

POEMS AND TALES,

BY

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ETC.,

Quins de Plume of M. C. B.

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ERRATA.

- Page 20, 3d line from bottom, for *strewed* read *strew*.
 " 30, 18 lines from top, for *you* read *should*.
 " 32, 8th and 9th lines from top, for *To Mary, &c.* read *To the Betrothed*.
 " 45, 9th line from top, for *Father, one* read *Father, one boon*.
 " 49, 12th line from bottom, for *maide* read *minds*.
 " 84, 5th line from top, for *To my Husband* read *To Fred*.

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NOTE.

THE major number of these pieces have already appeared as contributions to the newspapers and serials of the day. They are now presented to the public in a somewhat improved and corrected form. Their author has no doubt that they will still appear to the critical mind as very crude and inferior productions. She has been induced to re-publish them in this form, not from any vanity, nor from believing them to possess a high order of merit, but because a large circle of kind friends have urged her to do so, and because she is persuaded that there are some to whose tastes they will be better adapted, imperfect as they are, than like productions, intrinsically much superior.

M. E. B.

P R E F A C E .

To those of my friends who have encouraged me to the publication of these little pieces, imperfectly expressive of such feelings and sentiments as have visited me in my pilgrimage—to all whose relish for the spirit of beauty, in however crude and imperfect a form it may appear, is keener than their judgment is critical, these pieces are presented as specimens of homely flowers from the garden of poesy, which a higher and more careful degree of culture would have doubtless greatly improved. Whatever of poetic worth they may possess, should be attributed solely to the excellence and purity of the feelings and sentiments they embody. Upon no other ground does their writer commend them to public favor and patronage; and upon no other ground does she venture to hope that they will meet with a sufficient sale to enable her to accomplish a long-cherished object. If they should afford to any as much pleasure in their reading as she has de-

rived from their composition, it will be a pleasant and gratifying reflection to her to be thus assured that even the humblest of efforts in the field of literature are not wholly vain and fruitless.

M. E. B.

VILLEMOTT, N. Y. }
February 10, 1851. }

POEMS.

BEAUTY NOT BEAUTIFUL.

I MET a lady very fair,
Decked out in fashion gay,
All beautiful she seemed to be,
Light tripping through Broadway.
Her face, all radiant with smiles,
Won my enraptured gaze—
But very soon I was decharmed,
And stood as in amaze.

“Oh! give me alms, sweet lady dear,”
A wretched creature said—
“A stranger here, no friends, no home,
My parents both are dead.”
She smiled, pretended not to hear;
The poor one craved again—
“Pity, oh! lady, pity me!”
Then passed in proud disdain.

And when her robe was gently pulled,
 She turned, looked coldly on;
 The suppliant fell upon her knees—
 The proud one cried, "Begone!"
 The suffering creature was deceived,
 In trusting that sweet smile,
 Not dreaming all was mockery
 And hollowness the while.

* * * *

Oh! could it be that one so fair,
 So beautiful and young,
 Had no kind feelings in her heart,
 No mildness on her tongue?
 With mingling pity and contempt,
 I viewed her without fear;
 Then kindly took the poor one's hand,
 And on it dropped a tear.

LINES

TO THE PARENTS OF A VERY INTERESTING LAME BOY AT HIS DEATH-BED.

MOURN not for him, the loved,
 The innocent of Heaven;
 God often doth recall
 The lambs which He hath given.

And should his spirit flee,
 To join the blest above,
 Give, give him to his God—
 To God's undying love.

Weep not! 't is for the best
 That suffering thus he lies;
 Be reconciled to Heaven,
 Though little Robert dies.
 I know he's very dear;
 How could you love him less?
 The prattler's voice, and smile.
 Was ever quick to bless.

Those mild and lovely eyes,
 A face so full of light,
 Beaming with childlike joy,
 Gave every heart delight.
 The youthful and the old,
 All on him kindly smiled—
 Ay, all, who on him looked,
 Loved, dearly loved thy child.

He who was pure on earth,
 Will be an angel bright;
 Think of thy suffering innocent,
 Enwapt in robes of light,
 Around God's hallowed throne.
 Wouldst rob a happy band
 Of one so young, and fitly formed
 For the bright spirit-land?

NIGHT MUSINGS.

Last night, in sadness and silence, I
 Sat watching the clouds as they floated by ;
 Now, dimming the star-gemmed, azure sky
 And forming strange shapes to my raptured eye,
 Till wandering from earth, my dreamy flight
 Paused not, till Heaven dawned on my sight.

And then appeared to my spirit's gaze,
 Each son and daughter of Adam's race,
 All freed from sorrow and sin and care,
 And pure as the sinless angels are !
 They were clad in garments of spotless white,
 And smiling in sunshine of pure delight,
 They welcomed e'en me with a look of love,
 To that holy kingdom of bliss above.

I wondered much, for but just agone,
 I had felt so sad, so drear and lone,
 So crushed in spirit with wrong and pain,
 That hope I feared to trust again,
 For oh ! I deemed all earthly joy,
 Not mixed—but only base alloy.

It proved not thus, for long ere dawn
 Brought in this peaceful, beauteous morn ;
 A lovely faith hushed sorrow's voice,
 And e'en in pain did my heart rejoice ;
 For I felt in that silent and changing night,
 A trust that misery ne'er can blight.

A truth whose voice in whispers clear,
 Forbade to murmur or despair ;
 Calmly it crept to my weary soul,
 And fixed there its truths, beyond control.

I am a God of love to all ;
 Not a flower of mine will I leave to fall ;
 However worthless, or frail it be,
 'T is of my power, and speaks of me ;
 Is 't not enough that I say to you,
 Thy Father all things shall subdue ?
 Learn, then, to kiss the chastening rod,
 Which brings thee, wanderer, home to God.

FAITH AND HOPE.

To thee I 've looked, Thou God above,
 With mingled hope and fear ;
 Yet ne'er, oh gracious source of love,
 Have felt Thy presence near !
 But now which way soe'er I turn,
 I feel with deep delight,
 That easy is my Saviour's yoke—
 His every burden light !

From insult, misery, and sin,
 Thy hand hath been my guide ;
 Oh ! if thy voice but cheer me on,
 I care not what betide.

No sacrifice for Thee's too great,
 Take all that earth can give,
 So I but have the love of Him,
 Who died that all might live.

Come sickness; pain and sorrow, come!
 If such be Heaven's will—
 Perhaps protracted suffering
 Will purify from ill.
 And take me closer to my God,
 Fit me for joy and peace;
 Loose these vain ties that bind me here,
 And bring a bright release!

SONG.

Thou com'st to me in dreams,
 When slumbers weigh these lids;
 And all around me beams
 The *presence* fancy bids!

When night her mantle flings,
 Athwart the ambient sky,
 Thy spirit influence brings
 Murmuring love-notes nigh.

And then in gentle sleep,
 I lie upon thy breast;
 Joy, with a fondness deep,
 Unto my heart is pressed?

Those calm, fond, noble eyes
 Look lovingly on me,
 And every glance *supplies*,
 The love I bear to thee!

When light in beauty breaks,—
 Oh, morning's hallowed time!—
 And slowly then awakes
 An atmosphere sublime:

Through *thee* is beauty known,
 And happiness made clear,—
 I am not, Love, alone—
 For thou art always here.

LINES.

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

FATHER! Blest truth, the beaming light,
 Whose brightness comes where'er I stray,
 A star amid the clouds of night—
 An ever-burning, quenchless ray;
 A fadeless flower, through good and ill—
 How false soe'er all else may prove—
 A ceaseless flowing, sparkling rill,
 A fount of hope—such is Thy love.

Oh! oft in dreams a Father's voice
 Thrills with its deep and holy power,
 Bidding my weary heart rejoice—
 E'en after night's sweet spirit-hour

Has fled, whispering when morn hath past—
 “Should all life’s clouds be dark above,
 I will be near thee to the last,
 And bless thee with a Father’s love;
 Giving affection’s star control
 O’er the wild current of the soul.”

STANZAS — TO * * *.

FAREWELL! I’ll lay aside the hope I bore,
 And look not on thee as in days of yore:
 Proudly I’ll throw the mantle from my breast—
 Warm were its folds, so close, and fondly pressed?
 ’Round me. When chill winds pierce my heart,
 Or jealous feelings loose the venom’d dart—
 I’ll call to mind thy happiness, not mine—
 And cheer my soul with prayers for thee and thine.

Farewell! Be thou a brother! I, thy friend,
 Would cheer, and aid, and my best influence lend;
 Oh! let me bless you. Should dark sorrow steal
 O’er ye, in after years; through wo or weal,
 I could not change the robe of friendship, soon:
 Prize it I must, as earth’s most precious boon!
 And if strong hearts shall fail, and falsehood be
 Thine, for thy priceless love—*turn then to me!*

GOD SEES THEE ALWAYS.

God sees thee, sweet child!
 When thy spirit is free,
 God sees thee and hears thee,
 Where’er thou may’st be;
 He smooths thy young pillow,
 Bids sorrow depart,
 Sends angels to gladden
 With pure thought thy heart.

And when kneeling in prayer,
 With mild eyes of love
 Turned pleadingly upward,
 God looks from above;
 And blesses thee, child!
 With visions so bright,
 As will live in thy memory
 To give thee delight.

Then suffer not passion
 To darken that brow,
 Oh! always be lovely
 And loving as now.
 Remember! if wicked
 Or angry at play,
 God sees thee, dear child,
 And hears thee always.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

HOPE! blessed hope, in every form and age,
 Deep is thy fount, and bright thy sacred page;
 Heaven is thy birth-place, and thy home the heart—
 An angel art thou, none would bid depart;
 A holy beacon light and quenchless star,
 Which guides the weary, storm-tossed mariner;
 Thou ever com'st to cheer the aching breast,
 And bid thy solace in each bosom rest.

Memory, sweet memory, sister spirit thou,
 Still on each brow and in each bosom glow,
 Still bring the soldier home in visions dear,
 And the lost son to stay the widow's tear;
 Restored by thee the dead again arise,
 And the long buried stand before our eyes;
 Thy smiles can cheer when we are sad and lone,
 And visions fair still gladden heart and home.

TO EDWARD.

DEAR Edward! I'm safe, and since I've been here,
 It has rained all the time, at least very near;
 And just at this moment I know of naught better,
 To please you and me, than to write you a letter;
 So if I find matter as easy as time,
 And feelings, my dearest, that fitly may chime
 With the folly of sports, and rambling sublime,
 I'll weave it poetically, or rather in rhyme;

If 't is only about the birds and the trees,
 The beautiful flowers, the brook and the breeze,
 Or the blue, rapid waters, impelling the mill,
 Where all is quite busy, and nothing is still,
 Except 't is the factory, standing in sight,
 With its many small windows, its buildings of white,
 Peeping out of the trees, clad in mantles of green,
 Just over the water-fall, close by the stream.

Well! I must go back and begin at the beginning—
 The steamboat, you know, makes a wonderful dinning,
 With noise, bustle, handboxes, trunks and the like,
 And its officers calling, here "Jack, Jep, or Mike,"
 Take this luggage for Danielsonville, (meaning mine,)
 You may think I was glad to be there just in time.

The ringing bell ceased, and onward we went
 From our home o'er the water, as though we were sent
 By a whirlwind, so swift did our sailless boat glide
 Along the East river, against wind and tide.
 The cabin so warm, and on deck being cool,
 I sent the good steward to bring me a stool,
 And sat down to note each scene that so bright
 Meets the eyes, charms the senses, the heart to delight;
 Until night darkened o'er, and all hastened away
 From on deck to the cabin, from dew and from spray;
 I sought my own pillow, to sleep, no, to praise
 With newness of feeling, God's wonderful ways.

But here now am I, with little to say,
 Except, dearest Eddy that I'm far away

From you, and papa, and Henry, sweet boy,
 So be very good, and gambol and toy,
 And be joyous and happy, as if Emmy and I
 Were home with our loved ones, your sports to enjoy;
 Emmy sends much of love, cousin Gene, Jody too,
 To papa, and grandam, and Henry, and you.

Yet one thing I'll mention ere my letter I close,
 I cannot return, and this is plain prose—
 For I rode about, roamed about, spent all my cash,
 Unmindful of storm—my clothes, and such trash—
 I've been quite as pleased, as if suns had been bright,
 And moonshine and stars had illumined the night,
 For my thoughts are all full of star-lighted skies,
 And spirits of love, with dear sunny eyes,
 And sweet voices whispering come to the heart,
 To swell the glad fountain, and murmurs depart,
 As the dew and the mist before a warm sun—
 How provoking! to finish my rhyme, I'll have done,
 Tell papa I want money, I expect he'll look blue,
 So now one sweet kiss! and I bid you adieu!

STANZAS TO MRS. M. H.

God guide—be thine a happy lot!
 And strewed thy path with flowers!
 Blessed, ever blessed amid life's hopes
 With pleasant, peaceful hours.

God shelter thee from pain or harm,
 And make your good his care;
 Exalt you with a loving heart
 And teach you *one sweet prayer*:

“Oh, not to wrong the humblest breast
 Whose pulses may beat true;
 And think with leniency on all,
 Whatever they may do!”

We know that clouds may often lower
 Around this life's career;
 How much some hearts may need our smiles
 And pleasant words of cheer!

Though from the face of friendliness
 You turn your glance away,
 Still, you may *need* its cheering beams
 To light the gloomy day!

LINES TO —.

AGAIN I've met thee, and have felt that life
 Has else than cold indifference and strife—
 That kindred fires enkindle and remain
 In lasting brightness on fond memory's fane;
 I know that friendship here may sweetly twine,
 Garlands which bear the chilling hand of time,
 Through summer's storm and winter's howling blast—
 Her altar bright and fragrant to the last!

And though no more we meet! and I again
Must dream, and dream and hope, alas! in vain,
And only cherish visions bright and blest,
Close in the chamber of my bosom pressed;
And dark, sad fate with circumstance combine,
To make the future what the past hath been,
I'll dew these flowers with sweet, delicious tears,
To cheer and deck the coming vale of years.

Yes, I will wear the memory of these hours,
As evergreens bedecking autumn bowers;
And 'neath their grateful shade, my raptured ear,
Shall drink thy poet strains, so deeply dear!
And when this vessel falls, as potters' clay,
And cometh Christ to bear the gem away,
I only ask such breathing prayer as thine,
To waft my spirit to its home divine.

STANZAS TO —.

I've heard the tale, thou 'rt wedded now,
And I have lived to wear this truth
Upon my heart, to scar my brow,
And feel it blight the hopes of youth;
Tell her, who won and wedded thee,
To be a fond and daily love—
But, tell her not, thy heart must be
Mine in its union far above.

Tell her I shall not envy her,
Though all of earth this heart holds dear
She claims—who deeply loveth her!
While I am lonely, loveless here.
Tell her to pray for blighted hearts,
Whene'er she feels her own is glad—
And if the tear-drop ever starts,
Tell her there 's tearless eyes more sad.

Tell her I wish her happiness,
And every joy the heart can know!
May thine be life-long, purest bliss,
Ecstatic as the gods bestow!
But I shall claim thee, in those years
When endless pleasures brightly roll;
For all these pangs, for all these tears,
Now freezing in upon my soul.

LINES

SENT WITH A GOLD PEN TO THE DOCTOR.

Good morning! dear doctor, with heart of good
cheer,
I wish you a soul-thrilling, "Happy New Year!"
And on this fine day—so beaming with joy—
Which invests with importance each trifle or toy—
St. Nicholas offered to carry my gift,
Though *he* thinks, I presume, I have made a poor
shift;

For one whom the gods love, and ever must bless,
 With a soul of high honor and deep tenderness;
 For mortals the friend, the Samaritan good—
 Who healeth the sick, gives the hungry their food;
 Who lighteth the taper of many a sad heart;
 And oft dries, of sorrow, the tear-drops that start;
 Awakens the weary to fresh trust in life,
 Though the spirit contends with its toils and its
 strife.

Though we suffer by falsehood—false friends *we*
 must love.

Still, Friendship came down from the bright courts
 above—

With its truthfulness, comfort, and that lovely voice,
 Which will raise the desponding and bid us rejoice;
 Oh, it bears a sweet face, and will come in our grief
 To aid us, and bless us, and bring us relief!

Such a friend you have been, dearest doctor to me;
 And ah! you are valued, as such friend should be;
 No present—no language—no offering of *gold*,
 Could convey my affection, nor truly unfold—
 But some fairy will whisper just into your ear
 That what I *would give might be purchased too dear*,
 Considering our singular, separate life—
 That I have a husband, and you a sweet wife!
 May she live long to bless—be your pride and your
 care—

Make you joyous and happy! Oh, this is my prayer;

And may that dear smile from your face ne'er depart,
 Nor that soul-lighted brow lose the charm of the
 heart;
 May the angels who watch o'er your proud dwell-
 ing's dome,
 Make earth's home your heaven, and heaven your
 home!

You will welcome this gift, and give it a place
 Near you daily—and as with kind hand you trace
 A recipe for a patient, or a line to a friend,
 Though humble, its usefulness may you commend;
 You will prize it: Oh, dear to my heart is the thought,
 And dearer the friendship no favor hath bought.

Nick will make no ado—put it into your stocking,
 And so *he* 'll not trouble you late with *his* knocking;
He 'll take to the chimney, the freedom excuse,
 For you know *he* is harmless, and exists to amuse.

LINES TO A YOUTH.

OH, Oscar! I must look on thee, e'en though the rich
 Warm blood has mounted to thy very brow!
 Why dost thou blush? Sure 't is no flush of shame:
 No! in that pensive eye there is no guilt;
 Nor lurks it round the ever-dimpling mouth,
 On rosy cheek or polished brow of youth!

Pure is thy smile as childish innocence
 Stamped on the face of manly beauty is ;
 Perchance, because we gaze on thee so oft,
 The crimson blush so mantles on thy cheek !
 Or the bold speech of flattery has tried
 To snare a soul above its wily arts ;
 Oh ! I were proud, had I a son like thee,
 So lovely, yet of the world's stains so pure !
 I would that blush might ever mantle thus,
 Yet never summoned at the voice of guilt.
 Guilt, did I say ! Guilt has no glow like that !

So sweet a face I ne'er have looked upon—
 Has heaven's hand its impress there enstamped ?
 Or do the angels lend their thoughts to give
 Such seraph grace ? God keep thee pure as now
 Thou art, fair youth ! and Heaven o'er thee watch
 And guide in Virtue's path, the path of Peace,
 Of Joy, and Love, and Faith, of smiling Hope
 And sacred Memories.

Oh, youth, beware ! lest sin beset thy path,
 And clad in tinselled robes the tempter come—
 In robes whose stains pure hearts may not detect !
 Oh, Oscar ! wilt inviolate the trust
 And precepts of thy widowed mother keep ?
 Let the deep love of God—the fellowship
 With Christ's pure lessons compass thee around
 As with a living halo !

Then shall the flowers in native sweetness bloom,
 And loveliness, the heavenly concave blaze

In starry splendor. What though the voices then
 Of earthly friends are silent, and all, all
 Of earthly loves lie sleeping in the grave !
 The Spirit Love that knoweth not of change
 Is still around thee, and a parent's tones
 Speak kindly in the storm as in the calm,
 And friendship deep is ever whispering in
 The glad or solemn voices of the earth !

THE SCULPTOR'S INVOCATION.

PALE loveliness, combined with grace,
 How can I gaze upon that face !
 Those silent lips how oft I've pressed,
 Which fondness once for me expressed ;
 Dearest, oh, loved one ! can it be,
 That thou e'en now forgettest me ?

In dreams I nightly roam with thee,
 Vision of light ! thy form I see,
 Beaming in beauty, good, and fair,
 Deserts might bloom if thou wert there—
 And when I ask of thy sweet heart,
 It whispers—"Thou shalt ne'er depart."

Art still, beloved ! art silent yet !
 Canst thou our oft paid vows forget ;
 So cold thy heart, so hushed thy gaze,
 Canst thou forget those happy days,
 When thou wert all the world to me,
 And I was dear as joy to thee.

Say, loved remembrance! thou, whose light
Is with me through the darksome night;
Speak, marble smile, whose voiceless cheer,
Utters the spell that binds me here;
The vision! and the sculptured brow,
Oh! are these all that thou givest now?

Away, proud image, to thy cell—
I'll seek the Painter's wondrous spell,
Closing the lip, with life's warm hue—
The eye, with love's own language true;
Go, go! thy soulless, sightless stare,
Fills thy lone lover with despair.

Ah! now I see those liquid eyes,
Shaming the Poet's summer skies;
The nectar of whose ruddy lip,
I dare not, sweet one, fondly sip:
No, no! the painted, as the chiselled gaze,
Reflects alone the light of hopeful days.

