

the graves of its living. The heart essays in vain to comprehend the blight that has fallen. By a kindly provision, a mist of unreality floats over all. It misses the soft voices and tender ministrations of the departed, but cannot help watching and waiting for them to come again. It feels always the shadow of the grim skeleton in the corner, but cannot accept the entire revelation of a living sorrow. So, day after day, in the touching silence of impotence—in the purer silence of a sacred loneliness—it companions with the shrouded and mysterious figure, and eons the stern lesson—"Life, death and destiny;" day by day it listens for the voice and the foot-step, smiling a sweet, sad smile, when vivid memory shapes into a floating illusion. And the strange companionship and the hush, broken only by the still, small voice of the comforter, grows into a holy and calm life, that winds with noiseless flow into the unshadowed life of the future. "Only the finite has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose."

The deep stillness of a great city in ruins is more impressive than the roar and glitter of her proudest life.

"There she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

Each crumbling arch and broken column—each decaying shrine and fallen statue, utters with thrilling emphasis in the ear of the soul—"passing away, and our works do follow!"

Silence is the great oracle of Nature. Every grotto and glen, every forest and mountain, is the meet temple of Harpocrates. We fall unconsciously into the attitude of the god, and place the forefinger upon the lips, when we hold deepest communion with Nature. Who can stand upon a mountain, with trailing clouds beneath his feet and his head among the stars, and say to the clay beside him, "how beautiful how grand!"

"Speech is silver—silence is golden."

The dialect of Heaven must be nearly akin to silence—the veriest ripple of music, like the breathings of zephyrs; else why this hush of the spirit when it approaches nearest to the infinite? The same spell resting upon the innocent soul of the child, lights up his face with a serene effluence, as if he gazed into Paradise.

"But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops as if he music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name,
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there,"

you may be sure his spirit has caught a glimpse of immortality.

The language of flowers is twin-sister to silence, and linked with her to the whispers of angels. The white rose is the pure and beautiful type of the relationship.

There is an unfathomable silence of the soul, when the icy fingers of death are separating its God-like essence from the clinging clay. Dim visions of the eternal hills—unutterable glimpses of the unknown are beckoning, and the rapt spirit follows with the silent death-angel.

"God keeps his holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream!
In diapason slow, we think
To hear their pinions rise and sink,
While they float pure beneath his eyes,
Like swans adown a stream."

SINNED AGAINST.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

"Tis affirmed

By poets skilled in Nature's secret ways,
That love will not submit to be controlled
By mastery." [Wordsworth.

"Love in a cottage" is the day dream of romantic girlhood, and the cherished theme of poetic song; the dullest eye grows tender as the vision of seclusion and peace floats across the fancy, all believing, as by instinct, that limitedness must insure happiness; that the absence of wealth and excitement must, of necessity, produce tranquility; forgetting that human emotions are everywhere the same, and their turbulence or quietude is the result, not of circumstance, but character.

About three miles from the village of Ashburton, Devonshire, England, lived a young miller of the name of George Crosby, an active, vigorous youth, inhabiting a small house upon the side of a hill commanding a prospect of the main road and a long reach of undulating country. To the left, swept by a bright stream, searching its way amid the hills, and turning the wheels of the mill for the young miller with the same freshness and assiduity it had manifested in the days of his father, and even grandfather before him, from whom it was inherited.

George Crosby was one of the gayest, most light-hearted youths in the neighborhood, and upon the Sabbath, when he appeared at church with his mother leaning upon his arm—that mother still in the vigor of life, with clear bright eyes, regarding her handsome son with a mother's pardonable pride—it was no wonder that many a maiden blushed and looked askance as

they approached. George had an air of rustic gallantry, a natural good breeding, and a frank, generous manner, that won admiration upon every side. But Sarah Putney alone fixed the eye of the youth more frequently than any other maiden, as well she might; for no one could regard her with indifference. She was of the medium height, with clear complexion, and soft gray eyes, looking much darker than they actually were, from their fringe of long dark lashes, and the delicate and yet distinct penciling of her brows. Her beauty was that of expression, and gentleness of manner, rather than that kind which attracts ordinary observation, growing, as it were, upon the eye, as, one after another, the graces of her character were unfolded to the mind. In truth, Sarah was too gentle, too trustful, too full of a woman's deep, unsuspecting tenderness, for a "low-born lass," and to this may be attributed all the trials of her lot. It would seem as if the Fates had taken some nursing of fortune—some sweet, beautiful creature of destiny, whom the winds of heaven were forbidden to visit too rudely, and by some strange perversity, or stranger mistake, had spun for her the thread of lowly poverty, of suffering, and what the world calls crime.

Sarah was an orphan too, and had known much of neglect, much of coldness, and something of severity; so that a harsh word failed, it may be, to move her, unless coming from lips that she loved; but anywhere, by whomsoever uttered, the language of tenderness would cause the tears to gush to her eyes. Acting from the instincts of a beautiful nature rather than from defined motives, poor Sarah often acted unwisely, not from her own indiscretions so much as the evil influences of those who might abuse her confidence. But then the very refinement of her womanly sense made her recoil from those indifferent to her; while, child-like, she never dreamed that one who loved could mean her evil.

George Crosbey had loved Sarah, and for a time it would seem she had returned it, or at least the little attentions of rustic life which others were disposed to afford were quietly declined, while those of George, if they did not elicit a bright smile, at least were not repelled, and he gradually began to indulge the hopes of a lover.

Thus much to bring the parties before our readers, and we will to the narrative.

George Crosbey had slept, he knew not how long, but he was well aware of waking twice with a strange impression weighing upon his mind, which he had successfully combatted, and twice disposed himself to slumber; now for the

third time the same vision, or dream, presentment, whatever it might have been, was still more strongly affixed, and he arose from his bed. He looked out. There were the heavy shadows resting between the hills, the trees swaying in the gusts of wind, the stream just perceptible where a faint star gleamed upon its bosom, and the sounds of wind and water added to the solemnity of the midnight contemplation. When did ever lover look out at night upon the dim heavens, without the image of his mistress blending with his thoughts? George Crosbey thought of Sarah Putney, of her sweetness and loveliness. Suddenly a light broke in upon his vision; thrice had he dreamed that he must go to the cross-road and rescue some one; who was it? why should he be selected? was it not a freak of the fancy merely, thrice suggested, because when first presented to his mind he had allowed it an instant lodgement? Then like a flash came the conviction—he could not tell how nor whence—that it was Sarah he was to rescue.

His thoughts now admitted of no delay; scarcely could he allow time to array himself ere he was out under the dim heavens on his way to the place designated. He placed himself under an old tree blasted by lightning, but yet massive, and a portion of it vigorous, stretched upon one side the naked and gray limbs rested in leafless grandeur against the sky. Here he could see in both directions of the main road, and command a prospect of a street or lane that communicated with the neighboring farms. He waited here nearly an hour, and several times had been on the point of abandoning his post, half ashamed of his own credulity, when, giving one last look down the lane, he beheld the flutter of a light garment in the uncertain light. Concealing himself behind the bole of the tree, he watched the approach of the object. His heart beat tumultuously, as he recognized the well-known air of Sarah Putney. Her step was less light than ordinary, and she turned her head from side to side, as if suffering from terror at the loneliness of the night, or looking for some person. One hand was holding a shawl closely to her bosom, and the other grasped a small bundle. Approaching the tree she stopped, sent a searching glance in every direction, and the wind blowing the curls across her face, she put down the bundle and took off her bonnet to adjust them. As she did so George perceived that her face was deadly pale, her hands wasted and colorless, and he heard a sigh, almost a groan, escape her lips. He could refrain no longer.

"Dear, dear Sarah, why are you here at such an hour?"

The girl started and would have fled; but he gently detained her. She even attempted to smile, but it was so wan and piteous that the young man was glad to see it displaced by the tears that sprang to her eyes. He helped her to tie her hat, and then put her arm in his to lead her away; for he thought, "surely something has turned the brain of the poor girl," so weak and bewildered did she appear.

Sarah started wildly from him: "No, no, George; I cannot go with you; leave me—do leave me, or I shall be too late!"

"Where will you go, Sarah, and why will you be too late? I cannot leave you, unless you tell me all," he added firmly.

Sarah cast a wild glance around, drew in her breath as if with a sense of suffocation, and attempted to withdraw her hand.

"O, George Crosby! I beseech you, if you have any pity on me, that you let me go. Do, it is my last and only hope in life! I have promised to meet Frederic Howard at the next turnstyle, to-night; and I must go!"

The young man firmly, but still gently, detained her. "Frederic Howard! Sarah, you know not what you do; I cannot, will not suffer you to go there alone. If you go, I go with you." Then, observing she seemed to hesitate, he urged her to return with him to his mother's house, while he should go and bring the young man back with him.

We have before said that Sarah was gentle as a little child, and she now looked anxiously in the face of the youth, the tears in her eyes, and then turned to the cottage.

