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NO. 9.

EDUCATION IN THE NAVY.*

"Non omnia possumus omnes."

"You can't do every thing, and go to mill too!"

"Placed by their profession in connexion with the world, visiting in their career of service every climate and every leading people, the officers of the American Navy, if they gain but opportunity for scientific instruction, may make themselves distinguished for culture as they have been for gallant conduct." This idea, expressed by the Hon. George Bancroft, as Secretary of the Navy, in a letter addressed by him, August 7th, 1845, to Commander Buchanan of the Navy, has been long entertained by all who have seriously considered the wants and interests of the Navy of the United States.† It has been generally conceded that the opportunities of systematic education afforded to navy officers have been too limited for the demands of their vocation. The first plans to extend such opportunities consisted in

*1. *Plan and Regulations of the Naval School at Annapolis.* 12mo, pp. 20. Washington. 1846.

2. *Rules and Regulations for the government of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, prepared by a board of Navy Officers, and approved by Wm. BALLARD PRESTON, Secretary of the Navy.* 8vo, pp. 31. Washington. C. Alexander, printer. 1850.

† "The propriety of establishing Naval Schools has frequently been submitted to the consideration of Congress. I again respectfully bring it to your notice, as a subject of increasing interest to the Navy. The use of steam vessels in war will render necessary a different order of scientific knowledge from that which has been heretofore required. If our navy should be increased by the addition of any considerable number of steam vessels, engineers will form an important class of naval officers. It will be necessary to assign to them an appropriate rank, and to subject them to all the laws of the service. Great care should be used in the selection of them, because a great deal will depend on their skill and competency; hence it is necessary that they should pass through a prescribed course of instruction, and that the Government should have the proof of their competency, which an examination conducted under their own rules would afford. This important object can be best attained by the establishment of naval schools, provided with all necessary means of uniting practice with theory. The advantages which the Army has derived from the Academy at West Point, afford a sufficient proof that a similar institution for the navy would produce like results."—*Report of the Secretary of the Navy*, (A. P. Upshur,) Dec. 1841.

the employment of teachers on board of ships-of-war, and to assemble the midshipmen six months prior to their examination for promotion at the Naval Asylum near Philadelphia, where they were taught some branches of mathematics and the elements of the French and Spanish languages. The course of instruction was based upon the novitiate or apprenticeship of midshipmen being limited to five years, prior to examination; and that the greater portion of this period should be spent at sea in the study of seamanship practically. At the suggestion of Mr. Bancroft, Fort Severn at Annapolis, Md., in 1845, was transferred to the Navy Department, to be used as a Naval School, for which a system of discipline and instruction was devised by Commanders Buchanan, McKean and Dupont. Under this plan the school has been in operation since August, 1846.

The course of studies included, "English Grammar and Composition; Arithmetic, Geography and History; Navigation, Gunnery, and the use of Steam; the Spanish and French Languages; and such other branches, desirable to the accomplishment of a naval officer, as circumstances may render practicable," among which were embraced the elements of physics and chemistry.

Alluding to the naval school, in his first annual report, Mr. Preston says: "Experience had disclosed many defects in its organization, and suggested many improvements which might be readily effected without materially increasing the expenditure for the institution. In the month of October, (1849) a board of officers was directed to revise and amend the regulations, with a view to re-organize the school—conforming it, as nearly as the two branches of the service would permit, to the West Point Academy. The board discharged the duty in a manner highly acceptable and satisfactory to the Department; and the hope is entertained, that, under the system thus provided, the future discipline, instruction, and management of the School will be promoted and advanced, and its beneficial influence on the efficiency and usefulness of the service greatly increased. In the education, discipline, and professional experience of a corps of officers, can we alone evince a just and proper appreciation of the maxim that we should 'in time of peace prepare for war.'"

The revised plan of the "Naval Academy"

But grieve not, lady! on the past,
 'T was all too beautiful to last;
 Thy future's lines may yet be cast
 In 'places' quite as 'pleasant':
 And others seek, with friendship's wile,
 Thy gentle sorrows to beguile,
 As tenderly as they whose smile
 Makes glad the fleeting present.

'T is sad to leave the haunted glade,
 The homestead where thy presence made
 A mellow sunshine in the shade,
 Like WORDSWORTH'S highland beauty;
 But he whose arm thy footsteps stays
 Shall lead thee through the coming days
 Along the green and quiet ways
 Of holy faith and duty.

And thus with all that love endears,
 With him to share thy hopes and fears,
 May'st thou live on, till added years
 Of age give timely warning:
 Then be it thine on joys to muse
 That still around thy path diffuse
 A radiance softer than the hues
 Of life's unclouded morning.

J. R. THOMPSON.

Richmond, Va.

JUDITH BENSADDI:

A TALE.

Second edition, revised and enlarged by the author.

Preface to the Second Edition.

Ten years ago, the author heard, at bed time, some extraordinary incidents that had befallen a young friend of his. The romantic character of these incidents excited his fancy so, that he could not sleep until a tale was fabricated out of the materials, and the mind had unburdened itself by putting its conceptions on paper. After a hasty revision, this effusion of a restless imagination was sent to the press. It was published in a literary periodical of Philadelphia, and, to the author's mortification, a good deal blurred by a foul typography. It was copied, errors and all, into several country papers; and in spite of defects, whether in authorship or typography, the natural interest of the story caused it to be considerably read and admired.

After some two or three years, the author's name accidentally leaked out, and became generally known among his acquaintances; and it has been from that time sent abroad occasionally, in connection with this sole specimen of his literary fancy-work. Feeling some regard for his reputation as a writer, even in this unusual line, he has been induced now, after so long a time, to employ some of his leisure hours in preparing a corrected and enlarged edition. He has given more development to the chief incidents and characters, added some of a subordinate kind that are new, and interwoven some descriptions of natural objects with the narrative. Thus he has more than doubled its size, and, he presumes to think, greatly increased the interest of the story. There is still in some parts a want of the careful finish, and strict correction,

that are desirable, even in the smallest work of taste and fancy. For remaining defects of whatever kind, the author can offer no apology, but either the want of genius for such compositions, or what is certainly true, the want of sufficient uninterrupted leisure amidst weighty cares and occupations, to polish a work of literary amusement. He has found an agreeable relaxation from severer labors of the mind, in this exercise of the imagination. Should any of his acquaintances think that the composition of a tale, however innocent in its tendency or serious in its effect, misbecomes the gravity of his office, he begs to be excused for this once; and to be indulged in treating the only child of his fancy so far like a pet, as to be allowed, after such long neglect, to give it a new dress, and thus to let it go forth with better hopes to seek its fortune in the literary world.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

Sometimes a single incident at the outset of a man's career, may determine the course and color of his after life. He may find himself placed, unexpectedly in such critical circumstances, that by a decision which cannot be delayed, he has the prospect of making, yet the apprehension of marring, his fortune during life.

An unlooked-for tide in his affairs may seem ready to bear him away to the islands of the happy; but he fears by the way some hidden rocks and quicksands by which all his hopes are in danger of being wrecked and engulfed forever. He stands upon the shore in trembling perplexity, strongly tempted yet afraid to embark. The tide of fortune begins to ebb; warning him that time and tide wait for no man; and that procrastination will be the death of opportunity. He still hesitates, painfully suspended between the attractions of hope and the repulsive suggestions of fear. The tide is gone: the happy opportunity has fled: he discovers, too late, that the danger was imaginary and the offered good inestimable. Then does he bewail his indecision, and reproach himself through life for the neglect of that golden opportunity. A bright and lovely object had, like a heavenly meteor, flashed upon his sight and kindled his feelings to a glow. As it shone upon his enraptured vision, it invited him over the waters to its region of felicity; but when he delayed to answer the call, it vanished forever from his sight, and left him weeping upon the desolate shore. His only consolation was, that the result, though unfortunate, was not fatal, and still left open to him the humble path of exertion and the ordinary prospects of life, to which he had formerly looked. Reflection teaches him the salutary lesson, that the accidental opportunity was an act of Divine Providence, throwing rare circumstances into conjunction, to show man that his way is not in himself: and that his own conduct in so extraordinary a case, is

evidence of weakness and fallibility, which should humble him beneath the mighty hand that sways the destiny of man.

Such a critical tide of fortune once occurred in the affairs of my life. It gave occasion to these reflections; and was of so rare and striking a character, as to make a story somewhat interesting and instructive. I proceed to record it, not only for the entertainment, but the admonition of the young reader; who should learn from it to act promptly as well as prudently, in critical conjunctures, and never to indulge any feeling in regard to human affairs to such excess, as to disqualify himself for the exercise of a cool and dispassionate judgment. This is the lesson which I would now teach him, from the most affecting portion of all my experiences.

CHAPTER II.

A STUDENT'S JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH,

I was born and educated in Rockbridge, a county that lies in the great valley of Virginia, and derives its name from that famous curiosity, the Natural Bridge. My parents were respectable, but in such moderate circumstances, that they could afford me nothing more than a good education. Our residence was on the North River side, near Lexington, the seat of Washington College, an institution which has never made an ostentatious display of its claims to public notice, but which has nevertheless produced a large number of good scholars and excellent men. Here, of course, I pursued my liberal studies. We lived so near the village that I could attend all its schools without boarding away from home. This prevented in my case, what often happens in others, a breach of domestic attachments by early absence and long association with scenes and persons at a distance from the parental domicile. All my pleasures during the freshness and ardor of youth, were associated with home and kindred and the beautiful scenery of my birth-place.

Having by years of diligent application, obtained a distinguished place among the graduates of my college, which does not bestow its honors with a lavish hand, I betook myself ambitiously, and I may add, successfully, to a course of professional studies, under a learned gentleman of the village, whose office I frequently visited while I kept my lodging at home. My industry was the more energetic, because my worldly hopes depended on my personal exertions: and I was resolved to make up for my want of fortune by mental accomplishments and professional ability. Before I had finished the extensive task allotted to myself, I suffered a disheartening check upon

my exertions. Excessive application to books gradually brought on me the symptoms of consumption—the penalty often paid for literary ambition. Still, though aware of danger, I was loathe to quit my books. But the frequent cough and the hectic spot on a pale cheek, alarmed my friends so much that they called in a physician to aid them with his authority in persuading me to desist. His warning voice added to their anxious remonstrances, at length overcame my reluctance to quench the lamp of study: yet I did it reluctantly, even when I knew that persistence would extinguish the lamp of life; so treacherous a guide is even the noblest passion, and so needful of control. I consented however to fly from the sharp air of the mountains and to spend the approaching winter in the warm plains of the south. I promised also to abstain from all study, and to apply myself wholly to the social pleasures and amusements, which might cheer my drooping spirits and promote the restoration of my health.

When the chill winds of November admonished me to depart; I prepared to travel alone on horseback. My simple preparations being soon completed, I bade a sorrowful adieu to my friends and to the homestead of my youth, where every object was pleasant and dear to my soul. Never had I felt so melancholy. My previous absences from home had been only short excursions for amusement: my local attachments were strong and unbroken; my little circle of kindred and friends was nearly all the world to me. My journey was a solitary one to a strange land; my disease I knew to be always insidious and often fatal. I was constitutionally subject to fits of mental dejection. How could I be otherwise than sad? I was in fact plunged into the deepest gulf of despondency. When I reached the top of the Blue Ridge, a lonely fugitive from home, breathing short from obstructed lungs, going far away for the first time, to live and not improbably, to die among strangers, I turned to take what might be my last look over the woody hills and the cedar cliffs, that bent the river half round my paternal home. I saw the smoke in bluish wreaths ascending from the peaceful nook. I began to weep—yes, though a man grown, I wept like a child, when I waved my hand to bid the unutterable adieu to my native land, and turned my horse's head down the southern declivity of the mountain.