TO M. E. S.

WE met! 't was not in halls of mirth,
Nor by the couch of sorrow;
We met, not by the brooklet's side,
From nature's joy to borrow;

Not in the dell, nor the fairy grove,
Nor by the limpid fountain.
Nor where the moon-beams' silvery light
Beams on the lofty mountain.
We met, not where the sweet bird's song
The God of beauty praised,
Not where the happy shepherd-boy
His morning anthem raised.
The rugged rock—the towering peak,
That frowns o'er wide creation—
The silent lake—the mighty deep,
Claimed not our admiration.

We met, and oh! no charm could add
To our love's congenial hours
In the home of youth—where a mother's prayer,
Went up as incense of flowers;
Thus, thus we met; oh! who shall tell
The power of that warm greeting;
Bleak days may come—earth's beauties fade—
Can we forget that meeting!

LINES.

SENT WITH ROSE-LEAVES AT PARTING.

Oh, take these fading leaves!
And, though bereft
Of stem or kindred,
There is beauty left:

A grateful fragrance
That will ever tell
Of one who loved thee,
But, alas! too well.

Should memory whisper
In an after year—
Like faded rose-leaves,
Scentless and sear—
Of that bright spring-time
When faith's flowers rare
Bloomed in love's sunshine,
Filled earth and air!—

Ah! pause awhile
And if your ear
The voice of truth and love
Again you hear,
Look on these leaves,
And shun the cruel blast
That scattered them—
All fragrant to the last.

STANZAS.

TO THE HON. ———, ELECTED TO THE HOUSE.

Long pent within the recess of my soul,
Yet leaping up beyond my own control,
Glows a fond passion welling in its might,
Diffusing fond affection's hallowed light,

Lives, and is yearning for a course more free,
As boundless as the wandering sea.

But thou must go—for whom this passion burns,
Ere yet my reason or my peace returns,
Oh, thou must leave me in this dark, sad maze,
Where shall I turn, where fix my 'wildered gaze?
Life hath no charm, earth not a boon to crave,
Nor gentle spring my fevered soul to lave.

The flowers may wait for dew on petalled lip,
The bee thirst on for sweets 't was wont to sip,
And the warm sunshine holding back its rays,
Leave blight and mildew over beauties' ways,
These cannot know a need of love like mine,
The homage that I offer at thy shrine.

Yet, fare thee well! strong be this heart to brave,
When thou'rt not near to shelter and to save;
Yes, fare thee well! though pride and absence break
All hold on life, I'll live on for thy sake—
Live on to pray for thee—to hope—to know,
Earth's proudest blessings, Heaven will bestow.

Live on, to gaze on life with sadder eye,
To raise my lone affection toward the sky;
Live on, to weary Heaven thy path to bless!
See the great lavish on thee, proud caress,
To hear them praise thee, o'er and o'er again;
'T will cheat my lonely heart of half its pain.

Yes, sure thine own will be a proud career,
 On, on! thy gallant bark thou 'lt proudly steer,
 Great is thy purpose, lofty be the goal—
 A nation's honor—go, her laws control,
 And when full triumph places thee in power,
 Forget not one, who cheered a passing hour.

TO MARY.

~~THE WINTER OF THE STORM AT NEW YORK CITY.~~

For thee, beloved! when I am thine,
 Love's wreath of happiness I'll twine,
 And tune its life-long lay;
 I'll guard with care each passing hour,
 Our home shall be a perfumed bower,
 Our life a pleasant stay.

For thee, when business cares are o'er,
 I'll wait me patient at our door
 In pleasant summer-time.
 Or in harsh winter's gloom I'll wait
 To hear thy footsteps at the gate,
 And haste to feel thou 'rt mine.

For thee, the cheerful fire I'll tend
 And every happy influence lend
 So thou 'lt not wish to roam.
 Heart shall devise and hand shall bring
 Comfort with many a trivial thing
 To make thee blest at home.

For thee! at morning and at eve,
 I'll pray for smiles and not to grieve
 Thee, honored, loved and adored.
 Lord! of heart! of soul and eye,
 For thee I 'd live—for thee I 'd die,
 In thee my love is stored.

For thee! for thee—thou 'lt not betray,
 I'll give all else of life away,
 All else of faith is riven.
 Thou loved, thou honored of my soul,
 I own thine influence, thy control
 To make our home a heaven.

YES, WE ARE PARTED.

AND have I ceased to look upon that face,
 Those noble features, that adorning grace,
 The smile that lit the glory of that brow,
 They haunt my memory with their magic now—
 And can I bid thee from my soul depart?
 Whose image clings around my faithful heart?

Yes, we are parted! But that fond control,
 Enshrined by intellect upon the soul!
 And thy pure spirit stealing o'er my sense,
 O, how I loved the gentle influence!
 These have not parted from my spirit's gaze,
 Nay, they are lights—Star-lights of other days.

Yes, we are parted! and the gulf is deep,
 Life's way is drear, its paths are rude and steep.
 How many years we loved! Now widely parted!
 So lone, so cold, I, almost broken hearted—
But thou art with me in my spirit's flight,
Thy breathing balms my pillow through the night.

SONG.

I 'LL break this charm!
 I 'll break this charm!
 Although my hope it will disarm.
 Who wove the spell,
 I cannot tell;
 I know, I know I love him well!
 Yet grief will dark my spirit,
 Hush the music in my heart;
 Ah! naught but pain I can inherit;
 We part, we must forever part

I cannot rest!
 I cannot rest!
 Although in sleep thy lips are pressed,
 And beams thy face
 In dreamland place,
 Where oft and gently I've been blessed;
 But all my thoughts distress me:
 To soothe this breast in vain—
 I want to claim—I want to bless thee—
 We must—we must not meet again!

STANZAS TO ONE I'LL MARRY.

I LOVE thee! O, I love thee!
 As the perfume loves the flowers;
 As the vine-tree loves to twine itself
 Around Love's summer bowers.
 I love thee! as the smiling skies
 Love to shed their holiest beams,
 And as the winter stars at night
 Emit their splendid gleams.

I love thee! O, I love thee!
 As the gold-fish love their brooks;
 As the waters love to murmur on,
 And curve in sunny nooks:
 As the streamlets love to hurry on
 Unto their Ocean mother!
 And as the birds in young spring time
 Love! worship one the other!

I love thee! as the roses love
 The stem on which they bloom,
 As feathered songsters of the grove,
 Their warm and native plume!
 I love thee as the Eagle loves
 His eyry near the sky,
 And as his gaze upon the sun,
 I fix my raptured eye.

I love thee! O, I love thee!
 As the wild woods love the trees,
 As drooping flowers, and thirsty earth,
 Refreshing rains and breeze.

I love thee ! as the rose-bud loves
 The morn—the gentle dew ;
 And as it opes its petals fair,
 So opes my heart to you !

I KNOW THAT THOU HAST PASSED AWAY.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE W. SEWALL, M. D.

I KNOW that thou hast passed away
 To the bright land of rest,
 Where the weary-hearted smile again
 And the yearning soul is blest ;
 I know the light is on thy brow
 That shone within thy soul ;
 And thy sweet peace and lofty joy
 Hath gained a starry goal.

I know that thou hast passed away,
 For thy place is vacant here ;
 Thy charms no longer glad the heart—
 Thy smiles no longer cheer ;
 The beauty of thy beaming face
 No longer thrills the heart—
 But oh ! those spirit-cords of love
 Defy death's chilling dart.

I know that thou hast passed away,
 To brighter, happier days,
 Where love is crowned with changeless truth—
 Thy worth with lasting lays ;

Oh ! nigh thy lovely home afar,
 Wherever it may be,
 Say, wilt thou place a beacon-star
 To guide us o'er life's sea ?

I know that thou hast passed away,
 Yet, ah ! thou lov'st us still ;
 The lessons of thy clear, fond eye,
 Come with their wonted thrill.
 And when I lift my soul in prayer
 And gaze toward the sky,
 Answers in tones of thy loved voice
 Are ever floating by.

I know that thou hast passed away,
 Thou faithful Brother, Friend,
 Whose love could fill all nature's haunts
 With the music angels lend ;
 Thy warm heart cannot now be chilled,
 Or spirit joys made tame,
 By the coldness of an idle throng,
 Or Envy's jaundiced fame.

I know that thou hast passed away
 To thy pleasant land on high :
 Yet thine eyes still beam among the stars,
 Thy beauty on the sky.
 I know this heart will darken oft
 Ere again thy face I see ;
 But winged dreams will seek aloft
 Thy dwelling place and thee.

WE ARE PARTED.

" that there should be
Things that we love with such deep tenderness,
But through that love to learn how much of wo,
Dwells in one hour like this."

Yes, I have loved before—and a strong chain
Still links my heart with memories wild and vain?
There are sweet visions stealing o'er my sense:
(I loved and owned the gentle influence,)
But none like this all-powerful control,
Absorbing every current of the soul.

Yes, I have loved ere this, have felt a joy
In meeting—but their absence could not cloy
My happiness! I have loved friends before,
Whose virtues have been counted o'er and o'er;
But this dear *presence*, this pervading power,
Gives tone to music, light to star and flower.

Yes, I have loved! but never felt till now
That influence my wayward pride could bow.
I have seen genius, talent, at whose shrine
I've worshipped; minds mightier than thine;
But never have I known, in life's best hour,
Thy soft, thy thrilling, all-subduing power.

Yes, I have loved such nobleness before,
But never mused to love them more and more;
Offers of splendor, places side by side
With wealth and beauty, never roused my pride;

But oh! to be thine own, in hall or bower,
Would be a fame surpassing emperor's dower!

Yes, I have loved before, and I have parted,
Even by death, with true and tender hearted;
Eyes have grown cold that beamed on me with love,
And hearts enstranged that blessed me like the dove,
But never, never have I fully known,
Till torn from thee,—so separate—so alone!

LINES

WRITTEN AT GREENWOOD.

Thy spirit is about me, dear, dear Lizzy!
And I feel
With a strange rapture my poor brain grow dizzy,
Till I reel
With happiness! My silent friend,
My heart is filled—
With joys I know the angels lend,
How deeply thrilled!

Thou art not there, my own dear Lizzy,
'Neath the sod:
With holy memories I am busy—
Thou with God!
I stand above the place where thou wert laid
And smile;
O, lovely art thou, Lizzy, tripping o'er the glade
The while.

O, thou art gone! Earth teeming with her beauties,
 And perfumed with her thousand varied flowers;
 And all the voices of her pleasant duties.
 Have lost the strength and magic of their powers;
 Since thou art gone, my sad soul loves to linger
 O'er every memory of thy look and smile,
 While fancy points as with a fairy finger
 To the sweet past—my lone heart to beguile,
 I see thee thus, my soul expands to greet thee,
 I seem transported to some better sphere;
 Forgetting but my happiness to meet thee—
 Craving no blessing, but to *feel* thou 'rt near!
 Thou art afar! Nor word of thine, nor greeting
 Tells that I 'm more to thee than others are—
 And as with pride and love my brain is reeling,
 I feel how weak and vain is this despair;
 And shrink, that I without one word of cheering
 Unanswered, unsustained by smile of thine,
 Possess for thee a passionate endearing,
 And worship thee as though thou wert divine;
 My pride rebels, and hapless, hopeless reason,
 Scoffs at my power to govern future years,
 Love whispers—"to thy happiness 't is treason!"
 My heart replies with prayers for thee, and tears!

IMPROMPTU.

FORGET me not, when distance spreads her veil
 Between us both, and *I* bewail
 That we have fondly met—
 Forget me not! I cannot thee forget.

Forget me not! How few there are who keep
 Pace with our tenderness—I weep
 That we have met—to part!
 Forget me not! I wear thee in my heart.

Forget me not! The heart must speak its wo!
 Forgive! but oh forget not—no!
 The smile, the eye thine own,
 Kindled a flame that burns for thee alone.

Forget me not! and I for thee will cherish
 That flame of love that will not perish—
 And we may meet again,
 Then I can tell, what now to tell were vain.

TO A LOVED ONE.

I KNEW thee! in the sunny morn of youth,
 When not a cloud had dimmed the sky of truth!
 There in the rosy bower of joy and mirth,
 There in the temple of thy shining worth,
 I knew thee! gladness shone through every grace,
 And smiles of kindness dimpled thy sweet face.

I knew thee! stricken faith had wrung a tear
 From the fond heart, whence all was light and cheer,
 When hope was bright, and love refined as gold,
 And friendship ne'er a flattering tale had told;
 I knew—nor dreamed the blight of grief and care,
 Would leave its impress on a soul so fair.

I knew thee—Ay! I feel thy sorrow now,
 'Spite of thy pride 't is written on thy brow,
 In every furrow of thy pallid cheek;
 I read a tale of wo, thou durst not speak;
 I knew thee! here thy hope and faith are riven,
 And thou art hastening to thy peace in heaven.

Thus treachery wounds, and falsehood darkly cloy
 The sparkling current of earth's loftiest joys;
 Thus perish fairest flowers of earlier years—
 The soul-lit brow o'er-dimmed with silent tears—
 Thus faith receives a blight, hope a sad doom,
 And speed their victims, heartless, to the tomb.

L A M E N T.

How sad is life—as lone as death:
 The beautiful is fled;
 And one as dear as my own breath
 Is numbered with the dead.

Dead! Earth has not a single balm;
 Love could not, dare not save.
 Dead! though the mind soars clear and calm
 My heart is in thy grave.

Thy grave! Oh, loved and sacred spot,
 Wherein thy ashes sleep;
 Thy grave! Oh, better far thy lot
 Than mine, to wait and weep.

Dead? lost to me! forever gone!
 O God! can this be so!
 And I not near at night or dawn,
 To mitigate thy wo!

Oh, grief and pain! no power can chase
 This anguish from my soul:
 Dead! What beauty could erase
 This from love's shrivelled scroll?

Father, one, it is the last,
 'T is not to shield or save;
 But give me, if indeed 't is past,
 The power to find that grave.

"THE WORLD IS SELFISH."

AND is this world so wrapped in selfishness?
 So heartless to life's calls—its wretchedness?
 So dark with falsehood misery and wrong,
 We may not safely venture 'midst the throng.

Oh! can it be that everything is vain?
 That even Friendship has its bane?
 That its pure altar, wreathed with painted flowers,
 Wins votaries but to lure the idle hours!

That smiles of kindness—the heart's tenderness,
 Sweet wards of fondness—tones that ever bless—
 Are all these false, as that fond fading light
 Which hung o'er friendship thro' her darkest night?

And those I've worshipped, like a devotee!
 The first in painful hours to turn from me?
 Yes, I have proved it, heaven only knows—
Proved my foes friends! and friends my only foes!

Life's frowns, alas! are better than its smiles—
 They caution, they are real—all else are wiles,
 To lure us surely to that sad control,
 Which shuts hope's sunlight from the yearning soul.

We shrink from contest; and the world's rude strife,
 Closing our hearts to love—or social life!
 Wedding the breast to sorrow's darkest call,
 Wrapping the soul as in a funeral pall!

Fortune, too, plays us false, as well as friends;
 And what for all earth's changes makes amends?
 Secure a treasure and a hope above,
 Lift up thy wounded spirit; God is love!

HO! FOR THE WEST

Ho! ho! for the West! from tame city life,
 Its turmoil and din, its bustle and strife,
 To build our "sweet home" of rough logs and clay,
 For shelter, and keeping the *wild beasts* away.

Ho! ho! for the West! to hew giant trees,
 To hail her bright hills, and quaff her pure breeze;
 To roam her broad prairies, and till her fair lands,
 With glowing, bold hearts, and willing, strong hands.

To! for the West! where the heart guides the hand,
 Where mind and not wealth, forms a true social band,
 Where the honest and brave, the good and the free
 Are welcome, and dwell there in blest harmony.

To! for the West! with her rich far-spread soil,
 Which will amply repay our ambition and toil,
 And prove to the future—*man moves in his might*,
 The Freeman! all nerve for Improvement and Right.

Then ho! for the West! there's room for the brave,
 There is industry's bread, *there toileth no slave*,
 Each one, as God made him, stands in his power
 A king, whom 'neath naught but his own sin might
 cower.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO THEE.

Here's health, here's wealth and good cheer
 To Thee!

Long life and a Happy New Year
 To Thee!

O cast off dull care
 And never despair?

Be happy as long as you're dear
 To Me!

For hope, joy, and peace I 'm in debt
To Thee!

I gave all my heart, when we met
To Thee!

Far off be the day
When thou 'lt cast it away
Love's gem, in Truth's diadem set
For Thee!

The clouds that have made life like night
To Thee.

When all in the world should be bright
To Thee!

The past and its tears,
Its misery and fears,
Forget and forgive, they 'll be light
To Thee!

There is many a bright smile in store
For Thee!

Brighter days—how I wish there were more
To Thee!

Wealth of heart and of mind,
Thought of self ne'er could bind,
O, I would it were mine to restore
To Thee!

And yet may my love be a joy
To Thee!

A happiness nothing can cloy
To Thee!

In sickness or grief,
Be thy help, thy relief,
A *gold mine* that hath no alloy
To Thee!

TO ONE HIGHLY ESTEEMED.

I CANNOT hope to pen a lay acceptable to thee;
I know the depth of woman's love in loveliest poesy
Must follow thee in countless throngs, wander
where'er ye will,
And tones of beauty to thine ear and eye are seldom
still;
I know thou 'rt cherished far and near, by fair and
noble sought,
That songs for thee of sweetest strain from many
isles are brought.
Fame, Fame has carried thee afar upon her spark-
ling wings,
And brightest wreaths for thee are twined of fair and
precious things;
I know the glance of that deep eye where all thy
soul shines through,
Claimeth the homage of rich maids—warm hearts,
both fond and true;
The smile of love upon thy lip, its magic on thy brow,
Many have sought, in days gone by, are yearning
for it now.

Amid this galaxy of *stars*, can Friendship's taper
burn?—

The loftier beauty of this heart is in life's marble—
I proffer it to thee, Esteemed, not with one ea-
stain,

But as a light that comes to us when other lights are
vain.

In the full tones that echo, when the voice of fame
 is cold ;
 When love has not a luring page unblemished to
 unfold ;
 When art and flattery are naught unto thy weary
 heart,
 And thou hast bade vain trifling joys from thy proud
 soul depart :
 Then, then I'll tune my life-long lay, humble how-
 e'er it be ;
 No wish, no purpose, but I ask unmeasured bliss for
 thee.

THE WIFE'S REMONSTRANCE.

NAY, smooth that ruffled brow, 't is not the generous
 part,
 Dearest ! to let such idle things disturb thy heart :
 Waste not, my own beloved those precious hours of
 life
 In which our souls commune, by bickerings and
 strife.

Oh ! cast that shadow by, it ill becomes that brow,
 Where noble thought is wont to sit, and where but
 now
 I saw thee smile, the pleasant smile I prize and love ;
 Sent when all else of earth was dark, like Noah's
 dove.

Nay, look not sad, I would not cause thee, dearest,
 pain
 For worlds : all other smiles are empty, cold, and
 vain ;
 If thou shouldst cease to smile on me, to bless, to
 cheer
 With those kind joyous words, unto my soul so dear
 Ah ! be thyself, as when thy brave soul conquers all
 The petty cares and fears which common minds en-
 thrall :
 Smile, smile again as thou canst smile, nor let that
 eye
 Lose its calm brightness, or my heart will die.

I could not find my way in this dark world, if thou
 Shouldst wear that stormy cloud upon thy brow,
 For thou art *all* to me in this lone life of wo—
 Thy happiness my sunshine, wheresoe'er I go.

Come, tell me ! who has wronged thee ? Can it be I ?
 What has disturbed thy peace, or caused thy heart
 a sigh.

I'd pour my soul out in this gush of bitter tears,
 Rather than dark a moment of thy vernant years.

YES, I WILL THINK OF THEE.

YES, I will think of thee ! when all around is bright,
 When faith is fair as is the day—at night
 When dreams are on me stealing,
 I'll think of thee, with very happy feeling.

I 'll think of thee! when all the world is beaming,
 When friends are near—and hearts are teeming
 With hope and pure delight;
 I 'll think of thee, at morning, noon, and night.

I 'll think of thee! when the red wine is flowing,
 And happy lips and eyes are glowing
 Of those my heart holds dear,
 I 'll think of thee, and wish thou, too, wert here.

I 'll think of thee! when fancy wreaths are twining
 Fadeless and fair,—the heart inclining
 To love, and pride, and duty—
 I 'll think of thee, whene'er I gaze on beauty.

I 'll think of thee! in quiet, happy hours,
 In summer time, when earth is decked with
 flowers,
 'Mid winter's fireside glee,
 I 'll gladly, kindly, fondly think of thee.