A few words sufficed to explain the matter to Mrs. Crosby, and George was on his way to the turnstyle to encounter Frederic Howard.

CHAPTER II.

"Woe be to thee, Lilyon,
An ill death may thou doo;
Thou might ha' ta'en another woman,
And let my lady be." [Old Ballad.

Frederic Howard was the younger son of a distinguished family in the neighborhood—a youth notorious for his reckless and dissolute habits—and George Crosby shuddered to find the destiny of Sarah thus linked to his. Strange rumors had been current of late respecting the girl; but the honest yeoman had closed his ears, with that strange perversity that makes us refuse to receive unwelcome truths. He remembered now her pale cheek and melancholy air; and suspicion once afloat, a thousand circumstances crowded in to swell the list. These thoughts passed hurriedly through his mind, and the agony they produced added to the speed of

his movements. Arrived at the place in question, no one was there; but in a corner of the field, at some little distance, he perceived the faint glimmer of a light. Bending his steps thither, he paused long enough to mark the employment of the individual, and then hurried forward. Suddenly a man sprang up from a pit in which he was digging, and advanced a few paces; then perceiving it not to be the object he had expected, he threw aside the tools with which he had been digging, and fled. George Crosby pursued; but he was no match for the nimble youth, impelled by guilt and terror; and perceiving the case to be hopeless, he bent his steps homeward.

The young man moved with a bewildered sense of misery preying upon him—a feeling that some horrible tragedy had been averted; but what, he could not as yet define to himself, for his thoughts were wild and confused; and he walked mechanically onward, with his hand pressed upon his brow in the manner of one who has been put in motion by some disordered dream, or the mysterious agency of mesmerism.

Arrived at the house, Sarah met him at the door, and perceiving him to be alone, she rushed forward and seized both hands in hers, looking into his face in mute agony. George led her in without speaking, closed the door, and with a fearful calmness approached the light; and then, as if speech and comprehension had been simultaneously imparted, he grasped her hands wildly, almost shrieking forth, "Sarah Putney, I found Frederic Howard digging your grave—your grave, Sarah!—a grave to hide your shame, and to sink him to—!" The last word he hissed forth between his clenched teeth, and the strong man fell prostrate to the earth.

It was many weeks ere George Crosby awoke to consciousness. A violent fever, the result of that night's fearful excitement had brought him to the very verge of the tomb. How changed was he from the gay, vigorous youth, in all the pride of manhood. Now he lay with the docility of a little child; the rich curls matted upon his brow, and the features sunk and colorless. The mother, too, was pale with watching; and it would seem that the trials of a few weeks, had added the weight of many years to her person.

But there was still another, half shrinking from observation, who yet blessed God that, for that mother's sake, his life was spared. George looked around, and perceiving the poor girl, where she stood apart, he motioned her forward. Sarah's wan cheek assumed the color of crimson, as she moved forward and laid her trembling hand in

that of the youth. Both were silent for a moment, and then George spoke:

"I have had fearful dreams—fearful! they are not yet all gone. Sarah, I have much to say; painful it will be to both of us; but time will brook no delay; will you become my wife, Sarah?"

"Your wife!" almost shrieked the poor girl, falling upon her knees beside the bed; "O God! George, I wish I were in my grave—in the grave that Frederic Howard was digging for me. Oh! I would have opened my breast to the dagger, would he but have kissed me while he took my life. Your wife!—I am another's, heart and soul!" and then her voice was lost in sobs as she uttered, "George, I am unworthy to sit at your feet; I only ask for death."

George's pale lip quivered, but he remained firm.

"Sarah, you are friendless, poor; you will be sent to the work-house; debasement, labor, shame, everything await you."

The girl shuddered and clasped her hands upon her bosom, as if to hold down its wild throbbing, while she bowed her head till its thick curls entirely hid her face; but she spoke not, and the youth went on:

"Your story is as yet unknown; I will conceal all. As my wife only can I preserve you; will you consent, Sarah?"

The rich voice of the youth, low and tremulous from debility, thrilled the nerves of the poor girl, and she kissed his pale hand reverently.

"Say no more, George; my soul recoils at the thought; I could never lift my eyes to your face. Let me be your servant, George; I would lay down my life to serve you; but oh! name not that. Name it not, I beseech you!" And she arose from her knees with more of resolution in her manner than ordinarily belonged to her.

George detained her. "Sarah, I say you must be mine!" And his strong passions rising even above his weakness, he raised himself in bed, and grasped her hand, as she was about to leave him.

"Sarah, refuse me not! I am not wooing now; I am resolved. You shall be mine, Sarah! I cannot see you the mark of scorn and contempt; I cannot see you debased by labor and insult; I should go mad! You *shall* be my wife! But, Sarah, you shall live as my sister; God forbid, I should take you to my bosom!" And he sank pale and exhausted upon the pillow.

Sarah became ashy pale, and she stood with her large blue eyes riveted to his face, as if transfixed by some powerful spell. More than once she essayed to speak, but the lips refused utterance.

At length she murmured, "O God! I sought it not;" and she bowed her head upon his feet.

Mrs. Crosbey had witnessed a part of this extraordinary scene; and she now came forward and looked in her son's face with an anxious, scrutinizing gaze, impressed with the belief that the fever had left him insane.

"I am not mad, dear mother; and all I have said must be done. Send for a minister, and she shall be mine now!"

Mrs. Crosbey shook her head doubtfully.

"I will not be opposed in this thing," persisted her son; "let it be done now; if I live, I can protect her; if I die, she shall bear my name!" And a laugh burst from his lips, so hollow and wild, that both of the women started, expecting to encounter a maniac. Whatever it was, the strong-willed man instantly assumed the mastery; and he gave further orders with perfect composure. Mrs. Crosbey had long since learned to rely upon her son, and rarely, if ever, opposed a will that could not brook control; she only said, "well, I wash my hands of his blood; for evil must come of it."

For many weeks Sarah seemed, even more than ever, shy of approaching George; she was sedulous as ever to promote his comfort; but she moved about with a listless, heavy step, as one in whom hope is dead, and life a weariness. She never raised her eyes to his face, and their long lashes almost lay upon the cheeks, and the veins of the lids were red and distended, showing that tears often swelled beneath them. Her voice became even more touchingly low and musical; but it had a sad cadence that went to the heart. Smiles were unknown in the little dwelling, and George Crosbey, the rustic bean, the gay, light-languing youth, arose from that bed of sickness, stern and taciturn; and living because life was entailed upon him, rather than because it was desirable. He called Sarah by her christian name, and his voice was always gentle when he addressed her. Often would it call the tears to her eyes, and she would go out and weep bitterly. But time, if it does not cure, is always sure to soften evils; and gradually the pressure was relieved; and gradually Sarah looked less wretched and George less severe. But the tornado had swept over both, and neither could ever be what they had once been.

Year by year, too, the neighbors perceived that all was not right in the little dwelling; old stories were revived, and surmises started; and George felt that a mystery hung about them; and his fierce passions sometimes became almost excited to frenzy.

Sarah, always gentle and submissive, always

resolute, felt the evil, but was too timid to suggest a remedy.

One day little William returned from the village school weeping and angry, and repeated an expression uttered by one of his playmates, and then added, "Mother, open your eyes wide, and let me see if they are blue."

Sarah covered her face with both hands, and the tears escaped between her fingers, while the child wept and caressed her by turns. Hearing a sigh, almost a groan, beside her, she turned to behold George, pale and agitated, for he had heard the words of the boy. She started up and shook off the child with unwonted severity, and laying her hand upon the man's arm, said, "Let me speak to you now—now, George, while I have the heart to do so."

She led him to an inner room, and there, falling upon her knees, she bathed his hands with tears, long, long before she could obtain utterance.

"Let me leave you, George Crosby; send me and my child away into the wilderness, like Hagar, to die there! Send me away, I beseech you. Why should I be here, to bring sorrow to your household? O George, George! I can be no wife of yours; put me away; and may the Almighty send you one to love you as you ought to be loved! Let me go to America; anywhere, that I may cease to make you miserable!"

"Yes, Sarah; we will all go there; I feel that we must. But talk not to me of love to another; I can love only you, Sarah!

"Me! love me!" cried the poor girl, rising to her feet; "you do not, cannot mean it. Oh, say it not again!"

"Yes, Sarah; only you; and you do not recoil from me; you are learning to love me now; and we may yet be not utterly miserable." And, for the first time, he folded her to his bosom and impressed a kiss upon her forehead. Sarah wept; and that night she found herself asking, if it could be possible that anything like happiness could come to her—if she could cease to think of Frederick Howard—the cruel, guilty youth; him whom she had striven to forget, and lay her head upon the breast of another. And she fell asleep, with more of content at her heart than she had known for years.

CHAPTER III.

"The world that I had known went by

As a vain shadow. On my eye

There rose a new and dreamful one.

'T was like the cloudy realms which ho,

Shadowy and brief, on Autumn's sky."

[Whittier.