I pursued my journey moping and sometimes despairing, but occasionally interested, and the more so as I went farther on, with the new scenes through which I passed, and the new aspects of human life that occurred to my observation. I arrived safely, though still in low health and spirits, at a village near the Savannah river,

where I purposed to sojourn during the winter. The location was suitable in every respect; the climate was mild, the society good, and one of my former college mates was the most popular physician in the place. By him I was soon introduced into some of the most agreeable families in the town and neighborhood. Now I learned by experience, what I had heard from the reports of travellers, how engaging are the charms of southern hospitality. My case seemed to excite as much sympathy among these benevolent strangers, as if I had been of their own flesh and blood. They ministered to my diseased mind a thousand delicate and consoling attentions. My rustic backwardness in strange company was quickly subdued by their easy and open simplicity of manners—that true politeness which is not an imitation of conventional forms, but an agreeable manifestation of kind feelings. New scenes, cheerful conversation, pleasant rides in the soft winter air, and all the nameless appliances of watchful benevolence to a drooping invalid, soon turned the ebb of my health and spirits into reviving flow. My appetite was restored, my cough ceased, my respirations became free, the purple tinge of health revisited my cheek, and all the world again brightened around me: And what was not a recovered good, but a positive and a delightful acquisition, I began to relish in a high degree the pleasures of society, and was daily learning to act my part in company with a better grace, and a more ready communicativeness than formerly. During my studious life, I took no pleasure in social parties, but preferred to ramble alone for amusement in the green woods, or on the wild cliffs and shady river banks about home, or over the high mountains that border my native valley; from whose forest crowned summits I could look out, and see finer sights than “the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces” of the artificial world. But now the experience of three months, devoted to the enjoyment of mixed society, had completely tapped a new fountain of pleasure in my soul; and the stream that flowed from it, if not so deep as some others, was yet so sweet and sparkling, that I was resolved no more to neglect its pleasant entertainments. My new circle of hospitable friends had gained such a hold upon my affections, that I felt much less than I had anticipated the weariness of a long absence from home. But still I did not forget my dear native mountains. In the solitude of my chamber, I often longed for their whispering shades and mossy rivulets; but I could bear my absence without repining now, because I hoped, ere long, to see them again, as I had often seen them with delight, raising their green heads aloft in the vernal air, and bathing them in the cerulean light of heaven.

CHAPTER III.

THE STUDENT'S NEW STAGE ACQUAINTANCES.

To confirm my health and to enlarge my scanty knowledge of the world, I resolved to visit Charleston on my way home, and thence to take a sea-voyage round to the Chesapeake. Accordingly, when spring began to smile over the woods and fields, I bade my southern friends an affectionate farewell, and took a seat in the Charleston stage, which left the village two hours before sun-rise. I found two other passengers within; but discovering by the starlight only, that they were a man and a woman, I said nothing to them, and they said nothing to me, until daylight. We seemed on both sides, to feel a diffidence of venturing to address a stranger in the dark, when we could not see even the color of his face. They once in a while spoke a few words to each other in a low and remarkably sweet tone of voice. This awakened in me a curiosity to see what manner of persons they were, whose half whispered words sounded musically. When the dawn began to disclose the personal appearance of my fellow travellers, I was struck with their beauty. They were evidently brother and sister; the one being a masculine likeness of the other. They were in the bloom of youth, with complexions between brown and fair, raven black locks, and eyes moderately large, not quite jetty black, but star-bright interpreters of intellect and feeling. Their faces were roundish oval, all the features in just proportion, and the expression of the whole, vivacious and benign. In person, they were well shaped, the limbs plump and rounded, their stature of the middle height, and the body inclining to fulness. Nothing else in their personal appearance struck me as remarkable, until I saw them walk, and then I noticed an easy and graceful agility of movement, indicating muscular elasticity, sprightliness of mind, and, as I thought, a cultivated taste.

The young lady struck me at once, and indeed at all times, as the most beautiful gem of humanity that I had ever seen. At first I considered her, but rather doubtfully, as a brunette—a sweet pretty brunette—but when I looked at her in the open air, and the full light of day, the ebony black of her flowing hair, and the mild black of her lustrous eyes, contrasted so strongly with the delicate hue of her complexion, that I pronounced her so fair, as to be only not florid. I endeavored to criticise every part of her person and features—but, except what I have mentioned, I discovered nothing in the superlative degree—her round forehead was not very round; her nose had no very

marked character; her mouth was neither wider nor narrower than common; her lips neither thick nor thin. The only striking circumstance about her mouth, was a sort of tremulous vivacity of muscle, ready to catch and to express the slightest movements of the soul. As to her chin and cheeks, I could not say that they were or were not dimpled; for the play of her features made dimples appear and vanish alternately. Nor could I call her neck long and arched, as the necks of beauties are usually described—this young lady's was neither long nor short, though it tapered a little. Her foot was not very small, not a withered Chinese foot, but in good proportion to the person which it had to support. As to other first appearances, my fellow passengers were genteelly but not showily dressed, and had all the air of good breeding.

After several glances of curiosity had passed between us, we gave token of a willingness to try each other's conversation. We began with due caution, feeling our way with a short remark at a time on the weather, the road, and othersuch trivial matters. This foretaste proving satisfactory, we extended our remarks to subjects less trite—such as the features of the country and the condition of its inhabitants. Here too, we mutually elicited observations, good in themselves and savoring of better yet in store. Encouraged by our progress thus far, we promptly advanced another degree, and launched forth our thoughts into a bolder strain; making, in turn, little discourses on the effects of climate and geographical circumstances, in modifying the character and pursuits of the population around us. Here we at least bordered upon the philosophical, or got perhaps within its confines; yet none of us failed, not even the lady, young and beautiful and bright-eyed though she was. Her speeches thus far on in the conversation, were neither many nor long; but they were music to the ear, intelligence to the understanding, and to my heart they were—I knew not the nature of the impression—it was something undefinable—it can only be suggested by comparison; and yet I am in doubt whether to say that it was refreshing as a chrystal fountain in the shade, when the fields glow with summer heat; or rather a genial warmth like that of the April sun, when the zephyr breathes softly and the flowers are springing.

We soon dismissed all caution and reserve. We had found ourselves to be mutually agreeable, and in a short time understood one another so well, as to feel assured that nothing would be said or taken amiss; so we poured ourselves forth without measure, and were soon flowing on with a full current of loquacity. My fellow travellers delighted me more than strangers had ever done—their speech was so intellectual, yet so modest—

was set off with such a sparkling vivacity, yet with such a kindness of manner, that it raised in me the highest tide of social animation, that I had experienced since my melancholy departure from home; or perhaps the highest that I had ever experienced.

But who were my new acquaintances? I had a great desire to know, but not the impertinence to ask. They spoke English with the perfect ease and idiom of well-educated natives of England or America; but in their persons differed from my notion of the Anglo-Saxon race. The course of our conversation, however, soon led us to speak of the people of different countries. I alluded to my Virginia mountaineers—they, to their fellow cockneys, and to London as their native city. Their name, Bensaddi, soon afterwards mentioned, sounded in my ears like an Italian name; and I shrewdly conjectured that their dark eyes and hair, with their brunettish complexion, were due to the influence of an Italian, perhaps of a Sicilian sun, upon their ancestors.

I was now curious to know the object and course of their travels. As if he had perceived my curiosity on the subject, the open-hearted young gentleman took occasion to tell me the following particulars. The father having some business with a planter in the West Indies, had sent his son to attend to it; the sister took a fancy to accompany him, and had after much pleading, obtained their father's consent, that she might see the curiosities of nature in the torrid zone, and “the black man in the miseries of West Indian bondage, and the white man in the highest state of freedom, as he is in your happy country,” said the young gentleman politely.

“Miss Bensaddi sees man in the extremes of slavery and freedom here,” said I candidly.

“Not so far gone in the dark extreme of slavery, (said he,) for West Indian bondage is worse than yours; though I confess that the mildest form of slavery is a degradation bitter to the feelings of mankind.”

“Yes, sir, to us it would be intolerably galling, because we have the birth-right and the sentiment of freedom. But happily for the poor negroes, they have never known the state of freedom, nor imbibed its sentiments; hence they are not aggrieved by a sense of degradation and wrong. Born to slavery, they grow up with minds conformable to their condition, and rarely, if left to themselves, brood over the hardships of their lot; but finding their parents, themselves, and nearly all their race, placed in it by Divine Providence, their only thought is to make the best of a condition which is not without its comforts and advantages.”

“True, sir, you have accounted for a fact,

which is little known in England, and which both surprised and gratified us, when we observed it in America. The slaves, in general, seem to be as contented and merry a set of beings as any in the world. They laugh, and sing, and dance, not to 'drive dull care away,' for dull care seems never to visit them: they seem to think that, as they themselves belong to their master, he is bound to take their cares into the bargain; so they throw the vexatious pack upon his shoulders, and leap for very lightness of heart at their deliverance."

"Now, brother, (said the young lady playfully,) did not I tell you when we left Savannah, that if you staid much longer among these merry slaves, you would renounce abolitionism, and defend slavery as the best condition of poor laborers. You know what care-worn wretches most of our hireling laborers and small jobbers are at home, especially the mechanics and manufacturers, how hard they must work for a scanty subsistence, while they are healthy and strong; how precarious their resources, and how little they can hope to lay up for their future support; and consequently, what a miserable prospect they have for the coming days of sickness and old age—having nothing better to rely on than the cold comfort of the parish hospital, with a stinted dole of public charity often grudgingly administered. What a contrast to your light-hearted slaves, who are sure of a competency without care on their part, a provision which they look to as their right, and enjoy without the mortification of being dependants on charity. Thus released from the care of providing for themselves and their families, their only remaining care is how to get easily through the hours of labor, and merrily through all the rest. Now, brother, have you not proved that we ought to renounce abolitionism?"

"Not yet, my sister. You have made an ingenious web of my argument, and thrown it dexterously over my own head; but you have not so fastened the loop-holes, but that I can escape its entanglements. Every thing that has length and breadth has two sides, you know. So has slavery, and so has free labor. I turned up the bright side of slavery, and you showed the dark side of free labor. The contrast was strikingly advantageous to slavery—so you clapped, without further ceremony, this inference upon me, as the conclusion of the whole matter. That was not fair—was it, sir?"

"You need not appeal, brother, for I acknowledge that I was too hasty. But sir, (said she, addressing me,) we are sincerely gratified at one result of our observations thus far in America. We have discovered that negro slavery is not on all sides so dark and doleful as we had imagined. It has, indeed, some cheerful, sunny spots, de-

lightful to look upon. Brother, tell Mr. Garamé of the pleasant scenes that we witnessed at Colonel P——'s, where we saw the negro wedding. That sight would have convinced any one that slaves might be happy in their slavery. It was an example in point—or, what I have heard Doctor Magruder call, an ocular demonstration. Do tell it, brother."

"Tell it yourself, Judith, for you enjoyed the sight fully as much as I did, and you probably remember the circumstances better."

A slight tinge of rose-colored modesty suffused her cheek, as she hesitated a moment to answer.

"I fear that I should make a wearisome story of it—for, after all, it was but an humble scene of joy, felt by untutored hearts, and manifested in a way so unrefined, as to afford little scope for entertaining description; especially when told to one who is so familiar with incidents of the kind as I suppose Mr. Garamé is. Such pleasant passages in the experience of slaves often occur in this country, I presume—but they are almost unheard of in England—and I shall carry this one home in my memory for the edification of some friends there, who have been lately filled with dismal ideas of American slavery, and almost raging indignation against all slaveholders. We were fast catching the same dark colored views and feelings when we embarked for America. One object of our voyage was, that we might see how the poor slaves lived and fared, and what could or ought to be done for their relief—and we rejoice to find, that in some cases, nothing better can be done for them, than to leave them in the undisturbed possession of their blessings."

