce red glare shone through the hut. The hamlet was in flames. Presently was heard the wild shriek of the settlers, who, rushing from their huts, fell into a more fearful danger. They were seized and made prisoners before a suspicion of the truth crossed their minds. A dreadful massacre ensued. The superstitious Spaniards, inflamed into fury by the harangues of Melendez, seemed bent on extermination; but their orders from their chief, commanded that Laudonniere, Eléonor, and five of the colony should be saved. The aged, the feeble, all perished by the sword.

Eléonor fell into a death-like swoon, and was carried off to the Spanish settlement before the rising sun beamed on the horrible ravages of the night. It was

late on the following day before Melendez appeared. 'My father! spare him, spare him!' was her wild cry, as the blood-stained Spaniard entered the hut.

'It is too late,' was the cold reply; 'follow me, and I will show you what those who refuse me obedience may expect.'

He dragged the miserable girl after him till her strength gave way, and she sunk senseless on the earth. When she opened her eyes, the first object that burst upon them was her father hanging from a palmetto! A tablet fastened to the trunk bore this inscription; 'Not as to Frenchmen, but to Lutherans.' *

For many months Melendez waited and watched in vain for a returning ray of reason to the darkened mind of Eléonor. His own hand had destroyed the only object that had ever awakened in his breast the softer feelings of humanity, and, as she alternately raved in uncontrollable violence or remained sunk in moody silence, tears, hot tears of remorse and despair, burst forth. His punishment was greater than he could bear; for the miserable victim of his cruelty evinced such horror at his presence, that he at last left her to the care of the women, who treated her with such unwearying tenderness, that by degrees the dark cloud rolled from her mind, the light of memory flashed upon it, but all its purposes were dark and revengeful. Still silent,

* Historical.

still gloomy, she sat apart from her keepers, cherishing in her outraged heart her fixed designs of vengeance. She dwelt upon the heroines of the Old Testament, till she imagined herself destined by Heaven to emulate their example. The cruel Jael, and the heroic matron of Bethulia, were ever in her thoughts, till her sleeping and waking dreams became a repetition of the horrible tragedy which had destroyed her reason.

The Spaniards had taken the stand of the vanquished French, and fortified it with as much precaution as if they expected retaliation. The fort was just completed, when Eléonor was brought to it. Strong emotion seized her heart; she gazed wildly on its walls, and, raising her eyes to heaven, exclaimed; 'Trample upon them, Lord, in thy fury, till their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments.' Then turning from the fatal spot, she wandered unconsciously on for hours, till her attention was arrested by a white sail at a distance. A boat was approaching the northern side of the island. She stood in stupified surprise, till the sounds of her own language met her ear. She sprang forward and presented to the startled eyes of the commander of the vessel the pale and haggard features of his god-daughter. Dominique De Gourges was the earliest and dearest friend of Laudonniere. He had vainly urged the latter to relinquish a scheme from which he anticipated danger or death, and from the

hour that news of his disastrous fate was rumored in France, De Gourges was indefatigable in raising a force considerable enough to attack an armed colony. The desperate and adventurous, who found no room for action in their own country, soon joined themselves to him, and now he appeared at what he supposed the settlement of the Spaniards, breathing the sternest vows of vengeance. Long and frightfully faithful was the account Eléonor gave to the friend of her childhood, of the massacre of their countrymen; and, as she dwelt upon the insulting cruelty of her father's murder, a simultaneous cry of revenge burst from the assembly.

It was agreed that the attack on the fort should be made the next morning at day dawn, and, for the first time, Eléonor entered the habitation of Melendez without a shudder. Her hair hung wildly over her shoulders, her feet were stained with blood, for in her rambles she trod unheedingly on shells and briars. Her emaciated figure, and wan, sunken cheeks presented to the conscience-stricken Spaniard, his punishment as well as his crime. 'Poor unhappy creature!' he exclaimed, as she shrunk into a corner, 'it would have been mercy to have killed thee then; but this daily death, this drop by drop of suffering weighs even more heavily on my miserable heart than on thine.' A tear fell from his eyes on the hand which hung listlessly by her side, and for a moment shook her purpose;

but the woman's feeling passed away, and she placed herself at a window to outwatch the stars, and hail with the first dawn of morning the arrival of the avengers. She had supplicated on her knees for mercy on the women and children, and extorted a promise from De Gourges that they should be protected—a promise he faithfully kept.

Sleep fled from Melendez that night. The evil deeds of his life all rose, a fearful panorama, to his mental vision. The clouds of passion or prejudice under which they had been performed, rolled away, and they stood in all their hideousness before him. Morning found him in an uneasy slumber, which had not settled on his eyes an hour, before it was dispelled by a tremendous discharge of fire-arms; and in the first pause, the stern voice of De Gourges thundered in his appalled ear, 'Not as to Spaniards, but to murderers!' Rushing from the apartment, he flew to hide in some place of safety her to whom he had rendered life a burden. Regardless of her screams, he snatched her from the dangerous station she had chosen. At that moment the French fire recommenced, and, pierced by innumerable bullets, both fell from the parapet. In her last struggle, she had extricated herself from his grasp, and their lifeless forms were found at a distance from each other.

Time rolled on, and the native dwellers of the forest, the mild and inoffensive Indians, took possession of their island, now wholly abandoned by French and Spaniards. The forts were razed, the long grass waved over the site of the settlements, and more than a hundred years passed away, before more fortunate emigrants found on it a shelter from persecution, and a home for religious liberty.

A DREAM.