When we are in the endurance of strong emo-

tion we are apt to think that we can never cease to feel other than we now do; that time must deepen, rather than soften our griefs; and such is sometimes the case. There are feelings that pass over certain natures, like the blasting sirocco, to make desolate and barren forever; but the same things, less intense as they will be in less powerful natures, pass by, withering, it may be, for awhile; but the imperceptible soothing which time is sure to bring, gradually fill the waste place, and if the same buds blossom not again, another creation appears to rival them in beauty. With the latter class love partakes more of the nature of a gentle attachment; while in the former, it is that of an intense passion.

So it was with Sarah; she now, day by day, gathered the affections of her heart together, where they had been dormant or crushed, and a blush flitted upon her cheek when she heard the voice of her husband; and health gave new sweetness to the smile that returned to her lips. Love with her was no spontaneous action, developed and nourished by itself; but a tender emotion, called into life at the soliciting of another.

She had loved Frederic Howard with an intensity that brought into exercise all her powers of feeling; and now that years had passed away and no tidings ever reached her of what might have been his destiny, she, who strove to forget, found that time gradually stole him from her memory.

He, steeped as he had been in crime, who had caused her to weep almost tears of blood, and who, in the silence of night, was digging her own grave, even while she, in the confidence of her young heart, had come out at that still hour to join her fate to his, how long and tenderly had he been loved; even while she shuddered, as trait after trait of turpitude came back to her mind; and yet, even then, beloved, while she uttered the prayer of forgiveness and besought the mercy of God on his behalf.

We must pass over the details of a removal; the reader can imagine all those circumstances of interest that impart a pathos to the dismembering of the humblest household from fatherland. Years passed away, and George Crosby had taken possession of his new dwelling. Still the world did not prosper with him. He was a man of intense passions, and every obstacle served but to impart a greater hardihood to his iron will. Ordinary impediments he spurned from him with contempt; but the grinding pressure of poverty which now assailed him, produced a dogged and moody resolution that re-

pelled sympathy and created fear in the minds of those who encountered him. Sarah, whose confidence had been so early abused, had learned to regard him with something akin to awe, from the time he had compelled her to become his wife, and she now studied his comfort and obeyed his will; but there her ministry was at an end.

George Crosby felt that his deep, intense devotion was but half returned, notwithstanding that for years he had sought to win her love with the assiduity of a lover; and that, too, for years while she sat at his board, and was called by his own name. And now that she slept in his bosom, with his child breathing beside her, he felt that her passive gentleness was a poor return for his overpowering, all-absorbing love. No wonder that George Crosby became a moody man; and the high and noble spirit, which under other auspices might have commanded respect, was turned to bitterness within him. He felt he had carved his own destiny; and yet at times the thought would come, "Had Sarah but been true to herself all might have been well."

Weak, cowardly thought! Love may not be summoned at the will; it cometh even like the spirit—we cannot say whence. His was the higher and the stronger nature; and his own magnanimity, mistaken as it was, had filled his cup with gall.

We must pass over a period of ten years, during which the little household had encountered many changes, and the characteristics of its inmates had become permanently developed. George's athletic frame had assumed an appearance of firmness and hardihood, and the rich, dark hair, prematurely sprinkled with gray, had lost none of that luxuriance or crispness of curl which gave so much manliness to his fine open brow. But upon that rested a fixed contraction, imparting thereto an austerity foreign to its original character. A smile rarely played upon his face, except when he encountered that of his child, and then it was full of tenderness; for George Crosby expended his whole soul, as it were, in this intense parental devotion. Sarah, too, remarked that William, whom he had hitherto regarded with gentle tolerance only, began to affect him with uneasiness. He would sit long, regarding the child with a fixed, melancholy aspect, and then suddenly leave the apartment, as if his thoughts were too painful for endurance.

As for herself, always timid, and always shrinking with the consciousness of the past, she dared not question him; and her imagination lent the worst coloring to her fears. No

wonder that the mother wept tears of bitterness, and knelt in the agony of her heart beside the couch of her lone child, and by stealth pressed him to her heart in the very agony of maternal love. She would have taken the child by the hand and have gone forth, she knew not, cared not whither; but now new ties bound her. If the kiss she gave her babe was less impassioned than that which met the lips of William, it was no sin of hers. A passive wife and desponding mother, with a conscience morbidly alive, can we wonder that tears weighed her eyelids and prayers murmured often upon her lips. Too gentle for reproach, all the misfortunes that were heaped upon the family she learned to regard as springing from herself, and felt herself to be a curse rather than a blessing. Yet, so imperceptibly did these emotions operate upon her, with few bursts of intenser feeling, that time had failed to lay a finger upon her face. She kept still the soft, girlish expression, and the tranquil demeanor, which might have been the model for a Madonna. Her light figure, so tender in its every motion, had a litherness and grace that the sadness of a pure heart only can impart.

The boy William had learned, from the instinct of childhood, never to expect tenderness from George. The same teacher had also led him to refrain from expressions of fondness to his mother, while in that presence. The child felt that there was an atmosphere of dread about him; and often would he sit and gaze tearfully at his mother's sweet face, and then, as if unable longer to practice self-control, he would fling his arms about her neck and weep. At such times both were silent, except the groans and prayers wrung from the heart of the mother.

He was now a proud, handsome boy, stout and vigorous beyond his years; and the care of Sarah taught him to read and write with ease. All the books to be found in a scattered neighborhood were at his service; so that William was regarded very nearly as a prodigy, in those days of patient and slow, but sure learning.

Sarah watched the expression of her husband's face, day by day, with a painful scrutiny. It is more than probable that her love for the boy magnified every appearance of austerity on the part of her husband; and what was simply abstraction, or painful reminiscence, she construed into impending evil. She grew to feel that the presence of William was annoying to him, and that now his own child smiled in his face, the boy's became a stain beside it. She watched him in his slumber, and at all times, by the

board and the wayside, to see if there lurked anything of that expression she remembered, so fearfully distinct, at the time he compelled her to take the vows of marriage upon her. Either fancy or truth more than once revealed it, and she dared not abide the peril. Timid as she was, terror for her child, for whom she nurtured an intense fondness, gave her resolution.

[To be continued.]

THE MASQUERADE—AN ANTIQUE.

A SOUL came once upon our rugged earth,
Who sought, through common things,
The source of deeper worth
Than shows apparent in their seasons birth—
In sooth their wings:
Master of every veiled result,
Of their harmonies occult,
He well revealed in song to man
The rhythmic wonders of maternal Nature's plan.

The Matron murmured in her heart, and said,
"Now, though thou art my son,
Whom I have borne and bred,
I will rebuke thee for thy hardyhead,
Insolent one!

Frying into my secret crypts
Hieroglyphs and mystic scripts,
And putting thy familiar hand
On all my holy things, my little and my grand."
So she began to smother his green world

In waters that fell dry,
And covered with white cold
His sweet rose-fields, the blooming, manifold
Pride of his eye;
Buried his architectural woods,
Stifed all his brawling floods,
And piled his verdurous paths with snow
That heaped its heavy curls like waves that could
not go.

Then laughed the wise man a low, quiet laugh,
As with his cunning eye,
In beauty's sweet behalf,
He traced her germs through Nature's winnowing
chaff;

They could not die;
Delicate shapes of leaf and vine,
Ever yet more clear and fine,
Crew in her snowy work of wraith,
And new art bent and flung new arches in his path.

She changed her weapons, and a dressing damp
Clung to the naked trees,
Till you might hear the stamp
Of lightest winds clatter with stoney tramp,
And crackling knees!

Falcons reared by gentl'art—
Thrilled no Sultan's eager heart,
As this new crystal world o'er-blest
The poet, while the sun blazed backward from the
west.

Now with a dull and dreary thaw she sought
To sink into his bones
The seeds of desperate thought;
What time her good should be too deeply wrought!

To soothe his groans;
But he cepied her genial powers
Fluent under chilliest showers;
Saw the spring coiled in icy germs,
And wings of brooding life thaw down their right
terms.

So through the changes of her course she ran,
Baffled, yet trying still
To thwart her master man,
To tame his spirit by some conquering ban,
Some whole of ill;
Mauger ever her doubling mask
Genius pierced her subtle task,
And brought away some prize of worth
From the veiled game she played with all the pow-
ers of earth.

"Ha! ha! Eureka!" cried the scouted dame,
"My cunning son, I trust,
Is not too strong to tame!"
And she sent grizzled death to crush his frame
Into fine dust.
Suddenly, then, she stood aghast,
To see burst her bonds at last,
And from those shales a deathless thing
Soar, singing, into life, on free triumphant wing!

A. S. ROE.*

LIFE and Nature, in whatever aspect, may be brought within the limits of true art. Nothing is too high, nothing too low to the true Artist. The humblest materials may, by the touch of genius, be brought into relations with the ideal. The rude hut, the homely kitchen, the barefoot child, revolting in the actual, by the skillful adjustment of light and shade, and the sweet blendings of sentiment and nature, heightened by the nearness of sympathy and remoteness of idea, become at once touching and impressive. The observer is only to place himself within the atmosphere of time and place to feel the full force of design, no less than the beauty of the scene.