"I am glad that you have found it so—but, Miss Bensaddi, I beg that you will favor me with an account of the negro wedding. I know that the slaves in my part of the country have as light a task of labor, and enjoy as many comforts, as common laborers can well experience in any country or any condition; and that they have both hearts and leisure to frolic as much as their white fellow-laborers; but I am a stranger in these Southern parts, and have had very limited opportunity of observing the condition of the slaves. You will, therefore, gratify me by giving a sketch of the wedding scene."

"Well, sir, an imperfect sketch is all that I can promise. We went by invitation to the hospitable mansion of Colonel P——. On approaching the house, we observed a large party of slaves, before one of the quarters, by the yard fence, and we were struck with their tidy apparel and joyous looks. Seeing us regard them with interest, Col. P—— remarked that they were to have a wedding among them that evening. When we

expressed our pleasure at their appearance, and our curiosity to observe their manners and customs, he told us that we could have the opportunity of witnessing the whole affair, if we pleased, as some of his family always attended their marriage ceremonies; and that we could look in upon their supper and ball, after the ceremony was over. We gladly embraced the offer, and were much gratified with more than the novelty of the sight. These slaves had more comfortable accommodations, and were more civilized than the West India slaves; and we thought, more also than the generality of slaves that we had seen in this country. The reason was, that they had an excellent master. I never anywhere saw so gladsome a wedding party. There was, of course, nothing elegant or refined—but there was enough of finery in their dresses—indeed, a profusion of gay colors and flaunting ribbons, and gewgaws in their bushy curls; with all which their simple fancies were mightily pleased. I was, myself, exceedingly gratified with the full hearted joy that sprang up in them, and sprang out of them too, when the fiddle and the dance gave free vent to the fountains of feeling within them. Merry jests started forth every instant, and jovial laughter burst in claps of delight from their souls. We looked through a window upon this scene of harmless mirth and of joy, that gushed light and free from the hearts of nature's children; and we could but consider these outpourings of pleasure as a reward—if not a full one, still a real reward—bestowed peculiarly on them for their submissive toils at a master's bidding; and while I looked and reflected on what I saw, I felt a strange mixture of emotions; tears trickled down my face—for what I could not tell—they might be tears of joy or tears of compassion, or both together—and while the tears came, I sometimes found myself laughing—but whether out of diversion at their oddities, or out of sympathy with their merriment, I do not know; for I seemed to have all sorts of incongruous feelings at the same time.

"The next day an incident occurred that gave us a still more touching proof of their happy condition. News arrived that their 'dear massa' was 'lected to Congress.' Perhaps they did not exactly understand what this was, but they understood at least that it was some high honor, and they triumphed as if the honor were all their own. They could not contain their gladness—they shook each other by the hand—they came in a crowd to the door, and sent in a request to see their master. When he came out, and asked them kindly whether they wanted any thing, their spokesman answered: 'Nothing, massa, only to tell you how we thank God that you be 'lected to Congress.' 'Well, boys, (said he, with emo-

tion,) I am gratified to find that you are so rejoiced at it—and, boys, you need not go to work to-day; you must have an infair for the bride and bridegroom; so make ready for that.' 'Yes, massa, thank'ee: but we lef' a little to do in dat field; we'll go finish it—then we'll dress for the infair.' When they were retiring, one of them, as he passed near the window where we stood, said aloud to himself: 'God bless my good massa.'

"I thought, (continued the young lady, wiping her eyes,) that next to the blessing of good parents to take care of us, in childhood, was the blessing which poor ignorant laborers have in a good master to direct their labors, and to take care of all their interests."

"Now, sister, (said the young gentleman, smiling, with a tear in his eye,) do you not see that you have become an advocate for slavery—quite a pleader, and as earnest in the cause as a feed barrister?"

"If I am earnest, you must observe, brother Eli, that I am pleading only in a particular case—and if I advocate slavery, it is only in such cases as the one which I have described—where the master is discreet and humane, and where the slaves are unfit for any higher condition than that of common laborers, and are moreover contented with their situation, as in such cases they are likely to be. Then I believe that they are happier than they could be in a state of freedom. To abolish their slavery, is then to abolish their best source of happiness—and what sort of philanthropy would that be?"

"There you are right, sister. I think, sir, that in this country at least, many cases exist, in which the abolition of slavery would be a sorry boon, one for which the merry fellows, whose happiness we had taken in charge, would not thank our philanthropy; at least, not after the experiment of freedom had taught them, that they must now shoulder their own cares, and still work or starve. And, sir, when we consider that the half of mankind do, and must labor in poverty, whether they be bond or free, the loss of human happiness through slavery will not appear to be of such mighty magnitude that the heart of a zealous abolitionist must needs burst in attempting to conceive it."

"Your zealous abolitionists, (said I,) probably confine their attention to the evils of slavery, and swell their conceptions by brooding over these alone, until the miseries of bondage grow to an uncontainable magnitude before the imagination. These philanthropists would suffer a less painful distension of their sympathetic hearts, if they would condescend to take an impartial view of all the facts, and in the fulness of their humanity, would allow their horror of slavery to be

somewhat abated by a consideration of the exemption of the slave from some of the worst ills of poverty, and some of the most corroding cares of life. and by a consideration of some positive comforts, which grow out of the relation between the slave and his master. Divine Providence has annexed to this relation some of the happy feelings which arise from the relation of parent and child. But even the filial feelings of a son or daughter may be destroyed by ill usage; much more the correspondent feeling of the slave. Notwithstanding the exceptions, however, the general fact in this country is, that the slave is attached to his master, and feels sensibly, almost every day of his life, that there is comfort in having such a protector and superintendent in his humble station as a poor laborer. But I suppose that some men are so violently philanthropic, that they will not look at this side of the picture. Why, sir, in the same partial way of considering a subject, they might soon gather up a store of indignation against a higher character than the slaveholder. They have only to set their imaginations to brooding over the evils alone of any condition in life, even the highest and best, and they will soon engender in their minds, and nurse to maturity, a heavy indignation against the Disposer of our lot, and raise their feelings to a sublime pitch of philanthropic blasphemy."

"Yes, sir, (said the young lady, with animation,) we know from experience, how the dark-sided representations of slavery tend to inflame the imagination, and to exasperate one's sympathy, until the milk of human kindness is poisoned with gall and wormwood. When we left home, we were beginning to consider slavery in America, as made up of little else than knotty scourges, brutal oppression, and the heart-rending cries of mothers robbed of their children—of peccadillos punished with bloody lashes, and taskmasters wringing toil from every age and sex, without reward and without mercy. I shudder now, to think how exaggerated reports of this sort, often reiterated, so galled my humanity, that I could almost wish to see the horrors of St. Domingo repeated on every set of slaveholders in America—such a bitter charity did I feel for African bondsmen. But I have learned a lesson from it, which I hope not soon to forget;—and that is, never to let partial statements of human oppression work up my sympathy to rage; and never, if possible, in any case, to let a good feeling overrun the heart like a torrent, and gather impurities by the violence of its course."

During this conversation, my fair companion had gradually acquired a spirit and energy of expression, of which we all partook, but which in her bordered on the impassioned eloquence of enthusiasm. Her delicate frame had begun to

dilate with swelling emotions, and all her features to express the glowing fervor of thought. I began to expect from her a lofty outpouring of soul; and would probably have been gratified, if the coach had not stopped at the breakfast house so soon, and turned the bold current of our conversation into the shallow and discursive channels of small talk.

I need not say that I was highly pleased with my fellow travellers. The subject of our last conversation was a serious one, but well adapted to draw forth their moral sentiments and to try the strength of their reflective powers.

I have attempted to give the thoughts which they uttered, and to imitate their style of expression—but there was an indescribable something in their manner, especially the sister's, which gave an extraordinary interest to their conversation. The brother's language was peculiarly witty and amusing, and withal very sensible; but when Judith spoke,—the soft melody of her voice, and after she became excited, its lively intonations,—the kindling lustre of her eyes, the play of her expressive features, with the winning modesty of her manner, and the undefinable eloquence of both her manner and her style—made all that she said go warm and animating to the heart; as if an ethereal fire had penetrated to the sources of animation, and given an exhilarating impulse to all the principles of life. Not to admire such a person with such a mind, I considered impossible.

"I could love her, (said I to myself, when I got out of the stage, and saw her trip gracefully into the house, yes, I could love her with all my heart—but how rash and vain were that for me—her accidental companion for a day! I must not indulge this amatory propensity. The warmth of so delicious a passion might solace and delight me to-day, only to afflict me with aching regret and hopeless longings, after she will have left me to-morrow. I must close my breast against this dangerous Cupid. I see him now with bended bow and malicious eye, watching for an avenue to my heart."

So said I to myself—but I was a sheer novice in the mysteries of love. Ovid may teach the signs and rules to the inexperienced; but we shall be still unwise, till nature shall by actual experience teach us the interpretation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STUDENT'S DESCRIPTION OF A BRIDGE.

After resuming our seats in the coach, we began to speak of our journey to Charleston, and our ulterior courses of travel. My free-hearted companions promptly communicated their plans.

They would spend a few days in Charleston, and then take a packet and go to Norfolk by sea. They would thus avoid the disagreeable route by stage, through the tame sand-flats and miry swamps of the Carolinas; disagreeable at all seasons, they had been told, but most so in the watery month of March. From Norfolk they would visit Washington, Philadelphia, and soon to Boston, where they intended to embark finally for England.

My heart gave a leap—a higher one than necessary, I thought when I heard of the days in Charleston and the voyage to Norfolk.

"Your route to Norfolk, (said I to Mr. Bensaddi,) coincides at all points with mine, and if mutually agreeable, I should be glad of your company all the way."

"Very agreeable, I assure you, and I esteem it a fortunate circumstance that we shall have your company so far."

His pleased look confirmed his complimentary declaration, and my instinctive glance, (or was it accidental?) at Miss Judith's face, caught the smiling token of her satisfaction, as it played over her beautiful features. But what did that signify? Travellers generally like company, though it be not *particularly* agreeable—but for all that, when the smile was caught playing so sweetly over her countenance, I felt it glide down immediately into my heart, and nestling there, produce a series of agreeable little titillations. But Mr. Bensaddi thus continued:

"We are total strangers in this country—we have not a single acquaintance nigher than Boston. To meet with a companion every way agreeable is very gratifying to a land traveller, and particularly so to a voyager. One who has travelled much feels this pleasure the more sensibly, because he has been annoyed with accidental companionships, which not only plague him for an hour, but stick and grow to him like barnacles, and make heavy sailing for the poor wight, whether it be on land or water. I am the more inclined, therefore, to stick like a barnacle myself, when I fall in with a choice companion. I wish your route coincided with ours all the way."

"I wish so too, Mr. Bensaddi; but my route from Norfolk leads me westward to Richmond, and thence still westward to my home in the mountains. I should be much pleased if your curiosity led you to visit my native valley—its scenery is fine, and well worthy of a traveller's attention."

"I should delight to visit the Natural Bridge, (said Judith, with kindling eyes.) Is that near your residence?"

"Within fifteen miles; and that single object would reward a trip to the mountains."

"Writers describe it as a great curiosity; but

I have a very imperfect conception of it. Do, if you please, give us a full description. You are doubtless familiarly acquainted with its appearance, and can describe it better than travellers, who have taken but one hasty look."