I'll think of thee! perhaps, when grief is crushing
 My spirit—and on air rushing
 Tones like the funeral bell,
 Of all I 've loved and love so well.

Yes, I will think of thee! in joy and sadness,
 Memory to me is heartfelt gladness,
 A living fount for thee!
 O, dare I hope that thou wilt think of me?

I LOVE THEE!

Nor that the sweetness of thy dewy kiss
 Fills my fond bosom with ecstatic bliss,
 Nor thy bright smile, that wakes within my soul
 The joy I cannot, would not now control;

Not that because my head has oft been pressed
 Upon thy proud and manful throbbing breast;
 Nor that I feel I live warm in thy heart,
 Loved by thy soul, and of that soul a part;

I love—because I honor thee as one,
 Who, true to nature, art her proudest son!
 The whilst he bears a lofty, conscious part,
 Feels the blood gushing through his loving heart.

Who carries in his bosom's native bower
 His sunshine—olive branch—and power
 To stem the current, brave the surging tide,
 And turn the darkest of life's wo aside.

I love—because thy tongue the truth defends,
 And on thy mind thy course of life depends,
 Because thou art the master of thyself!
 And honorest worth, and not man for his pelf.

I love thee, ay! with all the clinging trust
 That worships—not the idol of the dust,
 But intellect! and honest, manly pride!
 The strength that makes thee woman's friend and
 guide.

WEALTH IS NOT HAPPINESS.

I.

OH, do not ask again, dearest!
 The wealth which gold can make,
 Nor let one earnest sigh escape
 Thy broad breast for its sake.

II.

Ah! never let a painful thought
 Flit o'er that manly brow,
 For all the gold of *Cræsus*,
 Though held up to thee now.

III.

For what is money to the mind
 And soul surcharged with care?
 And what the trappings it can buy,
 If Discontent be there?

IV.

You say it is for me, your own,
 Who loves you, that you crave
 Wealth, but for our own happiness
 The darkest lot you 'd brave.

V.

Provide for me a roof, a board,
 With wooden dish and spoon;
 A couch of rushes, roughly wrought,
 And one rush-lighted room.

VI.

Cover me with a common garb,
 Bring me the coarsest fare!
 More I 'll not crave, if thou art strong,
 If thou *thyself* art there.

VII.

Happy and joyous, fond and free,
 Firm in thy self-control—
 We 'd have our "feasts of reason," Love!
 Our "flowings of the soul!"

VIII.

We would possess our tenderness!
 Our *gem* of wedded love!
 Our bond of friendship writ and sealed
 By God's own hand above!

IX.

We would possess mind's storehouses—
 Nature can furnish books!
 Lessons are in her rocks and trees—
 Tongues in her babbling brooks.

X.

Home, light and love, and joy are ours,
 And beauty everywhere!
 Toil waits on wealth:—We could not ask
 A life-time free from care.

XI.

Then sigh for *wealth*, labor for *wealth*,
 That doth enrich the mind;
 And I will share thy efforts, till
 The *magic stone* we find.

WHY SHOULD I FEAR?

Why should I fear that pain at last
 Forbids my heart to smile,
 To rain its hoarded agony
 From burning lids the while?
 Life's latter years, as well as youth's,
 Have been a wretched dream,
 With scarce an arm to lean upon,
 A faithful breast to screen.

Why should I wildly quiver thus?
 The ordeal now is past—
 I still can hug the phantom-life!
 And bear on to the last;
 My hopes of bliss are withered—
 My cherished joys depart—
 And do I think that iron bands
 Are fastening on my heart?

Why should I tremble? fate has not
 Another doom more sad,
 Than this last sense of wretchedness—
 Unless it drive me mad!

Aye! this it is, I feel its wo
 Searing my heart and brain,
 The gloom of Faith, Truth, Love, betrayed—
 Upon my soul has lain.

THE DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE eve was still and calm; so bright, so pure,
 That Genii of heaven, whose wings of light
 Had borne them down to earth, would hardly dream
 They had passed o'er the line whose circle bounds
 Their home—Celestial Paradise. Man's heart,
 Though steeped in deep depravity, would fear
 To think of aught but good. O, evil thoughts
 Would vanish 'neath that eve's calm influence
 As the white wreath that, with sad playfulness,
 Old Winter flings upon the trembling trees,
 Dissolves beneath the genial sun of Spring.
 The very breeze had died, and tiny brooks
 Danced with a silvery music 'mong the flowers
 That kissed the dimpling wavelets as they passed;
 While through the air a holy influence
 Distilled like dew; and music—like the song
 That ushered in with sweetest melody
 Creation's cloudless morn—like the perfume
 That revels free in Cashmere's sunny vale—
 Stole soothingly upon the tranced soul,
 From other worlds.

In one short hour like this
 How much the longing soul may learn of happiness
 How deeply may it drink of that pure stream
 That freely flows forth from the spotless throne
 Of Him who is The Life. How deeply, too,
 May grief engulf the bleeding heart,
 Though peace and deep, pure joy pervade the world,
 Like a child's dream of bliss and innocence.

The beautiful but 'minds sad memory
 Of loveliness departed ; and the sounds
 That charm each sense bring to the aching soul
 The voices of the loved and lost, whose *forms*
 Have fled our sight forever. Remembrance,
 Pale and in tears, clothes the bright present hour
 In sorrow's garb, and gazes sadly back,
 With vision dimmed by grief, into the soft,
 Sad, lingering twilight of the hallowed past.

O would the bursting heart but bid the eye
 Turn from the west—dim with the shades of night—
 From the dark past "that comes not back again,"
 To the bright orient, where rise, like holy stars,
 New hopes, in cloudless brightness lighting up
 The vista of the future; then how changed
 Would life in all its phases seem. Sorrow
 Would smile through tears; grief's untold agony
 Merge into chastened sadness, and the soul,
 Free from the turbulence of passion's storm,
 Float calmly on life's sea, until at last,

With canvas furled, its golden anchor dropped
 Within the veil of Heaven. * * * * *

* * * * *

The strife had ceased. Life's slender silver cord
 Was tenderly unloosed, and her pure spirit,
 Leaving its lovely tenement of clay,
 Sought, like a weary bird, its tenement above,
 And nestled in the bosom of its God.
 But ere its wings were plumed for that bright world
 Where all is purity and bliss, it stamped
 Upon each marble feature the impress
 Of its heavenly loveliness.

A friend,
 One of the dearest of her sunny hours,
 Had robed her in the habiliments of death,
 And in her rich brown ringlets twined the buds
 Of the sweet flowers which she had loved in life.
 O, they were pure, sweet emblems of the flower
 Just budding into perfect loveliness,
 And charming with its beauty all who gazed,
 Which the cold hand of death had plucked away;
 But not, like them, to wither in the grave.
 Earth's chilling winds, her guardian angel saw,
 Were all too cold for the exotic flower
 Which God, a precious charge, had given him;
 And with a tender hand, he bore above
 The pure white bud which he had watched so long,
 To bloom in the bright atmosphere of Heaven.

By the pale form—so beautiful in death,
 Of her whose life had been a short, sweet dream
 Of angel bliss, one lonely watcher stood.
 Sorrow seemed speaking from each lineament
 Of his sad countenance, but in his eye
 No tear-drop trembled, for his bleeding heart
 Was far too deeply torn to be relieved
 By tears. Long, long he stood, as if a power—
 Some strange wild spell—had chained him to the
 spot;
 But as he gazed, the overflowing tide
 So long pent in his heart, burst forth in words,
 And thus in burning language from his lips,
 This invocation to his loved one fell:—

Pale loveliness, combined with grace,
 How can I gaze upon that face?
 Those silent lips I oft have pressed,
 Which once for me fond love expressed,
 Dearest! loved one! can it be
 That thou e'en now forgettest me?

Nightly in dreams I roam with thee,
 Vision of light! thy form I see
 Beaming in beauty good and fair;
 Deserts might bloom if thou wert there.
 And when I ask of thy sweet heart,
 It whispers "Thou shalt ne'er depart."

So silent, loved one? silent yet?
 Tell me if thou our vows forget?

So cold thy heart, so still thy gaze,
 Canst thou forget those happy days
 When thou wast all the world to me,
 And I was dear as life to thee?

Say, loved remembrance, thou whose light,
 Is with me through the darksome night!
 Speak marble smile, whose voiceless cheer,
 Utters the spell that binds me here!
 The vision, and the marble brow,
 Oh! are these all that's left me now?

Oh! that I might thy sleep dispel,
 And with the artist's wondrous spell
 Clothe the pale lip in life's warm hue;
 The eye in love's own language true;
 Answer, O loved one! this fond prayer,
 And cheer thy lover in despair.

Aye! now I see those liquid eyes,
 Rivaling the past bright summer skies,
 The nectar of that ruddy lip,
 I dare not, sweet one, fondly sip.
 Ah! no, that pale, sweet, changeless gaze,
 Reflects the light of other days.

He ceased, and while the last low note of woe
 Was dying on the ear, a distant sound
 Came like the first soft beaming of a star
 Upon the tranced sense—nearer it came,
 And soon a pearly cloudlet, like the down
 That flutters from an angel's wing, floated

Towards earth. A moment more and in the room
 Where the lone lover watched, a spirit form,
 Clothed in the spotless garb that angels wear,
 And radiant with the fragrant light of heaven,
 Stood silent. The same pure loveliness
 Which that still, senseless form once wore in life,
 Beamed still more sweetly from the countenance
 Of the celestial visitant. The lips
 Wore the same bright, sweet smile, the deep blue eye
 Shone with the same soft lustre, and the thought
 Thrilled through that watcher's swelling heart.
It is—it is the spirit of my love!
 Æolian fingers o'er her golden harp
 A soft sweet prelude played, and to her love
 In thrilling accents that bright spirit sang.

I have come from my bright, bright home on high,
 To solace thy heart, my love,
 To chase from thy agonized bosom the sigh,
 And heal sorrow's wound, my love!

I have heard the plaint of thy bleeding heart,
 I know, love, the depth of its anguish;
 When hearts that have loved like ours shall part,
 The spirit bereaved will languish.

The dewdrop may grieve for its sister pearl,
 Evanescent at morn away,
 And for its return to the changing world,
 In sorrowing anguish pray.

But at the approach of a sunbeam, soon
 From its petaled couch 't is riven;
 And the loving and loved, in a cloud at noon,
 Both float in the azure heaven.

Then cease, cease to grieve, that far from thy sight
Thy idol was called to depart, love!
 When from the bleak world *thou* shalt take thy flight,
 We'll meet never more to part, love!

Farewell! my sisters are calling me home,
 Where sorrow ne'er enters, nor pain;
 When loving and loved o'er the bright fields roam,
 Remember we meet, love, again.

Farewell!
 Where sorrow like thine seeks in vain,
 Remember we meet, love, again.
 Fare-well.

LINES TO A GENTLEMAN.

YES, I have met thee oft,
 I know too, who thou art;
 I've felt my heart expand,
 I've felt the tear-drops start,
 And yet I cannot tell
 Whether 't is joy, or pain,
 With which I muse on thee,
 And hope to meet again.

I've been so near thee, too,
 I've almost touched thy side;
 I've caught thy quiet glance
 And turned, its power to hide;
 Emotions strong, and deep,
 Are kindling in my soul
 Hopes, that are wild and vain,
 O'er which I've no control.

I dream of thee by night,
 And not a day hath past
 But to my mind thou art
 In guise, I saw thee last;
 I'm not unknown to thee,
 Thy slight, though kindly bow,
 Will be a pleasure long,
 Thrilling, and dear as now.

Oh! do not think me bold,
 Unwomanly, or vain—
 I thought thee one I knew!
 And when we met again,
 I would have given worlds
 (O'er worlds, if I had power,)
 Could I have told thee *all*,
 And forgiveness been my dower.

But we may never meet
 As friends—nor if we by chance
 Be where I could explain
 The folly of *that glance*;

O, sure thou will not think
 It boldness on my part—
 To have you deem me *mean*
 Would almost break my heart.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE.

In youth! Life's rosy-footed hours,
 Glides o'er earth's garden filled with flowers,
 With sunshine and with bliss,
 Rose-tinted veils soften each view—
 Her smile seems fond, her charm seems true,
 Sweet as a maid's first kiss.

We love! and though Love wears a wing,
 We dream not of its flight, nor sting
 Concealed in every dart,
 Then by love's side, in its own bower,
 We learn that love has wondrous power
 To woo, and win the heart.

We doat upon Love's beaming eye—
 And feel its birth-place is the sky!
 Its robe, the sun's own light!
 But passion's arid, burning noon,
 Comes pouring o'er us all too soon
 To wither and to blight.

Then Time's rude form with care steals by,
 But we forget that love will fly
 To joy-tinge summer clouds!
 3*

And though our souls pursue its track,
 We cannot win the coy one back
 Where winter weaves its shroud.

A doom is presaged on the heart,
 And ghosts of Sorrow, life-like, start,
 Our peace of mind to cloy,
 A sense of woe in hours of mirth
 Creeps o'er us, and life's shades give birth
 To fear, o'erwhelming joy.

THE FAREWELL.

"Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again. Go forward to meet the shadowy future without fear and with unfaltering heart."

LEAVE me! yes, Leon leave me; since 't is thy wish
 to go,
 And may all skies beam brightly on thy pleasant
 paths below;
 O, mayst thou be happy as the flowers seem in
 May,
 It is my fondest wish, to know, that thou art glad
 and gay.

Yes, go where fancy leads—though 't is hard! 't is
 hard to part
 With the face that is like sunshine beaming warmly
 on my heart;

With the voice that is so cheery, and the hand that
 is so kind,
 The interchange of feeling, the communion of the
 mind.

Dear Leon, though we love thee, there are better
 days in store,
 And hearts will hail thy coming and on thee their
 fondness pour,
 Minds of richer, deeper treasure, forms of brighter,
 fairer mould,
 Fame's wreath awaits thy pleasure, and for thy
 labor—Gold.

Then go! and Heaven bless thee, and bring thee rosy
 health,
 Fill to the brim thy coffers with a never-ending
 wealth;
 'T is better for the generous heart, though sad and
 desolate,
 To feel, its highest, best beloved, enjoys a happier
 fate.

POETIC LETTER TO THE ABSENT LOVER.

DEAR Fred I cannot fix my mind,
 On anything of human kind
 Beside yourself. I try to read,
 The pages swim, and there indeed

Your image stands with beaming smile,
 Before my lone heart all the while!
 To other friends I try to write,
 The sheets are spoiled, and I indite
 To thee! and should from morn 'till night.

I try to work, but cannot see—
 My eyes are blind with tears for thee!
 And then I kneel and for thee pray,
 But still—Beloved! thou art away;
 I walk the streets, but in the mass,
 I see no kindly faces pass—
 Like thine—like thee? how can I rest
 With all this yearning in my breast?
 This weight of absence from thee dear!
 Make light—the world seems dark and drear;
 And when the weary day is o'er
 I cannot sleep—and miss thee more!
 Come back! Come back! Storm, night, and gloom,
 To live from thee, would be my doom!

* * * * *

Thus far was writ, and in my lap
 My head was bent—when, lo! a rap—
 And then I heard the postman's voice,
 My heart throbbed loud!—My eyes rejoice—
 A letter! yes, a word from Fred,
 Would wake me if my heart were dead.
 I read! and then on bended knee,
 I thanked God for the kind decree—
Oh shall we meet to part no more?

And tears of happiness did pour
 Like rain upon the precious sheet,
 Which whispered—"Dearest we will meet
 Soon! very soon no more to part!"
 Wild joy is gushing at my heart,
 I cannot write, but I will pray
 For thee! for thee both night and day—
 Oh! may I, love, deserve your care
 As you claim mine—with heartfelt prayer!

THE MINIATURE.

THROUGH the mists of the past,
 I gaze on those hours
 So rife with affection,
 So bright with hope's flowers!
 One fond recollection,
 That ne'er shall depart,
 Awakens the long silent
 Sound of my heart!

That kind face, O once
 I could cherish its theme
 And list to thine accents,
 Still dear in each dream,
 I could smile in your eyes
 As you kissed off my tears,
 And rest on thy bosom
 To hush all life's fears.

Oh! then I was blest;
 Sweet streams of delight,
 Gushed over my spirit
 Each day and each night;
 No sickness had power
 Nor sorrow to harm,
 My heart had its home,
 And my home every charm.

How I wept when I saw thee
 To new lands depart,
 And frantically clasped
 This gift to my heart.
 Oh! wild with alarm
 I awaited the day,
 That should bear thee forever
 My loved one away.

It has come! it has come!
 And to Heaven thou 'rt gone—
 Dost know how I love thee,
 For thee sadly mourn?
 Like a fledgling alone
 Without feather or mate,
 In a snow-covered nest
 I am left desolate.

IMPROMPTU.

I cast thee away? Not I! oh no, never!
 Thou, a worm of the dust? Then who, pray, is not?

I 'll not cast thee away, I will cherish thee ever,
 And ne'er from my memory thy semblance will
 blot.

I am happy! I know, e'en when sadness is on thee;
 I am joyous, because in thy gloom I'd be bright,
 And Oh! when the sun of thy presence is o'er me,
 How could I have less than a heart warm and
 light.

I cannot forget! I will not forsake thee!
 Thou art more to me, far, than I'm willing to own,
 But come when all other attractions shall fail thee—
 Be sure of a welcome—I wander alone!

TO MARY DE LESZESYNSKI.

I.

I WILL not say thine eyes are bright,
 As stars that gem the sky;
 I will not tell thee that their light
 Is its cerulean dye;

II.

Nor that thy brow is lily-white,
 Thy cheek the pale blush-rose;
 That o'er thy face a radiance plays,
 An angel-like repose.

III.

I will not praise thy rosy lips,
 Thy voice whose magic swell
 And cadenced sweetness 'verberates,
 Like some clear silver bell.

IV.

I will not call thine auburn hair
 Like shredded golden waves,
 Sparkling beneath the sun's warm power,
 When the broad sea it laves.

V.

For, lady, you might blush to own
 One friend, and deem it art,
 Or flattery—my praise, not truth,
 Pure welling from the heart.

VI.

But let me tell thee how thy smile,
 And gentle tones of peace,
 Have won a misanthropic heart,
 And brought a soul release.

VII.

Let me exult that I have found
 Nature, and heart, and mind,
 With woman's gentleness and worth,
 And grace and power combined.

VIII.

And let me call thee—Lovely friend?
 I had a friend like thee—
 She fell asleep—she passed away—
 To immortality.

IX.

Her name was Mary, and her smile
 I see again in thee;
 O, may I find the faithful friend,
 That loved one was to me.

X.

I never saw a face like hers,
 A dignity so bland;
 A step so graceful and so free,
 In this, or any land.

XI.

I never met a heart so true,
 A spirit so refined,
 So self-reliant, yet so fond
 And socially inclined.

XII.

I never listened to the tones
 That fell so softly sweet,
 From lips where truth and purity
 Were ever wont to meet.

XIII.

Until I met thee—lady dear—
 Forgive, if this seems bold ;
 My soul is *tenderness* to thee,
 And words are weak and cold.

XIV.

I'd have thee lift my mind to thine
 As its harmonious part,
 I'd have thee feel the quenchless flame,
 That burns where heart meets heart.

XV.

Oh ! I will joy to know again
 Another female friend ;
 On whom, mid sorrow or in peace,
 We always can depend.

XVI.

As toiling on through earth's strange path,
 Its oasis we find—
 A kindred love, a sympathy,
 A glowing heart and mind.

XVII.

And so, good night ! may Heaven fold,
 Its soft wings o'er thy breast ;
 And shelter thee, amidst life's cares,
 As now he does thy rest.

XVIII.

Oh ! may He bless thee with "that peace"—
 As never ending joy ;
 A love to love the beautiful,
 No worldly power may cloy.

XIX.

Oh ! may he guard, and shield, and save
 From danger or from harm !
 We'll lean—all trustingly through life,
 Upon God's strong right arm.
 1 o'clock, A. M.

LOVE'S WANDERINGS.

WHEN Love was but a tiny boy,
 And nestled in my breast,
 The very air was rife with joy,
 The world to me was blest.

Each pathway teemed with life and light,
 Beauty was where I strayed ;
 A holy charm stole o'er the night,
 With moon and stars arrayed.

I bounded o'er the sunny hills—
 Tripped gaily through each valley—
 Counted the ripples of the rills—
 Would with all nature dally.

Joy filled earth's caverns with her song,
 Hope's music, too, was there;
 And Love would every strain prolong
 O'er earth, and sea, and air!

Love-light was resting on each cloud,
 Its tints made all things fair,
 Though many summers wove their shroud,
 Summer was everywhere.

* * * * *

But one day, in a silly mood,
 I quarreled with the lad;
 No more his wing my heart would brood,
 And it grew cold and sad.

