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THE KING'S LEGACY.

(Concluded from page 139.)

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

"Silence! forth we bring him,
In his last array;
From love and grief the freed, the flown—
Way for the bier—make way!"

AGAIN it was deep morning in the tower. Edward of England had left his couch, but only to be wrapped in a dressing-gown, and placed in one of those large chairs of carved ebony, which, in its rare embellishment, must have occupied an artist his whole lifetime. A burning fever had oppressed the royal sufferer all night, and now, that it had left him, drops of cold perspiration stood on his forehead, and his weary eyes looked dim, like violets that had been drenched in some turbid brook.

"Are you cold, my master?" said the boy Arthur, folding the loose robe over the sufferer, so that its ermine facing might lie soft and warm on his panting breast.

A faint shiver and a struggling smile were the only reply; and, closing his eyes, the king turned his head on the cushions of purple velvet, that made his pale cheek seem still more deathly, and remained motionless; now and then heaving a faint sigh, which, light as it was, seemed to be accompanied with increased pain. During half an hour he lay in this state, partially lost in sleep, and yet all the while laboring with a chain of thought that had girded his brain, as with links of fire, during the long and feverish night. All at once he started upright in his chair, cast the dressing-gown back from his shoulders, and his eyes began to sparkle with some resolve that seemed even more exciting than the fever had been.

"Go," he said to the page, "go to the council-

chamber, and say to his Grace of Northumberland that the king would speak with him."

"Shall I call one of your highness's gentlemen?" said the page, glancing with affectionate solicitude at the kindling eyes of his master.

"Not so, Arthur, I would not have this attack bruited in the court. Go quietly through the private entrance."

The boy knelt down, folded the robe over his master's feet, and pressed his lips to the pale and moist hand falling over the chair arm, before he went out. He found Northumberland not in council, as the king had expected, but in his closet, with the Duke of Suffolk.

The two ambitious men were talking low and earnestly as the page entered. So animated was their conversation that Northumberland made a hasty gesture with his hand, to prevent untimely interruption from the page, though he knew him to have come with some message from the king. Thus checked, the boy remained by the door, and out of earshot, while Suffolk went on with what he had been saying. During the night he had pondered over Northumberland's proposal, and with his ambitious reflections came a memory of the king's manner and words in the garden. The very doubt of their meaning made him waver in accepting Northumberland's advances. What if Edward himself had cast an eye of affection on his daughter! The thought opened a vista to his aroused ambition that made the duke but a cold listener to Northumberland's plans, when they met in the morning. The sanguine duke, deeming his will a law to all England, even to the throne itself, had assured his son of Suffolk's assent to his

marriage with Lady Jane, the moment his own mind was settled on the subject. Now he was chafing at the cautious and measured tones with which his ally listened to the vast projects of aggrandizement which the union of their two children would make easy of execution. Projects which, without the under current which influenced his hopes, would have startled the less energetic and more prudent Suffolk.

"But all these mighty projects turn on one event—King Edward's death"—Suffolk was saying when the page entered. He checked himself, but as Northumberland's imperative gesture forbade the intruder to advance, he went on, suppressing his voice and looking cautiously toward the door. "He may live to the age of his father—and this union may not meet his sanction. Hitherto the king has kept the power to control the marriages of his kin. Were all else settled, Edward may withhold the royal assent?"

"*He shall not!*" cried Northumberland, pressing his lips hard, and clenching the hand which lay upon the table before him. "Think you the man who has made himself Protector of England, against the king's own uncle, too, knows not, how to mould the will of a sickly boy?"

There was something in this arrogant speech which repulsed the less ardent nature of Suffolk. Being resolved to pledge himself in no wise to Northumberland, until more fully informed of the king's real sentiments regarding his daughter, he made the evident anxiety of the page an excuse for suspending the conversation, which became each moment more embarrassing.

"Let the boy deliver his message, my lord;" by the livery he should come from the king, and should a word of our converse reach his ear it were not easily remedied; meantime, I will ponder on this matter. I would know how our young monarch stands affected toward the match before pledging myself irrevocably."

Northumberland made an impatient gesture, and his lip curved. "Be it as you will," he said. "If the consent of our boy king is all your grace requires it shall be yours."

Suffolk bent his head, and the Protector beckoned for the page to advance.

The boy was in haste to return to his master, and delivered his message without waiting to be questioned. The duke heard him with surprise.

"In his chamber! said you, the king desired my presence there? Heaven forefend! we trust his majesty is not ill?"

"So ill," said the page, while tears rose to his eyes, "that I fear me he will never leave the chamber again!"

Northumberland could not forbear an expressive glance at Suffolk, who received it with a thoughtful and anxious change of countenance.

"Why was I not apprised of this? Has his majesty's physician given an opinion?" inquired Northumberland, turning to the page.

"His highness would permit no one to enter the chamber save myself; but last night, when his fever ran high and his brain seemed to wander, I called

the physician, who entered and went away without his knowledge."

"And what was his opinion?"

"I know not, save by his downcast looks and a few words that dropped from his lips as he went out; both were full of mournful foreboding."

"And how seems his highness this morning?"

"Feeble, very feeble, but quiet, and most desirous that no mention of his illness should find circulation about the court."

Northumberland looked down and mused an instant. "It is better that there should be no mention of it," he muttered, "all must be done quietly." The duke checked himself and looked up.

"Tell the king that I obey him," he said, dismissing the page with a wave of the hand.

When the door closed after the boy, Northumberland turned to Suffolk with a degree of animation which was both rough and unfeeling after the mournful news he had just heard.

"My lord," he said, extending his hand, "this news confirms our compact. Is it not so?"

Suffolk hesitated a moment, and laid his hand in that so eagerly extended toward him. Northumberland grasped it hard, and his dark eyes flashed.

"This hand gripe makes thy daughter a queen, my son a king!" he said exultingly, and taking up his cap he prepared to leave the room.

"My lord," said Suffolk, following him and laying a detaining hand on his arm, "my daughter's title may not be deemed perfect with the people."

"Success will make it so!" replied the duke, throwing the cap on his head, and giving a haughty shake to the black plumes.

"But the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth?" interposed the duke.

"Both repudiated by bluff King Harry. The one a Papist, the other doubtful; besides, the Tower is strong, and royal prisoners have slept in it before now!"

"Ay, and slept deeply!" thought Suffolk. Though his cautious and slow nature was not easily aroused to ambitious aims, it became impetuous when once fairly enkindled; and the king's illness had served to concentrate Suffolk's energies and excite his intellect.

"My lord," he said, "in King Henry's time, if I remember aright, Parliament gave the reigning sovereign power to devise the crown to those of his kin whom he might deem best adapted for the trust. If Henry possessed that prerogative, falls it not also to his son?"

"In truth does it," said Northumberland.

"You, as his guardian, have great control over the young king!"

Northumberland's answer was a haughty smile.

Suffolk tightened the grasp he had fixed on his arm—"What if Edward, supposing him in extremities, strengthen my daughter's claim before the people by a will bequeathing her the crown, which otherwise might be contested by the Papist princess?"

"A timely and wise measure," cried Northumberland, with rising exultation. "This thought secures a kingdom to yours and mine, noble Suffolk. Now

I will to the king, and cast the first seed that is to bring forth so rich a harvest."

With these animated words, Northumberland went through the arched door, stooping, that his lofty plumes might pass unbroken.

Edward had made a great effort to gather up his strength, that he might receive his guardian without betraying the state of physical suffering under which he labored. When Northumberland entered the youth arose, according to previous custom, and went forward to meet him, with a mien and step that was only rendered firm by a resolute will conquering bodily weakness; but this seeming health gave reality to the expression of solicitude which the haughty duke had found it difficult to assume entirely before entering the chamber. The firm carriage, the sparkling eye bent upon him with the expression of a wounded falcon, but to which the mellow and dim light left only an animated brilliancy, completely deceived the duke, and instead of condolence he began to congratulate the king upon his swift recovery.

"So Arthur has been striving to frighten you also!" said the youth, with a faint smile. "It was nothing, my lord—a slight turn of the old disease—be seated, and, if it so please you, finding ourself in the mood this morning, we sent to learn if aught in the state affairs requires our attendance."

Edward resumed his chair as he spoke, for his limbs began to tremble, and it was with an effort he spoke clearly even these few words.

Northumberland also sat down, lost in astonishment. It was the first time that his ward had ever, of his own will, lent his attention to affairs of government. The duke was both startled and pleased by it; startled, because it threatened a future check to his own boundless authority, and pleased, inasmuch as it gave him an opportunity to reconcile the youth to the matrimonial project which had just ripened between him and the Duke of Suffolk. A project which his keen observation had convinced him would be distasteful to the young monarch. He was pondering over the best means of introducing the subject, when Edward opened it himself, hastily, and with a sort of painful energy.

"I should thank you, my lord duke, for the prompt and kind attentions paid to our fair cousin her Grace of Suffolk and the Lady Jane. Before we in our laggard courtesy thought to give any commands for their proper entertainment, all had been arranged by your grace.

"I trust you have never found Northumberland unmindful of the respect due the kin of his sovereign!" said the Protector blandly. "And now," he added, after a brief pause, "there may arise reasons, state-reasons, which make it sound policy that a closer bond should be drawn around a fair kinswoman of your highness and the family of your guardian."

"I understand!" said Edward, speaking very quick and huskily. "You speak of an alliance between Lord Guilford and the Lady Jane."

"Has the impatient boy then been foremost with me in his confidence?" exclaimed the duke with surprise.

"Lord Guilford has kept his secret and yours," replied Edward, with an effort to keep up his waning strength, "still it is not strange that we should desire to draw the two persons nearest us in age and in love into that union which is the most beautiful and holy under heaven."

"Your highness—I scarcely expected these sentiments—they take me by surprise," exclaimed the wily duke, hoping to make a merit with the young monarch in granting that which he had come purposely to propose; "remember, my dear and noble ward, the parties are both very young yet."

"Old enough to love and to suffer," said the king, while a faint smile wavered over his lips. "My lord, gainsay us not in this. We seldom claim the authority which, even as a minor, might be assumed without presumption, but in this, the first wish of our heart, we must not be thwarted."

Northumberland still seemed to hesitate, and though inly filled with exultation, his answer was constrained and cold.

"My liege," he said, "to your commands, when thus urged, I may not withhold obedience, still, if it should so chance that this union give rise to opposition from his Grace of Suffolk—who is so much influenced by his daughter that he might shrink from urging her inclinations in favor of my son—"

"Shrink from urging her inclination!" exclaimed the king, almost with a cry, while his pale face was deluged with crimson. "Think you this possible—think you there is a doubt—"

Here some thought seized him, like a pang; he fell back with a blush still hot upon his temples, and shrinking from the keen and surprised glance fastened on him by the duke.

"Nay, I but spoke of a possibility," replied Northumberland, and his voice sounded strangely cold after the agonizing tones of the excited youth, while there was something about his eyes and mouth which satisfied the sensitive monarch that his secret at least was guessed at.

Edward resumed his mild and dignified manner so readily that the duke began to doubt if he had guessed aright.

"We will confer with his Grace of Suffolk ourself," said the youth.

But Northumberland took the alarm instantly; he knew that if Suffolk obtained an opportunity of reading the king's heart as he had done, his hopes once fixed upon the throne would never sink back to a union with the new house of Dudley, which had been built up almost in a single reign.

"My liege," he said, drawing close to Edward's chair, "your gracious will has been spoken, and it shall go hard if Northumberland finds not speedy means for its accomplishment without troubling you further."

"Do so, my kind guardian!" said the king faintly, for his strength was fast yielding, "but let there be no delay."

"To-morrow, so urgently will I press the matter," said Northumberland rising, "to-morrow all shall be settled." And bowing his haughty knee, the duke

pressed his lips to the slender hand extended to him, and went forth.

The moment he was alone, Edward flung his clasped hands wildly upward, and staggering toward the bed fell on his face, striving to stifle the outcry of a broken heart amid the glowing drapery.

Three weeks went by, and every morning as the sun poured warmth and cheerfulness over merry England, its young monarch bowed his anointed brow and prayed for strength to endure yet a little longer.

And all this was in mournful contrast with the rosy joys that had fallen on the path of Guilford Dudley and his betrothed. The little shadow that had crept over the first days of their reunion was swept away. Were they not betrothed by the king's desire—was he not urgent that no event should render more distant the time of their union? True, he seldom mingled with the court, but when he did appear, every one remarked the unusual brilliancy of his eyes, and that his cheek burned with a richer scarlet than had been witnessed there in the season of his most robust health. He seemed rather to avoid the Lady Jane, but when they did meet the tranquillity of his nature always gave way on the side of gayety. During the three weeks that followed the betrothal, many persons heard the wild and silvery laugh of their king, who had never seen his most joyous mirth rise above a smile before. When the Lady Jane heard these sounds she would turn smilingly to Lord Dudley and whisper,

"Said I not that you should chide me for that vain presumption? See how happy the king is!"

And Dudley, as he gazed after the young monarch with eyes filled with more than a brother's love, would answer,

"I thank God that we were mistaken, sweet one, and that Dudley is permitted to worship his king and his lady without check."

Northumberland, as he marked the strange excitement of this more than Spartan boy, knew that he was dying inch by inch, with the vulture's beak in his heart, but he only grew thoughtful and muttered inly, "The feet of our children have almost reached the throne;" while Suffolk smiled at his own delusion in supposing for one instant that his daughter had touched the heart of the royal youth, who never seemed to shine forth in his true brilliancy of character till she was betrothed to another.

At length came the day of bridal; and there, beneath the vaulted roof of St. Paul's, with the assembled nobility of England standing by, those two fresh-hearted and happy young creatures were married. The dim aisles of the cathedral, around the massive pillars, and even in the niches where marble saints had been, were crowded with the lords and peeresses of England. The dusky atmosphere was rich with the hue of their gorgeous vestments, and broken by snow-white plumes swaying together in fleecy masses, or waving in graceful tufts, like sea-foam tossed to and fro on the ocean. A kingdom's wealth in jewels flashed out from the crowd, till the holy air grew luminous with their brightness; while overhead, among the fretted arches, hung a sheet of cold

light, brooding over the gorgeous array beneath, pure and calm, as if it had rested there for centuries undisturbed by a single breath of humanity. Close by the altar, very pale, and with lips that gave no sign of anguish, save by their whiteness; with eyes brilliant and clear as an eagle's when he looks on the sun in his death throes, stood the young monarch of England. On one hand was the Lord Protector, arrayed with more than regal splendor, with the lords of his council sweeping a close and magnificent band around one side of the altar, while Suffolk, with all those linked by their high blood to the royalty of England, encompassed it on the other side. Within the embrace of this royal crescent, on a platform, reached by four broad steps of black marble, lay two crimson hassocks, whose bullion fringes swept far over the polished stone, and on these hassocks knelt the Lady Jane Grey and her bridegroom. Her robe of silver brocade swept down the black altar steps, like a snow-drift crusted with broken ice. A cloud of transparent lace fell around her, shedding a softness that was almost angelic over her modest beauty, which it but half revealed. A few murmured words, which thrilled beneath the bridal veil like melody in a summer cloud, a benediction, and the young pair stood up. A storm of music burst through the vast cathedral, rolling and surging to the fretted roof and through the arched windows, till the populace without caught up the melody and answered it with a shout that rent the heavens—the Tower sent forth the thunders of its artillery—and all these sounds came crashing like reverberated thunder around the young pair while they stood with linked hands upon the last step of the altar. There young Edward met them. A beautiful enthusiasm was on his face, like that which lighted up the martyr Christians of old as they went to the death pyre. The young couple sunk upon their knees before their sovereign. One of those sweet, mournful smiles, that touch the heart with a deeper sadness than tears, lighted his face as he put back the bridal veil gently with his hand and pressed his lips to the forehead of the bride. As his kiss touched her forehead, the Lady Jane felt her heart grow cold; she looked up, the color that had glowed through her veil, as if a rose had been hidden in its folds, died away, and she stood heart-stricken and trembling by the side of her husband. The expression of those eyes—that sad, patient smile—the quiver of those cold lips, had revealed all the greatness, all the suffering of that noble youth.

As Edward surrendered his hand to Lord Dudley, the touch of his warm lips seemed to sting him. He was so beautiful—that young husband—so blooming in his happiness—so full of rosy health, that an angel might almost have envied him. Edward was but human, and as his eyes fell upon the bride he shrank from the bliss of the bridegroom.

Then Suffolk drew near, and then came Northumberland with his haughty crest to mingle with the group—and the angel of death, as he looked down upon the altar, smiled to think of the feast that proud man had prepared for him.

Six weeks after the union of Guilford Dudley and Jane Grey, King Edward was in his chamber alone, and sitting in his easy chair by the window; but oh the mournful change that had come over him! His cheeks were hollow, and a blood-red spot burned in the centre; his lips had lost their fullness, and those mournful eyes seemed to be enlarged by suffering, and to have cast their shadow down upon the cheek. Now and then his chest was racked by a cough till drops of pain started to his forehead. He had just recovered from one of these coughing fits, and lay back in his chair with closed eyes and parted lips, when a noise in the room disturbed him.

"Is it you, Arthur?" he inquired, in a faint voice, "come help me to the bed, I am so weary!"

"It is not Arthur, my liege, but your guardian," said the Duke of Northumberland in a low voice.

Edward opened his eyes with a start, and saw that the duke was leaning on the back of his chair.

"Ah, your grace, I crave pardon; but you see how weary I am, ask me not, I beseech you, to talk of state affairs now." And the poor invalid cast a longing look at the bed.

"Nay, I will not urge your highness, but a messenger from Zion House has just arrived, and I thought perchance you would like to hear from Lord Guilford and the Lady Jane."

"I should like to hear from them," said the invalid with difficulty, for a choking sensation in his throat, and the tears that rushed to his eyes, rendered articulation painful—"Are they well—and—and happy?"

"Well, my liege, and happy as loving subjects can be when their sovereign suffers," said Northumberland.

Edward struggled to suppress a sob that was forcing itself to his lips, and the tears gushed afresh through his closed eyelashes.

"They know how ill I am, then?" he said, at length. "It was wrong to disturb their happiness with evil tidings; but the next shall be more cheerful."

Northumberland hesitated, even his ruthless heart shrunk from tearing away the hopes of recovery which these words seemed to imply, but he had an object to gain, and nerved himself to speak.

"My liege, your physician has just been called before the council, and it grieves me to say—"

"Let it not grieve you," said the king, mildly interrupting him, "let no one in England grieve that the boy, who has only borne the name of king, should droop and die beneath the pressure of a crown before he feels its full weight upon his forehead. I do not expect to live, nor hope it, therefore grieve not while telling me of that which my physician has informed the council. In a few days the throne will be vacant, the crown empty! Said he not thus?"

"Alas! my liege, he did."

"And the council," resumed Edward, with a faint smile, "have some fear that the Lady Mary may be less easily controlled than the minor king?"

"Alas! my lord, they have a deeper fear than this. Should the succession rest with the Lady Mary, they tremble lest England be once more given up to the Papist—to fire and sword, and such persecution as it

has never yet seen. They tremble for your subjects—for the religion built up by your glorious father—Mary Tudor would be Queen of the Catholics, not of the English! Heaven forbid that the curse of her authority ever fall upon our poor land!"

A look of perplexity and sorrow came over the king's face. "Alas!" he said, clasping his thin hands, "how can I prevent this evil!"

"As your great father would have prevented it," said Northumberland gently.

"And how would that have been, my lord?"

"Did he not thrust aside this Papist princess—who has ever been more Spanish than English—and the daughter of Anna Boleyn—did he not cast them both from the regality of England, and make the issue of his third marriage sovereign of the realm, thereby pronouncing both these princesses unfit to reign? Did not Parliament grant to him the power of choosing his successor—and rests not the same power yet with your majesty?"

"Does it so rest?" said Edward thoughtfully.

"To choose either the Lady Mary or Elizabeth," continued Northumberland, "is to cast reproach upon your father, who himself pronounced them illegitimate—nay, it is doubtful if the people would receive either of these princesses for their sovereign, even if their claims were sanctioned by your bequest of the crown."

"My lord," said the king thoughtfully, and pressing a hand to his forehead, "I have scarcely strength to think of these important matters now. Heaven forgive me the unfilial thought, but in my stronger moments it has sometimes appeared that my royal father was too hasty in his measures against my elder sisters."

"He was a wise prince, my lord, and studied the welfare of his kingdom, even at the sacrifice of more tender feelings—his son can find no safer course than that marked out by the keen foresight of so illustrious a king."

"It were arrogant and unfilial to think otherwise," said the king wearily, and panting for breath, "but who comes next in succession were Mary and Elizabeth put aside? Ah, I remember, the Duchess of Suffolk."

The duke hesitated, for his whole fabric of ambitious hopes rested on the manner with which his next word should be received, and Edward had named the duchess in the slow and weary tones of one who wished to terminate a conversation that was becoming irksome.

"But the duchess, by advice of the council, and in consideration of her daughter's superior qualifications, readily gives place to the Lady Jane Grey." The duke scarcely spoke above his breath, and his voice faltered, so intense was his anxiety.

Edward had closed his eyes and scarcely seemed to listen, but as the last words fell on his ear he started forward in his chair, the color sprang to his cheeks, and his eyes burned with a more intense blue.

"The Lady Jane Grey! *can* I give my kingdom—my crown to her—honorably, legally? *To her!* oh my lord, you mock me—since I was a child this has

been my dream—I never yet cast my eyes on that beautiful brow but it was with a thought of some future time when the diadem of England should circle it—my dream, my dream, and shall it come to pass, shall my death accomplish the great hope of my life—oh this is worth dying for!"

A wild joy beamed in his face, his head moved gently to and fro against its purple cushion, and his clasped hands trembled like aspens.

"My lord, my liege!" exclaimed Northumberland anxiously.

"Ah, I had forgotten you, my lord duke," cried the youth, starting up with wild strength; "she shall be queen—see how the joy of this thought chokes me!" A glorious smile broke over his face, he gasped for breath, wavered, and would have fallen, but Northumberland caught him in his powerful arms and bore him to the bed. Terrified beyond measure, the duke stamped his foot upon the floor, and when the boy, Arthur, obeyed the summons, he would have left to go himself in search of the physician, but Edward held his surcoat with a feeble grasp, and while that glorious smile brightened on his face, whispered—

"To the council—I shall not die till the bequest is signed; be quick and prepare the papers!"

Northumberland was eager to obey him, for he dreaded lest this terrible excitement should quench the spark of life quivering in that generous bosom, before it had signed away a kingdom. But that pale hand was still clenched on his surcoat.

"Send to Zion House! send for her—for the Queen of England—I would see the crown upon her forehead and then die."

"I will, I will; a messenger shall depart at once," cried Northumberland, and he went forth in great haste.

"She will not reject the king's legacy," murmured Edward, pressing his clasped hands over his eyes—"ah I had not hoped to be so happy in dying, to have left so bright a memory in her heart. Arthur—Arthur, come hither. What! tears, and your master so happy? Lay your hand on my forehead, do you feel the temples throb? Every pulse is a joy. See, Arthur, I shall bequeath you also to the queen; you shall be her page—and sometimes when you are alone, my Arthur, tell her of the master who loved her with a love stronger than death; pure as the heaven where his mother waits for him. Ah, wipe the drops from my forehead, child; hush, do not sob so loud; softly, how softly the rain falls, it makes me sleepy. Hush, hush, do not breathe—" and the dying youth sunk to sleep, fancying that the tear-drops raining from the eyes of his faithful page was the summer rain, whose melody was hushing him to rest.

At midnight a glare of lights awoke the dying youth. The members of his council, with Northumberland at their head, stood around his couch. The duke had a roll of parchment in his hand.

"Is it ready?" said the king, with a smile; "I have been waiting for it," and rising up in bed the dying youth took the pen from the chancellor, and spreading the parchment on his pillow, signed his name with a hand that only shook after the signature was written.

As he lay down, a smile glowed upon his lips and his eyes grew more and more brilliant as the councillors drew a table near the bed, and proceeded to affix the great seal of England to the will.

"Now," said Edward in a faint whisper, "bring the crown, that these hands may place it on her head before they grow cold."

Northumberland went out and returned, bearing the regalia of England on a crimson cushion. He lifted the hangings of golden damask and placed the cushion above the pillow on which the dying king rested. The light flashed over the tiara and flung a halo around that pale head. The smile grew brighter on his face; his lips moved, and as his eyes were turned on the glittering crown a mist crept over them, the broad lids fell softly together, and then, deluged by the rainbow glory of the crown he had just bequeathed, Edward the Sixth slept forever.

At daylight the next morning a barge, richly cushioned and gay with silken streamers, swept down the Thames and drew up at the Tower steps. A gentleman and lady, in the first bloom of youth, stepped forth from the barge, and moving by the sentinels, walked quickly toward the royal apartments. Every thing was in confusion; pages hurried to and fro without object, and every face that the new comers looked upon was clouded with gloom. The young couple moved forward unquestioned, till they reached the royal bed-chamber, and here they found a sentinel at the threshold.