THE sun went down to its sapphire bed,
  With glory round it cast,
And the twilight beams on the mountains shed,
  Were the loveliest and the last.
At the midnight hour the pale moon set
  To rise again no more,
And the parting beams on the landscape met,
  Sweeter than e'er before.
The stars were gone, and I laid me down
  To a cold and deep repose,
And a long, long night threw its sullen frown
  O'er the world and all its woes.
But the morning came, and the sky was rolled
  With its planets all away,
And another Sun shed its light of gold,
  O'er the Spirit-world of Day.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

How doth this picture's art relume
Of childhood's scenes the buried bloom!
How from oblivion's sweeping stream
Each floating flower and leaf redeem!
From neighbouring tower the iron chime
That told the school's allotted time,
The lowly dome where woodbine crept,
The sanded floor, with neatness swept,
The hour-glass in its guarded nook,
Which oft our tiny fingers shook
By stealth, if flowed too slow away
The sands that held us from our play;
The murmured task, the ready tear,
The joyous laugh, prolonged and dear,
These all on heart and ear and eye
Come thronging back, from years gone by.
And there thou art! in sainted age,
With brow as thoughtful, mild and sage,
As when upon thy pupil's heart
Thy precepts breathed; yes, there thou art!
And in thy hand that sacred book,
Whereon it was our pride to look,

Whose truths around thy hoary head
A never fading halo shed,
Whose glorious hopes in holy trust
Still blossom o'er thy mouldering dust.
Even so it is, where'er we range
Throughout this world of care and change;
Though Fancy every prospect gild,
Or Fortune write each wish fulfilled,
Still, pausing 'mid our varied track,
To childhood's realm we turn us back,
And wider as the hand of Time,
Removes us from that sunny clime,
And nearer as our footsteps urge
To weary life's extremest verge,
With fonder smile, with brighter beam
Its far receding landscapes gleam,
And closer to the withered breast
Its renovated charms are prest.
And thus the stream, as on it flows,
'Neath summer suns, or wintry snows,
Through vale, or maze, or desert led,
Untiring tells its pebbly bed,
How passing sweet the buds that *first*
Upon its infant marge were nurst,
How rich the violet's breath perfumed
That near its cradle-fountain bloomed,
And deems no skies were ere so fair
As kindled o'er its birthplace there.

ODE TO THE RUSSIAN EAGLE.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Bird of the proud imperial eye,
  Thou hoary playmate of old kings,
Lord of the van, when victory's cry
  Over the fainting battle rings;
Sluggishly art thou sailing by,
  With drooping crest and flagging wings;
How glorious was thy bursting ire!
But where is now that glance of fire?

Back to the bourne of the frozen north!
  With shattered plumage, rent and riven,
And eye all quenched, whose flame glared forth
  Like the red glittering bolt of heaven.

Storm-courier! what hath hushed so still
That wild, bleak tempest's icy pinions,
Which made the hearts of tyrants chill,
On the gray thrones of old dominions!
Is this the bird whose scream should sound
To startle earth's reluctant nations—
Circling the world's broad limits round,

Like a great earthquake's undulations!
The bird, whose glance should blaze as far
As the red north's broad coruscations,
Whose lightning eye should kindle war
In every brave heart's warm pulsations!

Back to the bourne of the frozen north!
For the hearts that thou leddest to battle forth
Oh! they were faint and cold, and the hands,
Weak, as becomes a despot's bands!
Brave bird! they are all unworthy thee,
All unworthy the strife of the free.

Yet shrink not, Greece, from that barbarian horde.
What though no christian chivalry advance,
No Lion-heart uplift his mighty sword,
Nor good St Louis couch the unerring lance,
Yet shrink not, Mother of the Lyre of Songs,
The word is, Forward—for the flight of time,
Which cannot blot the history of thy wrongs,
Hath writ no story in her burning rhyme
Like the brave annals of a nation's birth,
When, by their sires, their children, and their God,
Path-bound to victory, they issue forth,
And stand all free, or sleep on glory's sod.

Autumn of 1828.

THE UTILITARIAN.

BY JOHN NEAL.

We were walking together in a broad, unfrequented street of Philadelphia. All at once we heard a strange uproar a great way off, growing louder and louder every moment; and before we could imagine the cause, a boy at the head of the street cried out, 'Here they come! here they come!' The people rushed out of their houses, another and another took up the cry, and it flew by us like the signal of a telegraph. And then all was still as death, frightfully still, and the next moment a pair of large, powerful horses came plunging round the corner at full speed, with the fragments of a carriage rattling and ringing after them.

'The child! the child! oh! my God, the poor child!' shrieked a woman at a window near me; and on looking that way, I saw a child in the street, holding out its arms to a female who was flying toward it, her eyes dilated with horror, her garments flying loose, and her cry such as I never heard issue from mortal lips.

I sprang forward to save the child—the little creature was right in the way of the horses—and I should

have succeeded, but for a strong hand that arrested me and pulled me back by main force, at the very instant the carriage bounded by in a whirlwind of dust, overthrowing mother and child in its career.

'The woman! the woman!' shrieked the people far and wide; 'save her, save her!'

At this new cry, the man who had held me back with the hand of a giant, flung away from my grasp, and, pursuing the furious animals round the next corner, where they had been partially stopped by a wagon loaded with flour, and stood leaping and plunging in their harness, and trying to disengage themselves from what I now perceived to be a human being, a female who had been caught by her clothes in the whirling mass—leaped upon them with the activity and strength of one who might grapple with Centaurs in such a cause; and, before I could get near enough to help him, plucked one of the hot and furious animals to the earth, first upon his knees, and then over upon his side, in such a manner as to deprive the other of all power. The next moment I was at his side, leaving the poor child I had snatched up to be taken care of by a stranger, and lifting the mother of the child from the midst of danger so appalling, that, but for the example set me by my companion, I never should have had the courage to interfere even to save what now appeared to be one of the loveliest women I had ever seen.