I sought the bright things wont to charm,
 With pride in fond love's place;
 But storm, and contest, and alarm,
 Distorted nature's face.

And Winter came, and Summer fled;
 Rose-trees displayed their thorns,
 And hope was sad, and joy nigh dead,
 The heart's night had few dawns.

And then I wandered o'er life's sea,
 With clouds and storm above;
 Some kindly faces beam'd on me
 But I avoided love.

And year by year I shunned his way,
 Deeming him a sad thief;

For he had stol'n life's charm away
 And would not bring relief.

* * * * *

And when, at last, I thought him lost,
 And life was dark and lone;
 There came to me a proud, stern man,
 One who had sorrow known!

Gently I gazed in that wild eye,
 Parted that soft dark hair,
 His heart gave up a lengthened sigh,
 Mine answered with a prayer.

A prayer for love! and nature smiled
 Upon our chastened life,
 And joy was welling deep, though mild,
 When I became his Wife.

And then I wove about our dome
 The evergreen of love!
 Placed on the altar of our home
 The *Olive-branch and Dove*.

L I N E S

INSCRIBED TO DR. A. DE L—.

Thou say'st I'm proud. It may be that I am,
 What of? not beauty, I have no such balm
 For wounded vanity, nor have I wealth,
 Nor fame—though I have strength and rosy health.

I proud? I own no far possessions now,
 No title—nor a country; Poland! thou
 Home of my fathers—place that gave me birth—
 Proud? I 'm an exile from my home and hearth.

But I am proud! A man whose brave Sire
 Fell in defence of home—and by the ire
 Of savage foes! the shaft of murd'rous war
 Pierced him and Poland to the inmost core.

And yet I 'm proud! for in th's breast of steel,
 I bear a heart true to my country's weal;
 And a strong arm that yet may strike a blow
 To free that land, and lay oppression low.

Aye, proud! For now I tread on freedom's ground,
 Land of adoption—Poland's sons have found
 A home! and for her exiles trust and peace,
 And brave men's sympathy for her release.

You should be proud, *Lastinski*, for you feel
 The sympathies of manhood, and you deal
 Justly; a man whose learning doth appease
 The pains of flesh—a master of disease.

Thou hast a mind with science well imbued—
 Talent and genius—a similitude
 Unto Hippocrates—that good and learned sage
 Whose knowledge and success outstripped his age.

MORNING HAPPINESS.

As light broke o'er my slumber,
 With the rosy tints of day,
 And dreams which sleep encumber,
 Flitted mournfully away.
 And o'er my pillow rested,
 A bright and holy charm—
 A breath with love invested,
 Bathed lip and brow with balm.

A *presence* so resplendent,
 Attuned my heart to joy,
 Hope's star in the ascendant!
 What sorrow now can cloy?
 Though I dreamed you could not love me,
 Though I feared I might not bless,
 One so proud and so above me,
 Yet I own thy fond caress.

And I know what thou hast spoken,
 And writ so true and clear,
 Will for aye remain unbroken
 And unshaken by a fear.
 And I bless thee for the story,
 Of thy caution and thy pride,
 Thy sternness is my glory,
 I will be thy blest bride.

SONG THE SEVENTH.

I cannot sing to night, dear friends,
 My heart is far away,
 'T is dreaming of my happy home,
 In childhood's cloudless day.
 'T is wandering through the vales and meads,
 And o'er my native hills,
 I cannot sing to night, dear friends,
 My soul to memory thrills.

Methinks I hear my father's voice,
 I see my mother's smile,
 And thronging at the magic spell,
 Bright other hopes beguile.
 The faces of my sportive friends
 Are beaming on my sight,
 Their tones are music in my ears,
 I cannot sing to night.

I cannot sing to night, dear friends,
 While visions such as these,
 Come crowding to the stranger's breast,
 Nor dare I hope to please.
 But gratitude will long enshrine
 Your welcome and your praise,
 And yet I cannot sing, unless
 I sing my childhood's lays.

TO MY HUSBAND.

I DWELL upon thy dewy lip,
 Its humid sweetness all I 'd sip :
 Nor like the bee, sip for an hour,
 Then fly to kiss some other flower.

I gaze into thy clear blue eye,
 Nor do I wonder, dearest! why
 I love thee, with a love so deep
 And thrilling that I cannot sleep.

I lie my head close to thy heart,
 And feel the glowing life-blood start
 Through every vein—and thy soft kiss
 Is happiness—aye! more than bliss.

You pat my cheek with gentle palm,
 And even this exuberant balm
 I 'd not exchange for wealth or power,
 Love! thy love is life's best dower.

I pass my fingers through thy hair,
 And breathe for thee a heartfelt prayer!
 And rapture with endearment fraught,
 Supplies each wish, and each dear thought.

And thus existence glides along,
 Melting in fondness and in song;
 Forgetful of all—all save thee!
 And the strong love-chain binding me.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A GIRL TWELVE YEARS OLD,
FEBRUARY, 1851.

MARIAN! my heart is well inclined,
To dedicate this book to thee,
Although the task to me assigned,
Is more than my ability.

More learned pens, far better minds
Rich stores of thought will here indite;
And fruits and flowers of various kinds,
Will seem to bloom, to hail thy sight.

What, then, shall I attempt to form,
And scatter o'er thy path of life?
I'd build a light-house for the storm,
A life-boat for its wildest strife.

Now thou art blest, for o'er thy way
A mother flings her sheltering care;
A father smiles—and all is gay,
Truthful—and bright—and passing fair.

Far be it, then, from mine, to show
A spot upon the sun of time;
May all of earth, sparkle and glow,
Be real, lovely, and sublime,

But I will breathe for thee a prayer—
Oh! God, through life forsake her not,

Thine is the one abiding care,
Let not one stain her pure soul blot.

Guide her young heart in time of need,
Always—whate'er her lot may be,
Then will her *hold* be strong indeed,
For all her *faith* will rest on Thee.

STANZAS TO —.

"FAREWELL?" ah, yes! All happiness is fleeting,
And I am schooled to part, and shed no tear;
But O, I feel my proud heart wildly beating,
For none were ever held so deeply dear!

"Farewell!" yes! yes! ah, now I read the story,
Of slight and coldness, thou hast long concealed.
Oh! where is now the love, the truth, whose glory,
In darkest hours, high happiness revealed.

Like a dark-bird's, that farewell tone of sadness,
Falls on my spirit—with a solemn knell
It buries love and pride, and peace and gladness—
And where is hope? when thou hast said Farewell!

And is it so? This parting causeth sorrow,
That cannot lie, like a light summer cloud;
It must grow darker, heavier, than the morrow,
And wrap my soul as in a funeral shroud.

It must be! And although my faith is riven,
 All gone—so bright! so beautiful, with thee;
I cannot say "Farewell!" thou art forgiven—
 While life is mine, I shall remember thee!

TO MY HUSBAND.

I LOVE thee! and I know not why
 These tears for thee are shed;
 To claim thee! Nay, I would not try—
 My blessed, blessed Fred.

For when my heart is peaceful, dear!
 'T is then I think of thee!
 And when I feel thy presence near,
 I could not happier be.

I could not have thee all mine own—
 (My charms to bind have fled :)
 And thou would'st be the world alone!
 My blessed, blessed Fred!

And I am independent, Fred,
 E'en of the sunniest smile;
 For I, by love and fancy fed,
 Am near thee all the while.

I ask not if ye think of me,
 Others may claim your care—

I dream of—think of—worship thee,
 Thou spirit of my prayer.

I wear thee in my *heart of hearts!*
 I feel thy lip's caress;
 My love has not the barbed darts
 Of passion's wild excess.

'T is deep and calm—'t is soul! 't is mind!
 That by thy power is led;
 With Heaven and earth and light combined,
 I love thee, dearest Fred!

THE DEPARTURE;

OR,

ONE OF THE CAXTONS.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

It was February, 18—, at about twelve o'clock meridian, the heavy rain-drops were dashing the sidewalks and mingling rapidly together were rushing helter-skelter down the kennels, and covering the whole street like molten streams; rain, rain, nothing but rain; the wind was scattering it in every direction, the iron railings were tossing it off in fountains of spray, the house-tops were reeking in sullen wrath at its pelting fury, the awnings were slatting at loose ends, or rent in sunder were flying about, and whirling in the flooded atmosphere, as though the order of the elements had been left to the control of some fury, some mad spirit whose delight was in the whirlwind and storm.

The streets were deserted, save by the poor horses, smoking and panting before the heavy stages, loaded down with passengers, huddled together like prisoners, from whom the light and air of heaven had been excluded, and the drivers cursing and cracking their whips, added to the exciting scene of Broadway in a heavy rain-storm.

The shopkeepers and clerks of the yard-stick were peering from every window and door pane that lined the thoroughfare; some were twisting their mustaches or stroking their smoothly combed heads, others were pulling up their starched shirt collars with a nervous twitching as though the idea of getting wet reminded them of their washerwoman's bills; while others

wore the woe-begone expressions of "no sales to-day," "heigho! this business won't pay the gas-light!"

One human being only seemed not to heed the discord of the elements, or to be affected by them in any particular, he walked on as quietly and stepped as firmly as though the sunshine was over him, and the cool breeze of Summer fanned his fevered cheek. On, on he went from square to square until he had reached the upper part of the city. Why did he not ride: once or twice he hailed an omnibus, but glancing with a pitying eye toward the jaded, struggling horses, (and I suppose thinking of the atmosphere inside) passed on!

He was tall and graceful in his bearing, and although he seemed to be somewhat attenuated by sickness or suffering—looked like a man; he wore a blue military cloak whose ample folds were wrapped carefully around him; a large scarf was folded round his neck completely covering his mouth and part of his fine aquiline nose, his hat was slouched over his eyes, large and blue, with heavy long lashes, which gave them a gentle expression though they were flashing with the fire of a fearless spirit, and sparkling with the ardor of a generous heart! his hair and whiskers were very fine, and black, indicating an exquisite nervous temperament, and you could see that he wore both much longer than was fashionable.

CHAPTER II.

"This is a terrific storm," said Mary Caxton, as she moved from the table, at which she had been turning over the leaves of some old history and noting passages and dates, an occupation which had engaged her attention for more than an hour. "It is grand," she said, half aloud, "it is almost exhilarating to witness the majestic play of the elements, I always

think of the poor sailors at such times, though, thank God, I have none I love on the wild sea wave. And the poor, too, the laboring poor, how I would delight to brave even this storm, if I could carry plenty of money in my pocket, and lots of good cheer in my heart."

Mary Caxton (the speaker) was not very young, perhaps twenty-eight—nor was she beautiful! not, at least, according to the judgment of the connoisseur, but she had a kind, sweet face, illumined with intelligence, and looked as though she might have attracted the love and friendship of all who knew her well. Her mother, a very pleasant looking old lady, who sat silently darning a lot of clean, comfortable looking woolen stockings, turned to the speaker and said quietly, "I wish you were rich, Mary, the poor within your reach would not suffer, but you would not venture out in this storm, you would wait for a clear day to dispense comfort and happiness, would you not?" "I don't know, mother," said Mary, in a low, sweet, yet firm tone, "I don't know, but I think a warm heart would not mind the cold, and a will to aid the needy, would defy the fury of the storm." But, mother, (and her eye kindled as with sudden and painful thought) is it not strange, that Leon Herbut, who was always so candid and friendly, is now so distant and reserved, and his eyes have grown so large and wild of late, that I am awed when I look at him, and this note (she went on musingly,) I received last night in answer to a line of mine—what does it mean?

'MARY,

'I am the most unfortunate man alive, and I have wondered whether, for a few weeks past, you have not penetrated my designs as to my future movements; I must lift myself out of this sloth in which my ungrateful mercenary-miserable-infidel-perjured family relations have sought to plunge me—I suppose you

know my movements—at all events, you shall know all ere another day rolls over our heads. I will see you to-morrow.

‘Yours,

‘LEON.’”

Mary sighed and rested her cheek on her hand, and sat for a long time in deep thought, and deaf to her mother's reply, and forgetting that she had asked her a question.

The little parlor, in which we have introduced you to Mary Caxton, was neatly furnished with bright pictures, book-cases filled with valuable books, and comfortable seats of various styles, a rich rose-wood piano, and appeared very cheerful and pleasant, save that a pale but very beautiful little girl reclined feebly on a sofa in one corner; she was about twelve years old, though her face was full of thought and gentleness.

The child's expression of face was sad as she pressed her white-rose cheek close to her crimson cushion, and sighed deeply, regarding her mother with a steady gaze, the grandame, too, gazed earnestly upon her, while the warm color came and went from Mary's cheek, and pleasant and painful thought, alternating, lighted and dimmed her eye. “I feel very sad and nervous to-day,” she said very slowly, for her breath was short and thick, I wish I could shake off this terrible gloom! surely some evil is hovering near”—she shuddered and glanced steadily at the child on the sofa, “you do not think Ada is worse, mother, not seriously ill? only some slight causes that time and nature will soon set right, I suppose?” and she brushed a tear from her eye, and went and kissed the child, and it was beautiful to see how bright and well that fond kiss made the invalid look. Hark! a slow and measured step was heard in the hall, a sound Mary knew too well, and as it struck her ear she went into the next room, that she might

meet Leon Herbut without a witness, for she was weak and trembling, and she knew not wherefore he had come, though she had felt all day that he would come, and she had dreamed, too, several nights in succession, that he was going far away, never, never to return again, and she had written farewell lines to him under that impression, which she had placed in his hat. And now he stood before her and essayed to speak.

“What is the matter, Leon, you look pale and care-worn—and weeping too—O, tell me what it is that distresses you?” and Mary would have led him into the parlor, and have relieved him of his dripping wet cloak, but he shook his head, and signified that he wanted to be alone with her, and that he could not stay, though he could not speak, and now stood trembling with emotion, like a lordly tree moved by the strong wind.

He took from his pocket a letter addressed to Mary and wrote on it with tremulous hand “a kiss and keepsake for dear little Ada,” and laid upon it a beautiful bracelet; he then turned to go, but Mary held him fast and begged him to tell her what was the matter, he pointed to the letter, and as she, pale as marble, loosed her hold on him, attempted to break the seal, he rushed out into the street more like a maniac than the quiet and gentlemanly personage we had only a short time before observed walking through the storm, braving its fury like a stoic. What had so soon robbed him of his manhood? Mary had stepped from his path proudly, as he rushed forth; she now tottered as if she would have fallen, but Mary knew she had to prepare herself for some great calamity—something that would try her soul; she had a strong will, and she collected herself, and went into the presence of her mother without reading the letter, sat down and asked her mother to read what Leon had left, “for he was indeed gone!”

"NEW YORK, Feb., 1850.

"The wanderer had sisters—not forgot,
Though parting from those sisters he did shun,
A daughter whom he loved, but saw her not,
Before his weary pilgrimage begun;
One still more dear—but bade adieu to none.
Yet think not, then, his breast a breast of steel,
Ye, who have known what 'tis to doat upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal."

"It has come at last—I start to-morrow for California, it is a long way from all I love and all I prize—but fate has placed his withering fingers on my brow, and I cannot live where every turn only reminds me of my isolation and wretchedness. God only knows whether I shall ever return. The great probability is—never—and that we, Mary, have seen each other for the last time, till we meet at the bar of God. Oh, how I feel the hot tears coursing rapidly down my cheeks—I cannot *say* farewell—I *can only ask you to forget me*, and every night on my bended knees I will pour out my orisons before the throne of the Eternal for your happiness and health, and that of your dear child—that word to me is agony—*mine I never more shall see*. I know not what I write, I must write no more, or my brain will be on fire!

* * * *

"The gleam was transient—it illuminated not earth but Heaven, that brilliant—I had almost said—hallucination, which can be imprinted on the memory only once in life. I am buried from hope—not so with you—you are free, and can be happy—make others so, and be happy. Mary, good night! *and may God bless you*, shall be the prayer of one I pray you to forget and forgive.

"Yours ever,
"LEON HERBERT."

Mary Caxton moved not, wept not, but sat so still that you would have thought her lifeless, but for the burning spot kindling on either cheek, and the large beads of cold perspiration, telling the wild struggle going on in her soul; neither of them spoke, neither of them looked upon the other, and at last Mary arose from her seat, and mechanically covering herself with bonnet and cloak, passed out unquestioned; she was so calm, so deliberate, and yet her face was so strangely excited, that her mother was afraid to oppose her purpose, lest it should drive her mad.

* * * *

Mary (though her mother was not dead) was an orphan at an early age, and no one knew her in her fond young life, but her too gentle and kind father, and he had been borne away in his winding sheet, stark and cold, when Mary was but ten years old; yet he had left his memory so fresh and pure upon her heart, and diffused his tenderness through every ramification of her sensitive organisation, that his spirit never left her in after years, and often and often had it lifted her up when suffering and contest bore her almost crushed and heart-broken beneath the incubus. Disappointment and utter lonesome—such as these things are to youth—and the fond dreaming girl!

And when the sweet beauty of young womanhood began to dawn, when the light of her loving heart sparkled in her wide-open eyes, and tinged her cheeks with the hue of the pale blush-rose! they married her to an old man, because he was rich! She was fourteen, he forty—and she thought it was all right then, for she knew not what marriage meant, and her father had loved Mr. Caxton, her husband, as a brother, for they were both of an age, and had been boys together; and was it strange that

he left Mary to his old friend's care, for his generous nature caused him to die poor, and he believed he was leaving her to better fortune, when, with his dying breath, he charged Mr. Caxton to see to Mary's happiness, above all things.

Mary loved Mr. Caxton as her *father's friend*, she could have loved a stone wall, if he had invested it with his tenderness; and now that that father had become to her a vision, a spirit of vague and shadowy beauty! she knew no other fervent affection, no other confiding devotedness; the impression of all her ideal beauties came and rested upon him; her heroes had his traits of character, his features, his voice, his form, his kindness to her, and he was her world!

She had no young companions, no children of her own age, to make life real and active, so she dreamed and dreamed; and only when Mr. Caxton came every afternoon to take her to ride, to look on the face of nature, and to drink in her ever new beauties, did she know anything of the world, and she became an enthusiast, and knew no other existence; the common discipline and duties of the social world were sealed books to her, she moved among them, but she never thought to open them; nor did they (whose duty it was) lift up the overshadowing veil that shrouded them from her understanding.

But when he became her husband, he was loathsome to her, and in the simplicity of her heart she told him so, and prayed him to release her; she wept at his feet, promised to become his slave in all things else, but to be his wife—that *she could not do*; she prayed, wept, and implored him by all the pity of his nature; by the tenderness of her years; by the fear of wrong, the power of right, and his hopes of Heaven, not to destroy her. But he ridiculed her silly sentimentality, as he termed it, and taunted her with base suspicions; spurned her from

him, when she clung to his knees in agony of soul; and in his selfishness manifested no sympathy for her sorrow.

She was proud and no one knew of her sufferings. She was very proud, and shut herself in her gilded cage, and though she beat the bars with her imprisoned wings, until her song was hushed and her breast bleeding with its anguish, she recovered her mind, and found therein some little resource, in the long years she suffered afterwards, though not until she had been roused to battle for and fearlessly win the sacredness of mind and person her wrongs entitled her to.

But to return to Mary, in the evening on which she braved the piercing storm. She soon returned, though her garments were all wet with the rain, and her eye wild and sad, and even thus she sat and wrote to Leon Herbut:

"It cannot be that I must lose all I prize in life, all, all I deem worth living for. * * *

"Delia de Grey was the first for whom I felt a clinging tenderness, and when she died a dark cloud hung over my social world; I was nineteen then, and I had been a recluse five years. Next came George Woodville; he was high souled and noble-hearted, and I loved him as a brother; he filled that place in my heart, so when he passed away I was brotherless, and when my heart was sore with grief at his loss, and still yearning to cling to some kindred spirit, Hilderbrand, the loving, faithful friend, (for whom I felt afterwards a mother's love,) came and laid his gentle confidence, his high-toned trust before me, and asked me to be his sister and his friend, with a more saddened, though more holy faith in human love, and human goodness, I took up the bright gift and folding it warmly in my bosom, I keep it sacred there, though the giver

has departed, and I shall no more look upon his heaven-inspired features.

* * * *

"Then in a delirium I flitted and floated on the shallow waters of an indistinct idea of existence; automaton like, I moved on, and spite of some exacting duties and relations in life, I dwelt in the regions of fancy, and my only pleasant world was memory, gentle, soothing memory, and I was grateful that I was so blest as to possess that memory so clear, and so unblemished; so untainted with an impure thought or selfish motive, as it was, and as it is!