The brother joined earnestly in the request.

"Do, if you please"; said the beautiful sister again.

How could I refuse? Yet, I professed, as in modesty bound, that I was not a good describer—and I added, what was true, that no description could do justice to this singular object, which refused to confer a just impression of its beautiful magnificence, through language or painting; and demanded that all who would enjoy the delightful conception, should come personally to do homage in its own rocky abode. Hence it comes to pass, that no visiter of common sensibility ever viewed it attentively, without acknowledging that the reality exceeded all that he had conceived or anticipated.

"Well, sir, that only increases our desire to know something more of an object so interesting, and which we cannot visit. We will make allowance for the inadequacy of all description, and still thank you for improving our notions of so rare a curiosity, of which at present, we have very obscure conceptions from accounts defective in themselves and imperfectly remembered."

"Well then, sir, I will make the attempt:—In the first place, imagine yourself to be travelling from the village of Lexington, southwardly, through a valley ten or twelve miles broad, separating two ranges of high mountains, and presenting a surface broken into every variety of hill, dale and ravine. Twelve miles from the village you leave the main road, and after crossing the hill on the left, pursue the course of a brook which glides over a bed of solid limestone. Within two miles of the main road, you cross the brook a second time, and go up an acclivity to an inn by the way side. Here you find that the road continues to ascend the slope of a hill, which gradually rises before you to the elevation of a mountain. Your course is west of south. A few yards beyond the inn, your eye is drawn towards a vista between the forest-covered hill that you are ascending, and a similar one on the left. This opening is made by a deep narrow glen, through which you descry, at the distance of several miles, a portion of the high and many-formed blue ridge, bounding the great valley on its southeastern side. Attracted by this, you may not be aware of any thing remarkable about your feet, as you ascend the slope, until you observe that you are in the lue of this deep glen, and apparently at its head. Casting down your eyes, you discover a sudden break in the rocks by the road side. The glen

seems to terminate there in a deep, narrow chasm. You approach the margin, a few yards from the road; perpendicular cliffs open to a fearful depth under your eyes, as you lean forward and see at the bottom a small river, which seems to issue from a cavern underneath the road, and passing between parallel cliffs, is joined about a hundred yards below by the brook, which falls to the bottom of the glen over a high bank of limestone. You turn about, towards the opposite side of the road, to observe whence the deeply sunk rivulet flows. There you discover the same or another dark wild glen, with the tokens of a like chasm on that side. You go with breathless curiosity to the margin of this, which is about twenty yards from the other chasm. Here again parallel walls of rock crowned with evergreens, open a passage for your eyes down, and yet further down, till you lean over the abrupt brow, and with a shudder behold the same rivulet coming from the deep dusky ravine above and passing under the *Natural Bridge*. You might have crossed it unwittingly, if you had kept your eyes directly upon the road, as it continues to ascend the acclivity of the mountain.

"Desirous now to peep under the bridge, you return a few steps along the road; and passing by the side of the chasm among cedars and *Arbovitæ** trees that love such wild limestone cliffs, you find a projecting point of rock a little below the crown of the precipice, and a few rods up stream from the bridge. Here you see the massive thickness of the bridge, thirty feet of solid stone, with the arch gracefully spanning this great mountain cleft, down into which you look with dizzy head and mute astonishment.

"As yet, you have seen only one side of the arch, which being on a lower level than your position, precludes a sight of its vault. Curiosity soon prompts you to descend, that you may take an upward view. For this purpose, you must follow a path that conducts you south of the bridge, to the place where the brook tumbles over the rocks. Here is the nearest place where the descent is practicable. Winding round the base of a crag near the bottom of the glen, you behold from beneath the trees that overshadow your path, the high arch supported by its abutments, somewhat rude in appearance, but solid and everlasting as the mountain that supports them. Yet the form of the whole is so nearly symmetrical, that you are impressed rather with the beauty than the sublimity of the object. As you advance towards it, the perpendicular walls of rough rock enclose you on either hand, and leave but a narrow space of sky visible between the cedar-

topped crags overhead. The arch seems now to expand and elevate itself, to receive you beneath its ample vault, and to awe you into a due respect for its superb majesty. When you look around and observe near the bridge some forest trees of the ordinary size, growing from the bottom of the glen and reaching with their tops the feet of others, which having fastened their roots in crevices of the wall, strive to reach the upper air, yet fail by far to attain the elevation of the arch; and when you look up to the arch itself, moving your eye slowly from side to side and from end to end over its spacious vault, it seems still to enlarge its amplitude, and to rise heavenward, until your breast labors with the grand conception; you think how centuries and millenniums have rolled over this changeless structure, and how other centuries and millenniums are yet to roll over its undecaying solidity; you think of it as the emblem of its eternal Creator; and the puny works of man dwindle to insignificance before this cloven mountain, from whose deep interior you look up and behold the everlasting rock, that bends its glorious vault from crag to crag, seventy feet in span, and two hundred feet above your head.

"When filled with these contemplations, you move to a point in the glen above the bridge, where you see its beauty and magnificence under another aspect. The arch has apparently a different curvature, and the opening beneath it a different yet a more beautiful outline, than it does when viewed from below. Shift your position to some other spot, where from under thick trees and beetling precipices you can take another look. Now the same features appear under another form, and as you move from side to side and farther or nearer, new transformations appear, such as you never observed in a work of art. You wonder how it is possible that one object, so simple in its general structure, should exhibit such an entertaining mutation of aspects—which are the more interesting, because they put at fault the rules of perspective, and consequently differ from the anticipated effects of your changes of position. If you study the cause of this, you will find perhaps that it arises from a general approach to regularity of structure, combined with deviations from it so various and so graceful, that the visitor sees at every step, some new and unexpected combination of forms and appearances, variable as the shifting scenes of the kaleidoscope, but all disclosing new features of beauty and sublimity, leaving on the mind the final impression, that this singular curiosity is a wonderful specimen of Divine art, which has diverted its workmanship of formality, but retained the graces of form and proportion in the general outline, while it has left just so much of

* *Thuja* or *thuya* is the botanical name of this beautiful evergreen.

unfinished rudeness in the details, as to cast an air of wild sublimity over the whole work."

Here I closed my lame description. After a pause, Judith started as from a reverie; emotion depicted in her face, and lighting her fine eyes to a glow like that of the evening star. Turning to her brother, she said, "Oh, brother! how can we leave the continent, where such an object may be seen, and not go to enjoy the sight? I would cheerfully travel a thousand miles to see that bridge, so grand, so beautiful—Nature's sole specimen of divine art in the construction of a bridge. Is it not, Mr. Garamé? Or does the world contain another?"

"I think you are right, Miss Bensaddi; though Humboldt describes a natural bridge in the Andes; but it is not like ours. There is a solid arch, but very inferior, and also a broken arch, composed of loose rocks, which by a rare accident in falling down a deep narrow chasm, got wedged together, and continue firmly lodged against the sides at a great height from the bottom. The bridge itself is of difficult approach, and the bottom of the fissure is inaccessible."

"Oh, yes—now I remember to have read of it. That must be a wild place—but it is not comparable to your Natural Bridge. It has less appearance of design in its formation—it cannot impress you with such awe by its immovable solidity, nor with such admiration at its lofty proportions, struck off with Nature's careless, but master hand. It is not very wonderful to see loose rocks caught midway down a great mountain cleft, though the scene be romantic enough—but to see a real bridge, built by nature for a highway, skilfully designed for it, then cut without hands out of the solid mountain rock—defying all human power to shake it, and human art to imitate its magnificence—springing its grand arch aloft—so mighty a mass, yet so high, so airy, so light. Oh, brother, can we not go to see it? I know that your time in America is limited; but if you will give me that sight, only for a day, you may hurry me as rapidly as you please over the rest of the journey."

"My dear sister, I would gladly afford you that pleasure, and gladly enjoy it myself; but I am doubtful whether we can spare the time. Yet, if we have a quick passage to Norfolk, we may possibly run up to the mountains and snatch a glance at so wonderful a specimen of Nature's handiwork—or rather un-handiwork, for Nature works without hands, I believe. I will tell you, Mr. Garamé, what sort of fancy your interesting description suggested to my mind. Methought that dame Nature must be sitting somewhere about that bridge, probably hidden in a thicket of cedars on a craggy point of the rocks, watching the visitors as they come and look and won-

der; and when they turn to go away, sending an elfin breeze to whisper in their ears, 'Ye are pretty two-handed folks to be proud of your works—are ye not?'"

"Your pleasant fancy conveys a truth. When a man is under the bridge and thinks of himself and his fellow bipeds, it is with a feeling of humiliation that is salutary without being painful. But, Miss Judith, in relation to the inquiry which you made a while ago, I have another curiosity to mention—one of little notoriety as yet, because it is hidden in the mountain wilds of Virginia—which may boast of having the only curiosity comparable to the Natural Bridge: that is, the *Natural Tunnel* among the Cumberland mountains, in the southwestern angle of the State. Here, a small river flows between high mountains, along a narrow valley, which is suddenly closed by the junction of the mountains. But, nature has cut a tunnel four or five hundred feet long, through solid rock, and thus given egress to the water. The arch of the tunnel is nearly regular, solid throughout, and of considerable span; but its elevation above the floor does not exceed forty or fifty feet. This tunnel would be a finer object if it were straight, so as to let one see through its whole length at once. But such as it is, or as I have heard it described by an intelligent visitor, (for I have not seen it,) you will readily conceive that it is a rare and interesting curiosity, and one that would be much visited, if 'dame Nature' had not (as if jealous of showing too many of her works of *internal improvement*) hidden it among rugged mountains, in a place remote from the great highways of travel."

These notices of the bridge and the tunnel, with some allusions to various particulars of my native country, awakened a lively interest in my fellow travellers. I saw it and was glad. Their eager inquiries about the scenery, the population, the literary institutions and state of society, not only gratified my habitual feeling of patriotism, but strengthened, while it gratified a new feeling, as yet so undeveloped in the recesses of the heart, or so concealed under the disguise of other feelings, as to be unacknowledged even by consciousness. I knew only that I thought the bright-eyed beauty, who had been shining now for hours into mine eyes, to be the most bright-eyed of beauties, and to be moreover in mental qualities, the most attractive vision that had ever realized itself to my perception. I may have conceived the like, when fancy garnished some ideal picture of a lovely woman; but here seemed to be the living substance of what poets had taught me to imagine, but experience had never taught me to expect in this iron age of degenerate humanity. True, this lovely creature did not appear to be exempt from defects of character. I could

discover on a few hours acquaintance, that she was subject to lapses of mental excitement, bordering on enthusiasm; yet did she not lose in my view one feature of loveliness on account of this over-excitability; for here I acknowledge a point of agreement in our tempers.

I had called up prudence, and set that dignified virtue to guard, with hundred eyes, the avenues of my heart against the insidious Cupid. "But, then, (said something within me,) I have since discovered, that she is not to be my companion for a day only, but for a whole quarter of a moon; and according to the proverb, 'Circumstances alter cases.'" "Well, (said prudence, faintly,) if they do alter cases, it is not always for the better. Does this new state of the case diminish either the probability of your falling in love, or the danger of your falling afterwards into something less pleasant?" This remonstrance was so feebly uttered, that prudence was evidently yielding to somnolency. Oh, thou drowsy Argus! What subtle enchanter had so soon drugged thy hundred eyes to sleep?