"The duke, your father, is within," he said, opening the door, and they entered the darkened chamber. A hasty show of mourning had been commenced in the room; draperies of black velvet muffled the windows and were flung over the golden damask around the bed. The gorgeous counterpane was still upon the couch, and through the masses of black velvet flashed the crown, like the sun when a storm cloud rolls back from its disk. Tall wax lights stood at the four bed-posts, and there, shrouded in the mingled gloom and splendor, hastily flung together, lay the pale and beautiful dead, and around him were still gathered in solemn stillness the lords of the council. Breathless with awe and with linked hands the youthful pair approached the bed. Northumberland turned his eyes that way; his proud features kindled up, and turning to his council he exclaimed—

"Lords and gentlemen, behold your queen!"

The Lady Jane Grey turned pale as death and clung to her husband, overwhelmed with terror, while every haughty knee present was bowed before her. Surprise and emotion kept her speechless, and while her bridegroom was supporting her with his arm, the crown was lifted from its cushion and brought toward her; she waved it away with one hand, and clung breathlessly to her husband with the other, but before her white lips could syllable a word, the diadem descended on her head, a murmur of "Long live Queen Jane!" swelled through the room, and there in the presence of death, that young creature was crowned for the scaffold.

THE END.

EMBLEMS.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

NO. I. DEDICATORY.

TO LAIDA.

AN offering for thee, darling!
An offering from that art
Which thou so often hast inspired,
Young Idol of my heart!

Within an olden forest
I saw two children play
Among the sweet wild leaves and flowers,
As wild and sweet as they.
The girl, whose peerless beauty
Recalled thine own, with plies
Of sunny hair, wound carelessly,
And fathomless dark eyes.

The boy with noble features,
Filled with mysterious light,
Mingling with shadowy sadness there
Like stars and mist at night.
And ever o'er his forehead
Swept thoughts in endless strife,
As he watched each glance and tone of hers,
As though it were his life.

Sorrow and bliss and passion
Were there together wove;
There, hate and anger and contempt
Struggled with perfect love.
And in his hands were flowers,
Culled in the forest free,
The brightest sung to by the birds,
Or tasted by the bee.

At last one smile she gave him,
Sunny and kind and sweet;
And the proud boy flung himself and flowers
Together at her feet.
And now to thee, my idol!
From whom no thought can rove,
I come to offer up those flowers,
Which GENIUS gave to LOVE!

NO. II.

REASON AND PASSION.

I saw in my dream a bright partèrre,
With flowers like hopes, as frail and fair,
With yew-shades, cold and as dark as doubt,
And founts, like bright thoughts, sparkling about.
There was a boy with a still, blue eye,
'Neath a forehead cold and calm and high,
And sunny tresses heedfully kept,
And looks where thoughtfulness ever slept.

But his beautiful brother had raven hair,
Tost to the winds—and a reckless air.
And large eyes filled with darkness and light,
Like lightning and clouds on a midsummer's night.
They quarreled—the garden was claimed by each.
The youngest was wild and fierce of speech;

While calmness dwelt in the eyes of blue.
But when *he* would have argued, the other *slewe!*

He saw the red blood and he shook with fears,
And the fires of his rage were quenched in tears.
And he learned to look on himself with hate,
Despairing, and careless and desolate.
The yew-shades spread, but the founts ran dry,
Like bright thoughts choked by a memory.
The hot winds shook the flowers from the stem,
And the sensual swine uprooted them.

The HEART of Man is that bright partèrre,
REASON and PASSION the brothers there.
'T is a fearful thing for their garden-home,
When they struggle, and Reason is overcome!

NO. III.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

His face was beautiful, but wore
So sad a seeming, so aghast:
As if upon His brow He bore
The gathered griefs of all the Past.
He came beside the festive board,
When laughter rung and wine was filled,
And hearts with golden joys were stored—
They saw His features and were stilled.

He sat him by the student's side,
Whose cup of fame foamed o'er the brim—
Whose thin cheeks glowed with smiles of pride—
They faded when he looked on *Him!*
Mid happy children-groups He came,
And bowers which Beauty queened it o'er:
But yet his features wore the same
Still, speechless sadness as before.

On one good man he gazed awhile,
And o'er his face a light there fell,
Which gave each lineament a smile
Of beauty most ineffable.
And steadfast as I watched, I knew,
And prayed it for my parting breath—
The holy LIGHT of FAITH, which threw
A smile upon the face of DEATH!

NO. IV.

PASSION WATCHING THE DEATH OF HOPE.

Upon a bed of roses which had withered on the stem,
A form of angel beauty lay, about to fade like them.
Pale, stricken, and emaciate, but exquisitely fair,
A happy smile was on her face—she knew not death was there.

But merry words, and song, and jest, flowed forth in mingled tide,
From tireless lips that strove to calm a form that stood beside.
It seemed like fresh and blasted fruit upon the self same bough,
The genius and the anguish blent upon his splendid brow.

And, as he watched, the light came back and filled her large dark eye;
 And cheek and lip grew roseate as a summer sunset's sky.
 Then, with a cry of wild delight, he bowed him o'er the bed;
 But ere their lips might meet—his own, his worshiped one was dead.

Those withered roses were the wrecks of wasted sunny days;
 And never may my heart forget that scene which filled its gaze,
 For earth has no such wretchedness, in misery's widest scope,
 As that where PASSION writhed and wept to see the death of HOPE!

NO. V.

FAITH, HOPE AND ENERGY.

Despair thou not! droop not thy wing,
 However dark thy fortunes are;
 Beyond the desert is a spring,
 Behind the cloud a star!

The time must come for all to fail;
 Tie after tie breaks fast apart;
 The oil consumes; the lights grow pale;
 The ice forms round the heart.

But *then* despair thou not! But keep
 A steadfast soul—on thee shall stream
 The light that God hath given in sleep,
 The teachings of a dream.

There, Death and Health appeared to me
 To struggle for a noble form,
 Too young, too beautiful, to be
 The birthright of the worm.

But Death was winning! On the arched,
 High brow great agony was shown;
 And from the pale lips, fever-parched,
 Broke the half-stifled moan.

When lo! two beings toward him trod,
 Whose look told innocence of sin:
 With woman-forms—those forms which God
 Hides angel-spirits in.

They laved the fever from his brow,
 They chafed the numbed limb free from pain.

And Health beheld her roseate flow
 Exulting in each vein.

And, till the eternal portals ope,
 That dream shall never fade from me—
 Those angel sisters, FAITH and HOPE,
 Nursing young ENERGY!

NO. VI.

GENIUS AND POVERTY.

A youth, in springtime of his age,
 Bent, to increase his store
 Of knowledge, o'er an olden page
 Most eloquent of yore.

And on his face a light was cast,
 Of brilliant thought and prayer,
 Bright as if angels had gone past
 And left their glory there.

And One, with haggard, livid skin,
 Shrunken lip and gasping throat,
 Emaciate and stern—came in,
 And taunted him and smote.

Fiercely the student's eye flashed light;
 They clutched, and battled then
 With savage and appalling might,
 Like tigers in a den.

Heaven! 't was a fearful thing to see
 The passions struggling there:
 The pride which strove for mastery—
 Thy greater strength, Despair!

A *Third* had watched the strife, and laughed
 With strange and chilling mirth.
 But sudden launched a quivering shaft,
 And struck them both to earth.

Then bent him o'er the youth's pale clay,
 And blood that poured like wine—
 And shouted, "Battle as ye may,
 Ye all, all must be mine!"

That scene, which I but saw in thought,
 Hath oft in life been done—
 Where POVERTY and GENIUS fought,
 But DEATH—the mighty—won!

TO A LADY SINGING.

BY G. HILL.

BREATHE not again that early strain!
 It should be left on earth to die,
 Nor wake, till met by tones like thine,
 In worlds without a tear or sigh.
 Breathe it—till there we meet—no more!
 Too much of bliss, intense but brief,
 Its notes recall, for me to hear
 Or thee to speak them, but with grief.

But from the willow take the harp,
 The mourner's harp, long mute, of old,
 Whereon the captive bard his tale
 Of pride and power departed told.
 Our hearts are like the autumn bowers,
 Whose bloom is sere, whose spring-bird flown;
 Our song should be as lone and sad
 As winds of night that through them moan.

MONOLOGUES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—NO. III.

BY A COSMOPOLITE.

How glorious, above all earthly glory, are the faculty and mission of the Poet! His are the flaming thoughts that pierce the veil of heaven—his are the feelings, which on the wings of rapture sweep over the abyss of ages. The star of his being is a splendor of the world.

The Poet's state and attributes are half divine. The breezes of gladness are the heralds of his approach; the glimpse of his coming is as the flash of the dawn. The hues of Conquest flush his brow: the anger of triumph is in his eyes. The secret of Creation is with him; the mystery of the Immortal is amongst his treasures. The doom of unending sovereignty is upon his nature. The meditations of his mind are Angels, and their issuing forth is with the strength of Eternity. The talisman of his speech is the sceptre of the free. The decrees of a dominion whose sway is over spirits, and whose continuance is to everlasting, go out from before him; and that ethereal essence, which is the untameable in man—which is the liberty of the Infinite within the bondage of life—is obedient to them. His phrases are the forms of Power: his syllables are agencies of Joy.

With men in his sympathies, that he may be above them in his influence, his nature is the jewel-clasp that binds Humanity to Heaven. It mediates between the earthly and celestial: in the vigor of his production, divinity becomes substantial; in the sublimity of his apprehensions, the material loses itself into spirit. It is his to drag forth the eternal from our mortal form of being—to tear the Infinite into our bounden state of action. What conqueror has troops like his?—the spirit-forces of Language—those subtleslaves of Mind, those impetuous masters of the Passions—whose mysterious substance who can comprehend—whose mighty operation what can combat? Evolved, none knoweth how, within the curtained chambers of existence—half-physical, half-ideal, and finer than all the agencies of Time—linked together by spells, which are the spontaneous magic of genius, which he that can use, never understands—the weird hosts of words fly forth, silently, with silver wings, to win resistlessly against the obstacles of Days, and Distance, and Destruction, to fetter nations in the viewless chains of admiration, and be, in the ever-presence of their all-vitality, the immortal portion of their author's being. Say what we will of the *real* character of the strifes of war, and policy, and wealth, the accents of the singer are the true acts of the race. What prince, in the secret places of his alliance, uses such delights as his? Passing through the life of the actual, with its transitory blisses, its deciduous hopes, its quickly waning fires, his interests dwell only in

the deep consciousness of the soul and mind, to which belong undecaying raptures, and the tone of a godlike force. Within that glowing universe of Sentiment and Fancy, which he generates from his own strenuous and teeming spirit, he is visited by immortal forms, whose motions torment the heart with ecstasy—whose vesture is of light—whose society is a fragrance of all the blossoms of Hope. To him the true approaches in the radiant garments of the Beautiful; the Good unveils to him the princely splendors of her native lineaments, and is seen to be Pleasure. His soul lies strewn upon its flowery desires, while, from the fountains of ideal loveliness, flows softly over him the rich, warm luxury of the Fancy's passion. His Joys are Powers; and it is the blessedness of his condition that Triumph to him is prepared not by toil but by indulgence. Begotten by the creative might of rapture, and beaming with the strength of the delight of their conception, the shapes of his imagination come forth in splendor, and he fascinates the world with his felicities.

Art is greater than Science; for to create is more than to know. In science, we explore the harmony and order of things in their relations to a centre infinitely from them and us: by Art, we compel, through the transmuting ardors of our moral being, things to assume a new order and harmony in relation to ourselves as a centre. The natural sciences are God's fine arts; the fine arts, as we know them, are the manifestations and monuments of man's divinity.

The scientific faculty is the pure Intellect: artistic energy lies in the conjunction of the Passions and Intellect. Intellect, warmed, animated and urged by the interfused fire of the Passions—Passion, illuminated, informed, and guided by the pervasive light of Intellect—is the creative faculty or force in man. Material instinct, raised and rarified by thought, is the ideal. In the race and in the individual, the era of art is at the commencement of the middle period of existence; for then the passions and the intellect are in the due degree of equipoise.

True Science, then, consists in a subjection of the mind to the forms actually existing in the outer world: Art is the subjecting of the substance of outward things to the forms pre-existing in the mind. Art, therefore, through all its multiform illustrations, is of two parts; the natural substance and the imparted form: the vital union of the two is Beauty in some department of æsthetics. In sculpture, painting, music and poetry, the material is the stone, the color, the sound, and the language; the form is the soul's conception of the fair or great: their combination

constitutes all the immortalities of Phidias and Raphael, of Mozart and of Milton.

Wherever you have a substance capable of being made subject to the forms which feeling paints upon the understanding, you have scope for a fine-art. The life of a man, then, is the greatest of the Fine Arts. The stuff that it is wrought of, is the condition, acts, and circumstances of humanity. The instinctive efforts of each person to cut or mould these into shapes conceived by his own Ambition, Vanity, or Love of Pleasure, give us a work of art; sometimes magnificent, and sometimes ridiculous; brilliant or burlesque; fine or fantastic; wonderful or worthless; in most cases a simple failure; in the greatest instances, a melancholy torso.

The current of Things flows ever on toward the throne of God: man's being is an element cast in to take or make its fate: the man of perceptions, who is the philosopher, arranges his feelings according to the laws which he sees established, and floats with the stream: the man of passions, who is the actor-artist, sets his nature traverse to the course of events, endeavoring to soothe or storm them to his will. This poetry of action, this architecture in history, demand a front and force almost divine; for, the particles of social life are kept in form by a magnetism whose axis is the sceptre of the heavens; to overcome and change that order, the soul of man must be intensely charged with power. Nature, more than our will, sets us on this desperate enterprize; for at a certain period of existence, Imagination, winged by emotion, assumes a kind of personality distinct from ourselves, and whirls us headlong into the lists. For my own part, I have not become content to trifle with the airy essences of thoughts and words, without having first fought with the rougher substances of Life, and exhausted in that contest the last contingents of Hope. But I have no instructions to impart respecting this life-craft. I understand it not: it is to me a mystery and a puzzle. My observation has shown the many courses that are fatal; none that are wise. It is to me an inextricable tangle of contradictory principles and conflicting purposes; a system, of which different parts seem to be under the jurisdiction of distinct and jealous deities—the constitution of man being planned upon one design, its development being directed by another, and the end and result of the whole being regulated by a third law thwarting both—as also the wise fabling of the ancients showed in the fiction of the three Fates; a scheme, in which success and failure are but different modes of punishment, and good and evil but varied methods of arriving at it—in which nothing is certain but the suffering of man. For myself, the glory of my life has proved its bitter perplexity: when I touched the glittering prize it exploded with ruin and amazement. How gorgeous was that conflagration of the Feelings, which in youth wrapped the battlements of life in splendor, to leave them in ashes! How wild, that swelling strength that then sprang forth in insolence of power, to win the terrible defeats of victory, and reap that cureless disappointment which lies in the success of the passions. Never to have tasted Joy, is a privation; to

have commanded all its resources, is the saddest of human calamities. The failures of Love are bitter; but triumph is the most hopeless of them. A stout mind endures repulse, and even is strengthened by it; but from the moral overthrow of boundless gratification, there is no re-action. *Talis frangit fortia corda dolor.* The pleasure-tides of Hope have ebbed away, and return to me no more: thrown high upon the beach, I lie amid the wrecks and rubbish of old and ruined schemes. From the profession of life-artist, therefore, I have retired, having totally failed in it. But, alas! it will not give up its liens upon me. By the keen enjoyments of earlier being, I have provoked the animosities of Pain, which seems, with mad resentment, to take its revenge on a nature which had defied it, by stinging it through madness into insensibility—and have accumulated upon the hours of thought, an agony beneath whose weight the darkened mind reels. The passions need no scourgings but their own. Intense delights, even of the purest kind, seem to be a kind of sin against the moderation of nature; and the recollection of them is a species of Remorse, which, like a deadly arrow from the quiver of the great hunter, Nemesis, drinks from the side of its victim, drop by drop, the streams of life. From the delirium of that passionate influence which maddens, to emasculate, we wake in weakness and anguish; and can only utter the wild hopeless cry of Atys—“*Jam, jam dolet quod egi, jam, jamque penitet!*” My day, then, being ended, let me creep into the cave of Death, and lie snugly housed there, while the flying troops of Existence sweep to and fro over my head.

But thought survives, when the Passions have been slain; and from its depths, creations divinely delicate, yet dauntless in endurance, may still be made to give themselves forth. Those exquisite porcelain moulds of poetic fancy, which, when pressed upon the rude matter of actual life, were shattered into fragments, may here impart their loveliness of form to essences as fine as light. The pride that was lost by Action, may be recovered in Art.

Literary art is the chief subject of our present concern; let us understand its nature and development. Æsthetic power, I have said, consists in a certain harmony and conjoint action of the affective faculties with the intellectual: but this union constitutes the Sentiments, which, therefore, are the creative elements in our nature. Phrenology recognizes this triple division of our mental organization; assigning the passions to the rear and base of the brain, the intellect to the forehead, and the sentiments to the central parts between them: and beyond this grouping, the classifications of that science are hardly to be relied on. Sympathy with the merely physical emotions may so predominate in a literary work, that it shall not rise to the character of art at all.* On the other hand, the reaction of the intellectual element may be so strong, that the production passes quite out

* To this class, I refer the writings of Dickens, Sue, &c. Their power over every one that reads them, is intense and irresistible; but it is impossible to treat them as works of art. Who ever admired an execution? Who but is fearfully interested by one?

of the region of genuine art, into the thinner air of metaphysics: it is in the due proportion of the two, that the perfectness of art consists. The mistake of approving the former of these conditions, is not common or lasting: the imposture, indeed, could never take effect, but in an age when the mob are the arbiters of reputation; who, imagining that they are raised to the level of literature, when in truth literature is let down to their level, are of course delighted with productions which they know how to appreciate. But the latter evil, as an error in opinion, and a fault in practice, is in modern times nearly universal; and in view of this, it can hardly be too often or too strongly insisted, that the sensuous quality is the true and peculiar characteristic of art. According to my view of it, art is nothing else than an intellectual image of passion: it is passion, so far abstracted, as, without parting from its own essence, to assume a mental form; or, it is a rational conception made concrete and palpable in something which addresses itself to that part of our nature which is not purely intellectual. It is a creation; and the affective energies, whether for re-production or for new production, are the creative in man, the others having capacity of perception, selection, and repression, not of generation:—it is a thing of power; and the more physical qualities being the more sympathetic, must enter into every thing which is to have power over men:—it is not notional like science, but is substantial, and must be wrought of those constituents which are the most material in our intelligent nature.

We see from this, how large a part the consideration of Language must have in our conceptions of Art. It is no part of science; it is of the essence of art—it is its hypostasis. Science is the separate action of the intellect, which is merely analytic. Art is the heroic offspring which is engendered when the divinity of mind embraces with the human voluptuousness of passion: it is the magnetic energy that is evolved when intellect and feeling re-act on one another in all the power of their mystic co-relation. The first and most natural shape in which artistic action within man's nature gives itself forth, is gesture and motion, which, therefore, might be called the earliest and simplest of the fine arts. Sound, likewise, is a natural menstruum of artistic spirit. When the constructive instinct predominates among the feelings, Architecture is the form in which Beauty is born of the marriage of the mental with the material. Language is the highest and most general of all the modes of utterance. In its first and true nature, it is less an expression than an emanation—a natural effect of this dynamic condition of the faculties—a gesture, as it were, produced by the struggle of instinct and intelligence, and propagated through the organs of speech. As passion predominates in that state of relation between the different parts of our being from which language proceeds, it is obvious that the language will be picturesque and musical in its character, concrete and definite, material, a-glow with sensuous life: as intellect gains head in the combination, and language grows to be less the spontaneous overflow of emotion than the ductile expression of the thoughts, it becomes

abstract, speculative, thin and dry. In the *language* of the poet, then, you read the degrees in which the affective and the intellectual, respectively, have contributed to his work; in other words, the degree in which his work is truly Art. The censure of language is, therefore, a criticism upon the genius: when you judge the style, you are analyzing the mind. Language is the clothing of science, it is the organization of art: it serves the former for intercourse with the world, it is the life and being of the other.

The sentiments, blended of passion and intelligence, the true seat of creative vigor, have, in like manner, a triple division; they are the moral, the spiritual, and the merely natural; so distinct from one another as almost to be opposed; in the development of all which consists the civility of the race. In the great work of effecting this civility, the task of educating the moral sentiments was assigned to the Romans; of the spiritual, to the Hebrews; of those which I have called natural, to the Greeks: and in the literature of these three nations, you have the same phenomena of life and man exhibited under the natural point of view, under the spiritual, and under the moral. These natural sentiments acting æsthetically, result in the conception of the Beautiful; and their display in the Greek organization took place under the conditions of an immense intellectual development, a very limited moral one, and little or nothing of spiritual perception: Greek art, then, embodies natural emotions with a most exquisite fineness of illustration, and presents a most subtle analysis of the natural sensibilities, but is unplagued by moral questionings, or the morbid apprehensions of spiritual consciousness. That predominance of the moral faculties, which evolved, in the Roman state, the greatest system of law, society, and politics that the ancient world had seen, while it condemned the Latins to rather a debased species of art, led them to the invention of one form of poetry unknown to the Greeks, that of moral satire. In the Hebrew organization we behold an enormous excess of the spiritual functions with a very defective moral faculty, and even a mean intellectual ability: passion, therefore, over-mastering reason in the composition of their poetry, it became the most vehement, substantial, and intense, that man has ever produced. These three distinct elements of civility flowed into one at the commencement of the Christian era; and modern life and modern art are the mingled action of all of them.

Effluent from the feelings, tempers and fancies of an humanity that claimed no higher origin than the flower-bearing Earth, yet inerrant and exact as geometry itself—combining the freedom of nature in the conception of thoughts with the precision of science in the expression of them—infinately refined in its sympathies, yet simple, strong and never offering at any thing false or unsound—sensitive, with an equal fidelity, to the most material instincts that inhabit the depths of our nature, and the airiest gleams of emotion that flit over its surface, and sovereign, with equal ease, to summon them to become the eternal, life-giving spirits of some fair form of words—searching every thing with the lights of philosophy, that it

may decorate every thing with the lustre of beauty—subduing passion to the yoke of logic, and giving to pure reason almost the warmth and loveliness of feeling—able, by the telescopic powers of its language, to advance the indefinite into distinctness, and to make reality recede away into a vagueness as dim as air—intense, yet expansive, comprehensive and yet particular, fervid without faultiness, glowing and still controlled, natural but refined—daring any thing except deformity, fearing nothing but to violate grace, regardless of no laws but those of Beauty—delight of the sense and wonder of the mind—Hellenic Art stands on high like the grouped stars of Heaven, at once a superstition, a rapture, and a science. The forms of Grecian brightness do not flare and blaze like the fires of modern ardor, nor are they, as the priestly poetry of Israel, distorted by the inspiration with which they swell; but serene and genial, they glow with a native brilliance that softens the surrounding atmosphere with the light of joy and the warmth of repose. From the quiet of their lofty seats they seem to look down upon the rivalries of ostentatious Rome, the fanatic furiousness of Judea, the madness of Gothic fervor, and to say, "*Quare fremuerunt gentes, et populi meditati sunt inania?*" It was this want in the Grecian nature, of the spiritual and moral sense, that made Grecian art peculiar and unimitable: for Art, in the purity of its philosophical conception, is essentially a heathen thing; that is to say, is constituted of those carnal apprehensions of the grand, the graceful, and the fair, whose integrity is impaired by the influence of any thoughts not of earth and the present. Glad and innocent as childhood, yet, like childhood or summer, overcome sometimes in the very acme of brightness by a dark cloud whose origin and nature and purpose were utterly inexplicable, the Greeks seem to be moving about in that paradise of careless, joyous ease, which the world was, before the wretched knowledge of good and evil had invaded it. When I seek for Purity, let me be aided by the suffering song of David; but I desire to be all Pagan in my appreciation of the Beautiful. What relief it is, to turn away from the frantic fooleries of theological contests—the vice and shame of this age—and from the metaphysical perplexities of recent poetry—to the rich and soft repose of Grecian art—to that calmness which is strength and wisdom, that silent grandeur which is freedom and peace. Greek literature!—delight of my boyhood—only friend of my inmost being—how should I live without it? Fair Spirit of true art! pure, beautiful, divine—comforter, companion, and enchantress—that in the white dawn of Ionian glory, unveiling thy kindling fascinations to mortals, didst infuse a love that grew to inspiration! Thou art delicious, to wake affection; and august, that thou mayst deserve our worship. The admiration of thy charms is cleansing; the influence of thy nearness purges our privacies of thought. Over the glossy streams that gush from thy sacred mountain is written—

. *Purâ cum uestâ venite,
Et manibus puris sumite fontis aquam.*

Reigning over our Fancy, thou servest in the cause of

virtue: for, showing us what marvels may be accomplished by those who are possessed with the Idea of the Perfect, thou dost incite us to mightier and unceasing efforts in the higher æsthesis of virtue and goodness.