* * * *

"Pent and smouldering beneath the ruin of circumstance, lay another feeling—another principle of my nature—a heart of hearts; time and trial had matured other sentiments; I had been a mystery to pride, a sacrifice to duty and my wretched lot. All other relations were clear and comprehensive to me. I had bent in devotion to the nobler principles of humanity, and I knelt in fervent adoration to the Master over matter, and the God over mind.

* * *

"At last I laid away the cause of my afflictions in the silent earth, and I thought that there was nothing left but to submit to and endure the trials of life, bending at last with humility to the mandate of Death, with such a beautiful conception of eternity as mine.

* * * *

"Yes, I had been all things; felt all feelings; filled all capacities; a daughter—a sister—a friend—a mother—all, all but the holy charm of the betrothed! all but the clinging tenderness, the dependent and sacred feeling of wife; and though I was married, long married, I held not that object in

my heart for whom I could say proudly before God and man, for this one can I forsake all others, and cleave only unto thee my husband, through life and in death, in good and evil report, bind my heart unto thee, and sacrifice all pleasure for the one supreme happiness of leaning upon thy arm through life, to tend thee in adversity, cheer thee in affliction, nurse thee in sickness, be thy joy in happiness, thy pride in prosperity, and in defiance of the whole world, and in equity with the laws of my country and my God, exclaim—*this is mine*, here, on this proud bosom, I have a shelter, a protection, and a home!

"But from this I shrunk, and shut myself from all social intercourse.

* * * *

"And now I felt this too, all this, and there is no vacuum, no empty place in my whole bosom, my whole being is absorbed, my whole heart filled up with my love for thee!

* * * *

"Indeed, indeed, we shall meet again, dearest and best, if there is not a curse resting upon me by some power, which my whole soul and mind cannot cast off; indeed, I shall see you again, Leon Herbert, thou idol of my heart and soul—next to God and duty—I shall see you in *this* world, this bright and beautiful world—and be thine, only thine, in the next.

'And thus I am absorbed, and this is life;

I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,

Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast.
To act, to suffer, but remount at last

With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,

Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling!

MARY."

She read the letter aloud, though she knew her mother could not comprehend it all, still some explanation was due to her, and she could not talk to any one but Leon.

Again she went out in the storm, but the vessel had sailed, and she mailed her letter in the next one; and perhaps it was well, for it would have been too much for Leon Herbut to bear her sorrow with his own; he knew not that Mary loved him, he could not marry her if he had, and perhaps it was better they should part.

She was soon aroused from her lonely broken-heartedness. Ada grew worse and worse, and then the mother in her breast was awakened, her energy and her fear returned. Alas! her cup of sorrow was not yet full.

Ada died! she would not bear her mother's sorrow now! that poor quivering mother! she would never pass through the fires of affliction she had borne; her youth would not be bowed to "misery o'ershadowed by the dark cloud o'ermantling its fresh days," and there she lay, pure and beautiful in death, *not the living chained to the dead*; but the child of heaven sleeping in death's still arms who was to bear it gently through the dark valley.

* * * Poor Mary Caxton! let her weep! O, let the dark waters of her heart's bitterness flow unchecked! Let her lie there upon the tomb of her cherished child! let her sleep there when nature exhausts itself, she will not heed the dews and showers, and let her press to her bosom all that is left to her, the sod that covers the ashes of her own lovely Ada!

When Mary Caxton came from the grave of her child she was calm, a slight sickness followed her exposure, but she was inured to suffering, and though she became paler and thinner, she bore up nobly; she never went again to Ada's grave, and no one knew that she had now no warm place to rest her cold, cold heart upon.

Her friends persuaded her, and she took board at a fashionable house in Broadway, she soon went about her usual avocations, she laughed and chatted with the throng that was ever about her, and they knew not that she had not forgotten the loss of her gentle child. They thought that she was deeply interested in a young poet, in whose society she was very often. He was her lover surely; but then she talked so lightly with him on serious subjects, laughed when he was sad, and only sad when she thought she was unobserved, that he said to her one day, "It appears to me, Mary, that you never mean what you say, or act as you feel, I do not know what to make of you; O, think of me, Mary; you must know I love you better than my own soul, and that I would give my life for your happiness; then tell me, Mary, what place I occupy in your affections, for I cannot endure this suspense, I can never persuade you to be serious. O tell me if I am more to you than others are?"

"I will answer you, William; come to my own room, and, added to what you already know, you shall learn also the history of my heart."

CHAPTER III.

A gallant vessel is slowly wending its pathless way o'er the deep blue sea, the weather is fine for the early part of March, and many persons are lounging about her decks, her sails are scarcely filled with the slight breeze blowing off the South American coast, and the small waves wander along like

pleasant companions of our common lot and destiny; no envy, no strife, but playing with, and chasing each other, like happy children on the broad breast of their ocean mother.

Apart from the other passengers, in the vessel's bow sat Leon Herbut; he had not for several weeks dared to open the paper Mary had put in his hat, and now he held it in his hand as though it would be sacrilege to do so. But he was homesick, heart-sick for Mary, and as it was her handwriting, no matter what it contained, it would be to him medicinal, so he cast his fear away and read.

"LINES TO L. H.

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again! go forward to meet the shadowy future without fear and with unfaltering heart."

"Leave me! yes, Leon, leave me!
Since 'tis thy wish to go;
And may all skies beam brightly
On thy pleasant paths below;
Oh! mayest thou be happy
As the flowers seem in May;
It is my fondest wish to know
That thou art glad and gay.

"Yes, go where fancy leads,
Though 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part,
With the face that is like sunshine,
Beaming warmly on my heart;
With the voice that is so cheery,
And the hand that is so kind,
The interchange of feeling,
The communion of the mind.

"Dearest Leon, though we love thee,
There are better days in store—
And hearts will hail thy coming,
And on thee their fondness pour;
Minds of richer, deeper treasure,
Forms of brighter, fairer mould;
Fame's wreath awaits thy pleasure,
And for thy labor—Gold.

"Then go, and heaven bless thee!
And bring thee rosy health;
Fill to the brim thy coffers
With a never-ending wealth!
'Tis better for the generous heart,
Though sad and desolate,
To feel it's highest, best beloved
Enjoys a happier fate.

"MARY."

"Is this so," said Leon, "can it be? There is truth in these lines, soul and —. O, if I had but known this, fool that I am! she loves me, and I left her, I possess what could make me proud and happy, and yet I am more wretched than before I knew it, I love her! O God, how my whole soul goes out to her, and what has hearts like ours to do with this world? why should we fear it? it can give us nothing, O, what can it take away?"

"Alas! Mary, thy good name, my own one! my too gentle, beloved! I never wronged thee, never, cast one reflection upon thy spotless fame, this shall make me happy! and oh! may Heaven's choicest blessings compass thee around as with a living halo! and once before I die, Mary, may I be blessed with one sight of thee, only one word of love from thy sweet lips! one fond smile from thy soul-beaming eye, and this will be all the happiness I can ask; I told her all! Thank God, I never deceived her!" And thus Leon Herbert, day after day, thought of Mary, and mingled her name with his progress, and blessed her for her pure love to him, with his every breath. His voyage was prosperous, his health improved, and he arrived at his destination in less than six months after he left New-York, and he was prosperous there too, and lived comfortably, and was admired and respected, as he could not fail to be, for he was highly gifted, possessed a superior education, and was generous to a fault.

We left Mary with William Grant in the parlor; it was a hard task to her kind heart, to dash his cup with bitterness. She would have been proud to retain his friendship, glad to have been his sister; for there was much in him to admire—much to esteem in his mind and disposition; but she saw how idle it would be to hope otherwise; he loved her, and to tamper with his feelings, such as she now knew them to be, was beneath her generous nature, and her future course was fully determined upon.

"No, no, I cannot talk to you now, William, I will write what I have to communicate, go to your own room, and suffice it to say, that I respect and esteem you as a friend, but I have no heart to give, though the whole world should lay their homage at my feet, as its price."

He started and stood gazing upon her with a wild but vacant stare and quivering, pale lips; she felt for him from her soul's depth of sympathy, but she dared not wait, and she passed like a sad spirit from his presence, murmuring with the lowest tones of her musical voice—"I knew, I knew it could not last. 'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past."

Mary went to her own room; all the next day she stayed there, and refused to see any one, upon the plea that she was preparing to go into the country for a few days, and the next day a carriage called for her, and she went in it alone, with no luggage save a carpet-bag.

When William came home, sad and dispirited as usual, he asked for Mary, and when they told him she had gone to her mother's, he started out, saying to himself, "I must see her this night, or I shall go wild;" he returned the next morning, and went to his room without speaking; he found there upon his table the following letter:

"WILLIAM:

"Mine is one of the slowest intellects ever given to a human being; and now from the changes and crowds of events that have passed before me in such rapid succession, all my existence seems like a pantomime, or a diorama, with only here and there a gleam of truth and beauty, I am a mystery to myself, and to others I must seem idiotic or heartless. My singularly wretched fate almost overwhelms me, so that I dare not contemplate the past, nor suffer the present to develop itself fully to my mind; no, nor look into the dim future with hope, for it cannot be other than the past hath been.

"Alas, I am a dreamer, by a rushing stream of time; a somnambulist upon the ocean of fate.

"But there are wanderers o'er eternity, whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be! and yet I love the tangible, I worship what seems to me real—the living, breathing truth; and though, as you say, I talk without a meaning, live without an object, act without a motive, still I never had a friend, or one I prized, but held a place in my heart, and I could feel the orbit of their attraction; and when their music is hushed, and their lights gone out, one takes not the place of the other, but each hath an inscription and each a tomb upon the Isle of Memory, consecrated and co-existent with my mind, my heart, and soul. You will not, then, think me heartless? you will believe I can love, yes, and I can live on the happiness of those I love; but there is no one from whom I can claim the constant attention, the unmitigated tenderness requisite to my immediate happiness; selfish, 't is true and independent of any other than its individual influence. I cannot claim this of you, William, and now I cannot of any other! I would contribute to your peace and happiness if possible; I love you as a brother! Your coming is like the gleam that lights up the

moving mass, called the world! Your kindness, like the soothing, healthful atmosphere of a beautiful morning! your love, like the memory of the dream my girlhood loved to cherish! and sometimes, after you have closed the door, and the place you have occupied is still palpable with your presence, your influence affects me like the pulsations that vibrate my whole frame, when the consciousness of what I might have been—had I not been cursed in the development of my mental powers, gathered strength to bear down the tide of wretched circumstances, and battle successfully with a false education—strikes me with chilling stroke.

“And yet I love another; one the music of whose voice has called me time after time from the dark recesses of sorrow and grief; whose hand has led me gently from the isolation that was fast walling me in from ‘kith and kin,’ and whose poetic taste and fervent friendship has carried me away from the abstract to revel in the cultivated flower gardens of the mind and heart.

“But now I am a watcher by the midnight that hath no morning; and thought and memory—after lifting me on eagle’s wings far above the figure of Hope, (pointing, with uplifted face into the clouds, signifying peace to the humble in spirit and joy to the dependent creature upon earthly bounty,) rests broodingly over me, but with no warmth in the soft plumage, no healing in its o’ershadowing wings.

“Still, the eye that has gazed fearlessly and fondly upon the sun, is dimmed and sightless to the brightest star, and when that sun goes out, hath no light, save the pale lamp that keeps its vigil o’er the tomb of hope and love!

“Farewell.”

Mary was not at her mother’s when William arrived there, nor had they seen her; week after week passed away, and month after month departed, and

still she came not; and now a year had gone by, and William Grant was in his grave, and Mary was nearly forgotten, save that now and then the society in which she had been the ruling star would talk over the mysterious occurrence, and wonder what had become of her; some believed that she had committed suicide, others (more lenient in their judgment) that she had gone alone to the grave of her child, which was but a few miles from the city, and so had been murdered; or in a state of frenzy wandered away, and was now concealed; perhaps a recluse from society; for they just then discovered that she had a singular temperament; but whatever the circumstances of the case might be, she was gone, and no one knew whither, that was most certain.

Leon Hurbert was in his office, and had just taken up a business letter from New-York, in which he read:

“By the way Mr. Hurbert, I believe Mary Caxton was an acquaintance of yours. She has been missing for the last six months, and the rumors about her mysterious disappearance are various, one is that she has gone away with a young student with whom she was very intimate, a Mr. Grant, who left soon after she did, and has not since been seen. Are they in California? just let us know in your next favor; her family got up a story of her being out of her mind—in some unfortunate love matter. A widow in love, ha! ha! ha! that’s comical, is it not? But seriously, Mary Caxton was a *specimen*, a *trump*; I saw her twice and was half in love with her myself; she was one to interfere with a fellow’s better sense—”

Leon had no patience to read further. Mary lost! supposed to be dead! the idea almost drove him to frenzy; and suspected, too, of running away under

improper circumstances. Yes, he must go to New-York and know the truth, he would find her if she was in the land of the living; his mind was made up to that, and he called his young man, a faithful lad, and communicated his intention of leaving his business in his charge, saying, "that though he had been in his employ only a few months, he had found him so faithful, honest, and attentive to his every want, that he should take him into business with him on his return; and if he never returned, why here is a few hundred dollars for you, with my best wishes." He was prevented saying more, for the young man, who had been standing pale and immovable at his side, fell senseless to the floor.

What could all this mean—Leon chafed his hands brushed his soft hair from his temples, and tore open his shirt bosom. "What is all this, a woman? it is, it is! great God, it is Mary Caxton!" He called her by name; her name, spoken by that potent voice, had power to raise her from the dead, and Mary opened her eyes, once more beaming with love and happiness, for she forgot everything, but that Leon Herbut held her in his arms, and was faithful in his love for her.

And how had Leon been deceived for three long months, for now he saw so plainly the sweet face of his dear Mary, and was speechless with surprise. I cannot describe Leon's rapture, when Mary quite recovered from her swoon, explained how she had come to live near him, because she could not live separate; how she had had the project in her mind, when by the death of her dear Ada, she found herself free to do as she pleased; the rest of humanity had no claims upon her, no charm; and she languished for the same air he breathed, to see the same things he saw, to look in his kind face and live! O, bliss supreme—to be near him and to serve him!

And her courage had not failed her throughout her long voyage, and the hardships and mortifications she endured through her disguise were all as nothing to her, with such a hope and such a haven in view.

But when she was about to lose him again, she was shaken by the lightning. How prostrated! she had borne all she could bear, she was again a woman, and one, too, who loved with her whole soul.

* * * *

For some few months after, Mary was still his clerk, and a more devoted servant and master could not be found. But ere this reaches San Francisco, that clerk will have been discharged, (perhaps sent to the gold diggings, where the poor fellow will die, or be lost in some way or other). And the steamer that will bring divorce papers for Leon Herbut, will most likely find him already the happy husband of Mary Caxton.

RUPERT ELLSWORTH.

A SKETCH.

"Just twenty years ago this night," said the old man to his wife, as she sat dozing in the corner of a large old-fashioned fire-place, "just twenty years ago, my Mena, Rupert left us, determined to acquire the necessary means to support us comfortably in our old age, and place our Ella in the position she should occupy, which she is fitted to adorn, and of which our misfortunes have robbed her. But our only son has not yet come back to us; we are poorer than ever, with a deeper, weightier sorrow rankling here, (and he laid his withered hand upon his heav-

ing breast) the certainty that he has been cut off in the bloom of his young manhood—we know not how or when!” and the full, round tears rolled slowly down his furrowed cheeks, whilst the good Mena wept and sobbed aloud. Thus they sat for a long time, and thus we leave them with the mournful memory of all their lost son had been and all he now was to them.

Ella, their only daughter, of whom the old man had spoken, was very beautiful, I mean by that that she was gentle, intelligent and graceful; she had always been gay and happy, for she loved nature and her simple-hearted companions, and was too young when her brother left their rural home, to feel the reverses of fortune, or to suffer, like her sorrow-aged parents, the loss of his society. The younger neighbors occasionally talked to her of the promising young Rupert of former years, extolled over and over again his amiable temper, his kindness to the aged, the sick and the poor of their little village, and the old “folk” seemed to love him as a son, the young people as a brother, and all of them remembered his sparkling black eyes, his fine expressive mouth, his lofty though effeminately white smooth forehead, and everybody pronounced him handsome and good, when at the age of sixteen he left his humble home, determined to revive his father’s fallen fortunes, or make one less to be provided for from their scanty store.

Of course Ella loved the picture, and often sighed that it was not real to her.

Rupert Ellsworth’s father, very soon after his misfortunes, turned his pretty dwelling into an inn, hung up a sign, with a peculiar device upon it—a device not to be forgotten by any who lived twenty years previously anywhere within fifty miles of the city of New York—but I must not paint it over again, lest one phrenzied eye should chance to glance over these pages to engulf the mind and heart in a still

deeper anguish, and my only object is to relate, as nearly as I can recollect, the incidents of a transaction that was so thrilling and so fearful in its effects, and which so many of our citizens remember is too true.

The old man was not very successful in his new vocation, for he was as proud and austere as he was ambitious, and he could not stoop to the mean cajolery and impertinent obtrusiveness now practised in our day to secure the “mighty dollar,” and the consequence was he remained very poor. The day had been stormy, and the heavy black clouds hung in dense masses close to the earth, leaving only here and there a streak of atmosphere which seemed struggling in sullen pride to bear them upward to their native element, there to dissolve themselves in gentle dew, or rain, or beautiful, white, fleecy flakes of snow, to be finally—like humanity—embosomed in the all-receiving silent earth.

But I digress. Just as the old man spoke, a horseman broke through the narrow passage between earth and clouds, immediately in front of a cottage about a mile from our undescribed sign; he was very tall and slender, with a most luxuriant beard and mustache, of rich brown, expressive hair, his eyes were clear as stars, his skin of a singular paleness for a man, with a face altogether as pleasing and interesting as a young and beautiful girl’s; though you could not guess his age, (he might have been twenty-five or he might have been forty,) still there was a fire lurking in his eye, and the spirit of bravery and manliness written on his brow. You could imagine that sorrow, and struggle, and contest has been his lot, though every lineament bespoke a heart at peace with the whole world. Our rider seemed to be lost in thought, for his horse had halted before the door of the cottage, whose owner was gazing quietly upon him from his door-step, wondering, I suppose, who he was or what he wanted.

Suddenly he looked up from his revery, and with slight embarrassment, inquired if there was a public house at hand. "By the way," said he, "is there not a Mr. Ellsworth keeping an inn somewhere near here? he had a daughter named Ella, and once," and he drew a long breath, "a son Rupert." "You know him, then, sir," said Mr. Clayton, (the man of the cottage, who was none other than the village pastor,) "a relative perhaps?" pursued he, like a man thinking aloud, for he had not awaited an answer to his first interrogation. "And now I look at you more closely, you do resemble the family;—would you like to see his daughter? every one who ever saw her sweet, gentle face feels an interest in her at once; she is here, paying a visit to my girls;" and Mr. Clayton, in his ardor of friendship for Ella, and his hospitality toward the interesting stranger, absolutely hurried the bewildered horseman from his saddle, very unceremoniously into the presence of three lovely girls, who were knitting and chatting away before a cheerful hickory-fire. Knitting and a hickory fire! round which in merry mood are drawn our truthful band of friends! O, what glorious opportunity for the culture of the flowers planted in our youthtime in the sunny gardens of our hearts, to be green and bright when the selfish, sordid world has shut in all the joyousness, the music and the lights, the love and trust, that once so fully made up a happy existence—or when relentless death has driven our fondest affections back upon the tablet of our memory, a living page for the records of eternity.

But while I have been indulging in these desultory thoughts, the party in the little parlor are standing in agitation and surprise; the stranger, often glancing at the other two young ladies, stood for a moment confronting the now trembling Ella. One beam of joy shot from his eye as he cried out—"It is, it is my sister!" and clasped her in his arms.

One look on his part, and one electric thrill on hers, had been enough to reunite the ties of consanguinity which bound them, and the long-separated brother and sister—even though Ella was a child when Rupert left home—knew and loved each other in an instant.

Ella was very happy, and too much absorbed in her wonderment to ask her brother a single question; she was dreaming of her parent's transports of joy when they should learn their long-lost son was living, and planning in her mind some one more pleasing stratagem than another by which she could make known to them his return. Rupert divined her thoughts, as she sat so silently, gazing fondly upon him; and immediately after he had ascertained that his parents were alive and well, he glanced at his history since his departure, reserving for their own happy fireside the details of his self-sacrificing efforts and exile for twenty years. Of course, after the first salutations were over, the whole party at the cottage were acquainted and familiar, and anxious to hear his story.