The multitude were aghast with fear; but as for the extraordinary man who had thrown himself head foremost upon what was regarded, by everybody there, as no better than certain death, he got up after I had liberated the woman, brushed off the dust from his clothes, and would have walked away, as if nothing had happened, I do believe, had I not begged him to go with me where we might see after the child, and examine its hurts; for the horses appeared to me to touch the body with their hoofs, and I was quite sure that a wheel struck it as it bounded by, the fire flashing from the rocky pavement with every blow.

The child was very much hurt, and the mother delirious, though in every other respect unharmed. A wheel had passed over the little creature's body in such a way as to leave me no hope of its recovery, though I instantly bled it myself, and determined to watch by it to the last; and the mother had escaped as by a miracle, with but two or three slight lacerations, though it appeared upon fuller inquiry, that she had run directly before the horses with a view to turn them aside, there being no other hope, and that she had been caught by the projecting shaft and lifted along at the risk, every moment, as she clung by the bridle, of being trampled to death. But she escaped and recovered; and the poor child, who was just beginning to speak plain, was now the sole object of solicitude with me.

'Chamber, George muss die, George want to die,' said the poor little patient thing, after it had lain above twentyfour hours without speaking above its breath, and almost without moving.

The nurse, who sat near him, burst into tears; and I, even I, though accustomed to every shape of trial and horror, was obliged to go to the window. Her name was Chambers, and the child had been to her, from the day of its birth even to that day, as her own child.

'Chamber, George muss dit up,' said the dear little creature again, as the hour drew nigh which I had felt it my duty to prepare the mother for. 'George muss die, George want to die.'

For the first time, I saw a tear in the eye of that imperturbable stranger who had saved the mother's life. He turned away from the bed with a shiver, and, going to the door, spoke to the nurse in a tone of considerable emotion, bidding her make ready for the worst, though to be sure he had still some hope.

A word now of the character and behaviour of this man, before I proceed further with my little story. I had met him about a month before in a dissecting room, where, in the absence of the lecturer, a question arose about the structure and purpose of a part of the eye. The class were all talking together; and for myself, though I paid great attention to the subject, I confess that I was never so bewildered in my life.

In the midst of the uproar, a tall, bony, hard visaged man, with a stoop in the shoulders, and the largest hand I ever saw, whipped out a small penknife, and, taking up the eye of a fish that lay near, proceeded to demonstrate with astonishing clearness and beauty of language. While he was occupied in this way, with our whole class gathered round him, and listening to him open-mouthed, the professor entered without being observed, and, coming softly before the new lecturer, stood there, with a look of growing delight and amazement spreading itself over his features and agitating his whole body, as the awkward being before us proceeded with what was indeed a demonstration.

After he had got through, and I need not stop here to describe the scene that followed, the explanation, or the issue, we were all inquiring of each other who he was, and where he had come from. But all we could hear amounted to nothing. He had been at Philadelphia about six months. He had travelled much, read much, and thought more; he was learned in a way peculiarly his own; he was indefatigable, he had given his body by will to be dissected after death, and he was a *Utilitarian*. But what a Utilitarian was, nobody knew. Some believed it to be a new religious faith, whose followers bore that name; others that it meant either a sort of free-masonry or infidelity. But he, when he was asked, told them it was nothing but Jeremy Benthamism.

But who was Jeremy Bentham? Nobody knew, at least nobody knew with any degree of certainty.

'Why did you stop me,' said I to him, as we sat together by an open window, looking out upon the sky and water of the Jersey shore, the green trees, and the far hills, and wondering about the cause of that peculiarity in the atmosphere which attends our Indian summer; the little boy on a bed near us, breathing, though awake, as children breathe when they are asleep, and the mother—it made me a better man to look at this woman, so meek, so fair, with such a calm, beautiful propriety in whatever she did; so sincere withal, and so affectionate with her boy. 'Why did you stop me,' said I, looking at her as she sat afar off, with her large hazel eyes fixed on the little sufferer, and a drop of unquenchable brightness gathering in each, 'Why did you stop me, I say?' addressing myself to Abijah Ware.

'Because,' quoth Abijah, in a deep, low, monotonous whine, 'because I am a Utilitarian.'

'A what!'

'A U-til-i-ta-ri-an,' repeated Abijah.

The woman stared, and I asked what he meant.

'I mean,' said Abijah, 'a follower of the principle of utility. I look to the greatest good of the greatest number.'

'I am all in the dark,' said I; 'please to explain. What had utility, or the greatest good of the greatest number, to do with your stopping me, when, but for you, I might have—a—a—'

'Speak out, Sir, what are you afraid of?'

'I 'd rather not,' said I, 'if it 's all the same to you, at least not now, not here,' glancing at the poor mother. N. B. She was a widow.

'I insist upon it,' said Abijah.

'Well, then, but for you, I might have rescued the child.'

'Perhaps—and you might have thrown away another life to no purpose.'

'Well, and so might you, when you risked yours.'

'Fiddle-faddle—one case at a time. How old are you?'

'How old am I!'

'Yes—out with it.'

I made no reply.

'About five and twenty I suppose, are you?'

'Well, what if I am? What has that to do with my saving or not saving the child?'

'Much. I am a Utilitarian, I say. You are grown up; your life is worth more to society than—much more, I say—'

The mother stooped to kiss the forehead of her little one.

'More than forty such lives.'

'How so?'

'How so! It has cost some thousands to raise you.'

I looked up. The man was perfectly serious. He had a pencil in his hand, a bit of paper on the table, and was ciphering away at full speed.