Latin art in letters has been underrated by critics from not being well understood. It is not, that being of one nature with Greek art, it is inferior to it in quality; in its elements and purpose it is essentially different. It is not composed of those merely physical sentiments which attic genius sought indeed to elevate but not to modify; it does not seek for a pure and purged apprehension of natural beauty: it has a conscience—which Greece never knew. It is fashioned of the moral instincts and sympathies; and if any one would behold these, under their various development of personal dignity, domestic affection, social regard, and political relation, embodied in strong and graceful forms of feeling, fancy, or thought, and arrayed in the dazzle of a language full of sensibility, surprisingly suggestive, and capable of accomplishing, by a kind of elegant indirectness, effects almost as exquisite as the arrowy certainty of Grecian phrases—he will find them in their best loveliness in Latin poetry. In dealing with this moral species of art, the test of artistic merit is, the degree in which the work proceeds from the moral sentiments and instincts, and not from the dry analysis of a moral ratiocination: and under this view, the Latin bards are genuine poets. Their craft is as truly art as Grecian is, and their mastery of it not inferior: but the more vital clay with which they wrought was incapable of those firm, cold, glittering forms which shine forever in the Parian stone.

Idolatry of the classics is part of the religion of a gentleman: and, bred as I have been from infancy into the most intimate familiarity with Grecian letters, and beholden to them inexpressibly for comfort and joy among a thousand troubles, and almost for sanity amidst the torrent of false reason and base superstition that now sweeps over the world, they are to me at once a passion and a pride: they are a refuge from care, from fear, from solitude, from remorse; I turn to them with the same confidence and affection with which one seeks his home and fireside; and I feel an assault upon their supremacy, as a wrong done to myself. And yet—reluctantly—against my will—in spite of earnest endeavor—I am overborne by the despotizing might of Jewish inspirations, and am compelled to admit that Israel is greater than Greece. Bowed down and driven away from the darlings of heathen witchery, by an irresistible sympathy, I recognize at last that there is in art something yet higher than Beauty, and that there may be a power in Spirit above the fascinations of Form. And whence arises that amazing vehemence and vitality of Jewish art—that emphasis of passion which strikes us as with the dizzying blow of a giant's hand—that breathless fervor of enthusiasm, whose words are weapons, whose cadences are like the thick drivings of the tempest? It is because the spiritual instincts and sensibilities, of which Hebrew poetry is the bold, imperious utterance, are yet deeper, more impetuous and absolute than

either of the other kinds; as the experience of the world attests. The spiritual, the natural, the moral—such is the successive development in the history of the individual, and such is the order in which the several civilities of Judea, Greece and Rome have evolved themselves: that is the sequence as you pass forward from the merely affective to the intellectual organs, and that is the gradation in the degrees of force and substantiality exhibited by these respective schools of art. Tyrant of our admiration—jealous, exclusive, fierce—the spirit of Jewish art seems to whirl itself at the object of its meditations with the abandoned energy of madness. Fit to be the winged messenger of that tremendous law which was born amidst thunderings and lightnings—whose fearful courts are held in the shadowy sanctuaries of the soul, and the ministers of whose judgment are Frenzy, and Horror, and Self-damnation—it flies forth in the solemnity of a delegated Omnipotence: by the force of its sincerity, extravagance becomes venerable and absurdity august. That literature is the fresh, morning effort of that deity in man whose calmer work is Grecian art, and whose later toil is Roman. It is the

native residence of the sublime; Grecian sentiment, never soaring without the jealous accompaniment of Grecian intellect, could never reach Sublimity, but like Aurora in pursuit of Night, still drove the dusky fugitive before it. Among all the deep minds of Greece there is none that may be measured with the unfathomed soul of David. The storms of the Andes have no tones more terrible—the melodies of the summer winds among groves of myrtle and orange are not more ravishing—than those that mingle in the bursts of his lyre. A river of Poetry, in which the elements of Truth and Terror, of Wisdom, Might and Beauty, are melted up together by the ardors of genius, gushed forth from the avenues of his spirit, like the surging overflow of the sea of Heaven: with the roar of a coming deluge, headlong it rushed on, over the world—a resistless stream of Light, and Power, and Glory—absorbing the confluent courses of Greek intelligence and Roman morals: on it rolled in unresisted conquest, till it met the great reflux wave of Milton's soul, which, with audacity and strength divine, forced back the gathered torrent up even till the returning tide echoed against the throne of God.

MARGARET.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

It was wild and winter night, cold the wind was blowing,
Not as yet i' the lonely farm was the red cock crowing,
Only from the reedy fen came the bittern's booming,
Long before the misty morn in the east was glooming;

Long before the misty morn in the east was breaking,
Only on the moorland dun was the hill-fox waking,
Only from the ivied holt sad the owls were hooting,
And the gusty skies along falling stars were shooting;

Only from the gusty skies falling stars were gleaming,
Not a light from lordly tower or lowly hut was beaming;
Only o'er the green morass meteors pale were creeping,
Yet was Margaret awake, all awake and weeping.

Early Margaret was awake, early awake and sighing,
For how could she lie warm asleep, when he lay cold and dying?

There was a terror in her ear, as of a bell slow ringing
A deep, dull toll, though toll was none, upon the night wind
swinging—

A heavy terror at her heart, strange shapes around her
wheeling,
A steed all blood, a saddle bare, a dark route blindly
reeling.

Sad Margaret, she only heard that bell's unearthly tolling,
Pale Margaret, she only saw that red tide round her
rolling.

Yet now there came, when lulled the wind, a sound of
war steeds stamping,
Adown the hill, along the fen, across the bridge slow
tramping;

And now there came, amid the gloom, the flash of torches
glancing,
And harness bright, and lance-heads light, and plumes and
pennons dancing.

It was wild and winter night, cold the wind was blowing,
Not as yet i' the lonely farm was the red cock crowing;
It was wild and winter night, all but she were sleeping,
When the war cry broke above them, changed their rest
to weeping.

Only from the reedy fen came the bittern's booming
Long before the misty morn in the east was glooming,
When the sullen cloud of smoke, o'er the roof-tree sailing,
Changed their brief and bootless strife into endless wailing.

Sad Margaret, she only waked when all the rest were
sleeping;
Pale Margaret, she only smiled when all the rest were
weeping;
True Margaret, she only said, "I care not though ye
slay me,"
She only said, "I care not—but near his cold corpse lay
me."

Brave Margaret, she only said, when flashed the broad-
sword o'er her,
She only said, "I care not"—when her life-blood streamed
before her;
She only said, as ebb'd her life, "this is the end of
sorrow,"
"For I shall be with him," she said, "with him and my
God to-morrow."

LIGHTING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "PRIZE STORIES," ETC.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy ee? Burns.

"AND now, how do you like my house, Aunt Ainslie?" asked Mrs. Ashland, as she descended the stairs with the old lady, after having shown her every nook and corner of her new establishment.

"It is very handsome—very convenient," replied her aunt quietly.

"And the furniture of these rooms is pretty, is it not? They are so much larger than the rooms of the other house that I was obliged to get new for the parlors. But as I wanted some more for up stairs, I put the old furniture in the bed-rooms, where it looks very well, and purchased the new for these rooms. Ashland told me to get what I wanted, and I thought, while I was about it, it was better to do the thing handsomely, so that we should not require anything more for some years to come. If I did not new furnish down stairs I must have done so up; so, you see, after all, it did not make much difference in expense."

Mrs. Ainslie made no reply to this remark, for, as she glanced at the new mirrors and rich carpets, she felt that she could not in conscience agree with her niece. She merely said—"It is in perfect taste. All in excellent keeping." But, although her language was that of praise, her looks and tones were so grave, that her commendation had rather the air of blame than admiration.

"I was quite surprised," she continued, "when you wrote to me that you had moved. You did not talk of it when I was here last."

"No," replied Mrs. Ashland, "it was rather a sudden thing. Mr. Ashland happened to walk home one day with Mr. Franklin, who was building this row of houses upon speculation, and he proposed to my husband finishing one for him. Charles mentioned the subject to me, and, of course, I was nothing loth, for we wanted a dining-room sadly. When we came to look at the house, we found it rather larger than we expected, but Mr. Ashland said that was a good fault, and, as we were settling for life, it was not worth while to let two or three thousand dollars, more or less, interfere with our being permanently established to our satisfaction. A good house, too, he says, is always worth the price, and, upon the whole, he did not think he could invest his money better. So we closed with Mr. Franklin's offer at once. You may suppose how busy I have been since. It seemed as if we never could get the workmen out of the house; and what with them, and

several disappointments about the furniture, I thought I never should be settled."

"There must be certainly a good deal of trouble in making such a change," remarked Mrs. Ainslie.

"There is," replied Mrs. Ashland. "But 'the labor one delights in physics pain.' I was so pleased with the house, and all, that I did not mind the trouble."

"You seemed very well satisfied down town, when I was last with you," observed Mrs. Ainslie dryly.

"I was," answered her niece. "The years I passed in that house have been among the happiest of my life. When I went through it for the last time, I could almost have wept to think it was for the last time. And yet how our feelings change with circumstances. Now, that I am here, I actually wonder how I could have existed there so long. This situation is so pleasant, and the house so cheerful and convenient, that I really look back upon the other, with its long dark entries and small parlors, with amazement, to think how I could have been so contented. But I have not shown you my pantries," continued Mrs. Ashland; "you must take a peep into them, for they are my chief pride and comfort. Opening out of the dining-room, from which you see the stairs run right down to the kitchen. That was my idea."

"Excellently planned," said Mrs. Ainslie. "Nothing could be more perfect. But who do you expect to dinner, Anne?" inquired her aunt, as she glanced at the table and side-tables.

"No one, that I know of," replied Mrs. Ashland. "But I have always a couple of extra places. Mr. Ashland likes to bring in a friend now and then, and so I have the table prepared for one or two besides ourselves. To me it is the pleasantest way of entertaining; and Charles is very fond of company in this social way."

"There is no doubt of its being the most agreeable style of receiving your friends," replied Mrs. Ainslie, with a slight accent upon the word "agreeable."

"Yes," replied her niece, "and not an expensive one either."

"I do n't know that; I should hardly think it economical," remarked Mrs. Ainslie, "to keep a table at which you can have two or three gentlemen unexpectedly every day. I should think it somewhat expensive in the city."

"No," replied Mrs. Ashland carelessly, "it does not make much difference. One or two dishes added

to your ordinary fare does not amount to much. And now," said she, "let us return to the drawing-room. Mr. Ashland will be in presently, and I make it a point to be always there to receive him. There, try that new arm-chair," continued Mrs. Ashland, as she wheeled a most luxurious seat toward her aunt. "Is it not comfortable?" and seating herself on a low ottoman, she continued to chat in the happiest tone of spirits of her domestic affairs until her husband entered.

Mr. Ashland was a very clever man, at the height of his profession. He was making a handsome income, though he could not be called rich, for never having been a careful, *thrifty* man, he had laid up little or nothing. Prosperous and social, his manners were particularly pleasant; and when seated at his hospitable table, with his pretty, animated young wife opposite to him, was about as happy as a man is capable of being, and as agreeable a host as one may meet in a lifetime.

"Anne," said he, as he took his place opposite her, "the Leavensworths are in town. I met him accidentally this morning. They have been here a fortnight, he tells me. I wish you would call—and you may as well invite them to dinner."

"Very well, I will," she replied. "Who shall I ask to meet them?"

"I did not think of asking any one to meet them," he said. "Is that necessary? They are plain, quiet country people, you know."

"Just those who want fashionable parties," returned his wife, laughing. "They come to town to see fine people, and tell about them when they go home. So we had better ask the Fitzwillings at the same time. We owe them some attention, and so we may as well kill two birds with one stone while we are about it."

"True enough," said her husband. "Besides, I want to invite Henderson and Emmett; so write them notes when you send the rest of the invitations."

"If you are going to make a regular dinner of it," returned Mrs. Ashland, "we may as well include the Lowndes."

"Very well," said her husband. So a "regular dinner" was quickly arranged, as a matter of ordinary occurrence, and the next morning invitations issued.

The day of the expected party, Mrs. Ainslie, who had come to town with rather primitive notions, was somewhat surprised, as she entered the parlor, to find her niece occupied with her flowers, instead of being in her pantry or kitchen, which she supposed the natural location of the mistress of the mansion on a *fête* day, and expressing some such idea, Mrs. Ashland replied—

"Oh no, I have nothing to do. I have given my orders. Joseph knows as well as I do what is wanted when we have company."

And is your cook equal to the desert, &c., without your superintendence?"

"My dear aunt," replied Mrs. Ashland, smiling, "we are not in the country, but live in the blessed city of restaurateurs and confectioners, where we have only to give orders."

"And pay for them!" added Mrs. Ainslie.

"Yes, money does every thing in the city," continued Mrs. Ashland carelessly. "And its 'labor-saving' qualities are to me its chief value."

Mrs. Ashland's present style of easy, luxurious living was so superior to her former mode of life, and so different from any thing Mrs. Ainslie had ever been accustomed to, that she was confounded by the elegance of all that surrounded her. There was a kind of careless *laissez aller* tone prevailing that quite passed her comprehension.

A "grand dinner" would to her have been a great affair, but to her niece it seemed quite an every-day event—and the dinner itself really dazzled her. The full dress guests, the floods of light, the china, glass, servants, all, was in a style she had never seen before. In fact it was actually oppressive to her. Mrs. Ashland, however, beautifully dressed and in high spirits, looked the proper presiding genius of such a scene, quite unconscious of the grave and even mournful thoughts that were passing through her aunt's mind, in the midst of all the gaiety that surrounded her.

The morning following the party, after Mrs. Ashland had fully discussed the guests, conversation, and other trifles that mark such an event, there ensued a pause, which was broken by Mrs. Ainslie's saying—

"My dear Anne, do you think all this is right?"

"Right!" repeated Mrs. Ashland, looking up in surprise; "what is not right?"

"The style in which you are living—you must pardon me, my dear, but I cannot see you in all probability laying up misery for your future years, without uttering a warning word."

"My dearest aunt," replied Mrs. Ashland, "you surely do not think there is any harm in going into society and receiving it at home?"

"No, my love, it is the expense to which I allude, for you must be aware you have changed your manner of living very materially since I was last with you. You were not without society in — street, but you never gave such dinners as that of yesterday."

"Oh no," replied Mrs. Ashland; "in those small plain rooms, it would have been absurd—in fact out of the question. But in other respects it is about the same."

"Pardon me, my dear; you have more servants."

"I have not one," interrupted Mrs. Ashland eagerly, "that is not necessary. You must remember, my dear aunt, how much larger this house is than the other; we require more here than we did there—and indeed I think it is the best economy to keep good servants, and enough of them to do the work properly, otherwise things go to ruin for want of care; and, after all, what is the expense of a couple of women more or less?"

"Not very great, I grant you," replied Mrs. Ainslie, "if that were all. But every thing, your very style of dress is altered."

"Charles likes to see me well dressed," replied her niece, "and to tell the truth I have a little weakness in that respect myself. And really I do not think it would be worth while for me to be economizing in

such small matters, which my husband would not feel or even know at the end of the year. What would all my pinching and saving amount to? I should make myself very uncomfortable, and save, maybe, a few hundreds. And where would be the use? If Ashland were a different man from what he is the case would be altered. But you know he works hard and loves to spend freely—he is the most generous man alive, and, if you will, somewhat extravagant. My economies never could keep pace with his expenses if I tried ever so hard; so I may as well have the comfort of the money while it is going."

"It is because your husband is, as you say, expensively and even extravagantly inclined, Anne, that I now speak to you seriously on the subject," said her aunt. "If he were a prudent careful man, the responsibility of your manner of living would not rest upon you as heavily as it now does. It is a wife's duty, as far as she is sensible of them, and as far as it is possible, to supply the wants—and I may say—weaknesses of her husband."

"Pray, my dear aunt," said Mrs. Ashland, turning pale, "do not throw such a load of responsibility on me, for what can I do? If Charles is a little extravagant, I really think he has a right to be so, for he works hard and earns reputation as well as money. He is making an excellent income, and if it is his pleasure to spend it I do not think I have any right to interfere. And interfere as I might, I could do little but tease him."

"Don't say that, Anne," replied Mrs. Ainslie, gravely. "There is no telling the influence a woman can and does exert over the man that loves her, and as a wife and mother she is bound to use that influence wisely and for the good of all."

Tears started in Mrs. Ashland's eyes as she said—"Let me make him happy, and do n't ask me to fret his noble spirit about trifles. He has fully earned all he now enjoys. He did not marry young or imprudently, and I cannot think it is for me to check his enjoyment of the present."

"My dearest child," rejoined Mrs. Ainslie earnestly, "you have touched upon the very point that strikes me the most painfully in this matter. When I look at your husband, now past the meridian of life, and think of the young family that surrounds him, I feel forcibly the heavy changes that must fall upon them in the due course of time, should any thing happen to Mr. Ashland."

"Oh do n't talk of it," exclaimed Mrs. Ashland passionately; "if I lose my husband, may I and my children lie down in the grave with him."

"Dearest Anne," said her aunt, "you talk wildly. Grief and despair would often make us gladly quit this world. But that cannot be—we are not to leave it at our option, and while we are here, we all have duties to perform. It is for your children's sake I would have you look to the future."

"I do not want wealth for my children," replied Mrs. Ashland earnestly. "Let my boys tread in their father's footsteps—I desire nothing more, and he began with nothing."

"You may not require wealth for them, Anne," re-

plied Mrs. Ainslie gravely, "but *independence* it is the duty of every parent to secure, if possible, to their offspring. You know not the misery, and more, the temptations the young are exposed to when cast too early upon a friendless world to struggle for an existence for themselves. Your husband's noble character and superior talents have carried him bravely through the ordeal; but success does not so surely attend all who are left to depend upon themselves. You certainly would not wish your children to encounter unnecessary suffering—and suffering, too, that *you* could ward off from them."

"Oh no! God forbid," and tears burst from Mrs. Ashland's eyes—"how wretched you have made me. What can I do? must I sacrifice my husband to my children?"

"By no means," replied Mrs. Ainslie. "You need run in neither extreme. You lived happily and not imprudently in — street; the great error was to leave there; but a handsome house and furniture is woman's natural weakness, I think; therefore, Anne, I do not blame so much as lament the move."

"The difference of rent is not much," said Mrs. Ashland, looking up with a brighter expression.

"It is not that only, Anne, but larger rooms bring other expenses. You own yourself you never would have entertained in the other house as you do here."

"You would not have us move back, would you?" exclaimed Mrs. Ashland with some alarm, in the midst of her grief, in her tone.

"No," replied her aunt; "but I would have you live here as you did there. If you have made an error do your best to retrieve it."

Mrs. Ashland breathed more freely. "I suppose you are right," she said sadly—"I will do what I can, although it chiefly lays with Ashland. He is more expensive in his tastes than you are aware of. And after all, the difference of our expenses here is not so very great as you think; they do not amount to much more."

"If the difference were put out for the benefit of your children, Anne, in ten years it would amount to an independence for them."

"I'll do what I can," again repeated Mrs. Ashland, mournfully; "though what that may be I cannot tell."

"At least you need not light the candle at both ends," replied her aunt, "for if you do, depend upon it you will live bitterly to repent it."

And here the conversation was interrupted, and not again resumed. It lay heavy, however, at Mrs. Ashland's heart, and, as usual, she could not rest until she had told her husband all about it. To her surprise he only laughed as she began, quite amused at the idea, as he said, of "her petty economies making a fortune for the children."

"But I am not surprised at your poor aunt, who can hardly keep body and soul together, thinking we are on the high road to ruin," he continued—"and people in the country, too, think the whole world can be bought for ten thousand dollars. And so you are to make up in your caps and ribbons for all my extravagancies, are you? Well, that's right," he con-

tinued, smiling in the earnest face upturned to his—
“there’s no telling how soon I may want your two-and-sixpences, Anne.”

But as she proceeded with her aunt’s fears for their children’s future, and the hint of his not living forever, his countenance darkened and he said, almost angrily—

“What nonsense it is for old women to meddle with other people’s affairs. Just as if every body does not understand their own business best. And tell your aunt, Anne, that if the candle is to be burnt out you may as well have your end of it as not. Confound the old woman, for making you look so dismal, love. And so she has been burying me—I have a great mind to tell her—” but whether he meant to tell her that he was immortal, (for it was chiefly the cutting him off that nettled him so,) did not transpire, as he did not finish his sentence, but changed it for—
“Come, let us have tea early. To-night, you know, the opera opens, and I want you to go with me.”

“Oh not to-night, Charles.”

“Why not to-night?” he asked; “I have taken a box for the season, and it commences to-night, you know.”

Mrs. Ashland hesitated for a moment and then said—

“I would rather not go while Aunt Ainslie is with us. She will think so much of it.”

“Pooh!” said he, “let her think what she likes,” and the door opened just at that moment and Mrs. Ainslie entering, Mr. Ashland said cordially—

“Wont you go to the opera with us this evening, my dear madam? We have a box, so you won’t be crowded, and I dare say will be amused, and if Anne will only hurry tea a little we shall be there in excellent time.”

Mrs. Ashland cast a half fearful deprecating look at her aunt, as much as to say, “you see it is not my fault; he will do it,” and rung for the tea equipage, and ordered the carriage as her husband desired.

One or two feeble efforts more on the part of Mrs. Ashland in the cause of economy, which, if the truth were known, were made chiefly because she did not like to run into any new expense just under her aunt’s eye, and which were decided failures, for her husband “was not afraid of Aunt Ainslie,” and then the conversation which had disturbed her so much, faded almost completely from her mind. In fact they were a pleasure loving couple, and rarely commenced any expense that one or the other did not say—
“Well, while we are about it, we may as well add so and so,” and to Mrs. Ainslie it seemed they were “about it” almost all the time. She said nothing, however, aware that as her advice would not be followed, she had no right to make herself disagreeable by offering it; and so things went on as usual—Mrs. Ashland often lamented over her “poor hard worked husband,” but it never occurred to her that she might, by prudence and economy, lessen in a great measure the necessity for the unwearying toil over which she sentimentalized so prettily. For in truth the expenses of their establishment were such, that with the utmost efforts on his part, Mr. Ashland

could just make out to meet them—as to laying up, that was quite out of the question, and indeed the idea never seemed to cross the mind of either husband or wife. Although now upon the downward path of life, Mr. Ashland was still in the full vigor of all his powers, both mental and physical, and entered into the pleasures of social intercourse and domestic ties, with as keen a zest as he could have done twenty years before; perhaps more so—the very fact of his having married late in life and experienced for so many years the cheerless life of a bachelor, who had his way to make in the world by himself, may have been one of the chief causes of his lively enjoyment of the present. But be that as it may, life seemed to him just opening her brilliant noon-day, while he forgot that the shadows of evening must soon be closing around him. In short he seemed to have that feeling of immortality that men of strong frames and active minds are apt to indulge in, and although, as an abstract fact, he believed in death, yet it was as one in which he had a very distant if any interest. Mrs. Ashland was much his junior, and a very pretty woman. She was very proud of her husband’s talents and station, and loved him with the enthusiastic affection a woman only feels when her pride and imagination, as well as her heart, are deeply touched. She had been, as she said, perfectly happy during the first three or four years of her married life, when they had lived chiefly for themselves, and seen little society save a few of her husband’s professional friends; but now that the sphere was enlarged, it must be confessed that the spirit of youth, beauty and vanity was found as wide awake in the heart of the young wife, as it could have been had she still been upon her “preferment.” A pretty woman, very much admired abroad, and very much indulged at home, is apt to enjoy the world even if she is not endowed with a peculiarly pleasure loving spirit; but when she has this to add, and crowning all, a proud and happy heart, her state comes as near to perfect bliss as this nether region can afford. She loved her children passionately, and would have laid down her life to serve or save them; but it never occurred to her that to lay down her carriage and give up some of her superfluous pleasures, would have been a more simple and effectual means of doing so, than to die for them. Mrs. Ashland did not mean to be selfish, and would have been shocked and indignant at the accusation; and, as for her husband, he was the most generous and disinterested of human beings—and yet what was the result of their warm feelings and thoughtless conduct? Selfishness itself could not have done worse. They enjoyed the present and let the future take care of itself; and no neglected changeling turns in after years with greater bitterness upon those who should have cared for it in childhood, than does the Future on those who neglected it in the Present.

So some years of perfect happiness passed. ’Tis true, that the remembrance of Mrs. Ainslie’s warning voice did now and then flit across her niece’s memory, and occasionally it influenced her to some piece of economy that was so out of keeping with the rest of

her expenditures, that it generally ended in costing her more than her usual mode of careless self-indulgence, to the great amusement of her husband, who never failed to treasure, as one of his best jokes at her expense, one of these experiments. The result on her part, was a renewal of faith in her husband's axiom, "that the best economy is a good thing," never dreaming that there is a better in not enjoying *all* the "good things" of this life. But experience is the only teacher worth any thing, and it is wonderful how little her best pupils learn even from her. Let the best disciplined of us commence life over again with the *same feelings*, and we fear much that the new race, with all its added knowledge, would be run in very nearly the old tracks.

But to return to Mrs. Ashland. A few years, as we have said, of perfect happiness passed, and then the sun of her prosperity suddenly sank from the horizon. Overtasked nature will sometimes, as it were, indignantly resent her wrongs, and strike back upon those who have dared too long to trifle with her strength. Mr. Ashland's over-worked brain refused at last to toil longer. In the height of his reputation and happiness he was struck down with apoplexy.