Rupert had left his home with but one change of apparel, and but one shilling in his pocket; he had worked his passage out West, and had travelled from town to town and village to village, teaching here and there, for one year in one place, and further on another year in another, gaining instruction while he was imparting it, and thereby procuring the means to carry him wherever he wished to go. At length he read law and became eminent, for though but sixteen when he left home, he had been a student and a graduate at college, as many of his class-mates well remember, he was, even then, a scholar and a gentleman; and though there was many a reckless and passionate boy at that college, some few in his own class, there was not one so mean and selfish as not to feel his ennobling influence, and acknowledge his high-toned, honorable deportment.

For a short time after his departure, he wrote to his parents regularly, but receiving no answers, he concluded they must have moved from the old homestead, and as it was necessary to his high purpose, and to carry out his plans for their final good, and as it might interfere with the sacrifices he felt must be made to train his mind to acquire by his profession a fortune, he persuaded himself that they were all well and happy; and year by year he struggled on to gain—what? Gold! with the vain expectation of securing happiness thereby. But we will not moralize here, for Rupert's had been a noble aim, and it now promised a most happy result.

Old Mr. Ellsworth had never at any time received a line from his son since he left home; by some means his letters had miscarried, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth believed Rupert to be dead, and were still, after twenty long years, mourning over his untimely end; they even found a luxury in their sorrow, whenever they could indulge it in Ella's absence. They loved the sweet girl too well to let her be a witness of their grief; it had turned inward, and was wearing deeply upon their souls. Had Ella known of their sorrow, she would have been very wretched, and I am quite sure her brother would not have found her visiting at the good pastor's cottage; no, not even the society of her dearest friends could have won her from the pleasing duty of being a constant solace and a joy to them.

"Dear brother," said Ella, "I thought you were dead, I have cherished your memory and loved the semblance our friends had drawn, who were older than I when you left us; but never, never dared I hope for this joyful, happy meeting. I am so happy," and she wept upon his bosom. "It is growing late, Rupert," she said, drying the tears from her face; "let us plan a pleasant surprise for our parents. I

am to spend the night here. I will remain and be home early in the morning to take breakfast with you. Go now, and pretend you are a stranger travelling farther eastward; engage a room for the night, and plead fatigue for retiring so early to bed, and do not come down until I come and break to our parents the happy intelligence that Rupert, the long lamented Rupert, is under their own roof-tree, never more to leave it again. O, I shall see my mother's eyes beam again with hope and joy, and my father grow young again in the society of his cherished son. Oh! I shall be so happy!" and she clasped her little hands close over her throbbing bosom, as though she was afraid her happy heart would leap in ecstasy from thence.

"Yes, I will, my sister," and he said "my sister" over again; the name was music in his ears. "Yes, I will; but first tell me all about yourself, my home, how my mother bore my absence, how my father has been situated, and if my dear little Ella is happy?" and he pressed her again to his breast, for she was all he had loved and imagined her—his ideal sister!

"Well, I have lived with our parents constantly, requiring no greater happiness than to be a happiness to them. I have seldom or never been from home save when my parents send me to visit our good friends here. We have no society and no visitors, save a former class-mate of yours;" and Ella paused, for the warm blood was mantling her cheeks. "Do you remember Clarence Fenton. He is always at our house, and my father almost worships him, and I do believe it is for nothing else in the world only because he talks of you and praises you half the time he is at our house, while my father is scarcely civil to any body else. I do believe he loves him only because he was your friend," and again she blushed and hesitated.

"Ho, ho, my little Ella, and is that the reason you almost worship him too?" and he gazed in her soft, violet-colored eyes so fondly and gently that she became reassured in a moment, and replied with that ingenuousness so lovely in a young and truthful girl—

"Yes, brother, I do believe it is."

"My blest sister and friend," cried Rupert, "I have at last found a fortune worth possessing—the love and confiding tenderness of a true-hearted sister! Ella, you shall marry Clarence, and we shall all be very happy! Why do you look so sad, Ella?"

"Alas, Rupert, Clarence is too poor; he is ambitious; but, like ourselves, he has been unfortunate. His father died a bankrupt nearly ten years ago; he settled here to practice medicine, but there is little or no sickness in our village; he does not like the profession, it was his father's desire he should follow it, and—and it is impossible!" and she raised her eyes timidly to his kind face, and he saw that they were brimful of tears.

Rupert started as though a new idea had struck him. He went out to his horse, lifted the heavy saddle-bags from its back, and returned in a minute to his sister's side.

"Impossible!" said he, "behold the means to make it possible, then," and he dropped them with a heavy chink at her feet. "There, Ella, is fifty thousand dollars in gold! all gold," said he, with the generous warmth of his nature, "and here is one portion which shall make you and my old friend and school-fellow, Clarence, happy," and he presented her with a package containing ten thousand dollars, while his cheeks were glowing and his eyes flashing with love and pride and happiness. Just then another flashing eye and flushed face peered in at the window. He saw Rupert kiss Ella,

in a transport of feeling, saw him place around her neck a miniature of himself, attached to a massive gold chain, and he supposed he was a lover of Ella's and a successful one too, for he had seen Rupert carry the heavy saddle-bags in, and reached the door just in time to hear his expression. He staggered from the window; he had seen enough; for an instant he seemed rooted to the spot, then he rushed round to the back of the house into the kitchen, seized a large carving knife that was lying on the table, and pressing the blade to his white lips, he uttered a low, deep moan, as though relieved of a weight of distress. He then pressed his white teeth closely together, and again rushed out into the open air. Just at this moment Rupert placed his saddle-bags on his horse, stopped to say some pleasant adieus to Ella, "Good night, dear Ella, you will be there early?" "Yes, yes!" and he was gone. Like a wounded wild beast, the man who had looked in at the window, sprang back, darted down a by-path, across a field or two, on, on he went towards the inn, and stopped behind a clump of trees, crowded densely together. It was late twilight, and as our horseman was absorbed amid his pleasant thoughts, he did not see the man's singular movements, or notice that he was watched by him.

On came our horseman with a pleasant smile lighting up his face, talking low to himself, seemingly to add to his happiness: "Yes, yes, fifty thousand will do; it will make us all very comfortable; and I shall resume my profession after a few months of real transport of joy and gay revel, for I mean to make the old folks happy, the old house like a palace, and dear, sweet, gentle Ella shall be the queen of domestic bliss!"

Oh, if he had but said "sister," "dear, sweet, gentle sister,"—changed only one little word. But

ere the hissing sound of the "s" had died upon the solemn stillness of evening, Rupert's head was nearly severed from his body, and his lifeless corpse dragged into the thicket, which was situated about three rods from the inn.

Clarence buried the body with his own blood-stained hands; and late, very late, in that dark and horrid place, goaded the poor horse to madness, and sent him adrift with all, save the gold.

The next morning the clear, bright sunlight had scarcely tinted the tops of the gorgeous foliage of Autumn, when Ella sprang with a light bound from the door-step, bounded over the stile near the cottage gate, in such happy haste that her feet scarcely seemed to touch the earth over which she glided; the mile seemed endless—she had never felt such ecstasy before; and well Clarence, who was watching for her, marked the glowing cheek and bounding step of the once quiet, dignified Ella, and he attributed it to a far different cause. These two people loved each other. But how different the faces, how different the hearts—one was dark and troubled, the other like sunshine. She had not noticed him before, but just as she laid her hand upon the door of her own home he grasped it—she started. "O, Clarence, good morning; how is it that you are here so early this morning? I hope nothing wrong has happened, for I am so happy! You look sad; come in, come in, you shall be happy with us—you shall soon see why Ella's heart flutters like a frightened bird's." And she, for the first time, passed her hand lovingly through his arm.

Her parents met her at the door, glad that she had returned, though they could not understand why she came so early.

"Well," said she, after looking anxiously about the room, "well, father, who had you here last night?" and she smiled.

"No one, my child."

"Had you not a man here last night, tall—" and she went on describing Rupert so eloquently, that her parents gazed in her excited face, in silent wonder, trying to cypher out the cause of all this animation in one so usually mild and quiet. But the eyes of Clarence glared like a demon when the old man turned to him, shaking his hand warmly.

"Why, Ella is wild, I do think. No, no, my daughter; no traveller was here last night."

"Not here! not stop here!" and Ella, suddenly thinking that they were playing a *ruse* off on her, put out both her hands to Clarence, and turning partly away from her parents, said, laughing, "Why, that is my brother! that is Rupert! Mother it is—it is your long-lost son!"

"Great God!" screamed Clarence, throwing his arms and hands upward. "Great God! I have murdered Rupert Ellsworth, my Ella's brother—my first, best and kindest friend!" and he rushed out toward the fatal clump of trees, followed by the now wretched family. When they reached him, he had already, in his frenzy dragged the body of Rupert to the light, and was peering into his face. I cannot picture this dreadful scene, so will hasten to a close.

The poor death-stricken parents recognized their son at once, for the eye of love is keen; Clarence sat weeping like a child over the corpse of his once beloved friend; and Ella, who had not spoken since she gave that one low shriek of despair and anguish, stood apart, gazing with a vacant stare, and with cheeks paler than her dead brother's, was a hopeless maniac!

Clarence, after having given himself up freely to the hands of justice, contrived to place the fatal cord around his own neck, and thus avoided the ignominy of a public execution.

The father and mother died broken-hearted. And Ella, the once gay and lovely Ella, is confined at this very moment in the Bloomingdale Asylum, a maniac for life.

Oh, who will not acknowledge that truth is stranger than fiction?

THE ARTIST'S DREAM;

OR, LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

A TALE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

"Yes, Charley, I will tell you why I sit here *moping*, as you say, doing nothing, and caring for nothing under the sun, but to sit here and mope—nay, nay, but dreaming of one bright vision that has flashed across my sight, one beautiful picture which haunts me day and night, and beams upon my heart and lives within my enraptured soul!"

"Look," said he, and his face was pale and earnest, "look at that dimly lighted garret—you smile, Charley, but four weeks ago that room was tenanted, I do believe, by an angel—"

"In shape of a woman, of course, Frank, so go on—go on with your story."

"It was scantily furnished and bespoke poverty; yet there were several articles of faded grandeur in it, and by a littered table, completely piled up with books, papers and manuscripts, and on which stood busts of great men, Poets and Philosophers, passed from our midst, though not dead!—not dead, thank God, for genius never dies—sat a lady attired in a rich *negligé*. She seemed scarcely twenty years old; I cannot tell you the color of her eyes; I only know that they were more clearer, deeper and

more expressive than any others I ever saw or imagined; and they, too, glistened with tears. Night after night I saw them fall—full, round, glittering tears—one by one; and then she would brush them away proudly and resume her writing, till after midnight. For two weeks she sat there pale, and seemingly oppressed; yet oh! how beautiful in her proportions! how perfect in her silent loveliness! Every night I darkened my studio, and from my window sat watching her changing, interesting, soul-lit face, until her lamp went out, and then have I sat and dreamed of her till day-light, and thought and cared for nothing else all the live-long day, save to make a few fruitless attempts to sketch her with my feeble pencil; it was impossible—her's was a face I could not portray; there was in the rapid play of feature a constant change of expression that never has been transferred to canvass; so I gazed and gazed upon her speaking beauty, and though every lineament is engraven on my memory, and I wear the sweet semblance indelibly upon my heart, yet I cannot paint her, and my soul whispers "since this hand cannot do this, I am no artist—I will abandon my profession, my palette is hateful to my sight, and all these tame faces that are staring on me from these walls, odious, worse than mockery; I hate the work of my own hands, and now that she has gone, and that room has other occupants, I gaze upon her image still—she is the dream of my whole lifetime, the day-star of my future, and I am waiting for her return!"

I had not dared to interrupt him, and he had gone on like a man talking in his sleep—there was an unnatural fire in his eye, and a deep fever burnt upon his cheek.

"Why Frank," said I, after a pause of profound silence, for my own soul had caught a spark of his enthusiasm, and bent to the momentary influence of

his singular infatuation—"Why, Frank, have you parted with your common sense—gone stark, staring mad? Why, man, you don't even know her name, who or what she—"What she is!" he interrupted almost fiercely, "who or what she is!" he reiterated, and again relapsed into a quiescent state, and smiled with the simplicity of a happy child. "She—yes! she is my dream of fame! my hope of heaven! the only tangible object between me and dreamland; without her I feel I shall be nobody! I have no present but her image, I shall have no future without her—the world is one vast incomprehensible blank! Charley, it is in the lot of every man to love once, and this is my body-and-soul love!" and he dropped his head heavily between his hands upon the table. Poor fellow, he was all too earnest, and it had dispelled my disposition to ridicule him out of his romantic notions. I remembered that once—a long time ago—ere the world had taught me to be a cold-blooded philosopher, I had felt something of his enthusiasm, something of his dependence upon beauty, and imagination, and love! and I went out into the gay, flashing, dashing Broadway. I know not why, but I could not forget him; and how I wished I might find this lady or do any service in the world for him.

My friend Frank was a noble-hearted fellow, an orphan of a good old family-tree; he was generous and confiding to a fault, though a little too dreamy, too enthusiastic perhaps for this sordid age of dollars and cents, yet he was a right clever painter, and a perfect pet amongst the artists who furnish the "Art Union" with its gems of imagery and art, and I could point you to many a work of his pencil which do now or have decorated these walls, though he is not twenty-five years old; he will ere long place upon them the brightest and best gems they will possess, for he is not only a painter, but a painter-

poet, and his pictures breathe and live, their effect upon the mind, is so magical. You have seen them and admired them too, and have wondered how he could part with the beautiful companions of his soul—how he could part with them even for bread! but I forget; you never think of bread or labor, while gazing, entranced, upon the creations of his genius! I wish I dare tell you who he really is; but one of these days I will, and you shall then see that I have good reasons for prognosticating his success; perhaps you will have drawn some one or two of his pictures; then this little sketch will be revived in your memory, for there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind, and you will feel a new interest awakened in the 'Artist's Dream,' when his friend, the writer of this, may be, peradventure, sleeping over in pleasant Greenwood.

After I left Frank, I went around into the next street—for the two houses were near the corner of Broadway and Broome street, and the back windows were not farther apart than twelve or fourteen feet—to inquire who had occupied the third story room two weeks before, and if they could tell me the lady's name, or where she had moved. They said her name was Melville, and this was all they knew of her, she had resided there about two weeks, but they had seldom or never seen her; and if they did, they merely exchanged a morning or evening salutation with her; no one, at any time, had inquired for her, or paid her a visit, though she was evidently a lady, they thought, in reduced circumstances!

Melville! Melville! by heaven, it is none other than the bewitching Kate Melville, thought I, as I sauntered up Broadway, and if she is here in this city—for she was, when I knew her, a resident of Philadelphia—I will find her whereabouts, and see what all this means. Just as I was planning in my mind how to commence my search in a vast city like

New York, for since I had been travelling through the provinces of Europe and the more southern parts of this, my native State, I had lost all knowledge as well as sight of my old friend Melville and his interesting family for over six years; my attention was attracted by a tall, magnificent looking woman, attired in a dark dress, a plain black velvet cloak, a bonnet of the same material, trimmed simply with long narrow black shining feathers on either side; there was not a speck of color to relieve its sombre cast, save her pure, pale, sweet face and brilliant auburn hair; her step was measured and perfectly unbending in its stateliness and dignity, and as she drew nearer and fixed her eyes upon me, a faint warm color tinted her cheek and tinged her whole expression as with some happy recollection.

Was it—could it be she—Kate Melville, grown up such a splendid woman? I saw she knew me, and though I was silent as I took her proffered hand, my heart throbbed with a strange delight, considering I am a grave bachelor of almost forty, and my friend Kate scarcely twenty—her whole deportment was courteous but cold.

"Tell me where you live K—Miss Melville, I want to see you and have a long confab about old times," said I, rallying—for she too had impressed me most strangely—"or I will walk with you now to your home, if you will permit me the very great pleasure," and I bowed low in spite of my stiff old bachelor notions.

She hesitated a moment, then said, "yes, I will tell you where I reside, yes," and after telling me her number, she said, "you will be there this evening at eight. Once you was a friend! once, when that word meant something! has the world spoiled you too, and made you cold and calculating?" and she looked into my very soul with her large and beautiful eyes. "I think not! but come at eight—good

bye. I am on business now, you will please excuse me!" and as she passed on in her lofty beauty and pride of bearing, I felt that Kate Melville was the queen of women, whatever her circumstances in life might be. Yes, spite of the influence of dirty Broadway, transformed as it was into a perfect phalanx of panopled Fifth avenue gentry, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of the monied aristocracy, I bent my head to the pride of honor, and to the supremacy of the immortal mind!

I thought of her all that afternoon; her clear, musical voice rang in my ears like the memory of the chimes of "St. Paul's," and her presence carried me back to the atmosphere of sunny Italy. I pondered over and over again the features of her fate, called to mind every incident of which I was acquainted in her former history, and never in the whole space of time that had elapsed since I met my charming friend, until I left her that night at 11 o'clock, and found myself in my own room, had I once thought of Frank! Poor Frank, how was he? But I could not go to him then, for my mind was too much perplexed; so after tossing about in my bed until night morning, I fell asleep, and dreamed of Kate Melville. Yes, dreamed she was—no, not my wife—but Frank's? how strange; but then there is no accounting for dreams.

As I suspected, as I feared—Kate was poor; and this was why the fashionable world had forgotten her—why she walked alone—lived in a garret, where her pleasant world was amid her own creations of fancy, where her life was passed in, and communion with the great minds, that will always speak and aid such as her, and be her companions in the palace or in a hovel. Yes, Kate was poor; and no one would imagine how poor, for she was proud; she had seen better days. She was not too proud to work; but she could not succumb to the position of the work-

ing classes, nor labor for the miserable pittance, that is but an insult to woman's common sense, as it is incompetent to her comfortable support. And now her little store was exhausted. One by one, she had parted with articles of dress; and one by one her jewels had been sold, not without regret, for she remembered with what love and pride her father had bought them for her, on her birth-days, years before, when they were all well and happy. And now, she was an orphan! Her father had been a proud but weak-minded man—careless of his own interests, too generous for his limited fortune; he had died suddenly in 1844, leaving his affairs in an unsettled state; and his widow who was devoted to him, was incapable, through her affliction, of defending her rights, and followed him, in less than a year after, to his grave; leaving Kate, the proud, fond-hearted Kate, an orphan at seventeen. And I thought as I listened to her story—so high-souled, too—that she will ever be alone in this wide-thronged city.

When Frank first saw Kate, she was penning a letter to Rufus Ehrenstein. She had been thrown into his society casually, and though she felt she knew him well, and had known him all her life-time, still one year had scarcely rolled over their heads since they had first met; she had seen him every day since the first hours of their acquaintance, until she had moved to the room opposite to Frank's studio, and then, for some reason not fully comprehensible to me, he did not know where she resided. But perhaps her letter to him will explain:

"DEAR FRIEND.

"I have ever been candid with you. You are the only being who fully understands my situation, and to whom I have confided my hopes and fears; and now I will explain this last, unadvised, unpremeditated movement of mine. I am where you cannot

find me, even if you wish, and where you cannot come until, perchance, I bid you come to hear my dying breath proclaim how I have struggled to school myself to the tasks and to the fate I cannot alter, and am too proud to wish different now, even if it could be so. Forgive me! I suffer and must continue to suffer if I continue to exist. Yet I choose to suffer from my pride rather than from my humiliation.

"You, Rufus, are changed to me—wonderfully changed! I do not pretend to say why, nor do I care—it is enough for me to feel that the heart that has loved you better than anything on earth, would rather die than accept and acknowledge only its indebtedness—obligation—no, no, never!

"For the past, I thank you; the present aid you proffer, I reject, in all kindness; the trouble you have had already on my account, your self-sacrifice, the fear on my part of being misapprehended, the deep sense of the obligation I am under to you—all tend to cramp my mind and cripple my energies. I might e'en beg, if need be; but I cannot take, for my individual tenderness, pity or favor. You, Rufus, have lifted me up when I was nigh sinking; you did not know it then; but it was the doubt of your love that made me so wretched. You have given me bread when I was hungry—when I could not eat; but the thought that the hand of love provided it, was the reason why bread was more than satisfactory for my wants; you have placed in my power the means to be independent, if I wish, to all save you—you, to whom, under some circumstances, it would be my happiness to acknowledge all superiority—but the conviction in my own mind, that it is merely sharing with others your acts of benevolence, causes me to sicken at the sight of your gold, and renders the gift valueless to me. I enclose it to you. I send it back. Would that I could send *all* back

to you that I ever received; it were better for my peace and happiness. I feel that I have been idle—have let myself run down to absolute want. It is not that I am not conscious of my ability to support myself without the assistance of a husband, as you have more than once suggested, but it is that I have been dreaming of happiness—of one heart in which I lived supreme. My confidence, my hope, my vanity is gone; the poetry of my existence, my dream of bliss has departed. I am ready now for life's contests—ready to labor now, and effort and solitude will be sweet, for it will lift me above the position of a beggar! Look at me—how, in my weakness, I have followed on, step by step, to this garret; let me anticipate—sickness, suffering, a dry, hard crust, without the smile or love of one pure, true heart. Did God ever make me—this proud, fond, glowing heart—for such a lot? Oh, no! no! by the consistency of his providence, never!