The artist who, passing the hut of a swine-herd, saw an animal, just denuded of the skin, hung up across the threshold, saw, what to the cookney might have been an object of disgust, and an aspect of life in which he felt neither interest nor sympathy. The commonplace man would have seen a rude fact in rude life. Not so the artist. The hut is in a dense forest—the noon-day sun struggles through the shimmering leaves, and lights the blackened rafters, touching the side of a pan suspended therefrom, lighting the sharp spear on the point of a javelin upon the wall—gliding inward through the open door, the white flanks of the animal contrast with the ruby hue of the harslet—still in-

*"TO LOVE AND BE LOVED," "I'VE BEEN THINK-
ING," "A LONG LOOK AHEAD," "THE STAR
AND THE CLOUD." By A. S. ROE. New York:
Derby & Jackson.

of the early writings, which contained something more than the germ of the author's later and more successful volumes. Though in the longer works, dramatic unity of plot, sustained description, and acute analysis, are supported beyond the opportunities of a short tale, it would be easy to enumerate sketches of ordinary length in the early writings which exhibit these qualities to advantage. The genius of Mr. Hawthorne, from the outset, has been marked by its thorough mastery of means and ends. Even his style is of that nature of simplicity—a pure, colorless medium of his thought—that it seems to have attained its perfection at once, without undergoing those changes which mark the improvements of writers of composite qualities. The whole matter which he works in is subdued to his hand; so that the plain current of his language, without any foreign aid of ornament, is equal to all his necessities, whether he is in company with the laughter of playful children, the dignified ancestral associations of family or history, or the subtle terrors and dismays of the spiritual world. The calm, equable, full, unvarying style is everywhere sufficient.

In the mastery of the supernatural, or rather spiritual, working in the darker passages of life, the emotions of guilt and pain, the shadows which cross the happiest existence, Hawthorne has a peculiar vein of his own. For these effects he relies upon the subtle analogies or moralities which he traces with exquisite skill, finding constantly in nature, art, and the commonest experiences of life, the ready material of his weird and gentle homilies. This fondness for allegory and the parable reacts upon his every-day topics, giving to his description fullness and circumstantiality of detail, to which he is invited by his warm sympathy with what is passing on about him. However barren the world may appear to many minds, it is full of significance to him. In his solitude and retirement—for into whatever public positions he may be oddly cast, he will always be in retirement—the genius of the author will create pictures to delight, solace, and instruct the players of the busy world, who see less of the game than this keen-sighted, sympathetic looker-on.

FAITHFUL LOVE.

THOU blessed she who hath no spot to hide
Who in the darkness of the night may sleep,
Head pillowed on a trusting heart, nor fear
The babbling of a tongue let loose in slumber;
Nor at the morn awake to search the eye,
All loving and beloved, lest change had grown
With midnight, and the morning ray shall bring
The blackness of despair.

SINNED AGAINST.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER IV.

"One night, when all were weary and at rest,
A dying lamp winked in the hearth, that cast
And snatched the shadows. Something stood before me
In white." [Hillhouse.

GEORGE CROSBY had built his house upon a rich tract of alluvial soil, near the mouth of the river Presumpcot, about four miles from the now flourishing city of Portland. Here he was under the scrutiny of few neighbors, and the sea, and river, and woods afforded him an abundance of fish and game, while the fertile soil yielded a luxuriant harvest. Yet, prosperity rarely visits a household in which lurketh an abiding sense of discomfort. Fortune chooses her proteges among the cheerful hearted, thereby enhancing their pleasures, while the sad one is left to gather the crumbs she skattereth beneath the table. Either the fates are froward, or the weight of despondency takes away the energy requisite to grasp the goods of this world.

So it was with the Crosbys. They were diligent and frugal, yet their exertions barely kept poverty from the door. Old Mrs. Crosby, whose disaffection at her son's marriage gradually settled into the belief that it was his doom, became listless and inactive, always meeting every disaster with the vexatious, "I told you so; I knew it from the beginning!" and still she was tidy and exacting, and helped to keep the household in perfect order. By one of those strange caprices incident to humanity, she loved William just in proportion as her son disregarded him. But she could not always control her disaffection, and the poor child more than half gathered his history from her lips. Strange as it may seem, his proud demeanor every day grew upon him, and he failed not to return the coldness of his foster parent; but while he did so, he was scrupulously respectful and obedient. His mother became doubly dear to him, and her slightest look became as a law. He watched her gentle smile, and tried to win it to her face by a thousand tender means. Upon little Sarah, too, he lavished the fondest affection.

George Crosby had taken net and line in his small boat, and telling his family he should 'not return until the next day, took his way to the shoals between the many islands of Casco Bay. And here we must say a word respecting these islands. Indeed, Casco Bay is an archipelago, studded with nearly four hundred islands, of various forms and sizes. Many of these are covered with luxuriant vegetation down to the water's brink; others are bold and precipitous,

presenting frowning headlands to the ocean, their granite cliffs flecked with moss. Long and dangerous reefs extend from many, where the breakers roar in perpetual tumult. Months might be passed in their many coves and recesses, and yet their beauty remain unexhausted. It was one of those nights of light and glory to be witnessed only in a high latitude, where the air, having thrown off the storms, and all the array of mist and cold, revels in the clear atmosphere of June. The blue expanded into immensity, as if all were so rare, so transparent in its depths, that the stars were no longer fixed, like set gems, but receded ever in dim perspective. The moon poured down a flood of light, careering upon the water, which seemed enamored with her rays.

We will not follow the solitary man in his labor, nor dwell upon those heavy thoughts that made the uses of life lone and oppressive, while their very exercise served, in some degree, to preserve the mind's balance. There was one ray of undimmed sunshine in his soul, and that came from the face of his own fair infant. Yet ever beside that ray of gladness were gathering deep shadows; beside the one love, and hope, and blessedness, and even engendered, as it were, from their presence, were dark and vindictive passions slowly accumulating, which often started the unhappy man from some painful reverie, as if he were holding communion with a very demon. Leave him now to his work.

After the departure of her husband, Sarah remained for nearly an hour, with her eyes fixed upon the floor of the apartment, lost in recollections. In that space of time she lived again the days of her childhood, with its bereavements, its neglects, and its harsh labors; girlhood, with its dangerous adulation and its wild dream of bewildering and fatal love; and then came that compelled marriage with a being designed to be all that is manly and worthy of love; but now warped to wrong, and, as she believed, by her own intervention; she thought of all this till she could hear the heavy beat of her own weary heart; and the tick of the watch over the mantle sounded like a knell heard at midnight. Thought became too painful for endurance, and she arose and paced the small room with a slow, dragging footstep. She moved in this way for nearly an hour more, apparently unconscious she did so, and with a fearful paleness upon her cheek, showing the struggle within. At length her eyes accidentally fell upon the face of the watch, and she appeared to note the lateness of the hour. Mechanically she opened the door to the

little apartment of her son. She knelt down by the bedside, and looked into his face. The boy lay with one arm thrown over his head, the face turned from her, leaving two-thirds of the same with its beautiful profile visible in the bright moonshine. Even then the mother gazed with delight upon those handsome features, which restored to her so vividly the memory of him whose name was forever sealed upon her lips. And she put back lightly the curls from the fair brow, not to awaken the sleeper. But then came the consciousness of the stern purpose she had in view, and she clasped her hands and attempted prayer; but only stifled sobs came to her lips, while her temples throbbed almost to bursting.

William turned in his sleep and murmured, "Mother." At that word a softening influence, as if a kindly dew had fallen upon her heart, caused the tears to gush to her eyes, and she wept convulsively. The relief was genial, for now the mother found that utterance in prayer which she had before sought in vain. As she bowed her head, a scalding tear fell upon the face of the boy, and he started wildly up, crying, "Mother, dear mother, what is the matter? what has happened?"

She bade him dress himself and come to her, and now she was perfectly calm. In a few moments William appeared in the larger room. She was seated near the window, and the moon gave her spiritual beauty an appearance almost unearthly. William instinctively knelt down and put his head in her lap, taking her cold hands in his.

"Oh! dear mother, how sad you look!" he sobbed.

Sarah had nerved herself for the trial, and she now spoke in a low but firm voice:

"William, I have your clothing all prepared, and I must now send you away from me. You must be calm, William, or my heart will break. I have strange fears—I dare not tell you what; but you can stay with George Crosby no longer."

"Mother," said William, looking fixedly up, "tell me, is he my father?"

Sarah's face became crimson as she encountered the earnest gaze of her child, and then she turned ashy pale; her lip trembled; there was one brief moment when it would seem as she would sink upon her knees, but she did not. "He is not your father, William. My child, my own beloved child, do not curse me!" and she clasped her arms convulsively about him. William could only weep. At length the mother raised herself up; she took a small bundle from the table and put it into the hands of the boy;

she drew him to the door, then 'straining him to her heart once more, she pressed one long kiss upon his cheek, and opening the door, put him forth and closed it after him. She then staggered to the little deserted room of her child, and threw herself upon the bed yet warm from his pressure. How long she lay there it is needless to tell. There was a light step, and William threw himself upon her bosom.