The lamentations of the public were universal. The daily prints teemed with eulogies; societies wore crape and sent "resolutions" of condolence to his bereaved widow. And what did that avail? Wild with grief, Mrs. Ashland was beyond the flattery of such consolation. She gave herself up in the first anguish of her affliction to despair, and thought misery could not touch her deeper.

But the world will roughly intrude in times of the heaviest sorrow, and then oftentimes there is found a "lower depth" in the "lowest deep."

Mr. Ashland's affairs were now to be looked into,

and those who took upon themselves the friendly office of executors, soon found no estate to administer upon. Mrs. Ashland first learned the fact with a dejected and almost stupid indifference, for the words conveyed to her no adequate idea of their consequences. But something must be done, and by the time she was roused to a full sense of her situation, the sensation that her great bereavement had called forth from a sympathizing public had passed away with the crape "to be worn thirty days." Blame was now mingled with praise, when the talents of the husband and loveliness of the wife were recalled, and people wondered how others could be so mad in their prosperity as not to provide for their families. The charges of vanity and extravagance were now laid at the door of Mrs. Ashland, by those who formerly had talked only of her spirit and beauty; and grave and heavy censure upon the recklessness of her husband even reached the ear, to pierce the heart of his sorrowing wife—and then came that saddest of changes, the breaking up of a family.

Mr. Ashland's kindness had not been all thrown away upon ungrateful friends, for there were those who now stepped nobly forward to assist his bereaved offspring. But alas! what can even the kindest offer dependence, and though sheltered with her youngest darling under a sister's hospitable roof, Mrs. Ashland, with a breaking heart, was called upon to part with her other treasures, to those who would take them; "wee hapless things."

Oh with what anguish did the once neglected words of Mrs. Ainslie haunt, with never ceasing remorse, her unhappy niece—

"Anne, if you light the candle at both ends depend upon it, you will live bitterly to repent it."

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE. *A Chamber. (Julia solus before a mirror.)*

Julia. Aye, this looks well!
This graceful robe becomes my faultless form—
The mirror tells me I am beautiful.
Gay fancies crowd my brain. This night shall mark
My conquest of the wealthy, proud De L'Orme,
Or, if I fail—I cannot, *must* not fail!

(Enter Anna.)

Anna. Come, tell me, coz, how like you Florimel?
Had I a lover, (*he, you know, is yours,*
And I'm content with friendship's steady flame,)
'T were such as Florimel—I would be kind.
Last eve he sat, alone, with book in hand—
I came, he laid aside the book—looked up—
He expected you! true, he welcomed me,
But disappointment veiled his brow. How soon
It brightened when you came!

Julia. And so, kind coz,
You'd have me love this youth. Look on my hand,
So white, so soft, unfit for housewife toil;
While 't is mine to give, it shall still be mine
Till some aspiring youth, by fortune blest
With wealth, shall claim it his. I hate the toil
That ever waits on lowly wedded bliss;
Nor wealth alone, but fame, shall gain my hand—

The Senate-honored or a titled name:
If such come not to woo, you'll see me, coz,
As now, forever an unshackled maid.

Anna. In rhyme I will portray a lover, coz—
Humane, benevolent, he is firm and true;
Attentive, fond, or else he would not do;
Well skilled in useful lore, and rich in heart,
He, in his station, nobly fills his part;
Or poor, or with huge coffers full of pelf,
I'd care not—but would love him for himself;
If honest, tall and brave, and handsome, gay,
And asked he love for love, I'd not say nay.

(The bell rings.)

'T is Florimel. Your eye is flashing fire!
You'll sing for him the songs he loves to hear?

Julia, (with scorn.) Not I, indeed!
(To servant.) Attend the bell, and if

'T is Florimel—

Anna. Why, coz, you're not yourself—
What means your rage? 'T were best he sees you not—
At least not *now*. He would not know you *thus*!

Julia. Not, *not* know me! He'll know I'm not for *him*!
(To servant.) Away, I say, and let him elsewhere roam—
Stay not his question—say *I'm not at home!*

"L."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

CHARLES DICKENS, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of "Barnaby Rudge," says—"By the way, are you aware that Godwin wrote his 'Caleb Williams' backwards? He first involved his hero in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first, cast about him for some mode of accounting for what had been done."

I cannot think this the *precise* mode of procedure on the part of Godwin—and indeed what he himself acknowledges, is not altogether in accordance with Mr. Dickens' idea—but the author of "Caleb Williams" was too good an artist not to perceive the advantage derivable from at least a somewhat similar process. Nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before any thing be attempted with the pen. It is only with the *dénouement* constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence, or causation, by making the incidents, and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention.

There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a thesis—or one is suggested by an incident of the day—or, at best, the author sets himself to work in the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative—designing, generally, to fill in with description, dialogue, or authorial comment, whatever crevices of fact, or action, may, from page to page, render themselves apparent.

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an *effect*. Keeping originality *always* in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place, "Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?" Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can best be wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

I have often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would—that is to say, who could—detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such

a paper has never been given to the world, I am much at a loss to say—but, perhaps, the authorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought—at the true purposes seized only at the last moment—at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view—at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable—at the cautious selections and rejections—at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions—the tackle for scene-shifting—the step-ladders and demon-traps—the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary *histrion*.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no means common, in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor, at any time, the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and, since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analyzed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select "The Raven," as the most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referrible either to accident or intuition—that the work proceeded, step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem *per se*, the circumstance—or say the necessity—which, in the first place, gave rise to the intention of composing a poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

We commence, then, with this intention.

The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression—

for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and every thing like totality is at once destroyed. But since, *ceteris paribus*, no poet can afford to dispense with *any thing* that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say no, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones—that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such, only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating, the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a psychal necessity, brief. For this reason, at least one half of the "Paradise Lost" is essentially prose—a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions—the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity, of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art—the limit of a single sitting—and that, although in certain classes of prose composition, such as "Robinson Crusoe," (demanding no unity,) this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit, the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit—in other words, to the excitement or elevation—again in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect which it is capable of inducing; for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect:—this, with one proviso—that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular, while not below the critical, taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem—a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed: and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration—the point, I mean, that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent. That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure, is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect—they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of *soul*—not of intellect, or of heart—upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating "the beautiful." Now I designate

Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes—that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation alluded to, is *most readily* attained in the poem. Now the object, Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable, to a certain extent, in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demands a precision, and Passion, a *homeliness* (the truly passionate will comprehend me) which are absolutely antagonistic to that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement, or pleasurable elevation, of the soul. It by no means follows from any thing here said, that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and even profitably introduced, into a poem—for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in music, by contrast—but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to enveil them, as far as possible, in that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation—and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

The length, the province, and the tone, being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a key-note in the construction of the poem—some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects—or more properly *points*, in the theatrical sense—I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition. As commonly used, the *refrain*, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone—both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity—of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so vastly heighten, the effect, by adhering, in general, to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought: that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects, by the variation of *the application* of the *refrain*—the *refrain* itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the *nature* of my *refrain*. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the *refrain* itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of

application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best *refrain*.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corollary: the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt: and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the *refrain* being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the pre-assumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a *human* being—I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a *non-reasoning* creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill omen—monotonously repeating the one word, "Nevermore," at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—"Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death—was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*: the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word "Nevermore"—I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying, at every turn, the *application* of the word repeated; but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in

answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending—that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover—the first query to which the Raven should reply "Nevermore"—that I could make this first query a commonplace one—the second less so—the third still less, and so on—until at length the lover, startled from his original *nonchalance* by the melancholy character of the word itself—by its frequent repetition—and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it—is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character—queries whose solution he has passionately at heart—propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture—propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote) but because he experiences a phrenzied pleasure in so modeling his questions as to receive from the *expected* "Nevermore" the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me—or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction—I first established in mind the climax, or concluding query—that to which "Nevermore" should be in the last place an answer—that in reply to which this word "Nevermore" should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here then the poem may be said to have its beginning—at the end, where all works of art should begin—for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil! prophet still if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

I composed this stanza, at this point, first that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover—and, secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza—as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able, in the subsequent composition, to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should, without scruple, have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected, in versification, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little

possibility of variety in mere *rhythm*, it is still clear that the possible varieties of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite—and yet, *for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing.* The fact is, originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course, I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or metre of the "Raven." The former is trochaic—the latter is octameter acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the *refrain* of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic. Less pedantically—the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short: the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet—the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds)—the third of eight—the fourth of seven and a half—the fifth the same—the sixth three and a half. Now, each of these lines, taken individually, has been employed before, and what originality the "Raven" has, is in their *combination into stanza*; nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual, and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rhyme and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover and the Raven—and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale*. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields—but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident:—it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber—in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished—this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The *locale* being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird—and the thought of introducing him through the window, was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter, is a "tapping" at the door, originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader's curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover's throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the Raven's seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for

the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage—it being understood that the bust was absolutely *suggested* by the bird—the bust of *Pallas* being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, *Pallas*, itself.

About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of the fantastic—approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible—is given to the Raven's entrance. He comes in "with many a flirt and flutter."

Not the *least obeisance made he*—not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But with *mien of lord or lady*, perched above my chamber door.

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out:—

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the *grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore*,
"Though thy *crest be shorn and shaven* thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled *this ungainly fowl* to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

The effect of the *dénouement* being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness:—this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only, etc.

From this epoch the lover no longer jests—no longer sees any thing even of the fantastic in the Raven's demeanor. He speaks of him as a "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," and feels the "fiery eyes" burning into his "bosom's core." This revolution of thought, or fancy, on the lover's part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader—to bring the mind into a proper frame for the *dénouement*—which is now brought about as rapidly and as *directly* as possible.

With the *dénouement* proper—with the Raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world—the poem, in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, every thing is within the limits of the accountable—of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven, at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams—the chamber-window of a student, occupied half in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress de-

ceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visiter's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore"—a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the utmost extreme, of this self-torture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skilfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness, which repels the artistical eye. Two things are invariably required—first, some amount of complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and, secondly, some amount of suggestiveness—some under current, however indefinite of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that *richness* (to

borrow from colloquy a forcible term) which we are too fond of confounding with *the ideal*. It is the *excess* of the suggested meaning—it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under current of the theme—which turns into prose (and that of the very flattest kind) the so called poetry of the so called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem—their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has preceded them. The under-current of meaning is rendered first apparent in the lines—

"Take thy beak from out *my heart*, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore!"

It will be observed that the words, "from out my heart," involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, "Nevermore," dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical—but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza, that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen:

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BY MISS EMMA WOOD.

SOAR onward in light, proud bird,
O'er the home of "the blood-bought free;"
Though the tocsin of war is heard,
It will bring no fear to thee.
Thou hast hovered o'er battle plains,
Where the war-horse fiercely trod;
Where the life-blood flowed from patriot hearts,
And crimsoned the verdant sod.
But fearless then, thy flight
Was upward and onward still,
Till Victory shouted from every plain,
And Freedom from every hill.
And fearless, fetterless still
Thou canst soar in the vault of heaven,
Though thunders roll through the pillared dome
And thy banner clouds are riven.
Turn, turn thy piercing eye
From its burning glance above,
And search if the spirits beneath thee now
Still burn with a patriot's love.
Search well that no craven heart
Is beneath thy shadowy wing,
Whose dastard fear would a veil of shame
O'er the land of Freedom fling.
Are the links of that chain still firm,
Which hath bound them all as one?

Have party-spirit and love of power
Left their brightness undimmed alone?
Oh beware! if that chain be broken
Thou must droop in thy upward flight,
For thy spell of power is riven,
And the spirit of thy might.
And in vain shall thy sweeping pinion
Be spread for the realms of air;
Thou must be the tyrant's minion,
Or borne to the wild beast's lair.
And where is then thy glory,
Thou bird of the mighty wing;
Shall oblivion veil thy story,
And its shadows o'er thee fling?
God forbid! there are lofty spirits,
There are sons of patriot sires,
Who the glorious trust inherit,
And will guard its altar fires.
They will labor to shield the Union
From the mad fanatic's hand,
Or aught that would aim to ruin
The harmony of their land.
Soar on! thou mayst well be fearless,
For thine is no borrowed might;
Thou dost guard a birthright peerless,
Long, long be thy pathway bright.

THE STOLEN MANUSCRIPT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed.—MILMAN.

Early in life did little Ethel Walsingham taste the cup of sorrow, for she had scarcely reached her third year when death deprived her of a kind affectionate mother. True, she was not old enough to realize the irreparable loss she had sustained, but henceforth tears rather than smiles were to be the portion of the little one. She could only understand that something very, very sad had happened—she saw her father's tears, and the afflicted looks of the household, and so little Ethel screamed and cried in an agony of sympathetic grief.

Hark! the solemn tolling of the bell! The mourners one by one, in sable garments, come forward and gaze for the last time upon the placid countenance of the dead, then turn sobbing away, for no more on earth will they behold her who was so dear to them—the *daughter, sister, friend!* The villagers, with saddened looks, crowd around—"She was an angel!" whispers one—"Poor thing, called so soon away!" says another—"Wo's me!" sighs an old woman, "better so than to stay in a world of sorrow and disappointment!" But now the coffin is closed, and then the funeral train silently and sadly pass over the village green, and through the winding grove leading to the narrow house appointed for all the living, and the remains of Mrs. Walsingham are consigned to the family vault.

The disconsolate widower shuts himself up in his lonely chamber to dwell upon her whose loss has made life a desert—she was his first, his only love! *Can he ever forget her!—never! never!* No, dearest Emily, thou angel now in heaven, henceforth I devote myself to our *sweet child* and to *thee!* I will strive to make her as amiable as thou wert—and when I see her infant graces assimilating more and more to thine, I will think that in *her*, my Emily lives again! *Alas, poor human nature!*

"The most beloved on earth,
Not long survives to-day!
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 't was sweet, 't was passing sweet,
But now 't is gone away!
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid!"

Ere a twelvemonth has passed away an unusual bustle pervades the late house of mourning. The housekeeper wears a sour look, and as she flounces from room to room, talks about "cruel step-dames," and "unruly young wives"—the maids toss their

heads, smiling at one another at these remarks, for perhaps Goody Crisp has been a hard task mistress; and the gardener drops a tear as he freshly trims the rose bushes, and trails the honey-suckle anew, which she had planted! "Little did I think the bonniest flower of a' would hae been trampled upon sae soon, and it nae withered yet in its cauld bed!" quoth the honest Scotchman. In all this bustle dear little Ethel, disregarded and alone, sits in her room with her dolls and her toy-books. But at length innovation extends even to this neglected spot. Nanny hastily enters—the little mourning slip of Ethel is removed, and her dark auburn hair curled with all the skill Nanny can command, and then arrayed in white muslin with pink sash and shoulder knots, the timid child is led to the parlor to welcome her *new ma'ma—the young bride of her father!*

There she sits, the fair Mrs. Walsingham—all smiles and blushes. Eyes of melting blue rest languishingly upon those of her lover-husband—lips of coral breathe words of sweetness, one small white hand is nestled amid the dark locks which cluster around the brow of the bridegroom, while the other clasped in his lies next his heart.

"Heavens, what a little angel!" screams the bride. "O Harry, you did not tell me one half her loveliness! Come sit on my lap, sweetest pet—come, little dear—wont you love *ma'ma?*"

"Ethel does love *ma'ma—poor ma'ma!*" lisped the child.

"Little cherub! but you must not call me 'poor ma'ma'—*ma'ma* is very *happy* to have such a sweet little darling as you are to love!"

"*My ma'ma* is happy too—for she is up in the beautiful heavens, and then when I fall asleep, so sound that nobody can awake me but God, I shall go to heaven too and see dear *ma'ma!*"

"But this pretty lady is your *ma'ma,*" said Mr. Walsingham.

"O, did you come down from heaven?" cried Ethel, springing from her lap, and clapping her hands for joy; "are you really, really my own dear *ma'ma* come back?" Then gazing a moment earnestly in her face, she said: "But *ma'ma* was very pale, and your cheeks are just the color of my new ribbons—and all poor *ma'ma's* hair was combed back, so, and put under an ugly cap, and yours curls prettier than mine, do n't it, papa? but maybe they *changed you in heaven!*"

"What an angel she is!" again exclaimed the bride, catching her in her arms and kissing her—while Mr. Walsingham, bestowing his carresses on both dear objects of his love, feels his cup of happiness needs no crowning bead!

CHAPTER II.

Alas for the young heart thus early thrown
Back on itself—the unloved and the lone!—L. E. L.

The illusion which love, youth and beauty lends the fair Mrs. Walsingham in the eyes of her husband are not dispelled in a moment! No, it is the little Ethel who, young as she is, first discovers the honeyed words of *ma'ma*, losing their sweetness, and her artless caresses repulsed, or at best received with listless indifference.

"But I am a great girl now, *ma'ma* says," would she exclaim, as if striving to excuse the neglect, "so that must be the reason she does not kiss me any more. It would be funny if she should hug me as she does the dear little baby, would n't it, Nanny?"

But Nanny was a discreet lassie, so made no answer, thus avoiding the too common propensity of sowing jealousy and discord between step-daughter and dame.

However, the "dear little baby" *did* engross not only all the maternal cares of Mrs. Walsingham, but also made great encroachments upon the share of love and kindness which the *father* had heretofore allotted the motherless Ethel—unpardonable error! so that in course of time the child became almost an outcast, even under the very eyes of Mr. Walsingham. It was a happy thing that the heart of Ethel was free from jealousy or envy—she strove all she could to please both her parents, and if at times tears would fill her soft hazel eyes at the unkind rebuffs with which these attempts were too frequently received, she never harbored an unkind thought, or gave utterance to an angry word. Dearly too did she love her little sister Amelia, although she saw her constantly preferred before her. In fact she was the most amiable of little girls, and on that account the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Walsingham was, if possible, more reprehensible.

How many scenes like the following occurred during the days of childhood.

The carriage is at the door, for the day is a fine one—the very atmosphere causes the heart to bound more lightly. Mrs. Walsingham proposes a drive a few miles through the delicious pine-groves whose fragrance diffuses health to the body and tranquillity to the mind.

"Nurse, bring down Miss Amelia."

"And Miss Ethel, too?"

The answer is in the negative. So little Amelia, with the richest of laces, and bows of blue ribbon clustering round her pretty little face, her eyes sparkling with joy, and tiny hands and feet in brisk motion, is received with a kiss, first in the extended arms of papa, and then seated on the lap of *ma'ma*. The carriage rolls away from the door, while up at the nursery window may be seen the pale meek countenance of little Ethel, smiling at the delight of "dear sis," and waving her hand *unnoticed* until she is out of sight.

There is company to dine. The cloth is removed, and now a tempting display of fruits and confectionery is placed upon the table.

"Tell the nurse to bring down Miss Amelia."

"*And Miss Ethel?*" (for all the servants love the neglected child.) Again is the answer in the negative.

"What a dear little thing!" "sweet child!" "little love!" "kiss me, you cunning darling!" "and *me*," "and *me*," echoes from mouth to mouth, and finally, half smothered with kisses, petted, flattered, and loaded with a profusion of oranges and sweets, the child is led back to the nursery, where silent and alone sits Ethel, but still happy at the glee of her little sister, and wishing she knew *just how she felt* to laugh so loud and dance so merrily.

Mrs. Walsingham leads her darling into a spacious toy-shop. "Yes, my pet, *ma'ma* will buy her a new doll."

"And wont you buy one for thister Ethel, too?" demands the child.

"No, darling, nurse shall dress up your old one for Ethel!"

And so Amelia returns home with a beautiful waxen doll, while Ethel receives the *cast-away* with a smile of pleasure, nor casts one glance of envy to her more fortunate sister.

The days of childhood are over. Ethel has grown up a lovely intelligent girl. Fond of reading from her earliest years, books are now her solace and delight, and fortunately (as she has been left to her own judgment) the tendencies of her pure mind have led her to peruse only such as are moral and instructive. Her accomplishments apparently are not equal to Amelia's—she is a superior French scholar, but the Spanish, Italian and German masters are employed only for her sister. She touches the piano with grace and skill, for in whatever she undertakes she excels—but the harp and guitar are only for Amelia.

A few words will define the character of the latter. She was a beautiful girl, but vain and indolent. Dress lay nearest her heart, and to be charming and irresistible in the eyes of her many admirers, was her next ambition. Her beauty and gay manners rendered her a belle—her vanity made her a coquette. With her pale countenance and retiring modesty, Ethel was unnoticed by the side of her brilliant sister. To do Amelia justice, however, had she been better guided she would have made a better woman, for she was naturally amiable, and in spite of the indulgence so injudiciously lavished upon her, possessed in her early childhood many of the lovely traits of her sister's character, but they had now mostly disappeared for want of proper culture and encouragement. The love she felt for Ethel was as much as she could afford to bestow upon any one save her own dear self—and *self* she frequently forgot for Ethel's sake—and would entreat her mother to extend to her less privileged sister some of those favors of dress and jewels, which she herself was so constantly receiving.

CHAPTER III.

Change makes Change.—NEW PLAY.

Mr. Walsingham was suddenly called to pay the debt of nature, and even while his bereaved family were yet overwhelmed with affliction at this sad

stroke, it was discovered that the affairs of the deceased were not only in lamentable disorder, but in a pecuniary way very much embarrassed. Rogues, like kites, are always hovering in such an atmosphere for their vocation, and consequently this entanglement and confusion of accounts worked admirably for their advantage, but wofully for the interest of the widow and the fatherless. And thus to those who had never known a want, poverty came close on the footsteps of death, and the late happy household, by these fell visitants, was at once broken up. Under the swollen eyes of the weeping widow, the auctioneer knocked down; to hearts as hard as his own hammer, the beautiful furniture, the plate, the carriage, the horses—all which had constituted her *pride*; and immediately Mrs. Walsingham was politely requested to vacate the noble old house which had belonged to her husband's father, and seek a home—where?—it was no matter—the world was large enough, and what though the road might be a hard one—the *grave*, a place of rest, was beyond! So pack up, madam, and be off! quoth the purchaser.

Now it was that the energy and good judgment of Ethel found a field for development, and while her mother and sister did nothing but weep and repine, she on the contrary came forward to meet *for them* this sad reverse of fortune—to devise *for them* some measures by which comfort might be attained, and the want of it avoided—*self* was not thought of in the strife. But, thank Heaven, they are not quite friendless, and there are some of the neighbors who kindly offer assistance to this suddenly stricken family. With their help a small house is procured a few miles from the town, and such trifling articles as the *law allows*, are removed thither and disposed around in the most cheerful manner by Ethel. It was a striking contrast, that little parlor, with its painted floor, one small table, a few chairs, and naked walls; to the splendid drawing room, ornate with every elegance and luxury, which had once been theirs—yet had Mrs. Walsingham and Amelia imitated the noble spirit of Ethel, even *there*, happiness more to be prized than riches or ornament, might have found a resting place. But no, such were not their natures, and while in plain neat attire, Ethel is assisting our old friend Nanny in the domestic duties of the family, in a darkened chamber the widow is wringing her hands, reproaching even the memory of the dead that so much trouble has fallen upon her; and Amelia sits inactive and desponding—drooping like some beautiful flower crushed by the wind and rain. She has little sympathy for her mother; she wonders at Ethel for her cheerfulness, and pronounces her to be *heartless*—*self*, dear *self*, claims alone her sighs and tears. *What*—is she shut out forever from the coterie of fashion—no longer able to follow its whims and fooleries! must she no longer sport those beautiful dresses, and decorate herself with jewels! and where are all those wealth-serving *lovers* that so lately sighed even for her slightest glance—*what*, all *gone*! Poor Amelia, with her misguided frivolous mind, with no inward sources of relief for the hour of adversity; and no mother's example to prompt to better

things, no wonder repining and fretfulness gradually made their power visible upon her temper and her beauty.

Perhaps it might be considered almost a misfortune to Mrs. Walsingham that her step-daughter proved so energetic and untiring in her exertions—otherwise she might perhaps have breasted the storm with more firmness. As it was, Ethel could do all—her constitution was wonderful—Ethel never complained—the house was in perfect order—Ethel did it all—it was her pride—Ethel was so fond of her needle, and did up her caps so handily! Thus argued Mrs. Walsingham in favor of her own indolence. There was always enough to eat upon the neatly spread table, but *how* it was procured, and *when*, neither mother nor daughter troubled themselves to learn—it was *Ethel's affair*!

Unlike Cinderella, however, Ethel unfortunately possessed no good fairy to assist her in her oft dilemmas, and her own hands must therefore to the task. By disposing of the little jewelry she possessed, she was enabled to hire a piano, for the purpose of teaching, and her taste and proficiency upon that instrument being well known, she had no difficulty in obtaining scholars, which would without question have proved of some avail—but now Mrs. Walsingham began loudly to remonstrate upon her teaching the children of those persons who had once felt themselves honored by her notice.