'Yes, Sir,' continued he. 'The risk was out of all proportion to the probable advantage or profit; and therefore I stopped you.'

God forgive the Utilitarians, thought I, if they are capable of such things before they put forth a hand to save a fellow creature—a babe in the path of wild horses. For my own part, I should as soon think of stopping to do the case in double fellowship, as to calculate the proportion of the risk to the hope of profit here.

He understood me, I dare say; for he shifted his endless legs one over the other, drew a long breath, and quietly laughed in my face.

'You acted like a boy,' said he. 'The chance—I know how to calculate such chances to a single hair—was fifty to one against your saving the child.'

'Well, Sir—'

'And fifty to one, perhaps more, against your saving yourself; and so I concluded to save you, in spite of your teeth.'

Here a low, hysterical sobbing was heard from the pillow where the mother lay with her head resting by that of her child, and her mouth pressed to his cheek.

But my imperturbable companion proceeded. 'The truth is, my dear Sir, that you were never made for a hero; you are not strong enough, nor, I might say,' leaning forward to peep either into the widow's eyes, or into a dressing glass, that stood near, I do n't know which, 'nor ugly enough. Had you not kept me employed in holding you, I might have saved the child—poor boy, and I should.'

'But your life is far more valuable than mine,' said I, with a flourish of my right hand, expecting of course to be contradicted.

'True. But I am unfashionably put together, I am older than you, and my name is Abijah.'

This was said with invincible gravity, though followed by another glance at the beautiful widow.

'And what is more, the risk would have been little or nothing for me; to you it would have been a matter of life and death. I am what may be called a strong man.'

'A hero, therefore,' said I, referring to his remark of a moment before.

'I might have been a hero, perhaps, for my brother Ezra and I, we are twins, and he is decidedly a hero.'

I could not help saying, 'Do you resemble each other?'

'Very much, though Ezra is the handsomer of the two. By the by, I must give you a little anecdote of brother Ezra. One day, as he turned a corner in

Baltimore, I think it was, a man met him, who made a full stop in the highway, threw up his hands with affected amazement at the ungainly creature before him — brother Ezra, by the by, is not the handsomest man that ever was — and cried out, "Well, by George! if you ar' n't the ugliest feller ever I clapped eyes on!" At which our Ezra, instead of knocking him head over heels, as anybody but a hero, with such strength, would have done, merely said to him, "I guess you never saw brother 'Bijah."'

I laughed heartily at the story; and yet more heartily at the look of brother 'Bijah as he told it. And as for the widow, she appeared for a single moment to forget her boy, her poor and helpless boy, in her anxiety to avoid laughing with me.

'But you risked your life, Sir,' said I, 'in a case ten thousand times more dangerous, the very next moment after you had interfered to stop me.'

'True. But it was to save the life of a woman.'

'Well, but why a woman, if you would not suffer me to save a child?'

'Because I am a Utilitarian.'

'Well, what does that prove?'

'You shall see. Suppose the perfection of the species to depend upon a certain union of physical and intellectual properties which may be represented by x —'

'Nonsense; what have we to do with algebra here?'

'By x, I say, or if you please, if you prefer arithmetic, by the number 100. Now youth may go for so much,' making a mark on the paper before him; 'health for so much,' making another; 'beauty for—let me see, widow, I begin to have some hope of your child.'

The woman started upon her feet, and stood with her eyes lighted up, her cheek flushed, hands locked and lifted, waiting for him to finish; but he only looked at her and proceeded with the calculation.

'Beauty for so much, maturity for so much; and valor, wisdom, courage, virtue—widow you may sit down—for all the rest say 85. Now when I see such a being, whether male or female, though sex may be put down for something here, about to lose herself or himself, about to throw herself or himself away, I instantly subtract the sum at which I have estimated myself, that is, between sixtythree and sixtyfour, as you may see by this paper,' handing me his pocket-book, where the calculation stood on the first page, 'from the sum of one hundred, or less, according to the value of the object, and if I am satisfied that the risk is a fair one, the probabilities not more than enough to outweigh the certain profit of saving a life so much more valuable than my own, I save it.'

'I understand nothing of your theory,' said I, 'and as little of your calculation. But this I do understand,

this I know, that you have encountered a risk for the safety of that woman there, which I never saw, never hope to see, voluntarily encountered by any human being for the safety of another.'

'That will depend upon the progress of our faith. If Utilitarians multiply, such things will be common.'

I was just going to cry, Pho! but I forbore, and at the cost of a sore lip for a week.

'And now,' said he, getting up and going to the child, which had just waked from a sweet sleep, and feeling its pulse, 'I think I may say to you now, widow Roberts—I think, I say, but I would not have you too sure—I think your child is safe.'

The woman caught his huge hand up to her mouth before he could prevent it, and fell upon her knees, and wept and sobbed as if her heart would break; and the child, putting out both its little fat hands, kept patting her on the head, and saying, 'Poor mutter ky; George moss well now, tonny ky, mutter.'

My hero withdrew his hand, I thought with considerable emotion, kissed the child, made a sweep at me in the form of a bow, and walked straightway out of the room without opening his mouth.

He was no sooner off than the nurse entered, and we examined the child. There was, to be sure, a surprising alteration for the better. He breathed freely, the stupor had passed off, and his eyes were clear as

crystal. But then—who should say?—death might be at work in them nevertheless.

Let me pass over the following four weeks, at the end of which period I thought proper to hold counsel with my friend the Utilitarian, about the safety and propriety of marrying a widow.

'You merely suppose the case for argument sake?' said he.

'To be sure,' said I.

'What if you suppose a child or so into the bargain?' said he.

'Why, as to that,' said I, with somewhat of a sheepish look, I fear, 'as to that now, I should n't care much if—'

'A boy?' said he, interrupting me.