This I well remember, that I sought occasion to set forth to these strangers all that was attractive in my country; and that, in portraying its landscapes, and whatever else might commend it to my fellow-travellers, my imagination then, more than ever before, bloomed with rich ideas, and my mouth shed forth every rising conception with a fluency of eloquent expression, which I can but imperfectly recall in making this record.

Among other entertainments which my native land affords to the visitor, especially if his mind be imbued with the love of nature, I mentioned the fine views from the mountain tops; and I suggested that I had made some delightful excursions to the House Mountain near Lexington, and could never forget the splendid prospects that its lofty summit spreads before the spectator.

This suggestion had the intended effect. My companions instantly besought me to describe my visits to the House Mountain. No longer coy, with memory and imagination on the wing, I was commencing a prelude to my story, when the coach stopped for dinner, and gave me the opportunity of arranging my thoughts a little. As soon as we resumed our journey, I was called on to proceed, which I did substantially as follows.

(To be continued.)

EPIGRAM.

AFTER such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife:
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,—
He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

[Hood.]

SCHEDIASMATA CRITICA.

OR NOTES ON BOOKS, AUTHORS, THEORIES, &c.

NO. II.

7.

THE CAXTONS, A FAMILY PICTURE. *By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, M. P.* The first lesson which the excellent Augustine Caxton quaintly, but forcibly, impressed on the mind of his tender anachronism, *Pisistratus*, was, that "good wishes don't mend bad actions," but that "good actions mend bad actions." The instruction is pointed, and beautifully conveyed; but this great doctrine is not exemplified in a more praiseworthy manner by *Pisistratus Caxton*, when he sells his beautiful domino-box and replaces with the proceeds his mother's pretty flower-pot, which he had wantonly broken, than it is by Bulwer himself in the composition of the present novel. This exquisite family picture, so truthful in character, so touching in incident, so exquisite in delineation, so wholesome in its teaching, and so exhilarating in its lofty but unostentatious morality, may be freely accepted as an ample atonement for former offences, real and imaginary. If it cannot so reflect its spirit as to annul the pernicious tendencies of *Lucretia*, we do not know any better antidote which can be administered to counteract its poison. It is with sincere joy that we have perused this last production of Bulwer's pen, for we had argued very unfavourably of the closing scenes of his literary career from the gloomy and infectious atmosphere which surrounded the terrible malignity of *Lucretia*. That novel had struck us with dismay, for, until its publication, we had strenuously maintained the upright aims and virtuous intentions of Bulwer, notwithstanding the reasonable suspicions which had been excited by Ernest Maltravers and Alice: and, though we admitted the dangerous tendencies, which, in the case of many readers, might result from the metaphysical complexion of his novels, and their too curious intimacy with vice, yet we indulged the belief that on the whole his writings were serviceable to the cause of truth, and were thus entitled to honor for the motives which had dictated their composition, as well as to admiration for the gorgeous imagination and singular genius which they undoubtedly displayed. We are glad to be released entirely from the necessity of present disapprobation, and to be relieved at least for a time from all our past

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NO. 10.

JUDITH BENSADDI:

A TALE.

CHAPTER V.

THE STUDENT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VISITS TO THE HOUSE MOUNTAIN.

To make my description more intelligible, I shall begin with a general sketch of the Alleghanian region of Virginia.

The Alleghany mountains consist of parallel ridges, casting off short spurs and sometimes long branches, that vary from the general direction; but they always embrace rich valleys watered by clear streams, that either murmur over pebbly beds or dash over rough rocks. To find their mother ocean, they had to break their way through the ridges that run between them and the sea coast. Some of them as the Powhatan or James river, have made several breaches through successive ridges, two thousand feet, more or less, in height.

The line of continued mountain nearest the sea is the Blue Ridge, which beginning in Pennsylvania about the Susquehanna, increases in height, ruggedness and diversity of form, until it stretches its vast length into the Carolinas, where, being joined by the chief Alleghany, it becomes the great father mountain of the system, the huge, wild, prolific source of a thousand rivers, that gather themselves together in the deep valleys, and with their several aggregations of water run brawling and working their ways out in every direction, to seek the common source and depository of all sublunary waters.

Between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountain, lies the Great Valley, my native land, "the loveliest land on the face of the earth." (Here I detected a smile, instantly suppressed, on the faces of my auditors; but not a smile of contempt, I was sure.)

The Valley is full twenty miles wide near the Potomac, but narrows to twelve miles in Rockbridge; where it is infinitely diversified with mountain hill, knoll, slope, vale, dell, ravine, cliff, rift, with every other modification of surface that is named, and that is not named, except plains and lakes, whereof we have none; but we have clear limestone springs, gushing from forest-

crowned hills, and "giving drink to every beast of the field."

Westward of the Great Valley, for many miles, the country is composed altogether of high mountains with narrow vales between. But here, and further west, fountains of health flow; a hundred mineral springs of different qualities, with a pure atmosphere, delightful summer weather, shady forests, beauty in the vale and sublimity in the mountain; all combine to invite the invalid for health, and all for pleasure, who love either the charms of nature or the social enjoyments of a watering place. But enough of introduction. Now for the House Mountain.

This short isolated mountain is a conspicuous object in the picturesque landscape of Rockbridge. It stands about six miles west of Lexington, from whose inhabitants it hides the setting sun, and not unfrequently turns the summer showers, that usually come with the west wind. Being separated by deep vales from the North Mountain, and more lofty, it stands like an island of the air, with its huge body and sharp angles to cut the current of the winds asunder. Clouds are often driven against it, cloven in the midst, and carried streaming on to the right and left, with a space of blue sky between, similar in form to the evening shadow of the mountain, when the light of departing day is in like manner cloven. Sometimes, however, a division of the cloud, after passing the town, will come bounding back in a current of air reflected from another mountain. It is not unusual to see a cloud move across the Great Valley in Rockbridge, shedding its contents by the way—strike the Blue Ridge—whirl about, and pursue another course until it is exhausted. The traveller, after the shower is passed, and the clear sunshine has induced him to put away his cloak and umbrella, is surprised by the sudden return of the rain, from the same quarter towards which he had seen it pass away.

What is called the House Mountain, consists in fact of two oblong parallel mountains, connected about midway of their height, and rising upwards of 1500 feet above the surrounding country. The summit ridges are each about a mile long and resemble the roof of a house; the ends terminate in abrupt precipices, and all around huge buttresses, with their bases spread far out into the country, rise up against the sides and taper to points which terminate some hundreds of feet below the summit. These

buttrresses, or spurs of the mountain, are separated by vales which run up between them.

The students of our college make parties every summer, to visit this mountain for the sake of the prospect. They set out in clear weather and spend the night on the mountain, that they may enjoy the morning beauties of the scene, which are by far the most interesting. Now the ladies too have begun to adventure on this romantic enterprise. Last summer I had a delightful ride by moonlight with a party of them and their male friends. We pattered along, while the whole country was hushed in sleep,—through woods, by meadow sides, over hills, and up a vale that led to our object. The vale was at first broad, and spread open its fields to catch the flood of moon-beams; then it contracted itself, swelled up its dark rocky sides, and entered the mountain between two of the buttresses; it terminated high up against the steep rocky side of the summit ridge. Here we had to dismount. We tied our horses in the forest, and taking to our feet on ground piebald with moonshine and shadows, we began to scale the rocky steep; clambering over stony fragments and trunks of fallen trees, catching hold on bush and jutting rock; now working our laborious way; then stopping to recover breath for another effort; till we succeeded in mounting the summit and taking our stations, some on projecting top-rocks, and the more hardy on branches of storm-battered trees; before the sun, whose rising we aimed to see, had surmounted the piny top of the Blue Ridge. He soon rose; but in a haze, shorn of half his beams; and therefore with much less worshipful glory, than when he ascends his mountain throne, full-robed, amidst the pure blue of the ether, when no earth-born vapor sullies its transparency.

My first trip, some years ago, was with a party of students only. Then we were disappointed in our hopes by a sudden clouding up of the atmosphere, before we reached the place; and we should have made an unprofitable trip, had not an unexpected scene afforded us a partial reward for the toils of the ascent. We lodged like Indian hunters, not far from the summit; where an overhanging rock affords shelter, and a spring trickling through a crevice supplies drink to the weary climber. After we had slept awhile, one of the company startled us with the cry of fire. We saw with surprise, in the direction of the Blue Ridge, a conflagration that cast a lurid glare through the hazy atmosphere. The flame rose and spread every moment, tapering upwards to a point and bending before the night-breeze. At first, we conjectured that a great barn was in flames, and then that the beautiful village of Lexington was, as it had been once before, wrap-

ped in devouring fire. Whilst we gazed anxiously at the fiery object, it rose higher every moment, and in rising seemed now to grow less at the lower extremity, until finally it resembled the last flicker of a dying lamp-flame; and then it stood forth, to our joyful surprise—the moon, half in the wane, reddened and magnified by the misty air, beyond what we had ever seen. Its light afforded us an obscure perception of the most prominent objects in the landscape. Shadowy masses of mountains darkened the sight in various directions, and spots of dusky white, glimmering here and there, indicated fields and houses. We perceived just enough to make us eager for a more distinct view; but when the morning came, the cloudy confusion of the atmosphere concealed every thing; and a rain succeeding, put us quickly to scampering down the mountain, and sent us home as dirty as pigs, and as wet as drowned rats; and with the wings of our fancies completely bedrenched and bedraggled into the bargain. We were cured of scene-hunting and gyping in the wild mountains for that season. But by the next summer my spirit was revived, and I longed for another excursion to the great observatory that was daily standing aloft with its rocky solitudes in the back ground of our landscape, and stimulating the spirit of the students to try what romantic incidents and wide prospects a night's lodging on its high eminence might yield.

So one fair midsummer's day we set off, a dozen of us, full of high enterprise, and laden with whatever might be necessary for use and comfort. This time we lodged on the arial summit of the mountain, where we built a fire of logs, that illuminated the rocks and trees about our wild encampment, and blazed like a beacon-fire before the eyes of nearly all Rockbridge. We prepared our coffee, drew forth our bread and cheese, and ate our supper merrily; and for hours we made those gray rocks hear, what perhaps they had never heard before, the jests and quips and shouts and laughter of a dozen college youngsters, let loose and exulting in the wild freedom of nature.

This time the weather proved eminently favorable. We slept two or three hours and rose before the dawn, that we might watch for the opening of the scene. Our fire had sunk to embers; the desolation and death-like stillness of our situation were impressive. The heavens above were perfectly serene; the stars looked down upon us with all their eyes, from mansions of the purest blue; but the lower world was enveloped in a dense fog. We seemed to have been separated from the society of the living on the face of the earth, and to have ascended to another sphere, where we held communion only with the silent orbs and the blue ether that drew

our spirits into their heavenly fields. The merriment of the evening was changed into sober thoughtfulness. We spoke little, and that with a low voice; and each one seemed disposed to retire from his fellows, that he might give his mind to contemplation. Such at least was my case. I withdrew to a naked rock that crowned a precipice, and turning my face to the east, waited for the sun, if not with the idolatrous devotion, yet with the deep seriousness of the Persian fire-worshippers.

Presently the dawn began to show, at the distance of twelve miles, the dim and wavering outline of the Blue Ridge in the eastern horizon. When the morning light had opened the prospect more distinctly, the level surface of the mist which covered the valley became apparent, and the mountain tops that rose through it in almost every direction, looked like islands in a white, silent and placid ocean. I gazed with delighted imagination over this novel and fairy scene, so full of sublimity in itself, and from the sober twilight in which it appeared, so much like the creation of fancy in the visions of a dream. The trees and rocks of the nearest islands began to develop their forms; more distant islands were disclosed to view, various in size and shape, and variously grouped; but all were wild, desolate and still. I felt as if placed in a vast solitude, with lands and seas around me, hitherto undiscovered by man.