Why not remove to the city? she suggested—there they would be unknown, not as now, daily *victimized* to the condescension of their former dear friends! The idea once aroused, grew to be a positive mania, and she looked forward to the change with restless eagerness. Amelia, too, became animated—the very word *city* was magical, and conjured up visions of delight. And Ethel, although she would have preferred the quiet cottage, reflected that in the city she might not only obtain more pupils and at a higher price, but also, where so much is to be done, gain by her needle an additional income for the support of her mother and sister. The poor girl knew not of the many—

Fingers weary and worn,
Eyelids heavy and red,

that in every street meet the midnight hour unresting—their reward—*starvation and contumely*!

CHAPTER IV.

New projects and plottings.

To the city, therefore, they came, and took board with a small family in a retired street, upon the most moderate terms. Mrs. Walsingham and Amelia occupied the front chamber, and Ethel a smaller one adjoining. Nanny of course was dismissed, Ethel undertaking to perform all those little offices which her mother might require. A piano was hired, but a stranger, unsupported either by friends or fame, finds no ready acceptance with the public—hence her pupils were few, and her skill in needle-work, however tastefully exerted, met with cold praise and still less profit. Unfortunately, too, as denizens of a city,

although unknowing and unknown, their wants began to multiply. New bonnets and dresses Mrs. Walsingham insisted must be had, for they must make a decent appearance in the street, and as the fashions changed so must they; it would never do to be different from the rest of the world! She delighted to saunter leisurely along through the most fashionable thoroughfares, with Amelia by her side, whose beauty never failed of attracting much attention, until finally not a doubt existed in the mind of the partial mother, that her lovely daughter was destined to make a brilliant match, and to set off her charms to the best advantage, both by window and promenade exhibitions became her sole aim, and for this she drew unsparingly upon the slender means of her step-daughter. Ethel ventured to remonstrate upon this cruel expenditure, but she might as well have talked to the winds. The only reply vouchsafed was to accuse her of being selfish and avaricious!

Glancing over a newspaper one morning, Ethel noticed the advertisement of an editor of a popular periodical, offering a reward of two hundred dollars for the best story which should be furnished him by a given time. *Two hundred dollars!* In her present situation it seemed a fortune. The idea of using her pen for a livelihood had never occurred to her, but she now felt herself strangely tempted to launch upon the precarious sea of literature. It was a hazardous enterprise—for she had no one to criticise her performance—no one upon whose good judgment she might rely for counsel and encouragement—no one either to correct an error or suggest an ornament. Upon her own good sense and imagination, therefore, must she rely. An aching brow and fevered pulse attested the zeal with which she set about the task. The "Sketch" completed, with throbbing heart and trembling hand, Ethel folded, sealed, and forwarded her manuscript to the publisher. Many days must intervene ere she can know the decision of the committee appointed to pronounce upon the merits of the different pieces laid open to their criticism, and I cannot do my heroine the *injustice* to say that those hours, rife with the hopes and fears of so many competitors, were passed by her without agitation or impatience. One thing, however, she did entirely forget—namely, the *prize money*. It was only the life or death of her literary offspring, now awaiting sentence, which had power to disturb her usual equanimity.

But Ethel did not obtain the prize. Nor is it any disparagement to her talents to say so. The bird that soars the nearest heaven, has first to poise his little wings trembling and fluttering from the parent nest! Her manuscript, however, was thought worthy the sum of twenty dollars—which was accordingly forwarded to her address (fictitious) with a request from the editor that she would continue to write for his magazine.

Never did Ethel feel so happy as when she received this tribute to her talents. A source of boundless pleasure to herself, with which she might combine both amusement and instruction to others, was now open to her, and how many little comforts too

she might thereby be enabled to procure for her mother and sister! To her other duties, therefore, she now added the labors of a writer, and the beams of the morning frequently penetrated the closed venetians ere she ceased from her employment—a few hours rest—and again to her task, cheerful, unflagging. Her communications to the press were anonymous—her signature simply a "*" They were invariably accepted, generously paid for, and extensively copied.

It was now winter, and Mrs. Walsingham, having noticed a prodigious pair of whiskers and a curled mustache several times pass the house, while from out the thicket peered a pair of eyes admiringly in the direction of the window where Amelia was accustomed to enthrone herself, resolved that it was indispensable her daughter should forthwith sport a velvet hat with plume of corresponding elegance—while she herself, as the chaperon of beauty, must of course add a fashionable shawl or mantilla, to her promenade gear. But how to obtain these desired articles? It was very easy to say *we must have them*—much more difficult to add—*they are ours!* She knew that their board bill was now due, and that owing to her unpardonable prodigality, the purse of poor Ethel was nearly empty. The latter was now engaged upon a story, for which she was to receive the sum of fifty dollars—but Mrs. Walsingham was aware it was already appropriated by the prudent girl mostly for board, and the remainder to supply the necessaries of fuel and lights until more might be realized, either by her pupils or her pen.

To obtain that fifty dollars Mrs. Walsingham was willing to barter her own soul! A plot, unexampled for its baseness and cruelty, suggested itself, and was at length disclosed to Amelia. At first her young mind revolted at a deed so treacherous to her amiable self-sacrificing sister—but the entreaties and commands of her mother, and more, I fear, the flattering predictions which her vanity led her to credit, induced a full consent to the measures proposed.

CHAPTER V.

Naught is there under heaven's wide hollownesse
That moves more dear compassion of minde,
Than beautie brought 'tunworthis wretchednesse,
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkinde.

SPENSER.

It was a cold winter morning. Those hours which should have been given to refresh her overtaken frame, Ethel was compelled from necessity to devote to the completion of her manuscript, and the clock had struck five ere her task was accomplished. The fire was nearly in an exhausted state, and her lamp gave but a dim sickly light, yet so intent was she upon the pages before her that both these silent monitors of the lapse of time remained unnoticed. As she rounded the last period a bright glow of satisfaction flushed her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with pride and pleasure.

"It is finished—what happiness!" she mentally exclaimed. "Five o'clock! is it possible it can be so late, or rather so early! no matter, my task is ended—I will now try to sleep an hour ere the family are stirring."

With these thoughts Ethel threw herself upon the bed, and in a few moments sweet sleep rested upon her weary eye-lids. Scarcely had she done so, when the side door leading from her mother's room was gently pushed open, and Amelia, still in her night dress, stole softly into the chamber. Casting a troubled look through the uncertain light to discover if her sister slept, she advanced cautiously to the table, and then seizing the manuscript, as softly retreated, and again closed the door.

"Here it is, mother!" she cried, quite pale with agitation.

"That is right, my love, you have done admirably," answered Mrs. Walsingham, eagerly snatching poor Ethel's treasure from the hand of Amelia, and fast locking it in a bureau drawer; "admirably! now lie down again and try to go to sleep; deny having been up at all—as for me, remember I am sick with a violent headache—not able to rise—so of course there will be no suspicions of us."

"Poor Ethel!" sighed Amelia, "no, she will never suspect us! She is too pure herself to think so vile a thing of a mother and sister! O mother, let me take the manuscript back."

"Nonsense, you silly girl! One would think we were absolutely stealing, to hear you talk. It is as much mine as hers, and I have a right to the money. Now hush and go to sleep—when you are riding in your own carriage one of these days, you will thank me for this harmless manœuvre."

It was nearly eight o'clock when a servant knocked at the door of Ethel's chamber, with a message from her mother stating that she was quite unwell, and desired Ethel would come to her; for as Amelia had been broken of her rest through the night on her account, and had now fallen asleep, she did not like to disturb her. Ethel instantly sprang from the bed, astonished she had slept so long, and requesting the girl to rekindle her fire, hastened into her mother's room. She found Mrs. Walsingham suffering from an excruciating headache, and Amelia with her face concealed under the bed clothes, either asleep or feigning to be so—most probably the latter. The sick woman suggested that a cup of tea, prepared by Ethel's own hands, might do her good, and perhaps she might be tempted to eat the daintiest bit of chicken if Ethel would cook it, for her appetite was too delicate to be tampered with by boarding-house cookery. And so Ethel descended to the kitchen and begged to be allowed to prepare her mother's breakfast.

At length she found her many duties around the sick bed of Mrs. Walsingham ended—as usual, she had platted her sister's beautiful hair, and assisted her in dressing. It was now ten—at eleven one of her pupils came, so she had just one hour good to fold her manuscript and carry it to the post-office, through which she sent all her communications. *But where was it?* She was confident she had left it upon her table—it was not there—in vain she searched her desk, her bureau, opened every book, and moved every article of furniture in the room—it was not to be found! Even Mrs. Walsingham, although she nearly fainted from the exertion, arose from her bed

to assist in the search: however, she had not a doubt, she said, but that the careless housemaid had taken it to kindle the fire! A *denial* of course was no proof—and as she had the reputation in the house of being a careless, headstrong girl, Ethel began to think she might possibly have done so. This loss cost the young authoress a copious flood of tears—but she soon cheered up, and with her usual spirit went to work to remedy the misfortune. Recollecting she had some loose sketches and draughts of the story in her desk, she was confident that, by using great industry, she might yet re-write and re-model her plot in time for the press; so as soon as she had dismissed her pupils, she sat herself resignedly down to the task.

In the meantime what employed Mrs. Walsingham and Amelia! No sooner did they hear the first touch of the piano, announcing that Ethel was now engaged with her pupils, than throwing on her sister's modest straw bonnet and shawl, Amelia took the *stolen manuscript*, with directions from her mother to proceed directly to the office of the publisher and receive the *fifty dollars!* It so happened that the office of the "Literary Wreath" and that of the "Japonica-dom Magazine" were within a few doors of each other—rival publications of course. In her agitation Amelia mistook the office, and, therefore, by this circumstance, it singularly happened that the article intended for the "Wreath" fell into the hands of the "Japonica-dom." The publisher received her with the greatest politeness—took the manuscript—turned over its neat pages, and here and there read a few sentences. He had frequently noticed the brilliant "*" of his neighbor—perhaps not without regret that his own pages were not benefitted by its sparkling rays; and now seeing the same signature appended to this, he took the liberty to inquire of Amelia if she was the writer of those pieces which had appeared in the "Wreath." It was no wonder the voice of the guilty girl was trembling and low as she replied in the affirmative! Not supposing there was any mistake in the matter, but simply that the fair authoress wished to extend her literary fame as well as profit, he asked:

"What price, my dear young lady, do you expect to receive for your manuscript?"

Amelia named the sum of fifty dollars.

"*Fifty dollars!* indeed! That is a large sum for an article of ten pages—really I—"

But at this moment the sudden opening of the street door admitted a swift current of air, which lifted the veil of Amelia, thus disclosing her beautiful countenance, now glowing and blushing with excitement.

"However, the merit of your pieces," continued the gallant publisher, bowing low to the fair vision thus revealed, "are too well known to admit a doubt of the corresponding excellence of this."

So saying, he turned to his desk and taking a fifty dollar note placed it in the hands of his visitant—he then escorted her to the door, where he remained watching her light graceful form until it vanished around the corner of the adjoining street.

The delight of Mrs. Walsingham at the success of her scheme could hardly be restrained within bounds

—as if such depravity could escape detection! After the return of Amelia her head felt so much relieved that she announced to Ethel her intention of taking a walk—the clear bracing air would help to revive her. And ere the setting of that day's sun the shawl was purchased, and the hat and plume ordered!

Late in the night did poor Ethel toil over her manuscript, and, after snatching a few hours' slumber, the dawn of day found her again at her task. By such untiring industry it was soon completed, but as the time appointed for its delivery had gone by, and fearing on that account it might be passed over in the number for which she had promised it, without some explanation, she determined to carry it herself to the publisher. Never having thrown aside her incognita, she felt great timidity in so doing, but when she reflected upon the debt now due their landlady, and their other urgent necessities, she hesitated no longer.

The editor himself came forward as Ethel entered. With a trembling hand she presented her manuscript, at the same time announcing herself as his correspondent the “*.”

“My dear young lady,” cried Mr. Temple, shaking her warmly by the hand, “this is indeed a pleasure. I have long wished to become acquainted with one whom we consider the choicest flower in our “Literary Wreath”—let me hope you now intend the world shall know to whom they are indebted for so many hours' enjoyment.”

Ethel modestly replied that such was by no means her intention—that she had merely brought the manuscript herself to apologize for her delay. She then handed him her card, bearing her name and address—but, in her haste to leave the office, she entirely forgot her most important errand—the money—until Mr. Temple, hastening after her, placed in her hand the stipulated sum of fifty dollars.

CHAPTER VI.

For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say. SHAKESPEARE.

The consequence of this double sale was—that both articles were issued simultaneously from the press! The one leading off the “Japonica-dom Magazine”—the other the “Literary Wreath!” Here was a commotion! here was a puzzle more complicated than ever the Turkish magician propounded! What could it mean? The articles were almost word for word the same—bearing the same title and signature! *There was treachery somewhere.* A copy must have been stolen by some Judas clerk, and betrayed into the hands of the rival! The “Wreath” had paid his fifty dollars, he had calculated his “*” this month would have eclipsed all other lights in the literary firmament—and what does he see? A twin star in the columns of his neighbor—no doubt surreptitiously placed there! “Japonica-dom” has paid *his* fifty dollars—and there was the *same* article copied *gratis* by his rival—unheard of meanness and perfidy! There was a brisk running fight between the clerks of the two establishments—but nothing could be

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elicited; those of the “Wreath” pronounced the “Japonica-doms” *sly rogues*—and the “Japonica-doms” shook their heads, and thought *ditto* of their neighbors!

A copy of the latter magazine accidentally fell into the hands of Ethel the morning of its publication—her astonishment exceeded even that of the editors themselves; and throwing on her bonnet and shawl, she hastened to the office of the “Wreath,” to discover if possible a solution to this mystery. Mr. Temple met her with his usual politeness, but of course could give her no satisfaction on the subject. He acquitted her at once from all suspicion of double-dealing, and assured her he would not sleep until the affair was thoroughly investigated, both for her sake and his own.

Pardon a little digression, dear reader. Mr. Temple was a bachelor. Whether it was that his affection for the Muses had sheltered him from the roguish darts of Cupid, it is certain he had reached the age of thirty-five heart-whole. But, alas! poor man! his stoicism was wonderfully disturbed when Ethel first appeared before him. Already enamored of her style, her fine classic face and gentle voice perfected the charm. From that moment she dwelt continually in his thoughts, and he had already determined to profit by her address, and pursue an acquaintance from which he promised himself such pleasure. Thus, when Ethel a second time unexpectedly appeared before him, he was almost inclined to bless the event which had led to so happy a result. With a much more bland expression of countenance, therefore, than could have been expected under the circumstances, Mr. Temple made his appearance in the office of the “Japonica-dom Magazine,” when the following conversation between the rival editors ensued:

Mr. Temple. Will you allow me to ask, sir, where you obtained the tale published in your magazine with the signature of a star?

Mr. Luff. Most certainly, my dear sir. I am most happy to reply to any interrogatories on the subject. I received it, sir, from the *fair authoress herself!*

Mr. Temple, (with a start of surprise.) Impossible, sir! it cannot be!

Mr. Luff. Pardon me, sir, if I say it is not only possible but true. I tell you positively the article in question was handed me by the “bright particular star,” for which I paid the sum of fifty dollars! Perhaps you may recognize her manuscript—here it is.

Mr. Temple, (much agitated.) Good heavens! It is indeed her own hand! Will you describe the lady?

Mr. Luff. That were a vain attempt. I can only say she was the most lovely girl my eyes ever beheld; tall, fine figure, with a voice of enchanting melody.

Mr. Temple. *It is enough!* Have you any objection to accompany me to the residence of this lady? This matter must be investigated.”

Mr. Luff having protested it would afford him infinite pleasure to do so, the two gentlemen sallied arm in arm up the street, and soon reached the house of Mrs. Walford.

CHAPTER VII.

Trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error. SHAKESPEARE.

Upon asking for Miss Walsingham, they were shown into the parlor. Mr. Temple was much agitated. Appearances were all certainly much against the fair girl for whom he had suddenly imbibed so great an interest. The manuscript shown him by Mr. Luff was in the same hand—the description of her person answered to the image graven on his heart! Could it be possible so lovely a form could embody such falsehood! And Mr. Temple paced the room violently, while Mr. Luff, perfectly cool, amused himself in tumbling over the miscellaneous mass the centre-table exhibited. In a few moments Ethel entered.

Nerving himself to the task, Mr. Temple fixing his eye sternly upon the blushing girl, said:

"Our business with you, Miss Walsingham, is of a most painful nature. It has been proved almost to a certainty that you delivered to this gentleman a manuscript—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," interposed Mr. Luff, "you are in an error—*this is not the young lady*, I am most happy to say, from whom I received the manuscript."

Gloom instantly vanished from the countenance of Mr. Temple at this announcement, while Ethel, too indignant to reply to the charge she knew he had been about to bring against her, stood proudly before him, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing with the pride of conscious innocence.

At this moment Mrs. Walsingham and Amelia returned from their accustomed promenade, and hearing a gentleman's voice in the parlor, the latter could not resist the opportunity of exhibiting her pretty face, so she opened the parlor door and tripped in. She instantly divined the scene before her, for at the first glance she recognized in Mr. Luff the person to whom she had given the stolen manuscript. Hastily drawing her veil over her face, she would have fled the room, but Mr. Luff sprang forward, closed the door, and then turning to Mr. Temple said:

"*This is the young lady we came to see!*"

The whole truth instantly flashed upon Ethel—she turned very pale, and sank nearly fainting upon a sofa—it was then her *sister* who had robbed her! But anxious still to screen the guilty girl, she said:

"There is some mistake, I am sure, sir—will you be kind enough to allow my sister to pass?"

"Excuse me, my dear Miss Walsingham—you must have justice done *you!*" exclaimed Mr. Temple—then turning to Amelia, who, pale and frightened, clung to a chair for support—"Young lady, you delivered a manuscript purporting to be *yours* to this gentleman; answer me, *were you the writer*—or how did it come into your possession?"

Amelia burst into tears, and flying to Ethel threw herself into her arms, exclaiming—

"O save me, dear Ethel, save me—*it was my mother!*"

"I understand it all now," said Mr. Temple, wiping his eyes. "Forgive me, Miss Walsingham, that even for a moment I doubted your word. Rest easy; this unhappy business shall go no further. Mr. Luff, you are a man of honor!"

"My dear young lady," said the latter, advancing to Ethel and taking her hand, "give yourself no uneasiness—this secret shall never be divulged. However much such treachery and baseness may deserve unmasking, yet for your sake, and the honor of those dear to you, this affair shall be buried in oblivion."

Ethel could only bow her thanks, while tears filled her beautiful eyes.

To depict the anger and mortification of Mrs. Walsingham, at finding herself detected in so nefarious a transaction, would be vain. Happily, from that moment her influence over the mind of Amelia was lost—who, now repenting of her folly and ingratitude to so sweet a sister, resolved to imitate her noble example, and if possible attain her excellence.

To recompense our heroine for all her trials, in less than a year from their first meeting she became the happy wife of Mr. Temple.

Surrounded with every comfort and kindness, *under the roof of Ethel*, Mrs. Walsingham died—and Amelia being now left to the *sole* guidance of her sister, is rapidly retrieving her errors, and gaining the love of those around her.

THE PARTING.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

THE sun was shining merrily
O'er forest, hill and mere,
When forth to meet his king at York
Rode out the cavalier.
He girt his broad-sword at his side,
Donned corselet, plume and glove,
Then gayly left his lordly halls
And weeping lady-love!

He asked no counsel but his heart—
He fought for church and bride,
And for the banner of his king,
For which his fathers died!
Alas! in vain did loyal breasts
Their blood in torrents pour—
The lady weeps her absent lord,
Who lies on Marston Moor!

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

BY MRS. MARY B. HORTON.

Was Hope Leighton a belle? Let us consider a belle's belongings.

Strawberry lips, peachy cheeks, eyes like a coal, raven hair, (the same color as the eyes, only we must say as the poet does,) snowy neck, the same shade for hands, only the tips of the fingers of a very fine rose color, and the fairy terminus of the graceful arm smiling in dimples. I must dwell a little while upon the hands.

Susceptible youths have been known to indulge in the very dangerous, aye, even annihilating desire to change their dear selves, superfine broadcloth, cherished imperial and all, into—a glove, a bit of kid, (some of the human material called "exquisite" would wonder at the slight change its nature would undergo.) The reason for this transfiguration—the liberty to press fingers, dimples and all, without reproach; but particularly for the opportunity it might give for a sly kiss as the cheek rested lovingly upon the hand. I can but wonder at such a longing.

Now come the peeping feet, twinkling and tormenting. The wee things glide about, now seen now hid, playing "bo-peep" with man's yearnings to possess even a little slipper, and making the ground they played upon fit object for the worship he hardly dare bestow upon the fairies themselves.

Then there are the smiles and blushes, the queen-like motion, and all that. These charms constitute the belle. Now come we to the question—*Was* Hope Leighton a belle? She shall answer. Here is her picture.

Hope Leighton's lips—what were they like? Strawberries? No. Excepting it may be mammoth ones, such as mother nature sometimes gives, to show her children what powers there are in the green earth's cells. But as to the being "smothered in cream"—I never heard any young man say for a certainty respecting that sweet accompaniment, but I really think that Hope was not troubled about having it much stolen—it looked changed.

Her cheeks? They were somewhat downy, to be sure, but they were not peach-color.

Eyes like a coal? Why yes—one that had been well burnt, lighting up at times with somewhat of their original fire, but proving to be only a little angry flash, soon going out.

Her hair was *not* the shade of the bird that sat over Poe's chamber door, I will say that decisively. Yet, let me think! It might have been of the raven shade in her babyhood, but looked now as if it had faded grievously in the wearing. It was so luxuriant, too.

Combs and pins could scarcely check its playful wanderings. If it had been very light auburn, or even a respectable red, but it was not either, and to one who had ever seen Hope, the "playful wanderings" of *such* hair would seem a jest. Miss Leighton, forgive!

Didst ever see a swan? Hope's neck was not like a swan's, neither in curve nor fairness. She wore black velvet round her throat, and disaffected boas.

Hope *did* fancy gloves, and wore them when she could, but when she could n't disguise her hands, no man seemed anxious to change his nature into a covering for them, and, if the truth be spoken, poetry would not have sanctioned the sacrifice. To be sure, the tips of her fingers were rosy red, but, alas! the rosy hue was generously distributed where the snowy should have reigned. And, alackaday! Cupid could find no nestling places on cheek, or neck, or hands. Hope Leighton was dimpleless.

As for her feet, they never played "bo-peep," they could n't. Never hiding under the envious robe, one never had occasion to long for their reappearing. Rodly, our village shoemaker, has promised never to raise his finger from his lip respecting the number of her shoe, so there is no hope for the curious.

Now, reader, was Hope Leighton a belle? Not in your estimation perhaps, neither, I must say, in mine. But in her own opinion, she might have been the master-piece of those upper sculptors who have the finishing to put to mortal clay; making Venuses, and such like, after the model of their own bright selves. She was not the work of those common artists who do not perfect their labors; setting black eyes in faces having no other charm, and giving sweet faces no voice from the inner shrine. Her evil genius deceived her, and her mirror must have been in the plot.

She looked down upon the sunny-browed and dark-haired girls, who glanced like sweet visions by her when she sauntered through the village streets; but it was to her father's wealth alone that she owed the imagined might. They, with their glorious wealth of beauty, to give way before the gold-bought charms of so unenviable a disdainer! She queened it well in Fashiondom! Roses fresh from far New York, (but not fresh roses, mind ye,) joined their bright hues to her stylish hat, and the mode at Gotham was copied in her dress. It was Hope's second aim in life (the first was to get married) to show the western folks how a Broadway belle trod that fashionable *pavé*. How was this accomplished?

Hope had a New York friend—her name Jeanette. No sooner had worldly women's goddess sent a few of her votaries into Broadway, to show the uninitiated that the season had changed, and she had succeeded in creating something new out of her hard worked brain, than Jeanette would set out upon her labor of love, and, promenading the brilliant street, would choose some showy pattern from the crowd, and minute down her dress from gaiter to crown. Indefatigable in her pursuit, she would keep her eye upon the one graceful subject of her picture until the copy was perfected. The next day's mail carried to her dear Hope the faithful transcript of the milliner department of that fair creature in Broadway.

Little know ye, brilliant ones, which will be the next to be copied down! Jeanette is meek looking and modest. You could not detect her as she glides demurely along, studying though she may be, at the same time, the dimensions of your cloak, noting down the color of your hat, your gloves, your dress, and even conquering the secret of "effect," which has been a study with you. In a few weeks the shadow of your toilet will fall upon the "fashionable side" of Thacherville—let the thought console you, that Jeanette, with all her great abilities, cannot remit that charm of mouth, and cheek, and eye, which makes us forget roses and jewelry.

The correspondence between Jeanette and Hope was brilliant, or dull, according to the *fashions* of the times. Fanny Forester and Cousin Bel were not their prototypes. One wrote lovingly of Nature—its poetry of bud and flower—its thousand shapes of loveliness, in flowing water, rustling groves, waving fields, and velvet lawns. The other talked of Art—its wondrous faculty in imitating Flora's jewels, and its charity (so convenient!) in creating those that could not die—its shapes of beauty in the flowing mantle, the rustling silk, the waving plume, and the velvet robe.