“Still I thank you for this last lesson. *You* thought I would do this. You believed I could—to restore the elegancies that have always clustered around me—you thought that for pride, for my pride, for my comfort, for possession, even for a home! (my home! thank God, the orphan hath a home in Heaven!)—you thought for this I would barter my heart, my soul, my love of truth and honor? You are mistaken in me, Rufus Ehrenstein. I am proud, fearfully proud! but not as you imagine; my poverty has not the power to make me odious in my own esteem, though it has had to make me contemptible in yours! Yes, I have told you how I loved, though I did not tell you whom until now, and yet you urged me to marry for interest! I relieve you, Rufus; I leave you free as you were ere I saw you. But O, I cannot do this! Circumstances may crush me, pride may kill me, poverty may drag me into the dens of the loathsome and the vile, but, God

Almighty, the soul thou hast given me cannot be destroyed or sullied!

“How then is it that I have received aid, accepted assistance and sat in idleness? how is it that I have done this? was it for gainsake? or was it that I was so happy to sit and dream you loved me, and build airy castles, in which you were my husband? If you ever knew me, which I ask you, of these two emotions—these two principles—controlled me? But it is over now, and now that I know you love me not, now that I feel—not by your indifference to my comfort, for you have done more than you ought to have done—too much! but by your contemptuous opinion of me, God knows I could not accept a shilling of you if I were starving. I am no beggar yet, no mean and grovelling idler. If I should chance to want for the necessaries of life, through sickness or inaction, never give me a thought, for there are public institutions I have a right to apply to, and, thank heaven, though I am proud, I have courage to submit to what I cannot control, and where it does not involve a principle. Farewell! and believe I am happier in this poor garret, alone with my poverty and my pride, than I could be now under any other circumstances. Farewell! God bless you, and make you happy, with— with one perhaps you love. Farewell!”

Rufus Ehrenstein was a splendid fellow. His mind was an abundantly filled storehouse of wealth, and beauty and memory. He had once been opulent, and though his coffers were not brim full now, and though he was somewhat broken in health, still he was courted, and counted generous and witty. 'Tis true that many a poor wretch had been aided by his hand, and many a domestic hearth had been made brighter that Rufus Ehrenstein had been there, and from many an humble roof in this city, many a heartfelt prayer went up for him; and even in the

still watches of the night, where the sick and dying lay upon their beds of pain, his hand smoothed the pillow, and his voice was heard to cheer. He had done much for Kate too. And yet he was soulless—strange as it may seem, his eye was blinded by the god of indulgence, and he could not fathom the lofty spirit of Kate Melville.

For some time after their acquaintance, Kate had avoided him; there was in her breast an intuitive feeling to shun more than an exchange of compliments, but he, with his courtly air and gentlemanly deportment, his refined sentiments, and his superior taste for literature, the arts and sciences, and his natural love of the poets, had won upon her imagination, and finally, when he was very kind to her, flattered her intellect with a graceful humility, and a courtly bending "to her superior ability," as he said, she gave him her whole heart. She loved him—as Kate Melville could love—with her undivided soul.

Oh, how true it is that the very noblest of humanity can be flattered.

Ehrenstein was fickle and fond of adventure; he had seemed to worship Kate, and for a time I suppose he did love her, though I fear he loved others quite as well; but Kate had penetrated his weak, vain spirit, and when he little dreamed of it, had gazed in his world-hardened soul, and though she loved him better than her earthly comfort, she desired to live on pride and memory.

"Oh! that I had never met him; then all mankind had not appeared so tame and silly to me—the whole world had not become such a blank to me—then there had been truth in something;" and she said this so mournfully, that I felt she was living with a broken heart.

I dared not go near Frank; I could not tell him what I now knew, so I went to see Kate every day.

I called one morning as usual, after the sad conviction of the night before, that Kate was rapidly sacrificing health to her mental application and unfortunate love. But Kate had left her lodgings, and I had no clue to her or her reasons for the unexpected movement. At length I thought of Ehrenstein, and went to his place of business; but he had moved, no one knew whither or for what; so I pondered for several days over the occurrences of the past few weeks, and made up my mind to tell Frank all about the matter, and if possible, laugh him out of his silly infatuation.

I called on him early next morning for this purpose, and found him gazing intently upon a full length portrait of Kate Melville, the same I had noticed in her room on my first visit. It was a splendid picture, and evidently the work of a master-hand, and how the deuce Frank had got possession of it, was a problem I could not solve.

Frank was strongly flushed and excited; so I dared not ask him any questions, and we remained silent for over an hour. At last he told me, that the day before, he had seen in a newspaper an advertisement of the sale of a portrait of a lady, who, on account of pecuniary difficulty, was forced to dispose of it. It was a magnificent picture, and could be bought low.

"I know not why," said Frank; "but I read it over and over again, and then wrote a line to the advertiser, and this morning," said he, "I purchased that painting, and laid the one hundred dollars upon the trembling hand of my ill and suffering—"

"Who?" said I; "for heaven and earth's sake, speak; who is ill and suffering?" for he had paused, and was peering into my face.

"Kate Melville!" said he; and his brow was slightly contracted. "Oh! tell me where she is!

Tell me where I can find her; she is the daughter of my old friend, Tom Melville."

Frank looked utterly confounded; but in the generosity of his impulsive nature, he had instantly thrown off his dressing-gown, and was ready, hat in hand, to take me to her house, if, indeed, I was her friend.

On our way, I told him all about Kate's love for Ehrenstein, and how, though it was her death-doom, she had determined never to see him again. We soon reached her dwelling, in Fourth-street, and were ushered in by a colored woman, who had formerly been a servant in Mr. Melville's family.

And was I surprised to find the beautiful pale face of the talented Kate Melville pressing a scarcely whiter pillow, where the Angel of Death was already hovering? I was not! "For those whom the gods love, die young!"

She was sleeping when we entered; and on the blank page of a book, written in pencil, with a nervous hand, we read the following lines:

"What means this strange emotion,
These mad, tumultuous fears!
This quivering—this commotion—
This gush of bitter tears?
It is the wildest feeling
That e'er this breast hath known:
My heart and mind are reeling—
I am, I am alone!

Oh, God! is it a warning
Of danger, death, and pain?
'T is night—Ah, will the dawning
Bring peace and hope again?
My heart's glass now reflecting
The shadows of my fate—
Father! protect the Orphan—
Leave her not desolate."

The tears were yet glistening in our eyes, when the invalid looked up with a gentle smile, and putting out both her hands, said, faintly, "Ah! you have come—you have found me; but you will forgive the wayward Kate, and forget her faults, when she has passed to the silent walls of death, to mingle with her kindred, and be happy." And her clear spiritual eye wandered from me to Frank, and for a moment rested there, with an expression that seemed to say, "I will meet you in the spirit's realm!" and again she fell into a gentle sleep.

"How very, very beautiful!" I whispered.

"Hush!" said Frank.

"There, there, she has gone home!" he murmured, with a quivering breath. My dream is passed—my light of earth has passed to other spheres!"

I looked upon the still and pleasant face; I passed my hand rapidly to the silent heart, and I felt indeed that Kate Melville was an inhabitant of another and a better land.

"This is no place for you, Frank," said I, as I watched his pallid, saddened features; "go home, and I will take care of the rest, Frank. But I could not urge him from the spot, though his expression was as calm as the face he looked upon; so he staid there for six hours, and painted to perfection the marble image of her he idolized, and of whose history he had never asked a question.

He goes regularly to her grave on the side of a beautiful hill in "Greenwood," overlooking the bay, and he has now having completed a small marble slab, with the simple inscription over the device of a broken palette and brushes: "The bright one has fled!" His love and his grief are unaccountable to me, and yet I feel that there is something holy, something sublime in it.

I know not if Rufus Ehrenstein ever received

Kate's letter, or how he takes her death, but I sometimes see him walking Broadway with rather a dashing lady, and although she leans heavily upon his arm, and looks up tenderly in his handsome face, I do not believe she will break her heart about him, when he casts her off for "something new," as he did the high-souled, proud-hearted Kate Melville---the Artist's Beautiful Dream.

THE HISTORY OF PETER THE PLASTERER, AND THE BACHELOR OF NIAGARA.

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

I WAS born in the city of New-York in one of its numerous and peculiar boarding houses; my mother was the youthful, blooming daughter of an excellent old French lady, who for many years presided over one of those nurseries for young and old bachelors, grass-widows and undivorced husbands. My father I never knew, he was a Pole, and bore about him the evidence of gentle blood, a gallant, though broken spirit; and from a desire, from some cause, to conceal his real name, was modest enough to be contented with the name of Smith. He, poor fellow, was found dead one morning in one of the docks on the east side of the Hudson river, and the shock broke the heart of my youthful mother. The hard fate of her only and lovely child hastened my venerable grandmother to the grave beside her. Thus, when less than a year old, I was cast upon this blooming, beautiful world, without a relation or friend known to me. My grandmother had seen better days, she was one of those who had fled from the horrors of a St. Domingo massacre, and, bereft of fortune and friends, had opened a boarding house in New-York. A faithful slave, at the peril of her life, had aided in her escape, and feeling that she was under everlasting obligations for her fidelity and affection, she determined never to abandon the destiny of her mistress, be it what it might, or where it might---besides *Mammee*, as she was called, was nurse of the infant child of Madame, and whether in St. Domingo or the United States, there was in her judgment no person capable of taking care of young "Missis" but Mammee.

When the hearse which bore away the body of her old mistress had departed, and the dull silence which ever succeeds such an event hung heavily on all the remaining inmates, Mammee for the first time realized her position—a negress in a comparatively strange land, bending under years, and with the infant of the child of her mistress claiming her protection as the only being on earth who knew its hard history or who cared for its future destiny.

The next day came, when an official from the public administrator of the city informed Mammee that she must “turn out” and find a place, and that the little orphan must be sent to the Alms House. “Not till Mammee is dead,” said the faithful African, as she resolved within herself what she would do. Taking her charge with her she hastened to an obscure part of the city, and there hired a miserable apartment. A few gold pieces which her mistress in the hour of death had placed in her hand, and a small account of presents deposited in the savings bank, was the sole resource of poor Mammee; but affection and fidelity are never baulked in their holy designs. Like truth, they walk through the land in triumph, although rarely in splendor.

In this lone and unfurnished apartment on an obscure street was I for the first two years of my life sustained by my doating Mammee. By this time, however, with the greatest prudence and occasional labor, the poor slave had exhausted her last dollar. Labor, honest labor, she knew was a safe resource, and the wash-tub and the smoothing iron soon became the chief ornaments of our humble abode as the means of support.

By this time I was a playful little fellow with my curling black locks flooding my shoulders, and my large blue eyes glancing back the endearing looks of my dear old Mammee—from the ladies who,

on plaited ruffles and clear starched cap expeditions, occasionally visited my obscure home, I received many caresses, attended with wonderment and suspicion. Some suspected Mammee of having purloined me—others treated me as a concealed illegitimate, others shed on my orphan, although happy head, a tear of real sympathy and pity and offered to adopt me as their own; but Mammee would part with life sooner than with her little Peter. Amongst others, however, who came to sacrifice at the shrine of the sable goddess of clean linen, neat crimping, and equitable clear starching, was the blooming wife of the principal of one of the public schools of the city. This female Samaritan insisted that I, young as I was, should be sent to the institution presided over by her husband—indeed, one morning she proudly led me there herself and the good man of grammar and of *birch* received me kindly.

I was before outside of the world—outside of it alone, with my venerable nurse—now, alas, I found myself within the magic circle, and many were the witches and the fiends, and the angels and the monsters, whom I have since found capering around it with me—my youthful playmates soon *instructed* me that I was an object of contempt, for I had a black mother—the clear white forehead, the luxuriant blue eye, the rose-lit cheek, might have refuted the libel; but slander and traduction have no acquaintance with truth, *and never deal in vulgar realities.*

Thus, at the first step in life, seclusion from my companions was my only escape from persecution—and except with Mammee, I had little peace. My studies, however, with the unceasing kindness of my protectress, filled up my vacant time, and I was happy.

Having attained the age of twelve years, and poor Mammee that of seventy, a necessity seemed to

present itself of some course of life being marked out for me. My good old foster-mother would not listen to the thought of separation, and my kind tutor was equally urgent that I should at least acquire a trade. The father of his wife being a rich mason and bricklayer, it was finally determined that I should be apprenticed to him until my majority. This came with an ill relish to my proud-spirited old nurse—her young master “was too good and too beautiful for such a dog’s life; could they not see he was a born gentleman?”

She yielded, however, at last, to what they told her was necessity; but then only on the condition that I should still live with her. I thus became a Plasterer, as you found me. My gratitude to my faithful protectress caused me to spend every hour not devoted to toil with the one who disinterestedly loved me. When there, in a sphere so lowly, yet so purified and sanctified by the holy breath of true devotion and disinterestedness, my heart expanded to the beautiful, the sublime and the intellectual. My excellent master had unlocked to me the treasure of the Greek and Latin languages, and the little savings of my guardian enabled me to glean from a bookstand an occasional odd volume of some loved author.

I was now a man. My apprenticeship being passed, I began to earn money enough to supply amply our humble household. My old nurse had become bent and decrepit, though her heart was still young and her eye yet bright when it rested on me. I was without vices, therefore without expenses; and my wages soon began to accumulate beyond my wants, for poor Mamme, infirm as she was by age, would allow of no assistance in her work of love, and I had not a yearning to expend a single ray of affection on any being in creation but “my faithful slave”—the lures of beauty, the blandishments of

dissipation, false promises of vice, were alike powerless to break the charm which bound me to innocence and goodness. I worshipped at that shrine, although its goddess was a decrepit old negress.

By her attention to my dress, and the cleanliness of my toilet—part even of a religious duty—with her iron spectacles and her crumpled up fingers, she managed somehow to make me appear, whether in my work-dress or in my holiday apparel, as something which had female love to adorn it, and prouder than the wedded bride of her future lord, more doating than the young mother of her first boy, was my venerable nurse, “of the manly figure, the firm step, the open countenance, and the mild, deep tones of her young master.”

My fellow workmen were not my companions; there was nothing in common between them and I. The better educated, with whom I sometimes temporarily came in contact, soon avoided me, when they discovered I was nobody, the son of nobody—that I knew nobody, and nobody knew me. I was thus a stranger in the land of my nativity, an outcast whose whole acquaintance was with the inhabitants of the other world, and I failed not to turn my weary search in that direction. Blessed be the hour when I first heard the first whispers of comfort and confidence to my orphan ears through the divine revelations of a holy religion. My guardian was proud of me, my qualities and my person. She had sense enough to discover that her and my humble position made me an object of suspicion and neglect. Her honest nature spurned the offered insult, and she often insisted that I was the proper companion of “rail tip-top gentlemen and missuses.” I began to feel my circle was rather narrow and contracted, but then the thought of deserting for a day my benefactress was not to be admitted. She herself, however, one day informed me that a few hundred

dollars had been accumulated in the saving's bank from her frugality and my earnings, and on a sultry evening, when she perceived and thought she detected lassitude and feebleness on my studious brow, she implored me to use this money to go into the world and taste its enjoyments. I consented, and for five years past have I borne successfully and honestly, the double and inconsistent characters in which you have discovered me—the hard-laboring mechanic and the gentleman of leisure—my adventures, receptions, and my temptations have been rich, varied and instructive. My mastered life has even a pleasure and a happiness about it, and I envy no man his superior wealth and fortune.

I inquired of the plasterer how it could be that a man of his education, accomplishments and advantages of person, could brook the many debasing influences of mind and body which surrounded him, and why he did not take his proper station in society, and there carve out for himself fortune and eminence. I hinted, too, that the season of his prime was passing away, and that the golden hours of opportunity never return—that the river of fortune never ebbed, but ever ran downward into the ocean of eternity. True, said he, but my personal labor and its toil has its blessings and its enjoyments—its blessings in giving me robust health, strength and appetite, without which the mind is almost a useless incumbrance, and I tell you, stranger, he emphatically added, that whilst my eye traces the smooth and level surface left behind my plastering trowel, my mind and my fancy and my imagination are actively employed in the most delightful and beneficial reflections, the readings of my temperate evenings furnish me with texts rich and rare from the minds of the “great dead,” which I elaborate and muse upon during the day, and this commune betwixt myself and the glorious intellects—

whose legacy of mental wealth is bequeathed to me through the press—this furnishes me with better society than I have yet found amongst the present race of men; at least, now that life is fresh and ambition unknown to me, it is quite sufficient to make me content. Have you, said he, with wealth, and fame, and honors, and family, arrived beyond this point?

Besides, what rank can I assume, which, as society is now constituted, would not include the desecration and desertion of that altar of fidelity and love which shall burn for me whilst the life of my sable guardian continues, nay, whilst my own life lasts. Think you, that for the flitting, toying, dallying bliss of woman's love, I would abstract one twining tie of tenderness from the heart of the negress which even yet winds about me in its withered folds? No, never; duty, gratitude, honor, point to her as the sole object of my care and devotion; she has now seen ninety winters, many of them for my sake, and almost all of them for the sake of the loved departed to whom I owe my being: winters of danger, of desolation, of toil and of misery. Through the thorny paths of life she and I have passed onward together to comparative if not as perfect happiness as this world rarely gives—we together have conquered the world, and her enduring fidelity and love have enabled me, too, to conquer even myself. Can I shade one moment of the few years which yet belong to her with a single anxiety, a single care? Not I! When she leaves me, as soon she must, I would fain go with her, for very fear; but if I may not, till I find a soul as pure, and a virtue as truthful, I will live alone! Meantime, the narrow resource my labor affords compels me to calculate my resources and my time to a day and to a dollar, and it was because I had expended my devoted money to the last dollar, and my more precious time to the

last hour, that I so abruptly disappeared from the whirlpool. Besides, said he, you had remarked to me on our ride thither, that from the first moment you saw me at Niagara you were convinced you had seen me somewhere before; this alarmed me, for I did not choose my veil should be lifted and my incognito detected, and but for this accident, the singular coincidence of the Plasterer's paper cap and my pet work Zenophon, it would not have been; however, I know you well, and I know if I require it, my secret is safe with you, and as a man of honor I ask of you its inviolability, at least as long as my old guardian survives. Promise me that I shall remain a stranger to you, at least as long as my *grandame* lives, unhunted, unnoticed, forgotten. Let our acquaintance for the present be ended! No, replied I, you can command my confidence, but on certain conditions. Your case furnishes a chapter in the book of human events, which I have not before met with; I have seen false Princes and foreign Counts, followed and flattered and worshipped by silly women and vain men, at our several watering places, and in our New-York Hotels even; but never before met with two distinct characters combined in one person. Pardon me, therefore, if I pursue our acquaintance a little farther. The price of my confidence and the evidence of the truth of your history must be afforded in my introduction to your benefactress. My visit shall be confidential, and I will make it when and where a fit occasion offers.

He shook his head impatiently, and I did not pursue the subject farther. I saw that his mood was becoming factious, so I rode on and left him. A proud, high-souled fellow, thought I; the tool, though not the victim, of a perverse lot in life. A glorious mind, a splendid organization, a big warm heart, truly a Prince after all, though that paper cap and

trowel on one of my walls in 14th-street, still haunts my imagination. No wonder such women and silly fashionable men worship him as some foreign Lord, and no wonder that amongst his fellow workmen he stands alone a being by himself, and of himself. Noble fellow! truly do you show forth signs of a fountain of proud Polish blood in your bosom. I mused of Thaddeus of Warsaw, thought of Peter's father, and then came up the vision of my own deceased sire, who was a Polander and an exile, though more fortunate in choosing another country than this for his home, and who had attained wealth, friends and appreciation. I was musing thus, when something touched me on the shoulder and arrested my attention; it was my fellow horseman, who handed me his card very politely and then drove on with speed.

As soon as I reached New-York city, I hunted up my friend the plasterer and found him in his obscure dwelling and in the deepest affliction. His faithful old nurse had, in his absence, been suddenly brought down to the bed of death by a stroke of palsy, and was fast hastening to that land where there is no respect of persons, no distinctions of shade or color.

As soon as the woman's eyes rested on my face, she exclaimed, "It is, it must be Albert, the brother of my Peter's father. Quick, Peter, open that box in 'Mammee's' old chest and get the miniature of your father and his brother. Thank God, thank God, I do not leave him alone; he can prove he's a gentleman," and she was gone to a brighter and a better country—the land of spirits!