'I wish the brat was out of the way,' said I, with a fling.

'No, you do n't,' said he. 'It would be a dead loss to you.'

I pretended to be in a huff.

'Come, come, Joseph; let us cut the matter short. Away with all your *pros* and *cons*, your theories and your supposable cases. You love the widow, do n't you?'

'I do.'

'Do you know anything of her history?'

'Not a syllable.'

'Of her situation or character?'

'Nothing — perhaps you do.'

'I do, enough to satisfy me. She is young, healthy, virtuous, and beautiful, with one child —'

'Hang the child, Abijah.'

'Joseph, you are wrong; that child would be a comfort to you.'

'To me!'

'Yes, to you, if you marry the widow. What are you rubbing your hands for?'

'Marry the widow! What on earth do you mean?' cried I, with a flutter of joy, and a thrill at the very idea, which I cannot stop to describe.

'Hear me through, Joseph. You have come to ask me what I would do in your case?'

'You are right, I have.'

'Well, were I you I would marry her.'

'But why do n't you marry her yourself?'

'I! For three reasons.'

'What are they?'

'In the first place, I am not you.'

'Good — the next?'

'In the next place, she would not have me.'

'Pho!' said I; though to tell you the truth, reader, I thought as he did, notwithstanding the beautiful widow was forever sounding his praises to me, whenever we were alone together. But I could always see a good way into a mill-stone; and whether she romped with

her boy before me, half smothering him with kisses, or talked of her preserver, that heroic man—that heroic Abijah, I longed to say, but I was afraid, there was no laughing at such a man before such a woman—I could see through the whole.

'But in the third place?' continued I.

'Well, in the third place, I am not worthy of her.'

'How so?'

'But you are, my friend'—his rich, bold voice quavered here, and I began to feel rather dismal—'*you* are; and my advice to you is—but stop. Are you not already married?'

I laughed and shook my head.

'Very well. Then I advise you to lose no time in securing that woman. You deserve her; you are young and handsome, healthy and rich. Take her and save her.'

'Save her! what do you mean?'

'Save her from growing old, where it is not safe—I speak freely to you—for any such woman to live. She is poor, she is proud, she is far away from all that know her.'

'Why! you appear to be acquainted with her history.'

'No, I am ignorant of her history; I know nothing of her beyond what you and I have gathered from our five or six weeks' acquaintance with her at the bedside of her boy.'

'But you know my family; and that, as a prudent man, it will be my duty to inquire into her history; that is—you understand me—provided such a thing should ever enter my head as to—'

'Fiddle de dee! Go to her and ask her what she is good for, and whether she is any better than she should be.'

'Sir!'

'There now! that's the way with all you sentimentalists. You talk, and you talk, and you talk, without ever coming to the point. You deceive yourselves and others by the most roundabout and beautiful language in the world; but the moment you have it translated for you, put into your mother tongue by a thorough-bred Utilitarian, your blood is up, and your sensibilities, as you call them, are outraged. I have only said, what you meant.'

'I understand you. Let us deal plainly with each other. What would you have me do?'

'I would have you behave like a man. I would have you go to the beautiful widow, and offer yourself to her; and if she is the woman I take her to be, that will be enough to bring out as much of her history and character as you will have any desire to know. There, there—go, and Heaven speed you.'

I went. I offered myself to the widow, and was flatly, though kindly, refused. That was about as much

as I could well stomach, and I do not know that I should ever have got over it, but for a little gratuitous intelligence of a nature to make me almost thankful for my disappointment. The widow was no widow. The child was a thing, with all its beauty, for the mother to be ashamed of.

I went straightway to my hero. 'Abijah Ware,' said I, 'such and such are the facts,' relating the whole.

'And how did you learn all this?' asked Abijah.

'Out of her own mouth,' said I.

'And what have you concluded to do, Joseph?'

'To give her up.'

'You are a fool, Joseph.'

'How so; you would not have me—'

'Yes, I would,' interrupting me. 'Where will you find such another woman? a woman of such exalted virtue?'

'Virtue!' said I.

'Was that a sneer?' said Abijah, and his lips opened and shut like those of children who are learning to say apple-pie, papa, or puppy.

'It was,' I cried, lifting my voice and braving the look with which the inquiry was made, as if what I did were a thing to brag of.

'Then,' said Abijah, 'then you never loved her. You would weep sooner than sneer at such virtue, if you ever had.'

'But I did love her.'

'You did? then there is but one other hypothesis for me.'

'Well, out with it.'

'She has refused you.'

I fell back abashed; I dropped my eyes; I could not bear the solemn, overpowering reproach of his.

'Very true,' said I.

'One word more. Did you offer yourself to her after she told you this?'

'Why do you ask?'

'I ask it for your sake; for yours, my dear friend. I long to have you one of us; but I fear you want the courage. It requires prodigious manhood to be a Utilitarian.'

'Well, be it so, I did not offer myself after this; but I did before.'

'I pity you. How you have rewarded her candor, how gloriously you have repaid her truth! She might have deceived you, but she forbore; she told you the truth, and you forsook her. She proved herself worthy of you, and you abandoned her accordingly.'

His emotion surprised me. He got up, and walked the floor with a tread that shook the whole house.

'You do not understand the matter,' said I. 'She refused me before I knew this, and told me her story afterwards, not so much as a reason for it, I do believe,

THE BUBBLE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

SEE the tiny shell afar,
Gleaming on broad Erie's bosom,
Twinkling like an earthly star,
Lovely as the sweetest blossom!
Every tint the rainbow shows,
Every hue from morning streaming,
On its rounded bosom glows,
As it were of glory dreaming.