One welcomed each opening season for the new and sweet expression it brought to Nature's face—the other for the change it brought to the adorning of Miss Hope.

Fanny Forester's silvery messages to Cousin Bel will ring pleasantly in our memory for years. Hope's were "to be burned as soon as read." They will not be lamented. Who can tell but Fanny Forester's autograph may one day be worth a pilgrimage to the cottage at "Alderbrook." Thacherville will never be a Mecca on Hope's account, nor her signature of any more value than those given to the remorseless flames by her friend Jeanette.

And yet it would seem as if the young men of Thacherville thought well of the name, for no one as yet had been known to ask if she would change it. *She* would have decidedly preferred matrimony to immortality.

I will tell you how she lost the ring which would have admitted her into the envied state.

Hope sat one day in her "boudoir." Looped, and tasseled, and gimped curtains darkened the windows with their blue folds. The furniture was rich, but so crowded were the fashionable items, after descrip-

tions given by Jeanette, that a great deal of skill was required to pick one's way safely among the taborets, ottomans, divans, and etceteras innumerable. There were chairs of every style and every size, showing a fashionable fear of duplicates. There was worsted work, animal and shaded. Dogs looking condemnation of the instinct theory, which their fidelity and quick conception had established for them, and men and women owing their parentage solely to the creative genius of Miss Hope. The shaded work excited praise of Miss Leighton's single evidence of economy, in having used up so sparingly the bits of worsted left of the dogs, men and women above mentioned.

Then there were painted tables, and marble tables, busts and Cupids, vases and vanities innumerable.

The presiding genius of this motley scene was reading a letter from Fashion's amanuensis, the untiring Jeanette. She rejoiced over a new idea caught from the glittering upper crust of New York society. Was it about a hat or dress? No. A fashionable point, aye, *two* fashionable points of etiquette, Jeanette had just discovered. Would they not create a sensation in Thacherville!

Let me say a word while Hope adorns herself for a call. She has started up to put into execution her design for showing off her lately acquired knowledge, as soon as possible, and we must tell the *one* story of her loves quickly.

Henry Thacher was rich and a *bachelor*. Now you can easily tell my story for me! You can tell how he was wooed by Mr. Leighton's daughter, but you *cannot* tell if he were won. We will see in the end if they were really matched on that matrimonial register, upon which they do say lovers are paired off by a bright-winged recorder, as soon as the parties are born, and I can't say but before. *He* was fond of keeping money—*she* of spending it. *He* was not very young—*she* was about—I dare not, she would never pardon me! Enough to know that the years she knew had no close sympathy with "sweet sixteen." *His* head showed no Webster-organs, telling the world what he would one day be. *She*—really it is a delicate thing to manipulate a lady's character in this phrenological way—you will have some idea of our fashionist's intellect, perhaps, by my sketch.

Henry had given his name to the village, and to be "Mrs. Thacher, of Thacherville," was Hope's first desire. She had him almost in her golden net, for her father's wealth cast a brilliant atmosphere about her to his eyes, and threw a light upon her features, which banished thence all dark shadows, all unfeminine proportions. He was, besides, the only son of a plotting mother. His father had died when Henry was at the lisping period between babyhood and youth, and the lisp had never been allowed by his strict mother to gain strength in council, or clear into the utterance of "will."

She it was who had told him first he was in love, even before he had looked upon the lady with charmed eyes. But he believed his lynx-eyed guardian, as he should in dutifulness have done, and

would willingly have proceeded to the extremity of putting the coveted ring on the hand so full of gold, had it not been for—I will tell you by and by.

Henry had not yet proposed, as you may have seen. But if I dare tell the secret thought of Hope's virgin heart, she every day expected to have occasion for the use of the waiting "Yes." She had already acted the milk-maid part in fancying the brightness of her bride-debut, which seemed so delightfully fated.

How often does the proud tossing of our head cause us to miss the treasure we had set our hearts upon? And what but the homely picture of the exulting maiden, with her wealth of bright hopes upon her head; and her after dejection, as she watched the lost tide of fortune coursing the ground at her feet, could show the fall of Hope from the sweet rank of bride to the life-long obloquy of the class "old maid?" I *must* say a few words here, although I am fearful Hope is almost ready for her walk.

What were Hope's impressions respecting the rank she would avoid by every stratagem? Lank figures—folded kerchiefs—set attitudes—and more than all, that dreaded title from cradle to grave—"Miss!" The world, in her case, *might* have concluded justly that the hand had been unsought, and the "yes" been disappointed in its hope of *one* opportunity for reply. The world knew that she would never give "nay" to any one. But few of the dear, good unmarried class are from stern necessity "old maids"—from the blindness of men's eyes and the hardness of their hearts.

Oh no! woman is not so put to straits that she must catch at admiration, and tremblingly play her part to warm it into love, in very fear, lest if this one chance slip through her net she may never hope again! Men have the *asking*, to be sure, but these same "old maids" have had the privilege to *refuse*, aye, more than once.

Hav'n't I won your heart, dear lady of the secret age?

But here comes Hope. Her visit is to be to her "own Henry's" family. Not yet your "own," poor Hope! Stop short! Oh hesitate before you toss that beflowered hat of yours, to the ruin of your fond imaginings! I have presentiments and fears for you. The triumph you look forward to may end in sorrow. Pride and expectation are bubbling up to make commotion at the fountain head of thy hopeful soul—soon perhaps to settle into the bitter dregs of hope not deferred, which merely maketh the heart sick, but hope withered forever, which maketh the heart a grave.

You will go on? Then be it my sad duty to tell the consequence of that fatal step. Time's sickle swept over the fields of many years after that unfortunate call, before Hope could conquer the bitter spirit of self reproach, or look with undimmed eye upon a *bride*.

I will tell you of that visit.

Hope was received by mother and daughter with the courtesy due to the mistress of that wealth which might one day make *them* richer, and was imme-

diately introduced to a young lady visiter from a distant town, who possessed a brother, mated on Mrs. Thacher's matrimonial plot-book to her daughter Eunice. This young lady was the object of much attention and deference—how natural! She was to remain some time in the village with her entertainers, and the wily mother had counted upon the services and "boudoir" of Hope to furnish flowers for the feet of Time, when the hours dragged heavily. She had even counseled her son to give expression to his fond mother's desire that very evening, and make an offer of his hand, which no doubt would be lovely in the lady's eyes.

This was to make Hope Leighton's home accessible at all times, and impress the visiter with an admiring sense of the wealth abounding in the family by the union of two such purses.

Delighted that Hope should have happened in the very morning of Miss Dall's arrival, the mother and daughter hastened to welcome her as I have said, introducing proudly to the stranger the fashionable comer.

How did the angry blood rush to the very temples of Mrs. Thacher, as, with a stare and slight nod, as if some indignity had been offered her, the lady Hope passed on and took a chair! She did not heed the flush, so intent was she upon her purpose of setting the fashions in the drawing-rooms of Thacher-ville—she had yet another point to carry.

Roused by the apparent discourtesy to their visiter, and being naturally of an irritable temper, the mother watched the lady's movements with a quick and jealous eye. She could plainly see the folly of Hope's heart, which was so legibly written on her showy person, and which would steal into her studied conversation. Yet the red spot grew fainter on Mrs. Thacher's cheek, as she remembered the fortunes she had in prospect, to add to those of her girl and boy, and soon there was left only the natural hue and the long-established smile. But the flush was fated to return with tenfold heat, and never fade, at least to poor mistaken Hope!

She had noticed in the hostess's conversation frequent and forcible allusions to the pleasure, &c., &c., which her daughter and the "sister" anticipated in the neighborly attentions of the young men and maidens of the village; insinuating pleasant things of Miss Leighton in particular, and of the delightful times that were in store for them all during Miss Dall's visit.

There was just time for these hints to be given, when Hope rose to leave. She was generally meteoric in her calls—Jeanette had written once that it was fashionable.

Now for the second point.

Rising from her seat she bade the ladies good morning, and, although expectation sat evident on the brows of the unfashionable three, for some last words, some token that the "sister" would be welcomed to Miss Leighton's heart and home—she sailed magnificently out, and left them in speechless wonder at the sudden retreat.

Jeanette had written—"It is not fashionable to

introduce, and by no means intimate to your friends at the end of a call that you desire to see them again."

Hope Leighton lost a husband. The brother was a greater prize than Hope, and Miss Dall could not forgive the cold, proud creature who had passed her by in such disdain. Hope endeavored to make false Fashion's shoulders bear the weight of the visiter's displeasure, but it could not be transferred in her

simple mind, and the brother was won by the sacrifice of Henry's plan.

He can charm some other's eye with the talisman he bears; for his mother will not rest till there is nothing more to gain. But the sweet virtue, after which our fashion-lost devotee was named, had no power over her soul after that sad change—she was Hope Leighton and hopeless to the end.

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

WHEN age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
When evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day,
Then shall we sit and ponder
On the dim and shadowy past,
In the heart's silent chamber
The guests will gather fast.

Guests that in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
And we shall hold communion
As in the days before.
They may be dark and sombre,
They may be bright and fair,
But the heart will have its chamber,
The guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters,
Who shall be our hearts' guests?
How shall it be, my brothers,
When life's shadow on us rests?
Shall we not 'mid the silence
Hear voices, sweet and low,
Speak the old familiar language,
The words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces
Sweet smiling as of old,
Till the mists of that lone chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold?
When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day.

THE QUEEN OF NOON.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

BEHOLD where comes the stately queen of noon,
Her face dispensing beauty far and near!
While dying Autumn's airs flow still in tune,
To soothe the senses of the aged year.

She walks within those gray ancestral piles
Where Christmas laughs 'mid wreaths of mistletoe;
Or dressed in sombre robes, and veiled her smiles,
In dim cathedrals lists the organ's flow.

In yonder cot she seeks the widow's hearth,
With cheerful greeting takes the welcome sent;
Or proudly treads across the snowy earth,
Nor prints its whiteness with her shining feet.

And now, when starts the infant Spring from sleep,
The storms recoil before her burning frown;
She bids old Winter yield his castled steep,
And hurls his walls in avalanches down.

At her approach the rustic horn is blown,
To call the lab'ers from the heavy ploughs;
Or (later still) to leave the field half mown,
And scythes vibrating on the orchard boughs.

I've seen her drop her floating scarf of gold
Across the meadows and the forest leaves;
I've seen her stand, like gentle Ruth of old,
Amid the reapers and the yellow sheaves.

And I would sit, where Autumn's hues enwrap
In gorgeous splendors all the vocal grove,
And rest my head upon her shaded lap,
To dream away a listless hour of love.

A devotee of Nature, I would lose,
What men have called the world, to spend an hour
With her 'mid singing brooks and birds, to muse,
And find a world of riches in each flower.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

A PARISIAN SKETCH.

BY T. MAYNE REID.

THE sun was gilding with his last gleam the turrets of Nôtre Dame. In a small but handsome chamber, whose window stood just clear of the shadow of the great tower, were seated two individuals, busied with their separate occupations. We will describe them. The first, and the one who sat nearest the window, was a girl apparently about eighteen, though her air and actions, soft and graceful, and the silent melancholy of her countenance, might have betokened to a careless observer the full grown woman. Her complexion was dark brunette, her long hair black as ebony, her eye of the same color, and liquid as the soft words that at intervals fell from her prettily curving lips. She was plying the needle upon a piece of fine cambric, but occasionally casting a glance into the crowded thoroughfare below.

At a little distance from her and nearer to the fire—for it was December—sat a fine looking youth. The dark complexion, the raven hair, the eye, and the general outline of his features, at once bespoke him the brother of the girl. On his left arm rested the palette, he held the pencil in his right hand, and before him stood the easel, supporting the unfinished portrait of a lady. He was, as may be supposed, an artist. His native country, as that of his sister, Italy. They were the offspring of the bright sun and the burning clime of Naples, and had wandered to the world's metropolis of art, in order that the young painter might seek that reward of genius, which the poverty of his countrymen had denied him at home.

We have said that the painting which leaned against the easel was unfinished. Enough had been done, however, to show that it was the portrait of a lovely woman. The head and neck were perfected. The drapery only remained to be thrown around one of the most perfect conceptions that ever emanated from the brain of an artist. The head was slightly thrown back, giving full effect to the bold but graceful curving of the neck—the head was oval, of the most voluptuous formation—the complexion of a pure blonde, the cheeks slightly tinted with the rose, while the eyes and hair were of the deepest black, the latter gracefully folded and plaited into a thick cluster at the back of the head. The upper outline of the nose was a perfectly straight line; such a nose as the Grecian sculptors loved to cut from their pure Parian—while the curved and classic lip seemed constantly to distil dewy drops of crystal honey. In short the painting was the *chef d'œuvre* of an artist's skill, as the original must have been of the handiwork of nature.

But how know we that there *was* an original? Might it not have been what painters term a "fancy sketch?" No such thing. The long and ardent gaze which the young painter directed, from time to time, on the lovely object before him, the deep drawn sigh that escaped him as he turned again to his colors, bore evidence of a feeling far different from the mere enthusiasm of an artist for the creation of his own fancy, and plainly declared that the loveliness before him was God's, not his conception.

"It is impossible!" muttered the artist to himself, as he flung himself back despairingly in his seat. "Impossible—the divine pencil of Angelo himself would fail to copy the angel in her eyes. I shall try to see her once more before the sun goes down—'t is a lovely evening—she may be at her window—oh! could I but see her seated here—here in this soft light, for one moment—it might be done—sister!"

"Guido?"

"Here, sister, what think you now; have I changed the expression in aught?"

The Italian girl rose from her seat at the window, approached the painting, and stood for a moment in silent contemplation of it.

"It is indeed much more *like*—"

"Like? why what mean you? You have never seen her, Bianca?"

"I—I," answered the sister, in an embarrassed manner; "I meant that the expression is better—more beautiful now."

The painter seemed satisfied with the answer, and continued—

"Oh, Bianca, could you but see the original. I have half a mind to show her to you some day—but then how different would she seem to us! You can only see her with your eyes; I feel her in my heart, in my pulse, everywhere. She is to me as the sun that lights yonder gilded cupola, and lends it all its glory and brightness"—(the painter had approached the window—the great tower of Nôtre Dame had already flung its deep shadow upon the sill, and only the highest turrets of houses were burnished by the declining sunbeam—a cupola with gilded cross rose over the distant roofs to which the young artist pointed, as he continued)—"Yes, Bianca, like in more ways than one—though that spire raises its head proudly over the humble roofs of the *bourgeoise*, it can never reach the sun—hopeless—hopeless!"

"And yet, Gaetano, the sun condescends to come to that cupola and kiss it."

"Thank you, thank you, sweet sister—now shall I

take fresh courage from the omen you have uttered—my cloak, I must to the Chassée d'Antin—one more gaze, one more look into that lovely eye, and if my hand and heart fail me not, I shall have it upon the canvas, and feast upon it at leisure. Adieu, sister!"

The enthusiastic lover seized his chapeau, threw a Neapolitan cloak over his shoulders, and opening the door hurried out into the street.

Bianca stood for a moment gazing earnestly at the picture.

"How like *him*!" soliloquized she, "the eye—the nose—the lip—all—all like him! how very strange—and nearly betrayed, too—ha! I must be more cautious"—and so saying, the beautiful girl again approached the window and looked out into the street.

She had not remained long in this position when some object in the crowded thoroughfare below attracted her attention, caused her to start, and sent the red blood mantling over her fair cheeks. A young man, dressed in the prevailing fashion, was standing at a distant corner, under the shade of a *café* awning. A light French cloak was thrown gracefully over his well made figure, and a black mustache and imperial added to the expression of his handsome face. From beneath his becoming chapeau, black wavy curls fell upon his shoulders, and his whole appearance gave the impression of graceful and manly beauty.

During the few moments in which the painter and his sister had been criticising the portrait, this young man had passed and repassed the front of the house, with his eyes anxiously yet stealthily bent on the window of the painter's studio, but the moment the latter issued from the street door, the young man, who had evidently been waiting for this, crossed over the street and entered.

Presently a slight knock was heard, the door opened, and Bianca's lover stood in her presence.

"Dearest Bianca!" was the exclamation of the youth, as he kissed the red lip freely offered to him. There was no coquetry here. The lover had won the affections of the Italian maiden, and she yielded to him without resistance this sweet favor of confiding love.

"Guido has gone out, Bianca, I watched him from the street—think you, love, he will soon return?"

"No, not soon, Louis, he will remain out until nightfall—he always does when he goes on the same errand."

"What errand, Bianca?"

"Why, your own," replied the girl laughing, "he has gone to see his sweetheart."

"Ha! Guido in love?"

"Aye, like yourself again."

"But he never told me of his love."

"Have you ever told him of yours? ha!—"

"No, sweetest, but I mean to break it to him the very first opportunity."

A gleam of joy flashed over the features of the Italian maiden. It was this she had long desired, for the secrecy of her attachment to the young Frenchman (which, though pure and holy, had been carefully concealed from her brother) distressed her; and

she often wished that she had made Guido a confidant: She doubted not that had this been done, from the peculiar nature of her brother's own circumstances, he would have sympathized with her; but since he had freely confided in her, she knew that his pride would be wounded by the deception *she* was practising, and perhaps in the violence of his nature he might forbid the advances of her lover.

"Do, dearest Louis, for my sake do!" was the reply of Bianca.

"I will, and to-morrow, Bianca. What think you? I have good news for you—my kind father has given me leave to choose a wife for myself—I should have done so, at all events, but how much pleasanter to have one's father's consent—and now if we can gain your brother's, we may get speedily married."

"What happiness!"

"The lover leaned forward and kissed the beautiful cheek of his mistress.

"Guido will not refuse it; he loves, and like ourselves—"

"Ah! not like us."

"Not like us! what mean you, Bianca?"

"Alas! poor Guido!"

"Poor Guido! and why?"

"His love, I fear, is hopeless."

"For what reason—know you the lady?"

"No, but my brother has told me that she is high in rank, and he can never become acquainted with her. He only loves at a distance."

"Nonsense! Guido has every thing to hope—he is growing famous—genius and reputation will win love and beauty—besides, your brother (he were not else *your* brother, Bianca,) is handsome—he is cast in that mould that women admire—by the bye, I heard a very fine lady say (and she only saw him passing her window) that he was the handsomest gentleman in Paris—i' faith, I believe he has won her heart, but, poor girl, he never saw her—how strange is this thing love—it is so seldom mutual like ours—we were made for each other—do n't you think so, Bianca?"

Bianca smiled, and received another glowing kiss upon her beautiful cheek.

"To-morrow, then, Bianca, I will tell Guido that I, his friend, am in love with his sister—shall I say that she loves me in return?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well then I shall, and afterwards ask his consent to our marriage; you know I am rich enough—he will not refuse me on that ground, I think, and then we will be married, and I shall have the sweetest wife in all Paris; so happy we shall be! Shall we not, Bianca?"

"Oh! so happy!"

"But what can I do for Guido, he will be so lonely without you? I wish I could help him to a wife—that fine lady he believes to be beyond his reach; perhaps I may know her and can introduce him—can you give me no clue by which to find out who she is?"

"Yes, yes! here is her likeness," suddenly recollected Bianca, pointing to the beautiful portrait on the easel.

"What?" exclaimed the lover, suddenly starting, while a gleam of joy passed over his countenance; "this her?"

"Yes," answered Bianca.

"Where did he paint this likeness?"

"Here—from recollection."

"She lives in the Chassée d'Antin?"

"She does; and do you know, Louis, I nearly betrayed myself to Guido this evening, in speaking of her; for I have often fancied that the portrait resembled you! I had nearly spoken out your name!"

"It is very natural she should resemble me, she is my sister!"

"Your sister?"

"Yes, truly—that is the likeness of my sister Eugenie—and I am right glad; now I can ask Guido for my Bianca with more confidence of success, as I will be enabled to do him a favor in return. Ha, ha, ha! what a singular discovery! We shall have a fair exchange here, though I think the balance will be in my favor, sweet Bianca!"

"But will your sister care for my poor brother?" artlessly inquired the Italian girl.

"Never mind, Bianca; leave that to my management—but the twilight is darkening—I must away ere he return—say nothing of our discovery—not a word—it would mar my schemes. I shall make the rascal so much my debtor that he dare not refuse me any thing—adieu, sweet Bianca, adieu!" and kissing the fair cheek of his mistress, the young Parisian was soon once more in the street, and on his way homeward.

Bianca reluctantly closed the door as the echo of his footsteps died away in the distance, and approaching the portrait, she sat down before it, gazing earnestly upon the picture. After awhile she leaned forward and murmuring the words "sweet sister," imprinted an enthusiastic kiss on the lifeless canvas. She did not perceive that the door had opened and that her brother having entered the room was standing beside her.

"Sweet sister! ah Bianca, it can never be so! I am mad to think of it!" added the painter, in a melancholy tone.

"Do not despair, Guido," said Bianca, cheerfully, when she had recovered herself from the slight agitation occasioned by her brother's voice—"you know not what good fortune may be in store for you."

She would fain have told him all she knew, but the injunctions of her lover, and the circumstances of her intimacy with the young Frenchman, prevented the possibility of this, and she was obliged to use other means to cheer his drooping spirits.

Guido had been to the Chassée d'Antin; he had seen the object of his love in her window, and screened by a friendly projection, had remained for a half hour gazing with rapture upon her beautiful features.

She had left the window as the twilight darkened down, and the painter, dispirited and despairing, returned to his home. He did not even yet know her name. He had not had the courage to inquire—but he felt that any advances from a poor artist toward

one living in such a splendid mansion, would be treated with scorn. He was fast rising, however, into notice, as a man of true genius, and had already made many friends among the higher classes, among whom was the young Parisian, Louis Le Breton, but this friendship had not as yet extended to the full confidence which admits the stranger into the family circle.

In the midst of gloomy thoughts that were fast being dissipated by the kind condolence of his beloved sister, the door opened, and a note was handed by a liveried servant to the artist. The servant retreated. The note ran as follows:—

MY DEAR FRIEND—I have shown the portrait which you painted of me to my family. It has been so much admired that my sister insists upon having her likeness painted by you if you can find time, and perhaps you could make it convenient to come to our house, as she is at present somewhat indisposed. If so, you will extremely oblige your friend—

LOUIS LE BRETON.

To-morrow at ten o'clock I will wait for you at home, and introduce you to your study—you will find our house at No. 40 Rue —, Chassée d'Antin.

"I can see the meaning of all this," thought Bianca; "kind Louis! how happy will my brother be when he finds out whose likeness he is to paint."

"Can it be possible?" inquired the astonished artist of himself, when next morning he came up with No. 40, and found it was the very mansion into the windows of which he had often gazed with longing eyes. "Strange I had not known this before—Louis never told me where he lived—'Le Breton,' No. 40—it is indeed!"

His hand trembled on the bell handle—he rang—Louis himself came to the door to meet him, and in a moment the painter found himself in the presence of her whom he had long secretly adored. He managed, however, to conceal his emotions in presence of Louis. The latter secretly enjoyed the ruse which he was playing. But the emotions were not all on one side—for happily this was the lady of whom Louis had spoken to Bianca, as having so ardently admired her brother. These were strange coincidences.

The portrait was commenced, and progressed for several successive days, but the artist and his sister began instinctively to understand each other's feelings; and one day, as young Le Breton entered the drawing room, he saw, with feigned astonishment, his Italian friend sitting close by his sister, gazing ardently in her countenance, and holding her hand in his, while the pencils, palette and paints lay unheeded around.

The painter rose proudly, and was about to retire, thinking that all was lost—he was stopped, however, by his friend, who rushed forward and seized him by the hand, exclaiming—

"Come, Guido, whither so fast? Do not suppose that I am angry—I know it all—you love Eugenie—she loves you in return, and it was my management

that brought you together; you shall have her, for my father, I know, will consent to what I propose, but first you must promise me a favor in return."

"What is that?"

"Bianca!"

"My sister?"

"Yes! we, without your knowledge, have long

loved each other—it was during an interview with her that I discovered your partiality for Eugenie here—the portrait, Guido! the portrait! Come, now, shall we exchange sisters?"

"Willingly!"

And so they did, for soon after there was an extensive double wedding in the Chassée d'Antin.

THE WEED.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Wild words wander here and there,
God's great gift of speech, abused,
Makes thy memory confused;

But let them rave!

The balm-cricket carols clear,
In the green that folds thy grave—

Let them rave; TENNYSON.

WHEN from our northern woods pale Summer, flying,
Breathes her last fragrant sigh—her low farewell—
While her sad wild-flowers' dewy eyes, in dying,
Plead for her stay, in every nook and dell,

A heart, that loved too tenderly and truly,
Will break at last—and in some dim, sweet shade
They'll smoothe the sod o'er her you prized unduly,
And leave her to the rest for which she prayed.

Ah! trustfully, not mournfully, they'll leave her,
Assured that deep repose is welcomed well;
The pure, glad breeze can whisper naught to grieve her,
The brook's low voice no wrongful tale can tell.