"Say God bless you, my dear, dear mother, and then never fear for me; I am stout and strong, and shall yet be a comfort to you."

"God in his mercy bless you, my boy," cried the agonized mother, lifting both hands in supplication. When she would have again clasped him to her heart he was gone.

She started wildly from the bed, and would have followed him; but a giddiness, a wild heat of the brain, seized her, and she sank upon the floor. Blessed insensibility, which thus sealed up for one brief period a mother's agony.

Sarah had, in the highest degree, that attribute of womanhood—endurance. Now that the work was done, now that she had sent the boy away, as she solemnly believed, to preserve her husband from the temptation to crime, she could feel more of assurance than she had known for many months. After the first night of intense agony, in which reason had nearly abandoned her throne, she arose pale and collected. Now that William was removed from her, she felt a new gush of tenderness for her babe.

It was late in the day when George Crosby returned home. Obeying the first warm impulse, he hung carelessly over his child, till he noted his mother in tears, and then a glance at the white face of his wife told him that something painful had occurred. He looked hurriedly around the room, and asked for William.

"You may well ask," said Mrs. Crosby. "To think of his own mother's turning him out of doors at dark midnight! George Crosby, I told you no good would come of it the day you married her; and now —"

George Crosby stamped fiercely upon the floor, for the reproaches of his mother sometimes wrought him well nigh to phrensy. He grasped the arm of his wife, and turned deadly pale.

"Sarah, for God's sake, tell me what you have done."

The poor wife quailed before him, for there was that never-to-be-forgotten look.

"I have sent him away, George, and the Almighty will protect him."

"Why? tell me why, Sarah."

She hesitated, and the timid woman now met his face with a look calm and determined; she

had only for herself to fear, and what was life to her!

"George, I sent him away because he had become a rock of offense to you; I trembled for you both."

A look of something bordering upon contempt passed over the man's face, which was instantly superceded by one of extreme suffering. "O God!" he exclaimed, "how little is the heart understood by thy creatures! Poor, desolate child; alone, and at midnight! Sarah, I would have laid down my life for the child. You thought murder was in my heart, and so it is. It is goading me to fury; but not for that poor innocent child. But, Sarah Putney—" the wife started, for he had never before addressed her in this wise—"Sarah Putney, whenever the face of my child looks into my own, it seems to demand vengeance upon him who gave gall to the milk of its mother. Should Frederic Howard cross my track on this earth, his life is the forfeit!"

CHAPTER V.

"He roamed an Arab on life's desert waste—
His waters flowing when they seemed most near—
Love's phantom leaving, when long vainly chased,
No aim to animate, no hope to cheer."

[Hoffman.]

William was a boy of quick perceptions, and he had for a long time been aware that his mother anticipated evil of some kind, as connected with himself, although she had studiously avoided defining its nature. But then, the child felt himself in some way a burden to George Crosby, and he had more than once proposed leaving him, and seeking the adventurous life of a sailor, a life always in reserve for the enterprising, and which the boy, upon the sea-coast, paints in all imaginable colors of delight. There the child is sure to hear wild and marvelous tales of the sea; and as he stands upon the shore, tossing pebbles into the element, he regards it as intimately connected with his own fate.

Maine has long been the great nursery of sailors; its grand expanse of sea-board, its cold climate, designated by the early explorers as the "extreme of many extremities," and its thin soil, affording a vigorous but scanty vegetation, all combining to foster a hardy and enterprising race. The boy starts instinctively upon a career of peril, and after "batling the watch" at sea for any number of years, an old man at length, he eventually settles down in some quiet nook, with a farm by the sea-shore, where may be heard the ocean roar, and a light boat be in ready requisition.

These sailor-domains may be everywhere encountered in the State; and hospitable, gener-

ost-hearted, frank, and open-handed men are their owners. It is delightful to listen to their tales of adventure, and share the comforts of their well-appointed households; for the sailor is sure to carry to his farm a portion of the discipline observed on shipboard.

When the long Winter evenings set in, and the storm is high without, the father tells old yarns of his early life, living over again his perils, and borrowing excitement in his seclusion from the remembrances of by-gone days. His boys listen open-mouthed, and imbibe a love and longing to do the like. After the recital, the sailor will sit awhile in silent thought, and the final exclamation of "Well, a sailor's is a dog's life after all," betrays the current of his thoughts, which still cling to the sea, and are yet but half reconciled to moorings.

William had listened to the experience of many a tar, weather-beaten and retired from the sea, and had long inwardly determined upon his course of life. Indeed, Sarah had more than once talked to him upon the subject, notwithstanding her natural timidity made her recoil at the idea of the dangers of such a life. This, however, seemed the only feasible resource, and she brought her mind to contemplate it calmly.

When, therefore, the boy found the crisis had arrived, he was not so much shocked as might at first be supposed. He had, even of late, more than once contemplated a clandestine departure; but the sad, pale face of his mother shook his resolution, and made him defer the final step. Then, too, his protector, though cold and reserved in his treatment, had been uniformly kind, and William regarded him with a child's repugnance, and with a child's gratitude likewise.

Upon receiving his mother's benediction, the boy fled from the house, running rather than walking, for nearly a mile, in the direction of Portland. At length he slackened his pace, and the lesser action of the physical left free scope for the spiritual. Thought, deep and painful, pressed upon his brain, and the poor child began to question, wildly, why he had been created—why a creature dear to but a single heart, and that one weighed down by sorrow, should be sent into this breathing world.

He had reached a heavy wooden bridge, thrown over the Presumpscot, and he leaned over and looked down into the water flowing beneath, with the tears gushing from his eyes. He sat down upon a projecting timber, and buried his face in his hands, with a feeling of loneliness he could not surmount. A light step caused him to lift up his head, and his dog, Carlo, jumped upon his knee.

The boy's heart leapt at the kindly companionship, and he returned the caresses of the animal till the creature seemed wild with delight—lapping his cheeks and hands, and then scouring off, in broad circles, only to return and repeat the caresses. That grief must be great indeed to the heart of a boy, that the affectionate gambols of his dog cannot mitigate, and William arose with a lighter heart, and even found himself whistling on his way.

He checked himself more than once; but again the lips were making the sound so habitual to boyhood, and he found, every moment, his heart grew strong and resolute, and he already moved with a prouder air, as if bidding defiance to the worst which fate could inflict. He patted Carlo, and even ran races with him, and then slackened his pace again, as the image of his mother arose to his view.

"I will make her happy yet," he said to himself; but the train of thought grew oppressive, and he stopped and looked off in the direction of the sea, and heard the long, heavy boom of the vast element, where its continuous roar rendered solemn the dim silence of night.

He glanced behind him—a thick wood skirted the road, dense and gloomy, from whence the quivering cry of the screech-owl and the bark of the fox, echoed in melancholy association. He looked up at the moon, and the pale stars, and all that he beheld weighed him with a sense of solitude. Then he knelt down, and the poor boy, in that lone, silent hour, found relief in tears and prayer.

The road he had been traveling crossed the brow of a hill, of considerable elevation, flanked, as we have before said, by a thick grove of trees upon one side, while a rude wall of stone lined the other, from whence the ground declined rapidly to the sea-shore. From this elevation the spires of Portland, about a mile distant, were visible in the moonlight, and the toll of the clocks, as they struck the hour of two, came in measured strokes to the ear.

William found himself weary and oppressed with drowsiness, and he passed an aperture in the wall and lay down upon the grass the other side, not, as he thought, to sleep, but to rest, and think of his mother, and plan what he should next do. He was stout of heart, full of the boy's daring and the boy's hope, and he thought and felt it would be a rough fate indeed which he could not master. He put his head upon the bundle he carried, threw one arm over Carlo, and lay looking at the moon and resolving a thousand boyish plans.

How long he lay in this position he knew not,

for he was aroused by the furious barking of the dog, and he saw by the moon he must have slept.

Carlo soon ceased to bark, and William, looking out from the wall, perceived him caressing an old man in the neighborhood, harmless but eccentric, and supposed to be possessed of wealth, which, report said, he carried in a belt about his person. He did not move from his concealment, being well aware that the old man would ply him with questions it were too painful to answer.

"How came you here, Carlo?" said the aged man; "and why do you go so far from William? Are you a night-walker, too, Carlo, like old Hastings?"

His voice ceased, for a heavy blow aimed upon the head, by a person in the rear, felled him to the earth. William had remarked the assassin approach, armed with a blacksmith's hammer, and now terror chained him to the spot, and he watched the operations of the murderer with breathless scrutiny.

The old man neither spoke nor moved, and the assailant carelessly dragging him to the side of the road, commenced examining his pockets, and searching for the belt. William saw him cut a leathern girdle from the body, and then proceed to drag it into the woods by the roadside.