Whilst I looked with increasing admiration over the twilight scene, and was endeavoring to stretch my vision into the dusky regions far away, my attention was suddenly attracted by sparks of dazzling brilliancy, shooting through the pines on the Blue Ridge. In the olden time, when Jupiter's thunderbolts were forged in the caverns of Ætna, never did such glittering scintillations fly from beneath the giant forge hammers of the Cyclops. It was the sun darting his topmost rays over the mountain, and dispersing their sparkling threads through the pure serene of the atmosphere.

Very soon the fancied isles around me caught the splendid hue of the luminary, and shone on their eastern sides like burnished gold. In the west where they were most thickly strewn over the white sea of mist, and where their bright sides alone appeared, I could fancy that they were the islands of the happy, (so famous in ancient story,) where the spirits of the good reposed in the balmy light of eternal spring. But the pleasing illusion was soon dissipated. The surface of the mist, hitherto lying still, became agitated like a boiling caldron. Every where light clouds arose from it and melted away. Then the lower hills of the country began to show their tops, as if they were emerging from this troubled sea.

After the sun had displayed his full orb of living fire, the vapory commotion increased, and in a little while the features of the low country began to be unveiled. The first audible sound from the living world, the barking of a farmer's dog, arose from a vale beneath, and completely broke the enchantment of the twilight scene. When the sun was an hour high, the fog only marked the deep and curvilinear beds of the river.

The prospect of the country around, now yielded a pleasure, not inferior in degree, though it differed in kind, from that which I had enjoyed in beholding a scene, rare and beautiful in itself and embellished by mist and twilight with the visionary charms of a creative fancy. The country appeared beneath and around me to the utmost extent of vision. On the diversified surface of the Great Valley, a thousand farms in every variety of situation were distinctly visible—some in the low vales, where winding streams had begun to shine in the glancing sunlight—some presented their yellow harvest fields among the green woods and wavy slopes of hills—and here and there, others were perched aloft among the primeval forests and antediluvian rocks of the mountains. In the northeast, the less hilly country of Augusta was seen in dim perspective, like a large level of bluish green. Stretching along the eastern horizon, for many a league, the Blue Ridge mustered a hundred of his lofty heads, among which the Peaks of Otter rose preëminently conspicuous. The valley south-westwardly was in part concealed by the isolated line of the Short Hill. But beyond this, at intervals, I caught glimpses of the vale of James river, from the gap where the stream has burst through the Blue Ridge, to the place where it has cloven the North Mountain, and thence round by the west to the remarkable rent through which it flows between jutting crags in the Jackson Mountain. Here the Clifton forge, though not seen, could be imagined, sounding in the deep ravine with the roaring waters, and making the dark cliffs rebellow at every stroke.

On the western side the scenery differs from that on the eastern. Here it seemed as if all the mountains of Virginia had assembled, to display their loftiness and their length. Line after line, ridge behind ridge, peered over one another and crossed the landscape, this way and that way. Here a huge knob swelled up his rotundity—there a peak shot up his rough stony point—out of a huddle of inferior eminences, or from the backs of ridges that stretched away far and wide, until they faded off in the blue of the atmosphere, and all distinction of form and color was lost in the distance.

When I was able to withdraw my sight from the grand features of the prospect, and to look

down upon the country near the base of my observatory, I was attracted by the softer beauties of the landscape. The woody hillocks and shady glens had lost every rough and disagreeable feature; the surface looked smooth and green like a meadow; and wound its curvatures, dappled with shade and sunlight, so gracefully to the elevated eye, that they seemed to realize our dreamy conceptions of fairy land. The little homesteads that spotted the hills and valleys under the mountain, the large farms and country seats farther away, and the bright group of buildings in the village of Lexington, relieved the mind from the almost painful sublimity of the distant prospect, and prepared us, after hours of delightful contemplation, to descend from our ærial height, and to return with gratified feelings to our college and our studies again.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW FRIENDS IN CHARLESTON.

When I had concluded my House Mountain story, the brother maintained for a few seconds the attitude of a listener; until I remarked that my other visits to the mountain produced nothing new, and that my theme was therefore exhausted.

"I am sorry that it is; (said he,) for I could listen with interest to much more of the same sort."

Judith, who seemed to be in a state of thoughtful abstraction, now heaved a deep sigh, which roused her; and being conscious that she had sighed, she blushed; and when she felt her cheeks warmed with blushes, she hung down her head in silence.

"Heigh ho! Judith, what is the matter with you? You pay Mr. Garamé a poor compliment for his description of one of the finest landscapes in the world—it seems to have made you sad."

"If I am sad, brother, it is because we may not be able to visit the mountains of Virginia. Mr. Garamé will not think me disrespectful when he knows the cause of my sadness."

"Certainly not, Miss Judith; (said I with great sincerity,) but I hope that you may still find time to run up to our valley, and to look out from our mountain tops."

"Oh, how delightful that would be." She raised her head as she spoke, and her countenance flashed up to more than its wonted animation, as she thus continued:

"I love the mountains—I prefer the country to the town—joy springs up in my heart when I look upon the summer hills and valleys, the clear brooks, the green fields, and all the objects and

employments that occur in rural life. Most of all I admire scenery like that which you have described;—grandeur and beauty spreading to immensity, and blending into indescribable labyrinths of variety. There nature feasts the soul with her choicest entertainments—there man leads the happiest life, and is inspired with the noblest feelings. The inhabitant of the plain and of the town may be intelligent, virtuous, refined; but the man of the mountains has sources of deep and holy feeling, which cannot be found among the artificial structures of a town and the no less artificial forms of city life; and which are absent also in great part from the monotonous champaign, especially when stripped of its natural garb and clothed with the petty embellishments of human art. There is beauty even in a scene like this: He who has reared his neat cottage in a grove, and can look out upon his fields and flocks in the plain, has much to love in his comfortable home. But he has feeble impressions from nature, and through nature draws only faint inspirations from God. But who can look upon the great mountains, and not feel his bosom swell with sacred emotions? Who can look up at the towering peak and the beetling crag, or look down from them? Or who can see, as you have seen, the sublime ridge, that seems to present an insuperable and immovable barrier to ocean and river, cloven from the top to the bottom—yes, snapt asunder by an Almighty hand, as you would snap a mouldering twig,—or who can dwell in the valley, fenced on either side by cloud-capped mountains, upon whose hoary steeps the old forest shakes his thousand arms in the wind, while the cataract roars beneath pine-covered rocks in the dusky ravine—and not feel the movings of the Divinity in his soul? Here are the representatives of the Divine Majesty, the exhibitions of the Universal Spirit. Can a mortal mind contemplate such objects, and not feel a high-toned energy infused into it? Must it not catch the lofty impress of these sublime monuments of eternal Power and Godhead? And then the softer beauties of the broad uneven valley, the round hill-top with its sylvan crown, the sweet winding dale with its purling brook and flowery meadow; these seem to me to shed the milder effluences of deity into the soul—to breathe gentleness and love into the heart, to mitigate the fierce passions, and to soothe the wounded spirit. And where both these characters of scenery, the sublime and the beautiful, are combined, as they are among the mountains of Virginia, the people must be deeply imbued with religion and virtue, and their virtues must be a finely tempered mixture of the heroic and the gentle. But; (said she, checking herself,) I am running on with my crude notions,

on a subject that I do not understand—yet still it does seem to me, that the people of your country must have a noble character—have they not, Mr. Garamé?"

"They certainly have in them the elements of a noble character, and need only to be more highly and generally improved by education, to become all that you suppose. I think too, that your theory derives confirmation from the history of the ingenious Greeks of old, and of the patriotic Swiss of modern times. Mountaineers are often rude, but rarely mean-spirited; and their local attachments are always strong, because they dwell among objects strongly characterised, and therefore strongly impressed on their minds."

"I am glad to find that my notion of the effect of mountain scenery is not altogether a groundless fancy: I thought, while speaking, that it seemed reasonable; but then I remembered how often I speak rashly, under the impulse of excited feelings: obtruding my hasty thoughts on others, and proving my need of instruction, instead of my ability to instruct."

"That is her way, (said Eli, smiling;) she is of such excitable stuff, that when she hears or sees any thing fine, she kindles and flames away like tow in the fire; and often for five minutes she will emit a constant blaze of fancy or feeling, sentiment or philosophy,—then she will sink at once into the ashes of humility."

Judith blushed good naturedly, as she said, "Well, brother, I have confessed my weakness to Mr. Garamé; and he will have the goodness to pardon my long rant."

"It was not rant, Miss Judith; and needs no apology. I should be very sorry if you conceived it necessary before me to lay any restraint upon the utterance of your thoughts—especially such thoughts. Do me the favor to give them free passage. I love the unstudied, unchecked effusions of the soul in conversation."

She looked up with one of her sweetest smiles and said, "Thank you, Mr. Garamé."

"I must do my enthusiastic sister the justice to say, that of late she is less often carried out of her usual sobriety by these impulses, than formerly; now it is only something of uncommon merit that has power to tap her spiritual soda-fountain; and the jet, although still foamy, is for the most part racy and good."

Here Judith and I at the same time bowed to the speaker, and said, "Thank you, sir."

This little scene prepared us for a lighter strain of conversation; and we kept it up with hilarity until the evening. My companions charmed me more and more: their fund of good sense, sprightly wit, and sound knowledge, showed no symptoms of exhaustion, but continued to supply an increasing flow of thoughts, that came with unaf-

fectured simplicity and grace from their minds. There was a great resemblance in their mental characteristics, as well as in their persons: yet also a difference which every hour became more manifest. The brother had a more ready wit and a superior talent for light conversation; the sister a more lively and profound sensibility to whatever was grand, beautiful, or pathetic—more genius—and, what I could hardly reconcile with the evident enthusiasm of her character, more reflection.

My admiration of these young persons was increased, when we happened in conversation to tell our ages, and I learned that Judith would not complete her nineteenth year until the first of June, and that Eli was only twenty-two, that is, one year older than myself.

When the twilight came on, and we were yet twelve miles from Charleston, the coach stopped to change horses at a country inn. A party of slaves were coming in from the field; and, as often happens, they began to sing with a full voice one of the melodious airs that they have among them. Judith listened with breathless attention, as if the strain were new to her. I had heard it before. The same air was repeated to a succession of stanzas destitute of merit, but deriving pathos from the chorus or burden, "Long time ago," which sounded delightfully, because it was uttered with enthusiasm by many voices joining in symphony from different parts of the neighborhood.

When we were driven off, I remarked to Judith that the air just heard had a sweet and touching simplicity in it.

"Yes; (said she, with emotion,) it touches both the fancy and the heart; the melody is pleasant in itself; and it makes one think that the people who sing it with such enthusiasm, must be happy."

Having spoken these words, she relapsed into meditation, and seemed indisposed to further conversation during the evening's ride. We reached Charleston before nine o'clock, and obtained excellent accommodations at a hotel.

The next day we spent several hours together, viewing the city. After dinner Eli and myself left Judith in her room that we might go to the harbor and inquire for a packet to Norfolk. After some time, we found a stout, well built schooner that was to sail in four days. We engaged the cabin for ourselves, and the attendance of a half grown black boy, attached to the schooner; then after strolling about the town, we returned in the evening and found Judith in our private parlor, playing the air of the preceding evening on a piano, which I was so unobservant as not to have noticed before, or I should have asked her to play. She had arranged the notes on a blank page of

the music book before her, which I found to be her own. I was charmed with her style of playing; there was so little appearance of art in it: she struck the keys with such nice tact, and in such perfect accordance with the spirit of the piece, that she made one forget the player, and lose even his self-consciousness in the Lethean tide of music that came stealing over the soul.