They'll hide her where no false one's footstep, stealing,
Can mar the chastened meekness of her sleep;

Only to Love and Grief her grave revealing,
And they will hush their chiding *then*—to weep!

And some—for though too oft she erred, too blindly
She was beloved—how fondly and how well!
Some few, with faltering feet, will linger kindly,
And plant dear flowers within that silent dell.

I know whose fragile hand will bring the bloom
Best loved by both—the violet—to that bower;
And one will bid white lilies bless the gloom;
And one—perchance—will plant the passion-flower!

Then do *thou* come—when all the rest have parted—
Thou, who alone dost know her soul's deep gloom,
And wreath above the lost, the broken-hearted,
Some idle *weed*—that *knew not how to bloom*.

THE WILD BREEZE IS SPRINGING.

(DEDICATED TO LIEUT. LEWIS G. KEITH, U. S. NAVY.)

BY DR. JOHN C. M'CABE.

THE wild breeze is springing, the cold spray is flinging
Its white foam abroad from the ocean's rude breast;
The curlew is screaming, our banners are streaming,
"As we sail with the gale," from the land of the west.

The shore now grows dimmer, the light-house fires glimmer,
The pilot has taken his surly farewell;
The cordage is creaking, the trumpet is speaking;
And we bound to its sound, on the ocean's wild swell.

We yield not to sadness, each eye burns with gladness,
Each cheek glows with rapture, once more we are free!

With our bright path before us, our proud banner o'er us,
We shout, "we are out, out again on the sea!"

Our wives! Heaven bless them! again we shall press them
To hearts that no tempests can wither or sear;
And the mariner's greeting in rapture repeating,
With a smile, shall beguile every eye of a tear,

Then away o'er the ocean, nor heed its commotion,
We sail to the Indies, that land of the sun;
Fill a bumper up, —, and the goblet we'll wreath
With the rose, as it flows to good humor and fun.

FOREIGN LITERARY NEWS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Brussels, January 30, 1846.

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—We are in the season of routs, balls and amusements of that nature, and the people whose business it is to enjoy themselves are determined to make the most of them. Here at Brussels people are as gay as their nature will allow them to be; but, unfortunately, it is not their nature to be gay, and so they are simply heavy. There are only three kinds of people in Europe fit for public amusements—the French, the Italians, and the Spaniards. Of these the French are the most furious, the Italians the most humorous, and the Spaniards the most passionate. It is a great mistake, though a very common one, for persons to suppose that the French are very passionate; they only appear so in comparison to the English or ourselves; but there are no more worn out people to be found on the face of the earth than these self-same French, to whom nothing is new either in politics, morals or religion. The French have only this peculiarity about them, that their passion, like the electricity produced by friction, flies to the surface, while *our* sentiments, and those of the Anglo-Saxons in general, resemble the electricity of contact, which, without noise and without the crackling of sparks, acts intensively on the very nature of things, and resolves them into their elements. I might, indeed, continue the parallel, by saying that the one is instantly discharged, and requires new friction to be reproduced, while the other acts continuously, as in a stream, or as the blood flows in human veins.

The French are tired of every thing, and require, consequently, new and powerful stimulants to be either profitably entertained or governed. They are a wonderfully great and a wonderfully small people in many respects; we are obliged to admire and condemn them alternately: but we may not imitate them with advantage to ourselves, as long as we continue to be Americans. But to speak of amusements. Here in Belgium we have, notwithstanding our orthodox faith, pretty much the character of the Dutch, varnished over with a little French gloss, which, so far from becoming us, serves, in a great measure, to create a certain dualism in our character and manners, that renders us complex and unintelligible. We have our Carnival, like the French and the Italians, and we have in the same manner our balls and masquerades; but we dance like bears and elephants; we put masks before our faces, but we do not know how to intrigue, and remain behind them the same homespun, domestic gentlemen that we are in our ordinary walks of life. Our public amusements, therefore, though modeled after the French, are no more like French amusements than moonshine is like daylight; our good people look the same at a ball that they look on Change or at the counting-room.

The thing is quite different in France, where the people make a business of amusing themselves. Every man in Paris, with an income of 2000 francs a year and upwards, makes it the study of his life to spend his time agreeably, and to increase his property, not by labor but by saving. Of late, speculations in the funds must be added to the means resorted to for increasing private revenue; but a great many have been bit that way, and now repent the folly of having tried to better their condition, when they had just enough to keep their one-horse carriage, to have

a box at the opera, and a groom, the thing most indispensable to French out-of-door comfort. Nothing, however, exceeds the facility with which a Frenchman adapts himself to circumstances. If he have no longer the means of living in a fashionable quarter, he moves into one which is less so; or perhaps from the first floor, or the *premier etage*, to the fourth and fifth story, and, if need be, to the garret; if he were accustomed to have his own cook, he will cheerfully dismiss him, and make his dinner at a *Restaurant*, or perhaps at a *Traiteur's*: it is only absolute hunger which will induce him to work. The terms "a laboring man" and "*un malheureux*" (an unfortunate one) have become nearly synonymous, and are assuredly no proof of the increasing civilization of France. If the King of the French have managed to instil into his people an inordinate love of money, which absorbs many of the best qualities that rendered the society of French men and women agreeable, he has certainly not yet succeeded in reconciling them to labor, unless the swindling transactions on Change are claiming for themselves that honorable title. The French have become a money-loving, not a money-making people; for I defy any one to point me out a single class which is now more industrious than in former times.

As regards agreeableness of manners, the progress of the French has certainly been from good to bad: their senseless imitation of the English, of which they seize the form and not the substance, rendering them daily more absurd and ridiculous. Those who now come to Paris in search of the fine gentlemen of the old *régime* will find themselves egregiously disappointed. The old nobility have become jobbers and *tripotiers* in all kinds of rail-road and fancy stocks; the men of letters have become venders and retailers of small literature; statesmen and diplomatists have become intriguing politicians, and the gallant and spirited admirers of winning ladies nothing but licentious sensualists. A modern Frenchman thinks he imitates an Englishman when he shows himself indifferent, or when he neglects women—when he passes the best part of the day, or rather night, at the club-room, and prefers smoking to conversation. He neither understands the *respect* that Englishmen, and *par excellence* Americans, pay to the other sex, nor the reason why, after fulfilling the many duties of public life, an Englishman or an American should be taciturn at the club or at home. A Frenchman's conception of an Englishman is the worst caricature of mankind; and that caricature, alas! has now become the fashion in Paris. Here and there an antiquated marquis, or a poor count, will do the *honneurs* of his country as it was; but French society in general has deteriorated far beyond what any one would imagine who has not had an opportunity of comparing the present with the past.

One of the reasons why there is no longer a French uniform standard of good breeding and agreeable manners, is undoubtedly the relative position of court and nobility. The old families still look upon Louis Philippe as an usurper of the crown, with whom they have not made their peace, so that the palace of the Tuileries does not set the fashions of the day, nor does an introduction at court form a passport into good society. On the other hand, the old nobles, in spite of their social accomplish-

ments, are politically proscribed, and have only the choice between complete isolation, or the assimilation of their mode of thinking and acting to that of the vulgar moneyed aristocracy which now sways the political and social destinies of France. The best part of them prefer retirement to such conditions of company, and thus the good old French manners become more and more rare and invisible.

Ever since the possession of wealth commenced to secure standing in society, the bulk of persons who receive and are received has so enormously increased, that to open your house to company is equal to making it an opera saloon, or a public concert hall. The crowd prevents the conversation from becoming general, and calls no longer for those agreeable efforts of the mind, in the shape of wit, repartee and sarcasm, which rendered French society a means of intellectual improvement, while, at the same time, it excluded fools, or prevented second rate men from moving in first places. The present movements of society call for no such mental exertion. Men now go into society to show themselves, and to see who is there; not to contribute to its entertainment; the latter would indeed be a useless task, since the conversation of a man of finance is considered much more valuable than that of a person, no matter how richly, endowed with intellectual gifts.

The French have even invented a new word, or rather a new application of an old word to a new idea; they call "*positive*" being attached to money, and capable of properly estimating its value, and "*visionary*" or "*fanciful*," having a fondness for other things. The love of glory, of country, and even the arts, are secondary things, enjoyed by persons who have no social standing—men who are not "*positive*;" who are in love with such trifles because they have nothing substantial to care for. When you talk to a "*knowing*" Frenchman, of politics, of religion, of morals, he will listen to you with an air of constrained politeness, but at last tell you that he is "*un homme positif*." "*Voyez-vous, Monsieur, je me tiens au positif*," is the set phrase on such occasions, and you and your declamation are dismissed. The fact is, French society is no longer worth caring for; except the few small circles which keep aloof from the rest, and in which you still find the traces of former grace and accomplishment.

The French women have deteriorated less than the men, and possess still the talent of pleasing in an eminent degree. Their society is always agreeable; but, unfortunately, it is no longer cultivated by the men, except for selfish and unworthy purposes. The club-life has become so much the fashion, that, with the exception of balls, or rather routs, very much after the mode of the English, you rarely see the two sexes mingle together. Where accidentally a small number of men and women meet, the aping of "*English manners*" requires that the two sexes should form separate sets, after the most approved fashion of country parties in New England—with this difference only, that what in New England appears as strict propriety, based on an exalted regard for the sacredness of woman's character, is in Paris an empty, unmeaning ceremony, which dispenses with the wonted politeness and attention on the part of the men, without any benefit to the women, and without any substantial result in regard to morality. It is a very superficial and idle remark of some late travelers, that the morals of the French people, either private or public, have improved since the accession of Louis Philippe; so far from it, every thing in France has become venal to such a degree that the possession of wealth suffices in itself to procure those sad advantages, which, in times gone by, were the reward of grace, assiduity and devotion. Society in France is at this moment as corrupt as ever; but it is either cloaked with hypocrisy, or it thinks itself absolved from the necessity of refining on its vices.

But though the manners of the men have deteriorated, their conceit is as great as ever. I will readily pardon them for believing that the Duke of Wellington was actually beaten at the battle of Waterloo, and that at the next encounter of the French and English fleets, the latter will unquestionably be blown out of water; but I cannot forgive them their audacious belief that their shriveled faces, ploughed into furrows by the most unseemly passions, and overhung by tawdry crops of mustache and whiskers, are absolutely irresistible by any thing in the shape of a woman. There is an air of indescribable, and to an Englishman or American exceedingly ridiculous and offensive self-sufficiency, in the very manner in which a modern French dandy looks upon a woman even in the street—it is as if he imagined himself a little sultan, with indefinite powers of virility, whom all the women are striving to please in order to insure his conquest. He struts the *Boulevards* as if he were conscious of being a prize, and every woman a pirate crowding sails in chase of him. One must live some time in Paris to become at all reconciled to this species of puppyism, which either in Broadway or Chestnut street could not fail of meeting with a prompt and energetic rebuke. I heard a shrewd person once observe "Paris was a capital place for spoiling women and refining the vices of men;" but one half of it only is true: the refinement must be looked for in another quarter.

Formerly the *fêtes* given at the palace of the Tuileries were one of the great attractions of a sojourn at the French metropolis. These, too, have become ordinary occurrences, although our countrymen in Paris are moving Heaven and earth, and our worthy minister in the bargain, to be invited to them. Their apology, however, for this longing after the royal presence is quite plausible; for I heard them say myself that "they did not care a fig for the King of the French; only being once in Paris, and having seen so many sights, including the *Jardin des Plantes*, they would like also to see the royal family." Against this species of logic no argument will stand; Louis Philippe knows it, and for the "*love of peace*"—the distinguishing feature of the man—quietly submits to the exhibition. *Apropos des bottes*. I would here mention, for the benefit of parties concerned, that a knowledge of the French language is utterly unnecessary in the premises, all the members of the Orleans family speaking English, not only fluently but idiomatically, to a degree which quite astonishes the French people. But to speak of the balls of the Tuileries. They are magnificent, as far as an interminable suite of splendidly decorated and lighted rooms can make them; but the company is far from exclusive, or from comprising either the *élite* of society or the people. After the eye is gratified all is over. The banquet-room for five hundred people is truly magnificent, and so is the supper, which is usually served three times of an evening, so that in all fifteen hundred persons may partake of the royal hospitality. At the first table the king, with the members of his household, sits down, together with such persons as have had the physical strength to prevail against their opponents; for the rush of an American company to the dinner table of one of our public hotels, at the striking of the gong, as described by Mrs. Trollope, is nothing to it. If these European tourists would only know their own country, how differently they would describe America!

They have had two splendid balls at the Tuileries this season, and will have one more in the month of February; of course I employ the term "*splendid*" in the manner just described. Mr. Guizot, too, has given a fine *soirée*, in honor of the ambassador from Morocco. It was not, however, expressly mentioned in the invitation that the enter-

tainment was given for his Moorish excellency; so that this distinguished personage only happened to find himself there *by accident*. It was, in consequence, remarked that Mr. Guizot's *salons* were not distinguished by any thing except the presence of *one additional infidel*. Since then the poor trick has become more evident by the publication of a portion of Mr. Guizot's diplomatic correspondence, from which it appeared that it was not the Emperor of Morocco who conceived the original idea of sending an ambassador to Paris; but that the French diplomatic (consular) agent in Morocco humbly suggested this act of politeness to his sable-colored majesty, who did not comply with the *request* until a year after it was made. Notwithstanding this the ambassador from Morocco is a great lion in Paris, and the ladies especially, with their wonted affability, do their best to please him. The other day, reports one of the French papers, Madame D., a lady equally distinguished by rank, wit, and the bountiful beauty of her bust, was conversing with his excellency, and exhibiting the contrast between alabaster and ebony in a most striking manner, when one of the gentlemen *en passant* inquired of the Moor how he found himself "As if in Heaven," replied the latter, already catching the inspiration of French gallantry. "Ah! perhaps in presence of an Houri—" "One!" rejoined the fiery Mussulman, "I feel as if in presence of half a dozen Houries." This *bon mot*, you may well imagine, established his reputation in Paris.

The lower orders in France are still the same, or rather improving, compared to former times. It is a singular fact, that while in England a certain amount of moral character is inseparable from the dignity of a gentleman, the morals of the people in France, as they improve in standing, are becoming worse—the laboring classes being nearly the only ones imbued with a proper feeling toward their fellow-men and their country. Theirs is the future, after they shall have emancipated themselves from their present slavery. It is this class of society which enjoys itself most in Paris at all seasons, but especially during the Carnival. It is at the public balls—from those given at the opera down to the dancing saloons of "Young France," the admittance to which is ten sous, "to be taken out in refreshments"—where one may study French manners, French folly, and French extravagance. All classes of society join at the opera—the boxes being filled with the *élite*, the galleries being the rendezvous of intriguing masks, and the pit and scene the great ball-room, employed by the lower orders, not as if they had paid a fee for using it, but as if they had conquered it by storm, and were determined never again to surrender it. When their "blood is up," it is in vain for stage-managers, police agents, or any other authority, to prescribe the rules of decorum; the pit in such cases generally legislates for itself, and the authorities find it prudent not to interfere, except on extraordinary and revolting occasions. Such a one occurred the other evening, when quite a pretty girl was arrested at the great ball of the opera, in consequence of the extraordinary mode of her dancing, which it was said infinitely outstripped Fanny Elssler, Cerito or Taglioni. The men interceded in her behalf, and begged the officers to pardon what was evidently the effect of champaign; but in vain. All they could obtain was that she was permitted first to return home to change her ball dress for her ordinary garments, to be thence conducted to the police. The poor girl cried bitterly, but made no remonstrance. Arrived at her lodgings, she entered her bed-room, the officers waiting in the little *salon*, when all at once they heard the window open, and a few seconds after a shriek in the streets: the poor girl had jumped from the third story window, but so dexterously did she alight on her toes, that the Sunday after she flourished again at the opera—of

course the queen of the ball-room. This is a feat which I feel quite assured neither Fanny Elssler nor Mademoiselle Cerito will be disposed to imitate, and, if so, their success would certainly be more than doubtful. The achievement has since been repeated by a student of medicine, who, on returning home from the ball, mistook his room, and never discovered his mistake till he had gone to bed, from which he precipitately retreated through the window, falling, unfortunately, on his head and not on his feet, and injuring himself most shockingly by the accident. The fact is, the whole population is crazy during the Carnival, and the government makes the most of it, in the way of discussing the budget; for no revolution, I believe, will ever take place during that season, the French having adopted the motto, "Let us have *pleasure* first, and *business* afterward;" a principle which indeed contains a large portion of the philosophy of their history.

The Italian opera in Paris has very much declined, and it is by no means *de rigueur* that a well-bred person should be at home there to be at home also in the *Salon*. As to public concerts they are entirely out of date; the positiveness of the gentlemen, above referred to, rendering artistical entertainments more and more unfashionable. Gaming, jockeying, and sporting for the men; and smoking, pistol-shooting and swimming for the women, are the recreations now *à la mode*; for the nerves of the French have become strong, and their hearts stout, and Thiers' History of the Revolution and the Empire is preparing them for a new world—conquest. A few years more, and Squire Western will be the pattern of a French gentleman of the positive school; while the young and inexperienced will imitate the hero models furnished them by their present standard literature of Alexander Dumas, Paul de Kock and Eugene Sue. France will then have gone through a complete moral revolution, whether for better or worse I leave your readers to judge.

The *Theatre Français* is making a desperate effort to save itself from oblivion, and M^{lle} Rachel has actually revived Voltaire's "Oreste," a play which, in spite of the popularity of its author, has never had even a transient success on the French stage. M^{lle} Rachel, nevertheless, managed to have a few full houses—owing principally to the patriotism of the *ancien régime*; but the audience remained cold; the masterly performance of the great actress being unable to conceal the lack of poetic genius in the prince of French scoffers. The fact is, Voltaire made a desperate effort at the drama; Racine was at home in it. Voltaire's mind was a dissecting not a creative one; he had neither the delicacy nor the depth of feeling, nor the exquisite taste of his great national rival. But more amusing than a critique of Voltaire's dramatic works is a review of the dramatic genius of Shakspeare, which has just appeared in the *Revue Nouvelle*, and bears ample testimony of the utter incapacity of the French ever to comprehend the conceptions of British poets. The name of the man who has done it, is F. Ducuing, and you will best be able to judge of his ability when I tell you that his greatest objection to the immortal bard consists in "the want of logic, and reasonable dramatic development of the action of his plays." What Goethe most admired in Shakspeare—the remarkable unity of action, and the concurrence of circumstances to illustrate the various phases of character of his heroes—notwithstanding his utter neglect of the three units of Aristotle—entirely escaped the observation of our Frenchman, who finds the author of Hamlet unnatural, whimsical and fanciful. In the first place, the fashionable Parisian critic is very angry at the vagueness of the poet who leaves it doubtful whether Hamlet is really mad or merely feigns madness; then he objects to the character of Ophelia, who is a simple girl, getting mad entirely *without reason*, and to

the manner in which Hamlet treats her. "Cornelle or Racine," he exclaims with an air of triumph, "would have treated her with more respect. She would have been the *confidante* of Hamlet and devised with him the means of revenging his father. Instead of this," he continues, "Hamlet treats her with contempt, and without the least reason; all the attention he ever shows her consisting in the simple question whether she will allow him to place his head in her lap?" Such things, of course, would not be tolerated in a French play. Hamlet, in the hands of a French writer, would have been a hero, who would have finished his uncle on the mere suspicion of murder, without the apparition of a ghost; and Ophelia, knowing of Hamlet's whereabouts, would have administered poison to Gertrude. Having thus despatched Hamlet's mother, Ophelia would grow mad *reasonably*, by remorse, love and anger—the three legitimate passions of the stage, and Hamlet, who could never espouse his mother's assassin, would have despatched himself behind the scene; the recital of the calamity closing the fifth act, amongst the universal plaudits of the audience. All this we miss in Shakespeare, who, therefore, though a very great lyric poet, does not understand the dramatic arrangement of a play, and that peculiar artistical logic for which the French are so much distinguished. "The dramatic writer," says Mr. Ducuing, "must please the public, not the individual; it is the audience which must decide his merits, not the student or the man of the closet." This reminds one, in a measure, of the motion made by Marat, in the French chambers, to make the galleries large enough for containing a sufficient number of electors to stone their representatives in case the latter omit to do their duties.

The scene in the church-yard is objected to by the French critic, because "these reveries which correspond to no precise sentiment, explain nothing, and do not concur with the action of the play even in an indirect manner."* He concludes by saying that "the character of Hamlet floats continually between the absurd and the sublime, and never finds himself within the conditions of humanity."† As if the condition of mortal man were not truly between the sublime (the image of his Maker) and the absurd or vulgar, by his physical resemblance to the brute creation—an idea which Goethe reproduced in his Faust, and Shakespeare in his Hamlet. But these Frenchmen are never equal to the conception of a whole man; they only see that part of him which it is consistent with their idea of propriety to exhibit in public. It is for this reason they have actors not only on the stage, but in private life, in the chambers and on the throne. Meanwhile we have seen what a barren play Voltaire has made of a similar plot, in Oreste. Agamemnon, who was murdered, stands in the place of Hamlet's father; *Egisthe* takes the place of Claudius, and Clytemnestre that of Gertrude. The author of the piece is a writer of immense reputation, and the actors are now, as they were under Louis XV., the best that France can boast of; yet with all the partiality of the French public in favor of their own legitimate drama, the play of Oreste cannot maintain itself on the repertory of the *Theatre Française*; while Hamlet continues to delight English, American and German audiences in the old world and the new.

The fourth and fifth volume of the History of the Empire, by Mr. Thiers, has called forth a perfect burst of criticism from the German press. The Germans object to the obvious partiality of the writer, who has not the courage to tell absolute falsehoods; but equivocates and colors his

* "Ces reveries, qui ne correspondent à aucun sentiment précis, n'expliquent rien, et ne concourent à l'action par aucun rapport, même indirect."

† "Mais ce caractère plotte sans cesse entre l'absurde et le sublime, et ne se trouve jamais dans les conditions humaines."

subjects so much that they become wholly divested of historical truth. It would lead me too far here to point out the particulars, and they would in all probability not interest the American public, since the volumes before me principally refer to the French policy in Germany, taking not only a retrospective view of the past, but venturing also on some speculations as regards the future. Thiers thinks the union of Austria, Prussia and the States of the Germanic Confederation, more dangerous to the independence of Europe, (which means as much as the independence of France) than the house of Hapsburg in Germany and Spain ever was, and becomes in this sense at least the panegyrist of the Franco-English alliance. He sheds real crocodile tears about the short duration of the peace of Amiens; "for," says the little politician, with a pious look to Heaven, "united they might have peaceably arranged the interests of the Globe—civilization would have made more rapid progress—the independence of Europe would have been secured forever." Of course, at the time Mr. Thiers wrote these lines, he had not yet had the advantage of reading President Polk's message. Mr. Thiers, so far from being a historian, is a mere political tract writer, who has his day now, but will not have it thirty years hence, when he will be classed by the side of Eugene Sue, Alexander Dumas, Jules Janin and other heroes of modern French literature. I have so often spoken of the man whose great talents I certainly do not undervalue, though I profess to have very little respect for his character—that I may be excused for despatching him this time a little more quickly. When he shall again be in the Cabinet, which will not be during the present session of the Chambers, I will recur to him again.

In London a translation of Mr. Duplot de Mofra's book, "Survey of the Oregon Territory, of the Two Californias, and the Gulf of California, conducted during the years 1840, 41 and 42," has just made its appearance, and is highly spoken of by the British press. As this work has created a good deal of sensation in America (at least as far as the extracts went that were published in the several papers,) it will no doubt be perused with advantage, or perhaps throw some light on the machiavellism of French diplomacy.

"The Spirit of German Poetry," by J. Gostick, London, 1845, is a very instructive book. The author evidently understands his subject, and writes with devotion to it. Why have we no similar publications in America? Longfellow, Felton, Wigglesworth, and a number of distinguished gentlemen from New England, (the present distinguished Secretary of the Navy included,) are quite equal to the task; and from what I know, German literature is quite as popular in America, or at least in New England, as in any part of Europe.

Polite old Bentley has, after a long interval, again published a work which reads and looks well: "The Picturesque Antiquities of Spain, Described in a Series of Letters, with Illustrations," by Nathaniel Armstrong Wells. Works on Spain have become as plentiful and cheap as blackberries, in all European languages, (even in Italian,) but few I believe are equal to the present, and to a series of letters which have been published in the Augsburg Journal, and of which a highly gifted German, Mr. Von Rochoud, is the author.