Shortly after, he proceeded in the direction of the city. Carlo, at the first alarm, had fled howling down the hill, and apparently the murderer took no thought of him. Now he returned to the spot, and instantly followed the scent into the woods, and then came to the feet of his young master, and looked up into his face, as if to question what was next to be done.

The morning by this time began to dawn, birds were on the wing, and from the hill where the boy stood, he could see the shipping in the harbor begin to shake out their sails for departure, while occasionally the smoke from some of the farm-houses began to ascend in the warm air.

William arose to his feet and pursued his way, for he could not bring himself to look upon the gray hairs of the poor old man; and the beauty of the morning, opening so fresh and joyous, oppressed him, as contrasted with the terrible tragedy he had just witnessed.

Oh! there are times when Nature, genial as she is to the heart at rest, weigheth us down with a double sense of solitude—when her continuous and silent operations ever elaborating the beautiful or the majestic, irrespective as they are of us, oppress us with a painful conviction that we solve the problem of human existence,

alone, alone, and no voice of hers is uttered to aid us.

CHAPTER VI.

"The red bird warbled as he wrought
His hanging nest o'er her head,
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led." [Bryant.

The boy walked on for nearly three quarters of a mile, his breathing growing thick, and his step hurried, for the terrible secret he carried, while lying thus lodged alone in his bosom, weighed upon him like the contamination of guilt. He had witnessed the shedding of blood, and his whole soul cried out for revelation. Yet, even now, the instinct of self-preservation made him revolve the means, and caused him to walk, as much as possible, in the covert of the woods, lest Carlo should betray him to the assassin.

The remainder of the route to the city was over an open road nearly the whole distance, and a traveler might be seen for nearly or quite the entire way.

William had now reached the verge of the woods, and he stood at the entrance of the opening to make a hurried survey. In the immediate vicinity was a low, one-story house, covered with shingles, the color of which indicated a recent construction, and beside it a small building with a forge, in which the men were about to commence their morning's work. The huge bellows were already in motion, and the hurried sparks issuing from the top of the chimney. Two men were standing at the forgo, but in such a manner as to conceal their faces from his view.

Presently one approached the door, and William staggered with horror to recognize in him the murderer of the old man. Carlo did the same, and rushed forward, barking furiously. The man left the door, cast a searching glance about him, and then, with a well-aimed blow, laid the faithful creature dead at his feet.

The boy's first impulse was to rush forward in aid of his favorite; but his severe lesson of the morning had taught him caution, and he drew still further within the covert.

Meanwhile the man remained in the same position, evidently waiting for the owner of the dog to make his appearance. He glanced both up and down the road, and then went to the wall, which he mounted, and repeated his scrutiny.

He was apparently thirty-five or forty years of age, and, contrary to the usages of the times, wore a heavy black beard, which nearly concealed the lower part of his face. His eyes were large and black, and he might, under some cir-

umstances, be called handsome; but now the lips were firmly set, and his whole manner was that of cool, daring hardihood, combined with something like reckless levity. He was about the medium height, but much more slightly made than his occupation would seem to indicate.

"Johnson, what are you negotiating there?" cried his companion from the shop.

The man took up the dead animal, gave it a careless toss over the wall, and then entered the shop.

William now feared to take the direct route to the city, lest he might attract the observation of the men in passing the shop. He accordingly turned again to the wood, and found his way for a considerable distance through the tangled undergrowth. He then crossed the road, scaled the wall, and thus proceeded along the sea shore till the intervention of a point of land obliged him to seek once more the main avenue.

Upon the point he found a cluster of houses, mostly of wood, and a long, rough bridge stretched between himself and the city. To the left was a ship on the stocks, and the click of hammers kept rapid time with the rude song of the workmen, while the long stroke of the adze kept up a not unmusical accompaniment.

At the left of the road stood then, as now, a pump and a trough, for the purpose of giving water to the cattle, for this one of the great avenues to the city. Large quantities of lumber pass here daily, borne on heavy carts by oxen, and the teamsters, as the drivers are called, here rest awhile before crossing the bridge.

William was about to drink from the pump, when a youth, a farmer's boy, approached from the stable with a brown pitcher under his arm; his sun-burnt, honest face, and hearty "how are ye?" as he lowered the pitcher and gave the boy to drink, had well nigh unnerved him; but he drank in silence, nor dared to turn around, for he knew the dubious eyes of the youth were fixed upon him in wondering curiosity.

Uncertain what course to pursue, he sat down upon one of the projections of the bridge, under a decaying poplar, and placed his two elbows on his knees, and then sank his forehead into the palms of his hands, that he might hold down the blood which beat and throbbled through his temples. He recalled all the circumstances of the last few hours, step by step, and then looked at the sun, just "coming forth like a strong man to win a race," and he could hardly believe that so much of the terrible could have transpired in so short a space. He could hardly identify himself, the true William, as the boy who was now homeless, the keeper of a terrible

secret, and sitting there forlorn, desolate, with no friend on earth to whom he might apply for aid or counsel. He sat in half stupor, passing years in moments, and half uncertain of existence, so dull and stone-like did he feel.

Oh! it is a weak, inadequate measurement of life, by the annual rotation of this mass of inert matter upon its axis. What hath its revolutions to do with the periods of the soul? What is a year, the passage of months or days, to human emotions? Why should the life of man be measured by seasons, when its true life is in those internal changes of which the earth has no parallel? It hath its spring-time of hope, which comes but once; its wearying autumn of despondency, and its long "winter of discontent;" but alas, alas! for its summer day of joy, brief indeed is it.

Talk not of years; we live them, long, dreary, deadening years, often in a few hours; when the past, the present, and the future, are all conjoined in one burning period of agony; and this is life, the life that carves the face, and writes characters eternal upon the soul; yet men perceive them not, and cannot know that in that brief space we have walked ages and left our compeers behind in the race.

These are the way-marks of existence, and we arise therefrom with the oppression of years. O God! we inhale the breath slowly, as if emerging from the damp of the sepulcher; we look upon the sky, and lo! it is hung as with a pall; upon the blossom, and it is faded; the faces of men are changed, and the usages of life are rapid and wearisome. We are not the same, for scales have fallen from our eyes, and we see things as they are. We feel an iron will, which must have been the growth of years. Oh! these are the days of the years of a man's life, and yet the shadow hath hardly changed upon the dial.

William had not remained long as we have described, when a stout, kindly-looking farmer grasped him by the sides of the head, and forcibly raised it up.

"Why, my lad, what ails you? are you crying? come, look up, and tell us now what's the matter."

His manner instantly changed upon perceiving the ashy hue of the boy's face.

"Where's your mother, child?" he asked instinctively, as if relief could come from no other source.

The allusion to his mother brought William to a more defined sense of his own griefs; his head fell back and he groaned heavily. The farmer drew the child nearer, and said, as gently as his nature would admit:

"Come, come now, boy, just tell us all about it, and I'm the man to help you if anybody can!"

William looked into the face of the man for more than a minute, without speaking.

"That's right, boy; 'tis an honest face, you see, an honest face I hold, in the sight of both God and man."

"It was, indeed, an honest face; and the boy, in a voice scarcely above his breath, told all the dreadful scene he had witnessed. It was now the man's turn to study the face of William, which he did with a severe aspect.

"How comes it, my lad, that you were out that time o' night, sleeping down beside a stone wall?"

"Don't stop to talk now," said the boy impatiently, his natural spirit rising when brought into contact with another; "it is all true, and we must do more than talk."

"Yes, yes, that's true enough; but you see, I should look mighty foolish to go into town there and bring out a parcel of officers, and your story turn out a sham, an ugly dream, or a confounded piece of mischief."

The boy turned away.

"No, no, my lad, you don't get off so. If your story is true, it ought to be looked after; if false, why then you need a peaky sight of looking after yourself?"

"It is true, on my soul," cried William; "you needn't go with me, only tell me where to go, and I will find the officers myself."

The man considered a moment, and then replied:

"I don't see, nither, what you'd want to tell such a peaky lie for, unless you're cracked; and you talk well enough, so far as I can see; so I think I'll run the risk of follerin' it up myself."

Having given some directions as to his team, the two moved across the bridge to the city. On the way William gave a minute account of the whole affair, in a manner which left no doubt upon the mind of his listener.

"So, then, 'tis all over with poor old Hastings," said the countryman. "Many's the time I've seen him walking about of a clear night, talking all to himself about the battle of Yorktown. He got a blow on the head there, and never seemed jist right in his mind afterwards, though nobody could say he was right down crazy—a little queerish or so, that's all; and this is all the good his money done him; true enough, what the Scriptor says, the love of money is the root of all evil."

Having crossed the bridge, the road wound around the side of a steep hill, covered with bushes and clumps of hemlock; and to the right,

skirting a precipitous bank, slept a most lovely sheet of water, just visible through a colonnade of poplars which lined the shore. Leaving this street, of a mile in length, they entered the principal thoroughfare of the city, which was called Maine street, lined upon each side with substantial wooden buildings, showing through lines of overhanging elms.