When she discovered that we were in the room, she rose with a blush to leave the instrument, saying that we had caught her attempting to learn the negroes' melody. I asked her to play it again, but she declined, with the apology that she must learn it better before she could venture to play it in company; but at my solicitation, she resumed her seat, and not only played several pieces with the delicious artlessness of her art, but gratified me also by singing two songs, with such "linked sweetness" of melody, that one which was of a pathetic character, drew tears from my eyes, and continued to run in streams of sensibility through my nerves during the night.

Our apartments were, as we had requested, in the most private part of the house, in a wing designed for families, and, as it happened, occupied at this time by none but ourselves. I mention this to explain an incident that occurred the next evening. When we had all satisfied ourselves with looking at the public institutions of the city, and had taken our tea, Eli proposed that we should walk the streets that we might observe the nocturnal customs of the place. I instantly gave my consent; but Judith pleading fatigue, declined; and then I was sorry that I had consented, but ashamed to retreat. She locked the parlor door when we went out, telling us with a playful smile, to say 'open sesame,' when we wanted admittance. After we had gotten to the street, I remembered that my room was left unlocked, with several articles exposed to pilferers. I requested Eli to wait until I should return and lock the door. I hastened back, ran up stairs, and had almost reached my room, a few steps from the parlor door, when my attention was arrested by the notes of the same negroes' melody, sweetly touched on the piano. The unlocked door, Eli, and all the world, were forgotten in a moment; I was insensibly drawn on tiptoe quite to the parlor door, when a momentary pause in the music, allowed me to feel that my heart was palpitating violently. I was beginning to fear that the exquisitely pathetic tones would come no more; when lo! with the melting tenderness of an angel, singing a newly departed saint to rest, she attuned her voice, as she touched the keys again, to the same melody; and these are the words of the simple ballad that she sung:

SALLY OF THE VALLEY.

Once I wandered through a valley,
Where waters flow;
There I saw the lovely Sally;
'Long time ago.'

Trees and banks were full of flowers;
Soft winds did blow;
Leafy vines made dusky bowers;
'Long time ago.'

By a rock beneath the mountain,
She, bending low,
Shed warm tears beside a fountain,
'Long time ago.'

"Maiden, why so broken hearted?
Fain would I know."
"Sir, my love and I here parted,
'Long time ago.'"

"Here he wooed and here he won me;
Then far must go:
Left his kiss of truth upon me,
'Long time ago.'

"Soon he sunk beneath the billow,
When storms did blow:
Then I planted here this willow,
'Long time ago.'

"Fare thee well sweet mourning Sally;
Keen is thy woe."
So I left the flowery valley,
'Long time ago.'

Once again I saw the valley,
Where waters flow;
Then again I looked for Sally,
'Long time ago.'

By the rock beneath the mountain,—
Saw willow grow
O'er a grave beside the fountain,
'Long time ago.'

She ceased. I was rivetted to the spot. For minutes I was entranced with the mournful vision of poor Sally's grave under the weeping willow; while my nerves yet quivered sympathetically with the heavenly tones, that made the simple story of her fate so dolefully affecting. I was roused at last by Eli's voice calling me from the foot of the stairs. I hurried down without thinking of my door. He asked whether I had missed anything out of my room. I simply answered 'No,' and walked on, I knew not whither. I spoke not during the most of our walk, except when spoken to, and then sometimes I gave irrelevant answers. Eli soon observed my mood, and several times looked at me with amazement, but made no remark. To prevent unpleasant conjectures, I told him on our return what had so strangely affected my spirits. Whether he inferred any thing more than the merit of the ballad, and my susceptibility of musical impressions,

I know not—probably he ascribed nothing of the effect to the musician, as he had not yet passed his novitiate in the mysteries of Cupid. As for myself I did not then reflect on the subject; I was too much absorbed by the emotions produced by the sweet music and the sweeter musician, to analyze my feelings, and to search out the causes which might be at work in carrying my soul away at such a rate.

At the parlor door, we said 'open sesame,' and were admitted. When I told Judith how I had undesignedly overheard her ballad, she blushed and was a good deal confused at first; and then began to apologise, by saying that the air of the negro-song chanted sonorously in the calm evening and quiet fields of the country, had taken such possession of her fancy, that she could not rest until she had put together a few stanzas, according in simplicity of language and sentiment with the simplicity of the air, to whose melody they were to serve as a vehicle. We soon stopped her modest apologies, by insisting that she should repeat the song, at least for Eli's sake. She did so, more sweetly if possible than before. That night I dreamed that I visited the flowery valley, and saw first, Judith weeping by the fountain side, and then the willow waving its green tresses over Judith's grave.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEA VOYAGE.

When I awoke in the morning, I rejoiced to find that my dismal conceptions were but a dream. But I was sad through the whole forenoon, and but partially relieved towards the evening by the conversation and cheerful looks of my companions. Pleasant rambles with them about the town, the amusements that we shared after dark, and a good night's sleep, had done much to counteract the downward tendency of my spirits. At breakfast time the next morning we were startled by a message from our captain, warning us to be on board within two hours, because the wind was fair, and he would sail a day sooner than he had intended, for fear of a change. We therefore hastened our preparations and were on board by eleven o'clock. According to contract, we took exclusive possession of the cabin, and were pleased that no other passengers of any sort were on board: the crew consisted of five men, the servant boy, and the captain.

We set sail immediately. It was one of the most delightful mornings of a southern spring. Balmy breezes wafted us gently out of the bay, whilst from the deck we contemplated the retiring city, with its advanced guard of islands and

batteries. When these began to sink away in the distance, I had, for the first time, a full view of the ocean, spreading its desolate waste before me to the utmost extent of vision, and leading the imagination onward still, over its vast unfathomable deeps. How different from the diversified scenes of beauty and grandeur in my native highlands, yet even more awfully sublime! It was a scene of such naked simplicity, and such outspreading vastness: nothing to divide and relieve the attention: nothing to contemplate, but the unvaried immensity of the earth-girding waters. I sat mutely gazing over that liquid desert, until it opened to my view the whole canopy of heaven, bending down towards the waters;—the waters seemed to swell upwards as they spread, until all around, skies and waters met, and enclosed us in the centre of their grand periphery.

Serious impressions of the object before me, thoughts of its fearful might, when storms awaken the rage of its billows: thoughts of its gloomy unsearchable abysses, where monsters play among lost treasures and the bones of lost men—all came upon me, and sunk my spirits more and more, until I was deeply immersed in the melancholy to which I had been tending for the last two days. After I observed how the trees and sandhills of the coast had seemingly slid away down the western side of the globe, and had left us alone in this boundless waste of waters, and precariously floating over the dark gulfs of brine, in whose vast receptacle so many dead are hidden till the day of judgment, I became not only sad but terrified: and what made my situation more distressing was, that sea-sickness came upon me with its dismal nausea: itself sufficient to conjure up a fantastic host of goblins from the troubled deeps of the soul.

Eli had left me to arrange some affairs with his sister in the cabin. While my soul was thus sinking to the bottom of the sea, he came up with her, and seeing my melancholy looks, approached me, and said, with his usual smile of benevolence:

"Now, Mr. Garamé, you remind me of the day when I first put out to sea. I kept thinking how wide and how deep is the sea!—yet I have to go all the way over it; and if I should plunge into it some dark windy night, or a tempest should crack this wooden-shell that now bears me up;—why, then I must sink all the way to the bottom, though it were thousands of fathoms down. What made me feel worse, this little sister of mine, who, as you have observed, has a touch of the romantic in her constitution;—she sat crying her eyes out. She had an unconquerable fancy to embark with me: she was not afraid! oh! no—she was a bold seafarer enough in her chamber

at home; but, then, when she came into this wide presence chamber of old Ocean himself, her brave little heart quailed before the face of his hoary majesty. However, I must make due allowance for natural sorrow at parting with our father and friends. Judith, cannot you comfort Mr. Garamé, by telling him how dismally you felt at first, and how, in spite of all your fears, you passed safely over the Atlantic, and got well and cheerful before the voyage was ended?"

"Brother, (said she—and her voice was like a flagolet, breathing soft airs)—I wish that we could cheer Mr. Garamé. But what can mere words do for one suffering under two such natural causes of distress—the first awful impression of being out in the sea; and the heart-sickening nausea that soon comes to blacken every thought. I know from experience how impossible it is to be cheerful under such circumstances, and how little a friend can do to clear the dark current of our feelings."

Here Eli cut her short with the good humored remonstrance—

"Now, Judith, you are paying me a poor compliment on my ability as a comforter, and you are preaching like a Job's comforter to Mr. Garamé."

"Nay, brother, I mean not so; I know that you did all that any brother could have done for a distressed sister. You had your own sorrow to bear; yet you forced your countenance to look cheerful, for my encouragement; and if your exertions did not succeed in relieving me at once, it was because such a weight of sorrow, aggravated by sickness, could be removed only by degrees; so you removed the load which oppressed my spirits; and so, I trust, we shall succeed in taking off the burden that depresses Mr. Garamé. Nay I think that he will find relief much sooner than I did; for he has two advantages in his case, which did not exist in mine. I was leaving home, kindred and friends on a long voyage;—he is returning by a short voyage to his home—his home in the glorious mountains. Mr. Garamé, think of that. Then, again, I had the heart only of a girl, a timid, foolish girl of the town: he has the heart of a man, and the bold spirit of a mountaineer, to bear his sufferings."

Here I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, and began to feel the mountain spirit rousing up its energies at the life-giving touch of my charming comforter. She concluded in these words:

"So, now, brother, I think that I am not as bad as Job's comforters; if not a skillful, I am, however, a well meaning comforter: Am I not, Mr. Garamé?"

A sudden impulse had almost made me exclaim—"You are my elixir of life." I had

opened my mouth to say it, when I perceived the impropriety of so passionate a declaration at this time. With an instantaneous effort I shut it in: but having no substitute ready, I felt confused, lost my self-possession, hung down my head, felt miserably like a fool; and was verging to madness under the mortification of being speechless with confusion, when Judith, perceiving my agony, though scarce divining the cause, brought me relief by saying—

"Brother, Mr. Garamé has one of the dreadful qualms that overcame me so often—and now I am glad that I have thought of it, I have still in my trunk a phial of the medicine that I took when the fits came on; it did not effect a cure, but it palliated my sufferings. Do you stay and comfort Mr. Garamé, while I go and search for it."

She started off, but seeming to recollect suddenly that I had been looking down over the side of the vessel, as if meditating something desperate, she stopped, and turning round, said, half seriously—

"Brother, people sometimes do rash things in a fit of sickness: take care that Mr. Garamé's tormenting nausea does not make him leap into the sea."

"No danger, Judith; a plunge to the bottom is not so agreeable to his fancy just now: he has no more relish for a four mile dip in salt-water than I have. But, perhaps, a dive to the sea-country would not be so bad an adventure after all, as one is apt to think when he has qualms. Suppose that he should find the Nereides down there, combing their wet locks in the green sea-meadows, among the coral groves; and they should sing him a ditty 'lovely well,' and take him into their shell-caves, and feast him on—let me see—what?"

"Oh! brother, (said Judith, interrupting him.) change the subject; you frighten me."

Then she hastened down the companion-way.

"Pardon me, (said Eli to me,) I meant only to divert you, but probably I have taken the wrong way."