Heeds it not the awful steep
Where the ocean stream doth tumble,
Down the crag so dark and deep?
Where the broken billows crumble
In a caverned sea of snow,
Whose roar the thunder-echo mocks,
And beneath that mountain-flow
Ceaseless chafe their prison rocks?

Doth the sparkling treasure know
Of its wild and fearful danger?

It doth dance and seem to go,
To its fatal path a stranger;
Though the water currents haste,
Following to their work of thunder,
Yet no touch of fear is traced,
In its look of infant wonder.

Stay, oh! stay the lovely toy,
That it may not fall and perish!
Oh! it were a deed of joy,
That beauteous thing to save and cherish.
See! the trembling bubble shakes,
On the very brink of death!
Now it goes—and now it breaks,
And the Zephyr drinks its breath!

THE BUGLE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle note,
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream ;
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast.

Lady of the Lake.

Oh ! wild, enchanting horn !
Whose music up the deep and dewy air,
Swells to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,
Till a new melody is born !

Wake, wake again ! the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars burning on her azure crown,
Intense, and eloquently bright !

Night, at its pulseless noon !
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,

And some tired watch-dog lazily and long
Barks at the melancholy moon!

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay!

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start,
As boyhood's old, remembered shout!

Oh! have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field, and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around you steal?

Or have ye in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor, to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar?

Go, go — no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

SKETCH.

BY J. P. BRACE.

THE moon was smiling on the joyous deep,
Kissing the sparkling ripples, and the foam
Which the mild night breeze raised. Tumultuously
The crested billows, as with gladsome haste,
Crowded upon the far seen pebbly shore.
The heavens were dressed in brightness, and the clouds,
Pillowed on some far sky, had sunk to rest.
No coming storm sighed from the shore, or sang
Her warnings from the caverns of the deep.
The measureless, illimitable air,
The quiet sea, its sandy girdle, bright
In the soft moonbeam, and the waving trees,
Which in the chequered distance feebly sang,
As the light breeze their high tops touched—each joined,
In pure and placid harmony, to drive
All apprehension from the sailor's heart.

I saw the ship move on, apparently
A self-directed power. In gallant guise
She tossed the spray aside, and her white sails,
Like clouds around the setting sun, were bright

Beneath the moon. Each heart within her smiled;
The sailor whistled from the mast, and loud
The helmsman cheered. Bright eyes were there,
And crimsoned cheeks, and palpitations quick,
With deep, warm thoughts of home and happiness.

I looked again. The boiling surges round,
Told where that vessel sunk with all aboard!
A hidden rock she struck, and instantly
Was in the sullen bosom of the flood.
Yet still the moon smiled out upon the sea,
The wavelets danced upon the pebbly shore,
The chequered forest nodded to the breeze,
The billows swelled and sank, exulting still
In the loved moon; but in that gallant ship
Bright beaming eyes were quenched in the dark wave,
And moistened cheeks were cold, and the full gush
Which palpitating told that home was nigh,
Was stilled beneath the wide, devouring sea.

Methought that sea was like the friendships fair
Of this vain world; a surface calm and clear,
With beaming sky and smiling moon, and wave
As quiet as an infant's sleep; but cold
And dark, with treacherous rocks beneath,
And he who trusts will wake from gilded dreams
Of love, far in the gloomy ocean's depths.

Eng by A B Durand

GREEK LOVERS

GREEK LOVERS.

Fly, Greek! for the gloomy battle-cloud
  Hangs darkling in thy rear;
The shout of the turbaned foe is loud,
  And his flashing steel is near.

Thy ready sword, and thy gallant hand,
  Gainst a host would strike in vain;
Then hasten thou to some refuge-land,
  Across yon murmuring main.

Thy home is lost—thy friends are dead—
  Beneath yon murky pall,
That casts its shadows wide and dread,
  They sleep in their ghastly thrall.

They will not wake though the clarion rings—
  Alas! how cold the Greek
Who sleeps while his bleeding country flings
  Her call from each bannered peak!

Hoof-torn, and sabre-scarred, they rest,
  Fathers, and sons, and brothers—

Lover, and loved, still breast to breast—
  And clinging babes and mothers.

The crescent waves o'er the trampled cross,
  The Turks on the Christians tread;
Oh! stay not, Greek, to count thy loss—
  A price is on thy head!

Thy path is o'er the deep—away!
  The moonbeams light the tide;
Launch thy swift shallop through the spray,
  With that trembler at thy side.

Thy sheltering sword around her brow
  Hath been a shield to-day;
And she is all that liveth now,
  Young Greek, to thee—away!

And bear her to some isle afar,
  Walled by the breaking sea,
And she will well repay thy care,
  And thou shalt still be free!

EXTRACT.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

The earth, and all that dwell upon the face of it, speak a language that is in mournful and melancholy accordance with that of an apostle, 'The fashion of this world passeth away.' A testimony thus concurrent, is solemn, and we cannot distrust it. It is eloquent, and we cannot but feel it. We are wise if we open our eyes and our ears to the evidence which nature gives to the truths of revelation, and labor that we may impress distinctly and deeply upon our minds the moral lessons which that evidence is calculated to enforce.

The mournful, but gentle voice of autumn, invites us forth that we may see for ourselves how the fashion of this world is passing away, in regard to the dress in which it so lately presented itself to our view. The gardens and the groves, how are they changed! The deep verdure of their leaves is gone. The many-colored woodland, which but a few weeks since was arrayed in a uniform and lively green, now presents a gaudier show indeed, but one of which all the hues are sickly, and are all but the various forms of death.