They stopped opposite a large framed yellow structure, surmounted by a little pepper-box looking belfry, upon the top of which stood a woman holding a pair of scales a trifle awry; which was not meant to indicate the mode of dispensing justice in those parts, but the rareness of the need; by which means the good woman had leisure to give the balance a rest.

Here the two stood, looking at the figure in blank perplexity. Suddenly a stout, square-built man slapped the countryman upon the shoulder, and said, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"Friend, you seem to have taken a mighty fancy to that ere woman up there; I can tell you more about her than anybody else; I'm one of her officers."

"Then you're the very man I want," answered the perplexed farmer; "this ere lad has got something for her to look after."

The manner of the officer instantly changed; he struck his staff upon the ground heavily, and fixed a penetrating glance upon the face of William.

"Come, out with it, boy; I speak as an officer of justice, and cannot be trifled with."

"This here boy," interrupted Mr. Shaw, "has been tellin' what to my mind is a most ocredible story; I can't make out what he had to do, bein' out ousder a stone wall in the middle of the night, and lookin' on to see a murder."

This was uttered in a low, drawing voice, to which the officer listened with manifest impatience. "What was murdered?" demanded the officer.

"Poor old Hastings; come, and I will show you his body, if that will make you believe."

The cautious Mr. Shaw wondered at the alertness of the officer, who waited no further questioning, but instantly collected a body to go and look for the dead and the offender. Arrived at the blacksmith's shop, it was ascertained that a man employed there for a few days, had been dismissed that morning.

"In fact," said the smith, "he hadn't been reglar bred to the trade, and wasn't strong like; and as I didn't rally need him, I paid him off, and let him go."

"How long since he went?"

"O, 'bout an hour or so; he seemed nowise bent upon stayin; he wasn't a nat'ye; and you know them er foreners never segatiate with us Yankee."

The officer cut him short, by calling upon him to assist in the pursuit of the man as guilty of murder.

A few rods further revealed the body of poor Hastings, lifeless in his gray hairs—a fearful elod, in the midst of the green, beautiful woods. For a moment all paused over the sad spectacle. Then followed the ceremony of inquest; and the body was reverently borne away, and the party started again in pursuit of the fugitive. The story spread with appalling effect upon a primitive and virtuous population, where offences even of a lighter kind were nearly unknown.

CHAPTER VII.

"To think this heart was once so waxen soft,
And then congealed so hard, that nought of all
Which hath been since could ever have the power
To wear away the image of that gri—
'Twas a wild love."

[Louisa J. Hall.

In the meanwhile, William, who seemed nearly exhausted with exertion as well as excitement, had been sent back to the city after the discovery of the body of Hastings, and left in charge of the jailor's wife. As the day wore on, an oppressive sleepiness grew upon the boy, which she perceiving, prepared to bestow him for the night. Being a straight-forward, dull woman, she had no very defined ideas in her head, excepting the one overwhelming one, that none of the prisoners must by any manner of means be allowed to escape. She troubled herself little as to the nature of crime, recognising only the fact that people were somehow caught and brought to the jail for safe-keeping, and there they must be kept.

Accordingly she armed herself with a bunch of ponderous keys, and bade William follow her up a flight of rickety stairs upon the outside of the gloomy stone jail. William had been sitting upon a wooden bench, winking and staring his eyes, in vain efforts to ward off sleep, while the woman moved back and forth at an ironing table; and now that she, all red in the face, and with hands hot from the iron, took hold of him to lead him away into this terrible place, he turned pale and burst into tears. The woman was certainly afraid of pity, for she did not look at the child, nor speak a word; yet her lip quivered, and her face grew white, except the spots crimsoned by the heat of the fire.

She led him through a long, dark passage, and opened a door into a room with one window high up in the wall, and defended with iron gratings.

The boy gave one wild glance about the room, and then clung to her garments, saying,

"Do not leave me here; I have done no wrong; put me anywhere but in this gloomy place."

The woman took his fingers from her clothes, and ran out without speaking a word; but she listened long upon the outside of the door, the tears streaming from her eyes. Perceiving all was silent, she went down, and began to iron away, as if nothing had happened. But she could not do so long; she took a quilt on her arm, and went up to the room, and opened the door as gently as she could for the rust. She spread the rug upon the floor in one corner, where had been strewn fresh straw, and lifting William from the floor, for he had fallen asleep, she kissed his cheek, yet wet with tears, and wept herself as if her heart would break, when the poor child murmured "mother;" then she went out better eased than before, and thinking it must be a shocking thing to be a mother, after all, as no one could tell what dreadful end children might make.

It was past midnight, when the door again unclosed, and a pale, haggard man was thrust inward; the door creaked slowly; there was the rumble of the lock, and all was still. The new captive was so entirely exhausted, for he had been hunted through swamps and woods, across ponds and brooks, doubling, and skulking, and winding, like a beset and tortured beast, until human nature could endure no more; and now he groped about the dark room, feeling of the walls, until his foot touched the rug upon which the boy lay; then he sunk down and stretched himself by his side, and slept, his arm circling the child's waist with instinctive tenderness.

William sobbed and wept, oppressed by bitter dreams, the most terrible of which presented his mother, white as marble, her blue eyes fixed, and her golden hair neglected upon her shoulders, and she silent and piteous. Long ere the light gleamed into the prison he was awake, conscious of a companion, and at a loss to know who it might be. The sleeper breathed heavily, and when the boy moved aside from his clasp, low moanings escaped him. William's heart was touched, and he nestled again to his side and laid his hand upon the head of the stranger. Whether it was that the pressure of that innocent hand did its office of mercy, or the man was becoming more quiet from the tranquillising effect of slumber, we will not say; but he did sleep, long and softly, till the light gradually stole into the room, and then the child raised himself upward and looked searchingly into his face.

It is well known that no human being can long abide this intense scrutiny; it is as if the very soul revolted at having its receptacle so invaded, and the deepest slumber may be broken by this means, and this alone.

The stranger opened his eyes at the very moment that conviction entered the mind of the child, who recoiled, and yet could not withdraw his eyes; and the two gazed long and painfully into each other's faces. At length, William, in utter silence, withdrew to the far corner of the room, where he crouched down and covered his face with his hands.

The man turned himself heavily upon the straw, groaning and muttering to himself. "Still, forever, that face!" Perceiving a bible upon the floor, which had fallen from the little bundle of the child, he opened it and read the name, "Sarah Putney, Ashburton, England." The book dropped from his hand, and he uttered a groan, so deep, so full of intense misery, that William started from his seat with instinctive sympathy. The man seized him by the arm and pondered his face so long and closely that William grew too deeply terrified to cry out, expecting every moment some further act of enormity.

At length the man's hand dropped to his side, and he sank back upon his couch, his face frightfully pale, and looking doubly haggard from his neglected hair and beard, which were lank and damp from suffering. William knelt with clasped hands, and cried:

"I wish I had never seen the deed—I wish I had never told. Poor man! God comfort you!"

"Say it again," murmured the man.

William felt as if his whole heart were in the words,

"God forgive you and comfort you, and take the terrible sin from your soul."

"Amen," said the man, and tears grew under his lids. He opened his arms, and William laid himself therein, trembling and weeping.

"How terrible it is! how broken-hearted you are!" His voice was stopped, and the man raised him and laid him upon the straw. He had fainted. When he at length recovered, the prisoner was weeping too; but still and gentle as a child. He asked many questions, which William answered as well as he was able, and long, very long, did he dwell upon the story of his mother—her sweetness, her goodness, her beauty, and the great love she bore her child. Led away by the subject, he did not at first perceive how the man wept, as if each tear were a great drop of blood, forced from a stifling heart.

At length the man asked, "Will you do one thing for me, William?" The boy assented.

The stranger took a small golden locket from his bosom and said, "Give this to your mother, and ask her to pray for the soul of him who sent it." William promised. "And now," he continued, "I hear people in the passage. You must not appear against me; Oh, God! I could not bear that! and child, will you give me one kiss?" William complied, and the man led him to the door, to meet the comers, saying, "Take this child hence. In God's name, take the innocent from the guilty."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Yet all thy beauty, poor, deluded girl!
Served but to light thy ruin. Is there not,
Kind Heaven! some secret talisman of hearts
Whereby to find a resting-place for love!"

[Rufus Dawes.]

From the cold and reckless manner in which the crime had been committed, people were prepared for a long and difficult trial, and the show of great hardihood on the part of the prisoner. Those of dull imaginations were on the tiptoe of expectancy, preparing to devote days, and perhaps weeks, to the gradual unfoldings of crime, the details of plot and secrecy, and the delight of gloating over a human face upon which had been set the seal of Cain. Great was the disappointment, and it may be vexation, when it was ascertained that but little more than the form of trial would be necessary—the prisoner having persisted in his determination to plead guilty to the charge.