The most startling thing just published in Paris, in the German language, by a German writer now living in London, is a little work bearing the title, "Caspar Hauser, the Heir of the Grand Duchy of Baden." (Kaspar Hauser, der Thronerbe Badens: Paris, 1845.) The work, I say, is startling, and does not make minced meat either of the dead or the living. It boldly designates the murderer, the yet living Major *Von Hennenhofer*, perime minister under

Ludwig, Grand Duke of Baden; but now, as it were, banished to Mahlberg. If the statements contained in the fourteen sheets are not all strictly correct, they are certainly strangely mixed up with truth, by a man well acquainted with the history of the times and the personages who figured at the corrupt court of *Carlsruhe*. The author gives also a plausible reason for the commission of the crime, its intimate connection with the diplomatic transactions of the day, and the interest which Prussia, Austria, and even Russia had in conniving at it. The Grand Duchy of Baden is bordering along its whole length on France, and Napoleon, at the time of Caspar Hauser's birth, was "Protector of the Rhenish confederation." It was important for Germany, that is, for Austria and Prussia, that Baden should not be absorbed by France through marriage; because Napoleon had already created the kingdom of Westphalia, and formed a matrimonial alliance with the King of Bavaria; and because Napoleon and the members of his family being once the legitimate rulers of Germany, the country was enslaved forever. All these plausible state and a number of private reasons are compared with each other, and explained in the above work, which, though in the form of history, from the enormity and wildness of the deeds it relates, far outstrips the most eccentric conceptions of romance. It is written in a style of freedom which would scarcely be tolerated in America, with a concentration of bitterness against all whom it accuses of having participated in the commission of the crime, and with a knowledge of the personal character of these men, which makes the accusation it contains fall doubly heavy on their heads. To translate the whole book might be tedious and unprofitable, as it would require numerous explanatory notes to render it intelligible to the American reader; but a few passages from it, together with a short synopsis of Caspar Hauser's parentage and relations, will perhaps be read with interest. The short preface, which is signed by the author, reads thus:—

"The first edition of this book appeared in September, 1840. Six copies of it were handed to Frederic Baumüller, of Hechingen, to obtain a Swiss bookseller for the sale of the remaining 2000. Instead of doing this, the villain handed the first copy to Baron Von Ruedt, minister from the Grand Duchy of Baden, at that time living on the Muehlibach at Zurich; who, in the shortest manner, sent it to his court at Carlsruhe, whence a whole flood of newspaper articles, prohibitions, prosecutions, and orders for his apprehension, were poured out against the author. In the midst of this diplomatic thunder squall, appeared the Grand Ducal Upper Bailiff, *Dreyer*, of Waldshut, on the territory of the Swiss Canton of Argovia, to commence negotiations, in the name of the Grand Ducal Minister, (of foreign affairs,) Von Blittersdorf, for the purpose of purchasing the whole edition of the work, and for silencing the *Aargauer Volksboten*, (The People's Messenger of Argovia,) which contained a series of articles on the subject. Against all laws of nations the author was then banished from the Republic of Argovia, and thus prevented from furnishing those explanations which are now contained in the present edition.

(Signed) F. SEBASTIAN SEILER,
"Associate Justice* from Prussia.

"London, June 3, 1844."

The text of the work contains the following details of, and accusations against, the grand ducal family of Baden. Margrave Charles Frederic of Baden, possessing already three legitimate sons, was weak enough, in his advanced age, to marry a young woman, M^{lle} Geyer, of Geyersberg; in the same manner that Frederic William III., of Prussia, married the daughter of Count Ferdinand Von Harrach, subsequently Princess of Liegnitz. The latter,

* Justiz-Actuar.

however, was a prudent, modest, and unassuming woman, who neither troubled the members of the house of Brandenburg, nor interfered with the succession of the crown. It was quite different with M^{lle} Geyer Von Geyersberg. The old Margrave, at the time of his marriage, possessed three sons—

1. Charles Frederic, born 14th February, 1751.
2. Frederic, born 19th of August, 1756.
3. Lewis William Augustus, born on the 9th Feb. 1769.

The first dramatic incident in this sanguinary novel was similar to the tragedy of Elizabeth, Queen, and Don Carlos, Infant of Spain, which furnished the text to Schiller's tragedy. The youngest son, Lewis, or *Ludwig*, as he is called in German, became the rival of his father, and the acknowledged favorite of his step-mother. Under these circumstances, the latter on the 29th August, 1790, gave birth to a prince, who at his baptism received the name of Leopold Charles Frederic, and is at this moment the ruling Grand Duke of Baden. To render his succession possible, it was necessary that the three legitimate sons, together with all their male descendants, should die, which in truth occurred, though under circumstances which in any other country but Germany, and at any other time except during the wars of the French Revolution and the Empire, would have roused the suspicions of the people.

The actual heir and successor to the throne, the legitimate son Charles Frederic, died in 1801, during the life time of his father, an unnatural death. He was traveling with his family in Sweden, when three-quarters of a mile from Arboga his carriage upset, and singular to relate, of the four persons who were at the time riding in it, only the hereditary prince of Baden *broke his neck*. Since that period the intimacy between Ludwig, the youngest brother of the deceased, and his step-mother, became almost notorious, and assumed not only a private but also a political character. The *First Consul* in France had assumed the dignity of Emperor; the Germanic Empire was on the eve of spontaneous dissolution. In its last breath it made the old Margrave an elector; but the war between France and Austria which followed, and the peace of Presburg, broke the power of the house of Hapsburg; the Elector of Bavaria, and the Duke of Wurtemberg, were elevated to the rank of Kings; the Electors of Hesse and of Baden were made Grand Dukes; Prince Eugene married the Princess Augusta, of Bavaria, and Charles Louis Frederic, son of the unhappy hereditary Prince of Baden, who was killed in his carriage, became the husband of Princess Stephanie Louise Adrienne Napoleone de Beauharnais, adopted daughter of Napoleon. The marriage took place in the gallery of Diana in the palace of the Tuileries, on the 7th April, 1806—and the princess, now Dowager Duchess of Baden, is still living at Manheim, where her grace, refinement, intellect, and the most amiable qualities of her heart are still the theme of admiration of a large and devoted circle, whom her generous hospitality assembles around her. Many an American has been unostentatiously entertained at that old unfinished castle, which more resembles a town than a single building, and which has since become the principal attraction of an English colony of half-pay officers that have settled in its neighborhood. Well, it is even this unfortunate and amiable princess, who, as our author endeavors to prove, and the German public now seems to believe, was, unknowingly, the mother of CASPAR HAUSER!

The court intrigue, which kept Charles five full years from his accomplished, amiable and handsome wife, is a matter of history. At the basis of it were Margrave Ludwig and M^{lle} Geyer, of Geyersberg, (the young wife of the old grand duke,) who, in the meanwhile, had been raised by the Emperor of Austria to the rank of Imperial

Countess of Hochberg. At last, however, the mind and heart of Princess Stephanie triumphed over all. Charles became reconciled to his amiable wife, and the latter, on the 5th of June, 1811, gave birth to a princess, Louisa Amelia Stephanie, now married to Prince Gustavus Wasa, of the old Swedish dynasty. Since the Salic Law is in full force in the Grand Duchy of Baden, the birth of a princess was of no consequence to the Cabal; but prospects changed when, on the 29th of September, 1812, the birth of a healthy prince secured the succession in the direct line. The happy event was announced by a salute of two hundred guns, and a *Te Deum* was chanted in the Cathedral. But the joy was of short duration. Though the bulletins of the physicians in attendance constantly spoke of "the healthy, prosperous state of the prince," an official article in the Carlsruhe Gazette, after three weeks of uninterrupted favorable reports, mentioned the sudden illness of the boy, and a *supplement to the same number* announced his *death!* The mother had no idea of the dangerous state of her child on the evening of the day previous to his death, and was in perfect despair at the announcement of the melancholy bereavement. Once more she would clasp even the lifeless darling to her heart; but the physicians interfered, and the prince was buried without his mother being permitted to imprint a last farewell kiss on his innocent lips. So far our author's accounts accord with history. He adds, however, and shows with a considerable degree of plausibility, that the prince was *not* buried, that he was exchanged for the dying child of a peasant woman, first for some time kept in the neighborhood of Carlsruhe, but when the secret was betrayed to a Catholic priest at the confessional, sent to a Catholic curate on the Rhine, who kept him in wretched confinement, apart from every thing which could improve his mind—in fact murdered his soul at the same time that he endeavored to cripple and disease his body. This unfortunate creature was afterwards—when it was thought impossible to keep his confinement any longer a secret—transferred to Nuremberg, where the public became first acquainted with him under the name of *Caspar Hauser*. The author names throughout the persons who have had a part in this stupendous crime; he shows that the priests, who have had a share in it, have all rapidly risen to rank and dignity; (one to have become a bishop and a minister of state,) and that the murderer of Caspar Hauser had, from a simple clerk in a retail shop at the small town of Geruspach, become the confidant, brother-in-law, and prime minister of Grand Duke Ludwig. I have not here the space to enter on details, which I must reserve for another number; but would only observe that the priest's name to whom the secret was first confessed—was Dietz. This Dietz communicated the fact to one of his confraters, by the name of *Eugesser*, whom we afterwards see flourishing as the favorite and minister of Grand Duke Ludwig, for it was to the latter, not to Grand Duke Charles (the father of the unhappy boy,) that he communicated his discovery. The place to which the boy was removed was Hochsal; the curate who succeeded to the confessor Dietz, was named Eschbach. Dietz, however, was not a callous sinner, and in fact only an accomplice *after the fact*. In a fit of remorse he once went so far as to write the following, in feigned characters, on a piece of paper:

*Cuicumque, qui hanc epistolam inveniet: Sum captivus in carcere apud Lauffenburg juxta Rheni flumen: meum carcer est subterraneum, nec novit locum ille, qui nunc solio meo potitus est. Non plus possum scribere, quia sedulo et crudeliter custoditus sum.**
S. HANES SPRANCIO.

* To whom this letter may come. I am in a dungeon near Lauffenburg on the Rhine; my subterraneous dungeon is known to him who now sits on my throne. I cannot write more. I am severely and cruelly watched.

This scroll the priest, stung by remorse and moved by pity, placed in an empty bottle, carefully corked it, and threw it into the Rhine. A boatman from Gros Kemp, on the 23d October, 1816, picked it up, and the circumstance a few weeks after became the theme of the most lively speculations in Paris, whence it was reported in a letter to the official Journal at Berlin, and published by the same in No. 138, (16th November, 1816.) Mr. Kuno, a Prussian officer of high rank, alluded to this paper in the Magdeburg Gazette, of 1834, and the Journal of Frankfort, on the 24th February, 1834, republished the article. This Mr. Kuno, namely, happened to remember the circumstance, when Caspar Hauser made his appearance at Nuremberg, and hastened to communicate it to Feuerbach, one of the deepest and most logical thinkers of Germany, who was one of the members of the commission appointed by the King of Bavaria to investigate the case and search for the authors of the crime. Unfortunately, however, Feuerbach had scarcely conceived the thought that Caspar Hauser might have fallen a victim to European diplomacy, and expressed the same *in writing*, than he suddenly died, I believe, though I am not certain, with apoplexy.

I will here again return to historical facts. On the 21st October, 1813, the Grand Duchess again gave birth to a daughter, Josephine Frederica Louisa, lately married to the Hereditary Prince Charles of Hohenzollern Hechingen. In 1815, Charles, Grand Duke of Baden, was present at the Congress of Vienna. Here, it is known, the plan was conceived to poison him. By whom, is at this moment not quite clear; but his *valet de chambre*, Karl, had been bribed to do it, and became so ashamed and desperate at his own villany that he committed suicide. Whether he committed suicide before or after administering poison is equally uncertain; but it is known, and matter of historical record, that the Grand Duke Charles returned from Vienna with his health very much shaken, and died a few years after in the *thirty-second* year of his life, *from general debility!* Major Hennenhofer was at that time *chasseur* to the prince; the talents which he discovered in Vienna valued him a place in the *cabinet* of his master's successor.

But notwithstanding the bad health of the Grand Duke, he became in 1815 again father of "a healthy boy." The physician, Dr. Kramer, called the boy "a remarkably fine and lusty child;" but even that fine healthy child was doomed to an early death, on the 8th of May, 1817, "in consequence," as the bulletin expressed it, "of a very painful piercing of a tooth." In Carlsruhe a rumor existed among the superstitious population that "a white lady was seen to walk through the long corridors of the castle when a prince was about to die;" but, of course, no one suspected that the spectre might be the Imperial Countess of Hochberg. What made the death of this prince still more remarkable was the circumstance of its being almost instantly followed by the death of the second son of the old Margrave, the childless Margrave Frederic (born 1756.) He died with a stroke of apoplexy—the time between his first illness and his death not being quite equal to forty-eight hours! It was about this time that the Latin scroll, to which I have already referred, was discovered, and the consequence was the banishment of Ludwig and his friends, by the Grand Duke, to their estates.

The last child of the Grand Duchess Stephanie was a girl, Princess Maria Amelia Elizabeth Caroline, born 11th October, 1817; and it is certainly a singular coincidence that out of the five children of that marriage, the three *daughters*, who are incapable of succeeding to the throne, should live, and the two *boys*, heirs to the throne, though equally strong and healthy when born, should both die in a sudden manner! Grand Duke Charles, in the 31st year of his age, felt his death approaching, and finding himself

without male heirs, was at last persuaded, for the benefit of his subjects, to declare (on the 4th October, 1817,) the sons of the Imperial Countess Hochberg "capable of succeeding to the government." The Grand Duke died the year following, (8th December, 1818,) and on the 10th of July, 1819, the celebrated treaty was concluded between Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Baden, (France had nothing to do with it,) in consequence of which the integrity of the Grand Duchy of Baden was recognized and guaranteed by the high contracting powers, and the sons of the second marriage of the old Margrave Charles Frederic declared capable of succeeding to the Grand Ducal dignity. Bavaria protested, and still objects, to this succession; claiming for herself the Palatinate of the Rhine; but reasons of state interfered with the division of the Duchy of Baden, as indeed with the succession of princes descended in any manner from the Bonaparte family. Had the old King Maximilian of Bavaria been less of a man of honor the Duke of Leuchtenberg would perhaps not be among the living.

But I have no time in this letter to furnish you with more than the outlines of the story, and must necessarily reserve the details for the month of February. I will then show how Lord Stanhope is mixed up with the tragedy, and how the author of the story accounts for his lordship's offer to educate Caspar Hauser, and also for the intimacy which has ever since existed between the English peer and the Grand Duke of Baden. A translation of the whole would, as I have above observed, be too shocking, and I may add indecent, for American readers; suffice it to say, that the crimes of European cabinets, and of what is termed "diplomacy," are of a nature which would put all our republican sins to the blush—if despotism were as loquacious as liberty.

Among the more interesting volumes of travels are "*Souvenirs de Voyages, l'Empire du Bresil, par le Comte de Sugannet. Paris, 1846.*" If the author has any way been a calm, dispassionate observer, Brazil is on the point of a greater political revolution than Mexico. It is a prey to the meanest and vilest passions, destitute of religion and morality, and fast approaching its period of spontaneous dissolution. The revolution, nevertheless, will be a democratic one, swallowing up the hereditary monarchy of Brazil.

The fifth volume of the Nelson papers has made its appearance. The Lord grant that the publishers or editors may at last get through with the series.

As a mark of the progress of disinterestedness and self-denial, it deserves to be remarked that a late literary lawsuit has discovered the editor of a leading Catholic journal in Paris—*La Chaire Catholique*—to be a Jew.

A German work on the United States, "*Skizzen aus Nordamerika, in Briefen eines Katholischen Missionairs,*" (Sketches from North America, in a Series of Letters of a Catholic Missionary,) Augsburg and Vienna, contains a monkish description of our religious institutions, with the hope expressed that the various Protestant sects in the United States will at last come into the fold of the old Catholic mother. The author, however, is a very common, prejudiced man, who has no vista beyond the ordinary occurrences of life, and is therefore wholly unfit for the task he has undertaken.

The Abbé Cormenin presents himself in the arena in a different set of armor. He is about to publish his Philosophy of Religion, in which, with a luxurious amount of poetry and oratory, he is to furnish the demonstration of his new theory, that the religion of the early Christians was essentially Catholic. The work will, of course, have a political tendency as well as a religious one. He is also about to publish a work on Spain.

Weitling, the Swiss Communist, has published in Switzerland a new book, or tract, bearing the title "The Gospel for Sinners." Such works become pernicious, because they employ religion in support of their extravagant political doctrines. They are only remarkable as showing the complete absurdity of the French encyclopedists, and the political philosophers of the eighteenth century, who would establish political liberty on the ruins of religion. They and their impious doctrines have vanished: the modern revolutionists preach reform in the name of Holy Writ. In this manner alone is reform possible.

One of the latest numbers of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine contains a sketch of Daniel O'Connell, by William Howitt, which will be read with interest also on our side of the great pond; and the Foreign Quarterly a parallel between Louis Philippe and Talleyrand, which, though written with a deal of prejudice and ill feeling, as all the articles in that Review generally are, is singularly striking and amusing.

"Sketches from Life," by the late Laman Blanchard, with a review of the author, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, interests me as a magazine writer; but, alas! with these the public has not often much sympathy.

The legal profession even in the United States might profitably read "Narratives of Remarkable Criminal Trials," translated from the German of Anselm Ritter Von Feuerbach, by Lady Gordon. Lady Gordon probably translated these remarkable volumes only for amusement; but they contain a vast deal of that which is instructive, arranged in a most concise and logical form. I consider Feuerbach and Kant as the two most remarkable thinkers of Germany—or to use a French idiom, "human reason on horseback."

"Forest and Game Law Tales," by Miss Harriet Martineau, present nothing new. No reasonable man, in the period in which we live, can defend the game laws as they exist in England. Prince Albert alone has thus far found them to his liking, for he has prosecuted men for infringing on them. He or his game keeper, who wears his livery. The case is on record.

It is rare for the stupid people in Vienna to publish any thing readable—Austrian authors being always obliged to look for a publisher in Leipsic, Berlin or Stuttgart—but a recent publication of a manuscript in the Imperial Library, (No. 6626,) superscribed "*Tabula Amalfitana,*" makes an exception to the rule. These tables, as is well known to our law students, form the oldest code of maritime laws on record, and deserve a place in every gentleman's library. They are, perhaps, quite as interesting as the Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England from the earliest times to George IV., by Lord John Campbell, first series, 3 vols., which, however, I am far from disparaging. They are, on the contrary, indispensable to a lawyer's library.

A German, by the name of Gustave Krug, has just enriched the musical world with a new composition, which I only mention on account of its singularity. He has called it "The Awakening of Love, Courtship and Marriage." The idea is certainly novel, at least as far as courtship and marriage are concerned, which has furnished him with some splendid themes for the *contra-basso* and *contralto*. Contrary to all expectation, the many artificial dissonances are, during the marriage, which forms the conclusion, dissolved into perfect harmony. The work is creating quite an enthusiasm.

Bunn, of the Drury-Lane, will not release Jenny Lind of her engagement to sing in London, and has taken steps, with all the crowned heads of Europe, to obtain possession of her for six weeks. The poor Swedish nightingale remembers the fate of Madame Malibran.

THE SPELL IS BROKEN.

BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY JULIET BELLCHAMBERS.

PRESENTED BY J. G. OSBOURN, 112 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

Larghetto Affetuoso.

My heart is like the faded flow'r, Whose
beau - ty lost, and sweet - ness flown, - - - For - - got, neg - lect - ed in the
bow'r, - - - - Is left by all, to die a - - lone. And

The musical score consists of four systems. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef, key signature of one sharp, common time) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef, same key signature and time signature). The tempo is marked 'Larghetto Affetuoso'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part features a prominent bass line with chords and moving lines. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a piano dynamic marking 'p'. The second system contains the first line of lyrics. The third system contains the second line of lyrics. The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics.

thus am I, all hope is o'er, That hope so che-rish'd in my

heart, - - - I dare not wish to see him more, The spell is

con affetto.
bro-ken, we must part. The spell is bro-ken, we must

con affetto. *ad lib*

part.

mf a tempo. *pp slentando.*

I thought he lov'd, I was deceiv'd ;
 Oh ! would that we had never met !
 For though he is no more believ'd,
 My heart refuses to forget.
 And yet, alas ! I must not tell
 The grief that rends my aching heart ;
 Adieu ! forever, fare thee well !
 The spell is broken, we must part.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the English Revolution of 1640, Commonly Called the Great Rebellion: From the Accession of Charles I. to His Death. By F. Guizot, Prime Minister of France. Translated by William Hazlitt.

Guizot is probably the first philosophical historian of the age. The present work is the best history of the period with which we are acquainted. It is free from the faults which deform all the English histories relating to the Great Rebellion. Every English writer on that event has a purpose beyond historical accuracy. He is either a Tory or a Whig, an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian, a Democrat or an Absolutist; and, having a sense that the controversies which now agitate his country date back to the stormy times of the Parliament, he seeks in his account of those times to make up a history which shall strengthen his own "side" in religion or politics. All kinds of lies are the result of this partisan method, the least prominent and least pernicious being the lie direct. False impressions are insinuated into the reader's mind by a skillful management of the facts, making some prominent which should be subordinate, making others subordinate which should be prominent. It is very rare to find an English historian who is willing to forego the pleasure of perversion for the duty of interpretation.

Now Guizot is a historian of quite another stamp. First and foremost among his good qualities is his thorough investigation of facts. These he analyzes and interprets, seizes the principles which bind them together, and presents them consecutively to the reader's mind in their due relations. With an understanding of large grasp, which boldly grapples with all difficulties, and reduces the most confused materials to orderly arrangement, he unites sufficient imaginative power to give life and light to his narration, and bring his historical persons and events home to the hearts and minds of his readers. He enables us to comprehend the age with which he is dealing—to appreciate the opinions, manners, motives, positions, wants, capacities, the moral and mental condition of the men of the period. From his wide discourse of reason, "looking before and after," he unites the particular age with the whole of history. He shows how events, seemingly isolated and unexplainable, are in reality connected intimately with previous events, and are natural results of appreciable causes. He tolerates no historical mysteries—is never graveled by difficulties. He sees in modern civilization the principle of *growth*, and with this vital power constantly in his mind, events assume new and pertinent meanings; they are grouped under leading ideas; and what, in too many historians, is a mere heterogeneous mass of details, becomes in him homogeneous and comprehensible.

To understand the principles of events is to clutch the very kernel of history. Historical reading is thus transferred from the memory into the intellect, and our knowledge becomes available. We can apply it to our own times. We discern the exact point our own age occupies in the progress of mankind, and feel how intimate are our relations to the past and future. This, again, awakens our imagination. Instead of looking in upon our memories,

and observing a dry catalogue of details, we go back into the past, become cotemporaries of our forefathers, live over their life, take part in their struggles, assume their relations, and look at things from their point of view; and by thus *realizing* their condition, by thus seeing that the general principles of human nature, modified by the peculiar circumstances of their age, were the same as in ours, we are enabled to judge correctly of their actions, and the degree of their influence upon the fortunes of the race. History thus brings the individual into the great family of man, and gives him the feeling of humanity. He no longer looks back upon the past as peopled with saints and monsters. He feels that, under like influences, he might have acted as men under those influences did act. The philosophy of history thus steals as imperceptibly into his mind as the philosophy of practical every-day life.

Guizot's narrative style is brilliant, clear, condensed and energetic, combining great facility of movement with antithetical point. As soon as the reader has once yielded to its fascination, he seems borne along on the stream of events it narrates. In the present book the debates in Parliament have the freshness of cotemporary speeches. Sir Robert Cottar appears as real a personage as Lord John Russel, Pym as undoubted a politician as Daniel O'Connell or Sir Robert Peel. The peculiar position in which Charles I. was placed, and the unfitness of his character, both in its virtues and its vices, for that position, is admirably portrayed. The different and seemingly discordant materials, which made up the party of the opposition, the different contributions to the great result, made by different men from different motives—the aid that the cause of liberty received, at once from the caprice and tyranny of the king, the follies of his friends, and the madness and coolness of the various divisions of the opposite party—the fatal sweep of all events toward one conclusion, which few of the actors seemed consciously to appreciate—all these are seen in clear light in Guizot's narrative. The sketches of individual character are exceedingly felicitous and discriminative. The whole appears like a grand historical drama, acted before our eyes. Few works of fiction are more interesting, viewing the work simply as it fixes the reader's attention. The American edition is an excellent one.

The Alps and the Rhine. A series of Sketches. By J. T. Headley. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

This volume forms Number ten of Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books. It is a picturesque and brilliant production, relating to men, manners and scenery, and dashed off with much force and freedom. The chapter on Suwarrow's Passage of the Progel, and that on Macdonald's Pass of the Splugen, are eminently good as narratives. The armies and scenery are so felicitously represented, that they pass right before the eye of the reader. The book is full of interesting information, presented through the medium of American ideas and feelings. It is even better than Mr. Headley's former work on Italy.

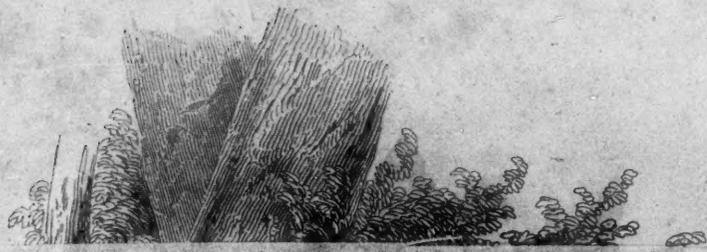
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Drawn and Engraved by W. E. Tucker

THE MAY QUEEN.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine



LE FOLLET

PARIS, Boule. S^t Martin, 61.

Modés de Longchamps.

Chapeaux de

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