In the garden, the brown and naked stalk has succeeded to the broad blossoms of summer, as they had, but lately, to the young leaves and swelling buds of spring. The orchards, that but a few short months ago were white with promise, and which loaded with perfume the very winds that visited them, are now resigning their faded leaves and their mellow fruit. The wayfaring man, who contemplates these changes that present themselves to his eye, in nature's dress, cannot be insensible that her voice has also changed. To his ear there is something more religious in the whisper of the winds, something more awful in their roar; and even the waters of the brook have changed their tone, and go by him with a hollower murmur. And how soon shall all these things be changed again! The course of the stream shall be checked. Its voice shall be stifled by the snows in which the earth shall wrap herself during her long and renovating sleep of winter.

In these respects the fashion of the world passeth away, we will not say with every year, but with each successive season of every year. Their general effect is moral and highly salutary. In them all we hear a voice which speaks to us what we may not, and what we cannot speak to one another. They are full of the gentle, but faithful admonitions of a parental Providence, who would remind us, by the changes that we so often see going on around us, that 'we, too, shall all be

changed.' Yet these are changes in the fashion of this world, which, from their very frequency, lose a part of their effect. The fashions which pass away with the departing seasons, we know will be brought back again when the same seasons return; and those scenes which we know will be again presented, we believe that we shall live to witness and enjoy.

But there are alterations in the fashion of the world which time is more slow in producing, and which, when we witness them, are more striking, more melancholy, and of more abiding influence. Who will doubt this? for who has not felt it? and who is he that has ever felt, and has now forgotten it? Surely not you, my friend, who, by the appointments of an overruling Providence, have been compelled to spend your days as a stranger and a pilgrim in the earth. Did you, in your young manhood, leave your home among the hills, the scenes and the companions of your youthful sports or of your earliest toils? Were you long struggling with a wayward fortune, in distant lands, or in seas that rolled under the line, or that encircled the poles in their cold embrace? Did sickness humble the pride of your manhood, or did care whiten your temples before the time? How often, in your wanderings, did the peaceful image of your home present itself to your mind! How often did you visit that sacred spot in your dreams by night! and how faithful to your last impressions was the garb in which,

when you were far away, your long forsaken home arrayed itself! The fields and the forests that were around it, underwent no change, in their appearance to your imagination. The trees that had given you fruit or shade continued to give the same fruits and the same shade to the inmates of your paternal dwelling; and even in those objects of filial or fraternal affection, no change appeared to have been wrought by time during your long absence.

But when, at length, you return, how different is the scene that comes before you in its melancholy reality, from that which you left in your youth, and of which a faithful picture has been carried near to your heart, in all your wanderings! Those who were once your neighbours and school-fellows, and whom you meet as you come near to your father's house, either you do not recognise, or you are grieved that they do not recognise you. The woods, which clothed the hills around, and in which you had often indulged the vague, but delicious anticipations of childhood, have been cleared away; and the stream that once dashed through them, breaking their religious silence by its evening hymn, and whitening as it rushed through their shade, 'to meet the sun upon the upland lawn,' now creeps faintly along its contracted channel, through fields that have been stripped of their golden harvest, and through pastures embrowned by a scorching sun.

The fruit trees are decayed. The shade trees have been uprooted by a storm, or their hollow trunks and dry boughs remain, venerable, but mournful witnesses to the truth that the fashion of this world passeth away. More melancholy still are the witnesses that meet you as you enter your father's house. She, on whose bosom you hung in your infancy, and whom you had hoped once more to embrace, has long been sleeping in the dark and narrow house. Your father's form, how changed! Of the locks that clustered around his brow, how few remain! and those few, how thin! how white! His full toned and manly voice has lost its strength, and trembles as he inquires if this is indeed his son. The sister whom you left a child, is now a wife, and a mother; the wife of one whom you never knew, one who looks upon you as a stranger, and one towards whom it is impossible for you to kindle up a brother's love, now that you have found so little in the scenes of your childhood to satisfy the affectionate anticipations with which you returned to them.

While you are contemplating these melancholy changes, and the chill of disappointment is going through your heart, the feeling comes upon you, in all its bitterness, that the mournful ravages which time has wrought upon the scenes and the objects of your attachment, will not, and cannot be repaired by time, in any of his future rounds. Returning years can

furnish you with no proper objects for the fresh and glowing affections of youth; and even if those objects could be furnished, it is too late now for you to feel for them the correspondent affection. The song of your mountain-stream can never more soothe your ear. The grove that you loved shall invite you to meditation and to worship no more. Another may, indeed, spring up in its place, but you shall not live to see it. It may shade your grave, but your heart shall never feel its charm. Your affections are robbed of the treasures to which they clung so closely and so long, and that forever. The earth, where it had appeared most lovely, is changed. The things that were nearest to your heart, have changed with it. The fashion in which the world was arrayed when it took hold on you with the strongest attachment, has passed away; its mysterious power to charm you has fled, all its holiest enchantments are broken, and you feel that nothing remains as it was, but the abiding outline of its surface, its vallies where the still waters find their way, and the stern visage of its everlasting hills.

Nor does the fashion of the world pass away in regard to the ever-varying appearances of its exterior alone, its vegetable productions that flourish and fade with every year, or those that endure for ages beyond the utmost limit of animal life. It is, indeed, an eloquent commentary upon the apostle's remark, to see the oak,

that shaded one generation of men after another, even before it had attained its maturity, and, in the fulness of its strength, had stretched forth its giant arms over many succeeding generations, yield to decay at last, and fall, of its own weight, after having gloried in its strength for centuries. It is an eloquent commentary to see the fashion of those things passing away in which the proudest efforts of human skill or human power have been displayed; to see the curious traveller inquiring and searching upon the banks of the Euphrates for the site of ancient Babylon, or measuring the huge masses of rock that composed the temple of the sun at Palmyra, or digging in the valley of the Nile to bring to light the stupendous relics of ancient architecture that have, for thousands of years, been buried in the sands of the desert. It is even an eloquent exposition of the apostle's remark to see the towers that were raised by the power of feudal princes, and the abbeys and cathedrals, that were the scenes of monastic devotion, now that they are crumbling and falling away, their tottering walls curtained with ivy, and the bird of night the only tenant of those forsaken abodes of a stern despotism, and of a still more stern superstition.