Well, Emma, it proved as the old woman had said. The papers and the miniatures proved it without doubt, and need I tell you that your affianced husband is none other than the plasterer with the paper cap, whom I first saw finishing these very walls, and the

dashing bachelor of Niagara, *the foreign Count* whom all the ladies there—married or single—fell in love with, and whom we often saw years ago walking Broadway towering in his majesty of bearing above the throng.

He has long wished me to tell you his history, and the reason I have given you it, and thus abruptly in his own words, is because I know my wife's sister possesses too true a nature to let this disturb her confidence or her happiness. No other person in all the vast crowd who court and flatter my Cousin and are jealous of his lovely affianced bride is aware of his secret. Thus does the world "look at the coat, and not at the man!"

THE GRAVEYARD.

Oh! what a place of sacred meditation! Each grassy mound tells a tale of thrilling inference, and lightly do our feet press the cold clay which covers the silent bosoms of our worst enemies. The lips that slandered us are sealed, and the hearts which betrayed are closed forever. If memory sets forth in hated array the injuries they have unsparingly heaped upon us, we feel a compunctious throb, they err no more—they are dead! and the Father has purified their spirits as He will our own. God loves them, they are His creatures—our kindred. Oh! how I love thus to wander—thus to think; it makes me better—it makes me happier.

But far different are the feelings which come thronging to the heart as we gaze on the consecrated spot which encloses the ashes of buried affection or respect. We enumerate their virtues, we call to mind their cherished and intellectual society,

their friendship and love, their counsel or sympathy; and the heart becomes so desolate, its emotions sorrowful and selfish, that the burthen of existence seems too heavy to be borne. The brightest beauties of earth are rayless, the very flowers fade and are scentless, e'en though they blossom on our loved ones' graves—emblems of the spirit's bloom in Heaven; for the soul that could drink in beauty and fragrance, the sense that could appreciate loveliness, is concentrated in one hope—a speedy reunion in the bright land above, or gazing through the vista of months or years, to a home of confiding happiness—congenial love and repose.

But O, when we read the most simple inscription on that slab which bears the hallowed name of mother, what a world of emotion thrills to the deepest recesses of our soul. It soars far upward, even as the fond prayer for its flight and reunion, leaves its tabernacle of clay and is borne on the sacred wings of stilly night to the regions of eternity, its birth-place—its home. But soon we leave those loved ones on the bosom of that Father whose hand sustaineth, and whose love endureth forever, to think of those children of hapless orphanage left in this bleak world without natural protectors; with no kindly hand to counsel or guide in temptation's darkest hours; no voice of parental love to soothe when sorrow's blight sinks deep into the heart and closes the well-spring of joy; no words of consolation to smother the insinuating breath of slander, or chase away its bitter influences, when the pure balm of religion, with our blessed Saviour's teachings, are wrenched from them by perversion or treachery; no unclouded beam on which the mind may rest; no anchor of faith to which the heart might cling when all things earthly bear the stamp of mutability. Oh! then the bosom bleeds at every pore. Death has indeed robbed us of them; their lamp of life has

gone out scarcely to be re-illuminated in the splendor of those unperturbed teachings of the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ—the Friend and the Saviour of the human race—the Star of our brighter and better home; yes, even that of our Father and God.

I have seen an orphan seated on her parents' grave, gazing with a cold heart and vacant stare on the silent earth which embosomed them in the prison-house of mouldering humanity. A home of magnificence awaited her, and all the world calls lovely was lavishly provided. But what to her were the glittering toys of wealth? Could a sense of external beauty fill up a vacancy of heart or sustain the soul as memory gazed back upon the past. Could it restore the fond mother, or the kind father, with his affectionate blessing and approval? No, no. She mourned without hope, and the very breeze mocked her senseless murmurs of regret, and the grass waving on the mound was watered by the bitter tears of hopeless sorrow. O how inadequate the language of brightest oratory, how feeble the power of the pencil, when engaged in portraying such grief—such a loss. 'T is true that, as the eye wanders over the glowing canvas, or rests on the mild face portrayed by the artist—when our hearts pause breathlessly to catch the flow of feeling eloquence, we needs must value highly the skill of human attainment, and deem science a great blessing. But oh! if they tell us not of a happy reunion far up in that universal home so familiar to the contemplation of true Christian philanthropy; if they paint not those attributes which can belong only to the perfect Deity, whose boundless goodness enchains the worship of the human heart—if they display not faithfully the character and teachings of the Messiah “who came not to destroy, but to save,” inefficient and unsatisfying is all their eloquence.

Oh, why throw aside the blessings of reason and

truth? why make the earth a continual scene of woe, and the heart a receptacle of the fearful teachings of partialism? why tremblingly hope, when the sustaining arm of Omnipotence is under us, and the spirit of our Father's love is round about us? “God is love.” O let us trust Him, for He is a God of truth without variableness or the shadow of change. God is love, and though he chastens us severely, we need displays of justice, and it is in mercy He afflicts us. Oh let us with humble gratitude, in seasons of sorrow and chastisement, (untrammelled by the dogmas of man-made creeds and systems,) go to the fountain that never dries, and drink from the cup of Love that never dregs, where the hand of our Almighty Father poureth in the living waters.

THOUGHTS AT NIGHT.

WELL, here am I yet, and still the moon beams with silvery brightness, and night is calm and lovely, as I was wont to see and feel it, long, long time ago; and since I have sat here, where has my spirit not wandered in the world of thought—what has been the theme of meditation? The vastness of the Love of God! The Love of God! who can comprehend it, who can find it out! Oh! what does it not express! For me it has opened the door of the dark tomb, and I have followed the earthly dead to the portal of heaven and gazed in on the true glory of God! My father, once the sufferer of this world's wrongs, heart-weary of its toils and trials, resting on a Saviour's bosom; by him, those who had made the widow's house desolate, and heard with still-hearts the orphan's wail; there shone a face, beautiful, 't is true, in death, but in life ne'er lighted with

intelligence—whence glared the idiot's anger and rung out his hollow laugh; how beautiful, how pure by that glory! And there have gathered generation after generation, like leaves in a vast forest, made radiant by the beams of an Autumn sun, farther and farther reaches the glory of that sun of Love—Goodness—Mercy—Omnipotent Perfection! I have knelt at the footstool of Jehovah, and as the bright halo spread wider and more wide, until every beauty, and every angel borrowed thence their lustre; it went out, out, until I was lost in following the spires of splendor, and the eyes and brain reeling and burning with intensity, fell to the earth. I have been out amongst the stars, and wandering through the heavens, and there gazing on space and beauty—went up, up, up, until weary of magnificence. Oh! where shall gratitude find bounds, when or where shall adoration and praise cease!

I have been back to the time ere the heart suffered one bitter pang, and faith, earthly faith, was as universal; affection, deep and infusive, as the peaceful light of yon moon; innocence hailing innocency, truth meeting truthfulness. Sweet, hallowed youth-time, I must drop one tear to thy memory as I pass, though smiles and many bright, dear flowers have strewn thy pathway, and a joyous heart throbbed high in the light forms that gaily tripped in thy airy bowers. And now as memory's page lies open, without one spot to mar its loveliness, while the scenes of my childhood cheer me, oh! Great Spirit, Father, God, can I tell thy love? No, no, it carries me back, back, and again I am lost in its vastness.

And even now, while the voice of contention and slander is yet ringing in my ears, and the goaded agony of resentment has scarcely ceased clutching my heartstrings; yes, yes, though falsehood and insult write their epitaph on the tombstone of every earthly affection and trust, I shall feel thy mercy

and love every where; it shall be about me to keep the dark veil of sin and folly from thy cell in my bosom, and the gem of thy creation shall glow brighter and brighter 'neath the chastening hand of its Maker.

ALL IS PASSING AWAY.

O, AUTUMN! from thy variegated fields, thy placid rivers, thy mild sunshine and thy fast fading loveliness, comes forth the voice—"All is passing away." As I wander over thy hills of many colors, and gaze out upon the broad expanse of thy unlimited beauty, an unspeakable freshness seems bracing every nerve and exhilarating every faculty of body and soul. I heed not in my charmed solitude the sins and cares of this lower world, but looking only with gratitude and affection, from nature up to nature's God, how do thy lessons fall with mingled gladness and gloom upon my heart. O, must this charm be broken—these endearing pleasures pass away?

Yes, soon, how soon, must nature receive her wintry garb, and from yonder groves, whence the birds carol forth their sweet songs, inviting the soul to purer praise, alone will be heard the hollow sound of the woodman's axe cleaving the strong trunks of these lordly trees, whose lofty branches are now waving in autumnal magnificence!

And thou too, noble oak, on whose bark I have graven the names of the dead, the loved who have gone from the contaminating intercourse of the unjust, the derision of the unfeeling; thou too perhaps must fall; and from the dear spot where thou dost stand with all thy memories, thy endearing associa-

tions, will come forth in sadder sounds, "All, all is passing away."

Oh! loved spirit of my sainted father, this tree, on which I have carved thy cherished name, thus making it bear the impress of my heart—near which thy shade has hovered with a smile of consolation, or a tear of pity—too soon, like thine own dear form, will be borne away to mingle its ashes with mother earth.

Loved tree! how oft have thy wide spreading branches sheltered me from the scorching heat, and mellowed the glorious rays of the summer's sun, till I could gaze undazzled on the deep blue vault of heaven, when its perfect azure was unobscured by a single cloud—how have the light breezes playing through thy leaves led my soul to unwonted quietude and joy.

But oh! my father, too soon, like thee, must it withdraw its kindly protection and influences, and cease to gladden with its greenness and beauty this sad and lonely heart. O, Autumn! though I love thee, with thy salutary lessons, when I think and feel thus, I turn away from the splendor of thy scenes, and weep as one with whom grief alone has companionship.

REFLECTION.

SHADOWS have hung above my way,
For many a weary, restless day,
As if some demon wove a spell,
Too fearful for his imps to tell;
But by life's beauties half concealed,
An unjust doom their breaths revealed,
Which cast upon life's fondest ray,
A cold, unwholesome, cheerless spray.

And, thus, e'en from my very birth
I've wandered o'er the beauteous earth,
Feet clogged, mind viewless of its goal,
With incubus on heart and soul;
Plodding and plodding in the track,
Trembling—yet gazing sadly back,
To mourn o'er rapid, wasted years,
And dew the wayside flowers with tears.

Oft have I prayed to find the power,
To claim one clear unfettered hour;
And let my full soul wander free
To learn my being's destiny;
The spirit hath its idoled throne,
And often wandereth there alone,
To worship with a wild caress
A spiritual tenderness;
A wavering, indefinite love,
For all above—or seems above,—

The comprehension of my gaze,
An ever varying, wondrous maze.

* * * *

But a dull earth, a mole-like life,
Beset with contest, toil and strife,
Pain, sickness, misery and death,
And sin's most pestilential breath,
Distract me with their vivid glare,
And reason's faculties ensnare.

Such are my thoughts, that oft I find
Myself, regardless of my kind,
And kneeling to some shadowy form,
Forget the duties that adorn
The woman, and the sphere in life
Which calls her Mother, Friend and Wife;
And sitting thus in listless trance,
Weave tissues of some wild romance.
And weep o'er many a fancied wo,
I trust my heart may never know.

I wander when the stars are bright,
To hear the voices of the night;
And talk to silent, breathless things,
And bend beneath the fluttering wings
Of *angels*, in the clear blue air.
And, Oh! what breathless, formless prayer,
Enshrouds me, 'til my visions lie
Like clouds athwart the ambient sky.

Sweet Nature! how I love to trace
The softest smiles upon thy face,

And e'en the tempests wildest roar
Melts me to tremble and adore;

* * * *

Then tell me, Guardian of my way,
Why earth is dark in broad mid-day
Why, when the light illumines the air,
Does life seem cold and dense with care—
Why glooms creep on, and sorrow moans
O'er all the earth's mysterious tones?

SPIRIT.

Think not to pass from sorrow free
Thine is a dark, sad destiny;
If there is sunshine on thy track
Black clouds will cast their glances back;
And when thy heart with joy is bright
There 's gloom upon life's page to blight.

* * * *

Oh! why is this? since early youth
I've sought the lovely, loved the truth,
Worshipped the bright—the meanest thing—
The wind, the bird upon the wing,
And on the green of nature's breast
I've slept, and by her been caressed.

SPIRIT.

Mortal! above the things that die,
The beauty of the earth and sky,
Above the darkness, or the light
Which palls thy bliss, and blurs thy sight—
There is a spirit world more fair,
Seek ye a perfect entrance there.

* * * *
 E'en now I love without control
 Another fond and kindred soul;
 I watch, I wait, I pray the time
 When in a union so sublime
 I'll wed me to a world of bliss,
 That may reach Heaven and dwell in this.

SPIRIT.

Vain mortal! there are other cares
 And other things deserve thy prayers;
 Go, seek the hovels of the poor,
 The sick and suffering strive to cure;
 There 's wounds to heal and sores to bind,
 And there are thousands of thy kind.

* * * *
 Wealth is not mine, else would I give,
 To heal and comfort all that live;
 Freely I'd take from my own store,
 And cast it at the poor man's door;
 His sorrows add to mine, I know,
 The larger portion of my wo.

* * * *
 Ah! why these dreams—this mental power?
 Mind seems life's best and grandest dower;
 It fathoms earth, and seeks above
 To mimic God's unbounded love—
 It feels 'tis mortal, yet can see
 Its Father, God—the Deity;
 And yet of earth it fails to learn
 Why life is short, and fate is stern;

Why change is writ on ev'ry place,
 Humble or grand—the loveliest face
 Is often loveless, at the heart—
 The very soul changes, and art
 Assumes the place of truth; why love
 Grows cold and selfish, and the dove
 Of peace beareth the olive branch afar;
 Why clouds obscure hope's brightest star;
 Why grief and gloom and care brood all
 The race of Man since Adam's fall;
 Why graves are in the brightest spots,
 And Death at last must be our lots?

MY HUSBAND.

Be still! dull care, and let me wake,
 In lute-like sounds on silvery lake,
 The thoughts that thrill my being's core,
 Of him I cherish and adore,
 My husband.

Avaunt! ye fears, that all the day
 Have kept thy soothing tones away;
 That thou art absent, conquers pain,
 And gloom and loneliness again,
 My husband.

Now that soft evening veils the light
 In drapery gemm'd with stars so bright,
 O, Spirit of Existence! wreath
 Thy chaplets—softly as I breathe,
 My husband.

Oh ! twine above thy brow and heart
 Treasures that fade not, nor depart ;
 May hope be of perennial bloom,
 Nor foul distrust become our doom :
 That *night-shade* must not hover near—
 'Tis dark with weeping, cold with fear,
 My husband.

There is an emblematic flower,
 Which lives alone in nature's bower,
 And poets call it "Constant Love."
 Let that outvie and rest above
 All other beauties that adorn
 The crown that should not have a thorn,
 My husband.

TO D. R. R.

ANTIQUARIAN ARTIST.

Welcome ! right welcome ! son of Art,
 Of genius and of skill,
 Thy mind, thy soul, thy noble heart,
 To tones of science thrill ;
 Thine eyes seek out the precious things
 Of wealth and beauty rare,
 And from remotest lands ye bring,
 Treasures beyond compare.

Old masters, who long years ago
 Have laid their pencils by,

Whose pictures, dim with age, bestow
 Their talent to thine eye,
 And thou from nooks and corners, still
 Insatiate, drag to light,
 Old gems of art, old works of skill
 To charm the heart and sight.

Again old Gainsborough breathes and lives
 In that dear "Sunset Scene !"
 Sir Joshua Reynolds surely gives
 Soul to his *live* "Nell Gwynne !"
 Gruyze's St. Catherine on the wheel,
 Murillo—Cuyp—Landseer,
 Do these not live ? my senses reel,
 The dogs ! the fox ! the deer !

The "Gipsy Tents" by William Shayer ;
 And Herring's "Farm Yard" sight ;
 Collins—all, all beyond compare !
 Bannockburn by moonlight,
 (A battle scene by McCulloch drawn ;)
 Van Der Hagen's Wilkie's store ;
 And Wilson's lovely "Early Morn,"
 How can we but adore.

Spirit of Hogarth, hovering near
 Thy perfect light and shade !
 Paul Potter—Morland, too, are here
 To swell the grand parade,
 Wouverman, Bateman, many more,
 Are thy companions, Read !
 Ye know their touches, and restore
 Their works, to thine own need.

It is enough for one like thee
 Unenvious in thine Art,
 To know such spirits, and to be
 Bound to them, soul and heart.
 Blest as thou art with gifts so rare
 And talents such as thine,
 Thy world must be bright, true and fair,
 Thy life almost divine.

Welcome! right welcome! to our shores,
 The shores of liberty,
 Bring, bring thy beauties and thy stores
 Of wealth to bless the free!
 Surely in this proud land of worth,
 Thou 'lt meet with thy just due,
 We love the *place* that *gave us birth*,
 The gifted, good, and true.

SERENADE TO EMMA MAY.

COME, come with me, my love!
 Far o'er the sea, my love!
 I'm happy, I'm happy,
 Alone with thee, my love!
 Come, where the waters deep
 A constant revel keep,
 There will our fond hearts beat
 Joyous and free.

Come, come away, my love!
 Ere peeps the day, my love!

I'm happy, I'm happy!
 Always to stay, my love!
 Come! my ancestral dome—
 Italy's sunny home,
 Waits with her flowery throne
 America's "May."

Come with thy smile, my love!
 To that bright Isle, my love!
 I'm happy, I'm happy,
 With thee the while, my love!
 Come, I will worship thee,
 Queen of my destiny;
 Life and its cares to me
 Love shall beguile.

IMPROPTU.

TO MRS. MARY. G. . . .

AN untold tale is written already there,
 On that pale brow—is it of grief or care?
 Tender, serene thou art—faithful and kind,
 With truth and intellect and grace combined—
 What means this, lady? what has been thy fate?
 Ah! thou hast loved—and thou art desolate.

Thou art a Mother! where is he who swore
 To be thy shield, to *love* thee evermore?
 Where is his vow, before the altar given?

Has he forgotten thee, or does he sleep
The sleep that knows no waking, still and deep?

Or is he now afar, steaming the ocean wave,
Seeking some strange land—another digging slave
Of gold? forgetting friends and home,
The tender tie of children, wife! to roam
Over the undulating sea of life,
Amidst its whirlpool, its disease, its strife?

Well may 'st thou grieve, if either these may be
Thy watching, waiting, wearying destiny;
Well may thy cheek grow pale, thine eyes look dim
Weeping and praying in thy love for him!—
The father of thy children, far or near,
Faithful or faithless, must be ever dear!

December, 1850, ALBANY.

LINES

TO A RACE HORSE.

SPEED, speed, dashing "Dolphin," fly over the plain,
Erect thy bold head, wave, wave thy proud mane!
So gentle, so passive—high mettled and gay,
None can surpass thee, Dolphin, upon thy swift way.

Ho! ho!—lanky pony, mean, mean is thy race,
There is no competing with Dolph's dashing pace;
Fly, fly, dancing Dolphin! it humbles your pride,—
He is distanced—vain beast—by thy single stride.

Ho, ho! bonny Dolphin, thou hast flown as the wind,
And left the poor horse and his rider behind;
Poor fellow! he looks like a crow in a gale,
And the crest-fallen horse hangs his head and his tail.

Whoa, ho! let us gaze on each delicate limb,
Thy fine-shapen neck, thy sleek sorrel skin;
I'm no jockey, and yet I do love thy bold race,
So faithful, so noble, so fleet in thy pace.

There, there, take the rein, now thy action is free!
Thou canst graze on the lawn 'neath the shade of this tree;

Snuff up the pure breeze and prance in your pride,
Whilst I shall partake like joys at your side.

And drink from this stream, it is bubbling and pure,
Man's wine cannot barter thy freedom, I'm sure;
Nor taste so refined.—Come, Dolphin, and drink,
Oh! translucent spring with thy fresh mossy brink.

We are equal now, Dolphin; the same healthful breeze,

Thus pleasantly singing among the glad trees.

'Tis for us; and the Hand that upholds the bright sky.

Made all to enjoy, as it hath you and I!

DRINKING SONG.

CONTRIBUTED.

I drink to life ! who will not join
To scorn the reaper, Death ?
He is no man, who trembling fears
To hail his dying breath.
Drink ! Drink !

I drink to love ! that glorious boon !
And who will love destroy ?
Who loves not does not live, nor should,
For he is dead to joy.
Drink ! Drink !

I drink to friendship's holy name,
Its mild forgiving eye !
And he who never made a friend,
'Tis time for him to die !
Drink ! Drink !

Bright fillets soft and garlands fair,
About my brow with joy I'll twine—
And kiss the cold pale lips of death !
If, when he comes, I have no friend.
Drink ! Drink !