Accordingly, after the needful ceremonial, he was remanded to the jail to await the day appointed for execution. Here we must leave him to the commiseration of the pious and the good, who did not fail to afford the only relief available—human prayers, and tears, and sympathy. We will leave him to the Great Giver of the spirit, in the meek trust that, though far astray, he will yet gather it to himself.

In the meanwhile William returned home, where the story of his adventure had in part preceded him. His mother received him with tears of passionate tenderness. She took him into her lap, tall as he was, and rocked him back and forth in her arms, as if this might allay the yearningness of maternal instinct. She wept and laughed by turns, till the child grew terrified at the excess of emotion. Even George Crosby, at first, abated a portion of his usual sullenness at the sight of the boy; but the unwonted tenderness of Sarah so vexed him that he grew silent and moody again.

William took a footstool and sat down at his

mother's feet, and began to tell the story of his adventures. The little group listened in silent wonder, with scarcely a comment, for all was too terrible for words. He went on step by step, told of the long night in the jail, the terror which at first drew him to the side of his companion, as a relief from the silence and the darkness; of the slowly gathering light, by which he learned that he had slept in the arms of the dark, cruel man; he told of his own simple prayer, the tears of the captive, the discovery of the Bible—to all which Sarah listened, silent and breathless.

All at once William, who had been looking, almost unconscious that he did so, into her face, stopped and cried, "Oh! mother, move; turn your head, dear mother; you looked just so in my dream."

Sarah pressed her lips to his forehead, and he went on; when, at length, the child drew the locket from his bosom and held it up, repeating the words of the guilty man, she gave one long, loud shriek, and fell at the feet of her husband. She tried to speak, again and again, but no words came, and she only held up her poor, pale hands in speechless agony.

George Crosby took her in his arms, and strode up and down the floor as if she had been a babe; he pressed her to his heart, he gnashed his teeth in anguish, and there she lay, with her long hair streaming downward and her eyes fixed as in death. He laid her upon the bed, and knelt down; and there, O God, he saw the soul recede inward to its citadel, its light fading from the face, and leaving the unmeaning blank of idiocy.

Weeks and months transpired; George Crosby was more gloomy than ever; but for all this, there was a wild, passionate tenderness blent with all his intercourse with his family. The two children were most carefully nurtured, and William was met with an affectionate gentleness to which he had never been accustomed. Yet when all was hushed to sleep in the house, hour after hour might he be seen walking along the shore, and often in loud prayer giving vent to the gloom within. The neighbors were few at that time, yet many did not fail to make effort to wile the unhappy man from what to them was an unaccountable mood, or an evidence of that "wrestling of the spirit" by which they believed God strove to subdue an erring creature to himself.

At length came the close of a beautiful day in June—the month when, of all others, one would ask to wait yet awhile upon the earth—and yet on this day, upon the top of Montjoy—

a beautiful hill overlooking the city of Portland and the bay, the islands, and loveliest country in the world—from this lovely spot, in view of all this peacefulness and beauty, and in this month, when the veins most thrill with life, had a human being been sent, by legal violence, hence to God; and a great multitude looked upon the deed with pale faces, and sobs, and nerves that winced in terrible concert with the dying.

It was late in the night when a man desired to speak with the High Sheriff. That officer might well be pardoned, after a day of such excitement, if a shade of paleness passed over his face, when a large, tall man, entered his room, with slouched hat and a black mask concealing his features.

"O! aye," said the officer; "it is well to be prompt. I am glad you called for the money to-night, for I want to get this ugly business off my mind."

"So do I," rejoined the other.

The Sheriff, not without a look of disgust, proceeded to count out a considerable sum of money, which he pushed across the table to the stranger.

The man brought down his fist fiercely upon the amount, and, stooping forward, said:

"Mr. Sheriff, does not your oath of office bind you to the performance of the ugly duty of to-day?"

"O! aye; to have it done," said the other, wincing slightly.

"Well then," do you not see, that when you offer a *bride* to another, who has no sacred duty to his country, by which he is bound by oath, in the sight of the great God; do you not see, that when you bribe him to the Judas act, you make him a cowardly, pitiful murderer?"

He uttered the last words hissing through his teeth, and struck the table so violently, that the Sheriff arose in dismay, and stood with his hand upon a small cane which rested beside him. The man observed the gesture, and said scornfully, as he swept the money upon the floor, and placed his foot thereon:

"You have nothing to fear from me. Did you think I came here at this dead hour to claim the price of blood? Did you think me so much the Judas that I would take gold for blood! No; I came here to tell you why I stood in your place to-day, and to take the bloody garment from my shoulders and lay it upon yours, where by *oath* it belongs. What I have done to-day, I did as a solemn atonement for great, for unspeakable wrong. It was all that was left me to do, to right the injured, and

I have done it; not for gold, but as in God's stead, his instrument, and his only. I whispered, at the last, one name in his ear, and saw its effect."

The Sheriff recoiled at what seemed the shade of insanity in his visitor, and asked:

"And what said he?"

"It is well."

For many moments a deathlike silence prevailed in the room, and then the man went as he came.

It was well known by the public that the Sheriff had offered a large sum of money to any one who would execute the last severe penalty of the law, and as the personage who appeared upon the scaffold wore a mask, George Crosby was not identified till years after, when, in the heat of religious excitement, he detailed much of the story here given, as an evidence of the badness of his own heart, and his great need of trial to subdue its evil manifestations.

TWIN SONNETS.

BY J. ERHINA LOCKE.

" * * * * *"
 Ay, thou didst say this, and my heart leaped up,
 'Neath the delicious rain of thy sweet words,
 Where it had lain like a pale lily cup
 Beside the shrunken waters, limp and lithe,
 And trodden under foot of the dumb herds
 That came to seek the stream—yet lolling with
 Their thirst, so eager not to drink its thin wave,
 As I the measure full of thy rich love.
 To-day I tread the earth as a young queen,
 With sapphire crown above her forehead proud,
 Whose fingers none may touch, not princes e'en,
 Save on their bended knee. Thy passionate kiss
 Hath christened thus my brow and lifted me to this!

11.

We grew alike—from the same barren soil,
 Unwashed of shower, and all unkindled of sun;
 We grew alike in the hot tempest dun
 Of startled souls, bound each in earthly coil,
 In every panting breath outending love,
 As pansie the white breast of the mateless dove.
 We grew alike, yet never met our twin,
 Through the long lonesome years that love begin,
 Until at length in deeper, holier shade,
 Than ever where his temple Druid made,
 One glance of thy dark eye fell upon mine,
 And all around was redolent with light
 That love had cast on the lone desolate night,
 Thus evermore thou art my spirit's shrine.

KING-CUP.

Blossom flowing king-cups promise future wealth,
 And bright fairies, now no doubt unseen,
 In silent revels sup!
 With dew-drop bumpers toast their queen,
 From crown-flower's golden cup. [Clara.

THE OLDEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD.

ABOUT the middle of the fifth century—according to some authorities in 441, and to others in 469—a native of Dalmatia, named Marino, a stone-cutter by trade, while employed in building the bridge of Rimini, attracted by his piety the notice of Gaudentius, Bishop of Brescia, by whom he was made a deacon.

Soon after he retired to Mount Tiano, a craggy and almost inaccessible mountain, situated on the coast of the Adriatic, between Ancona and Florence, in latitude 43° 58' north, and longitude 12° 21' 28" east, with the design of leading a hermit's life.

He soon acquired a reputation for great sanctity, and the Italian Princes who owned the territory, gave it to him.

Thereupon a considerable number of families took up their residence on the spot, and a republican form of government was instituted; thus laying the foundation of the town and Republic of Marino, or San Marino, which, though possessing the smallest territory of any State in Europe, and superior in population to but two, (Liechtenstein,* in Germany, and Mellingen,† in Switzerland,) has preserved its independence to this day, a period of 1,400 years, during which the proudest Republics of Northern Italy, Venice, Verona, Genoa, &c., have fallen. In fact, the contentions which agitated these more powerful States, and which eventually produced their destruction, may have contributed in some measure to the continuance of their weaker neighbors—San Marino having always been a place of refuge for all who sought peace amid the turbulence of the feudal ages; and who, therefore, like our Pilgrim fathers, might be expected to aim at the establishment and maintenance of institutions free from those elements of discord and strife which characterized the Government under which they had lived, and from which they had fled. The social or domestic history of so remarkable a State, could it be written, would be curious and instructive; but, unfortunately, that very insignificance which has operated to preserve its independent exist-

* Liechtenstein, the smallest of the Principalities of the Germanic Confederation, has an area of fifty-three square miles, and a population of about seven thousand.

† Mellingen, in Switzerland, contains eight hundred inhabitants, (including women and children,) all Catholics, and for the most part blacksmiths, farmers and locksmiths. They comprise a Republic under the protection of the eight ancient cantons, but depending upon none of them. They have a town-house adorned with the arms of the eight cantons. The Grand Council consists of fourteen persons, the Little Council of ten, and the Privy Council of three. The Executive is represented by two Advocates.