But not the products of the earth, nor yet the works of man, alone change and pass away. In many particulars the great mass of earth itself is liable to change, and has been moulded into different forms. Hills have been

sunk beneath the depths of the sea, and the depths of the sea, in their turn, have been laid bare, or thrown up into stupendous mountains. Of most of these wonderful changes, it is true, history gives us no account; for most of them probably occurred before man was formed to dwell upon the face of the earth. But that they have occurred, the deep bowels of the earth, its hardest rocks, its gigantic hills, alike bear testimony. Many hundred years before the apostle of the Gentiles had testified that the fashion of this world was passing away, the Gentile historians and naturalists had borne their testimony that in Egypt, the mother of empire and of science, there were found the same silent, but unquestionable witnesses that the land of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs, was once under the dominion of the waters. And many of us have seen with our own eyes, those creatures that were once passing 'through the paths of the seas,' taken from their marble beds in the mountain's bosom, hundreds of miles from those bars and doors within which the sea is now shut up, and by which its proud waves are now stayed; we cannot say forever stayed, for the regions of the earth, that by one mighty convulsion have been rescued from the deep, may, by other mighty convulsions, be given back to its dominion; and those rich plains that are now the theatre of vegetative life and beauty, may, in time, be sunk under the weltering deep, as other fertile plains

have been before them, and all their plants, their old forests, their vegetable mould itself, be converted into mines of coal, to be wrought by generations of men to whom the present fashion of the world can never be known.

We, who are creatures of a day, talk of everlasting hills. But when we stand upon the very hills that we call so, or when we go down into their masses of rock, they tell us that they, too, have basked in the light but for a time; that once the great waters rolled over them, and that they now hold the treasures of the deep locked up in their impenetrable caverns.

In a moral, not less than in a physical sense, the fashion of this world passeth away. The passions of mankind, it is true, remain the same in their general character; but in different ages and nations, under different systems of morals, philosophy, and religion, they are subjected to a very different discipline, and are directed towards different objects. But if we except his general moral nature, what is there in man, in which the caprices of fashion are not continually displayed? The wisdom of one age will have virtue to consist in one thing, and that of a succeeding age in another and a very different thing. The doctrines of civil government that are in repute to-day may be exploded to-morrow, as those of yesterday have been to-day. To the fashion of making kings, and of honoring them as the vicegerents of

Heaven, has succeeded the fashion of reviling them or leading them to the scaffold. The direction to be given to wealth, to intellectual power, to human industry or enterprise, is a subject on which the decisions of fashion are recognised; decisions which change with all the changing circumstances of human condition. Even in regard to religion, how have the fashions of this world passed, and how are they passing away! The very ground that was honored and consecrated by the footsteps of Paul, could it find utterance, would confirm the testimony of that apostle; for that ground has seen that

> ——————— 'religions take their turn;
> 'T was Jove's, 't is Mahomet's—and other creeds
> Will rise with other years.'

And even the disciples of Jesus, holding in their hands 'the glorious gospel of the blessed God,' that is beaming forth its eternal truths—even they show, in every succeeding age, how the fashion of the world passeth away in relation to the religion that gives them the assurance, and points out to them the way, of eternal life.

If, then, the beauties of the year are so fading, and its bounties so soon perish; if the loveliest scenes of nature lose their power to charm, and a few revolving years break the spell that binds us to those whom we love best; if the very figure of the earth is changed by

its own convulsions; if the forms of human government, and the monuments of human power and skill cannot endure; if even the religions that predominate in one age, are exploded in another; if nothing on 'the earth beneath or the waters under the earth,' preserves its form unchanged, what *is* there that remains forever the same? What is there over which autumnal winds, and wintry frosts have no power? What, that does not pass away while we are contending with wayward fortune, or struggling with calamity? What, that is proof against the fluctuations of human opinion, and the might of ocean's waves, and the convulsions by which mountains are heaved up from the abyss, or thrown from their deep foundations?

It is the God by whom these mighty works are done, by whose hand this great globe was first moulded, and has ever since been fashioned according to his will. 'Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard that the Everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary?'

To him, then, we can go, and to him let us go, in a filial assurance that there is no variableness in him. Though the glories of the year fade, though our young affections are blighted, and our expectations from this world are disappointed, we know that he has the power to make all these melancholy scenes of salutary influence, and conducive to 'the soul's eternal health.'

Though the opinions of the world, and our own opinions in respect to him, may change, there is no change in the love with which he regards and forever embraces us. God passeth not away, nor do his laws. Those laws require that we, and all that is around us, should change and pass away. Those laws govern us and will do so forever. They bind us to our highest good. Then let us yield them a prompt and a perpetual obedience.

'The Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary.' Nor does that faith in him grow weary which he demands and deserves from us; faith in his wisdom to guide and govern us, faith in his gracious promises to crown our efforts in his service with a reward that is glorious and enduring. Though 'the mountain falling cometh to naught,' though the solid globe be shaken in its course, the hand that heaved the mountains to the heavens, and upholds them there, and that curbs the earth in its bright career, is extended to uphold all who cast themselves upon it with the prayer that they may be protected, and with the belief that they shall be.

THE END.