And so he had, when he took the way to the bottom of the sea; for I found myself going down again rapidly to the lowest deep of mental dejection. I imagined myself, Judith and all, sunk by a storm in passing Cape Fear, which we must soon approach. What aggravated my sufferings was, that the weather had begun to change from fair to cloudy; the wind veered to the south-east, and freshened so much as to curl up the waves, and make the schooner rock with a quicker and heavier motion. My nausea and mental gloom were consequently growing worse every moment. Eli saw the gathering clouds on my face, and said:

"Mr. Garamé, resist this sinking of the heart; think of cheerful objects."

"Fain would I, Mr. Bensaddi; but I am constitutionally subject to fits of despondency, during which I am the passive and miserable slave of fantasy. Even now, frightful images of distress haunt me; I cannot even shake off the impression that they are ominous of some approaching disaster."

"Oh! think not so, (said he again.)—consider that they are the natural effect of a disordered stomach, and of your new situation out here in this 'barren sea,' as old Homer calls it."

"Your opinion may have the sanction of reason, but my feelings refuse to be governed by its dictates; they point prophetically to some doleful calamity at hand; they call up a spectral tragedy. Something dark and horrible—I know not what—looms cloudily up to view: it makes me shudder, as if it were a real premonition. What can it mean?"

"Nothing, nothing, my friend, (said he, moving towards me quickly, to let the sailors shift the sails for a different tack of the vessel.)—nothing but the work of fancy, operating on the materials of your sickness and melancholy, and casting them into misshapen images of misery and disaster."

He had reached the place where I sat on a bench by the side-rail, and as he pronounced the last word, was turning round to take his seat with me, when he was tripped by a sudden lurch of the vessel and thrown backwards, head foremost, into the sea. He almost brushed me as he fell. Before I could think, he was gone. When I looked, I could see no sign of him but the bubbling of the water where he had sunk.

"A man overboard!—heave to!—down with the boat,"—were the orders of the captain, and every preparation was hastily made for the rescue. For my part, my eyes stared with the fixedness of death on the fatal spot as it receded every instant. Soon he rose to the surface, but strangling. A bench had been thrown out for him; but he either saw it not, or was unable to buffet the waves that separated him from it. The only hope was in the boat; I saw that it was so, and felt the rush of a new spirit through my whole man. As the boat was being pushed off, I sprang into it.

"Fast, fast men: pull, pull, for God's sake,—he is sinking."

My eyes were fixed on him: he struggled convulsively, but with a strength that was failing every instant. The rowers strained their nerves to the utmost, but all in vain: we were yet ten yards off, when I saw his raven locks disappear beneath the wave, and when we reached the

place, not even a bubble marked it. Cruel wave! It had already forgotten its victim.

The boat was turned immediately towards the vessel. I remonstrated.

"It is useless to wait, sir; he will never rise again."

Still I looked back, as the boat was dashed through the waves on her return. A shriek smote my ear! I turned with the quickness of instinct. Well did I know whose soul was pierced. *She* was running distractedly over the deck; her tresses fell and streamed in the wind:—her suppliant arms were flung up towards Heaven; then flung down in despair. The frenzy of despair drove her on, convulsively—she knew not what she did—against the fatal side-rail: she fell over into the sea: her white robe fluttered as she touched the wave; the wave tossed its ample folds, as the briny liquid enfolded her. I cried out, 'Oh! mercy!' and became speechless. The steersman urged the rowers; we neared the spot; a vanishing remnant of the robe—that snowy emblem of her purity—was all that could be seen of Judith Bensaddi. The boat was rather too distant to reach her in time: my foot was on the prow: my nerves were strung to a frenetic energy: one heaven-directed spring, and the robe was in my grasp. In my struggle to sustain her, we were both sinking, but were rescued just in time. She was carried insensible to her berth in the cabin; where, after some moments, my terrific apprehensions were relieved by signs of resuscitation.

Every thing possible was done to complete her restoration, and to promote her personal comfort. My presence of mind and vigor of muscle, since he, and especially since she, had fallen, seemed almost miraculous. Sickness, melancholy, languor, even consciousness of my own existence, were gone. I had no thought, no feeling, but for Judith's bereavement, and Judith's melancholy situation. Poor hapless maiden! Better, so her life had still been preserved, that her consciousness had not returned—at least for that dark night of sorrow, whose thick gloom of clouds and rain gathered over Eli's watery grave, just as she began to remember that her brother was lost in the dark stormy sea. Then her breast began to heave convulsively,—a sob—a groan—a shriek—the same wild sort of shriek that I had heard in the boat—these were all that she could utter.

In vain did I attempt some words of consolation. She heard me not. External things could make no impression on a soul absorbed in one idea and one emotion. Hours passed away before that one thought and feeling could find utterance in words: then they came forth only in broken accents, during intervals between the

more violent paroxysms of grief. Merciful Heaven! Even the distant remembrance almost freezes my blood. Still do I seem to hear that voice, like a mourning dove's, utter its broken notes of woe in terms like these :

"Oh! my brother! Dear, lost brother! Lost in the sea! Oh, my poor brother! Drowned in the deep waters! Brother! oh, brother! can you not return? No, never. Too deep—far down in the cold sea. God have mercy on thee, my dear lost brother! Oh, hapless fate! So sudden! He looked and smiled—he was happy: I went away—they called me—your brother is lost!" Oh, God of Israel! pity my lost Eli—so lovely! so kind! so joyful! In a moment, he fell, he sunk; they could not save him. Alas for thee, my brother—cold! silent! alone! deep! No friend can find thee there, oh, lost brother! I cannot close thy dear eyes, in thy dark, briny bed. Thy heart is cold, that heart that loved me so—Oh, my heart will break! Oh, that I had died for thee, beloved Eli! Alas, he hears me not! He hears no more the storms of this dark world—poor brother—in his oozy bed, far, far down beneath the waves. Farewell, lost brother—farewell forever."

But vainly do I attempt to describe her grief, or to give a just conception of her heart-rending lamentations.

I will pass briefly over the next stage of her mourning. She began to think of her father's bereavement, and to condole for the grief that must afflict his aged breast, when he should hear that his only son was lost. Lastly she thought of herself; and then she deplored her sad condition as a lonely and friendless maiden on a foreign shore. Here I made a second attempt to gain her attention, that I might assure her of my friendship and protection. Still, though sometimes her eye seemed to rest upon me, her heart was too deeply buried in grief, her soul too fully possessed with the one idea of her bereavement, to let her recognize my person, or remember our late acquaintance. Her eyes—those eyes lately so bright with intelligence and joyful emotions—were now swollen and dimmed with weeping.

I kept anxious watch over her. I was prompt to see, and, as far as possible, to supply every want. I had administered a dose of laudanum mixed with a cordial. This ultimately produced a soothing effect; though it was past midnight before she could cease from wailing and lamentation. But exhausted nature, aided by the anodyne, compelled her grief at last to yield to some intervals of repose. She sank first into short slumbers, broken by starts of terror, and calls for her lost brother: then she would fall back again into a transient oblivion of her sorrows. Finally she was overcome by a heavy slumber of

two hours. When she awoke, the dark, dismal night had passed away, and the morning broke less cloudy and rainy. I watched her anxiously during her sleep, and more anxiously on her awaking, fearful lest her slumber should prove to be a respite without relief. For an instant, she looked around with a countenance of wild affright. Then remembering her situation, she began to sob and weep. But to my great satisfaction, she soon became more composed, and gave indications of a returning sensibility to present objects. When she looked at me with a countenance expressive of recognition, and I drew near to address her, she could only exclaim—

"Oh, Mr. Garamé!" before a new flood of emotions choked her utterance.

"Endeavor to compose yourself, dear Judith," was all that I could say, when I felt a sudden change in myself. Thus far my feelings had been absorbed in her's; my whole attention had been abstracted from self and fixed on the lovely sufferer, whose agony of grief was enough to excite a demon's pity. Now when she was so far relieved as to recognize me, and call my name, self-consciousness returned; my existence, as a distinct being, was felt again, engrossing sympathy yielded to a softer emotion, all the fountains of compassion were opened within me, and for some time we silently shed our tears together.

When I recovered the power of speech, I gave her the most heart-felt assurances of devoted friendship; I exhorted her to rely on me as an affectionate brother; I solemnly promised to treat her as a sister, and not to leave her until I had deposited her safely with her friends. I saw with unspeakable satisfaction that she could now listen, that she understood my words, and that she was soothed by them; and what was particularly gratifying, that her grief, although still poignant, had passed its most alarming stage, and that she no longer suffered the utter despair and prostration of soul, which had threatened to destroy her reason, if not her life.

Hoping that she might sleep again, I left the cabin for half an hour, and when I returned, I found her dozing. When she opened her eyes, I asked her to sit up and take some food. She could only swallow a little tea. I then renewed my expressions of condolence and fraternal care; afterwards I attempted in the following manner, to direct her mind to the best source of consolation :

"My dear friend, it is natural that you should grieve intensely for the loss of a brother so deserving of all your affection. I too have lost in him a friend, whom our few days' acquaintance had taught me to love, as one brought up with me from childhood. I cannot comfort myself, how much less can I comfort you? In such a

case we are strongly reminded of our dependence on a higher power, who overrules our destiny, and ordains both our prosperity and adversity. He has sent this sore affliction upon you, not in cruelty but in love; for when He afflicts, it is in mercy. He wounds to heal, and bruises that he may bind up. He designs by the ills of this life to train us for a happier life to come. When He seems prematurely to remove our friends away from us, we should not infer that He does it in wrath to them or to us: we see the good cut off in the midst of their days, or suddenly bereft of their dearest friends; then we should remember that it is not chance nor fate, but the Father of Mercies who takes them away; and that their removal from this world, where sin entices and sorrow afflicts, is no evidence of his having cast them out of his paternal care. He can still behold them with his compassionate eye, and reach them with his arm, that is not only strong to save, but tender in the guidance of them who fear Him, frail and erring as they may have been. Commit yourself then to His benevolent care: He is your Father, and the Father of all whom you love: His tender mercies are over all his works: He calls Himself your Father, and teaches you to trust in Him as the God of love. Open your heart now to His consolations: He will heal its pains and mollify the bruises of the contrite spirit. Believe that He has done the best for you and yours, and that some day both you and your lost brother will see cause to thank Him for this dispensation."

Such was the tenor of my discourse.

When she heard another speak of the horrible disaster, which had, since yesterday, cut off her communication with the external world, her grief started afresh, and threatened a return of her violent paroxysms. I was at first alarmed at the effect of my words, and was sorry that I had broached the subject. But as I proceeded, she visibly strove against her feelings, and directed her attention to my discourse. When I had concluded, I saw a change in her countenance; its late unmingled expression of anguish was mitigated by perceptible indication of humble submission to the will of Heaven! In a few hours I was satisfied that I had taken the best course, when I embraced the earliest opportunity of opening a free communication between our minds on the subject of her grief. She was the sooner drawn off from the first absorbing view of the calamity as a present object, and familiarized with the consideration of it as past, irreversible, and, therefore, to be acquiesced in as the will of Heaven: and the farther I could put it back in the order of her remembrances, by occupying her attention with other objects, the sooner would

the keen edge of her sorrow be blunted, and consoling thoughts find admission to her heart.

I alone exercised any care over her. The captain and crew showed so little sympathy, that I, in the fulness of mine, thought them brutally indifferent; as if they considered the drowning of a passenger an event rather to be expected than lamented, and the grief of a lovely sister, a womanish weakness scarcely deserving pity. I have since learned to make allowance for the circumstance, that whilst I had leisure to think incessantly of Judith and her sufferings, they had to busy themselves with their navigation, and felt that the 'poor girl,' as they called her, might be left to my willing and assiduous attentions.

Towards evening Judith could talk with me somewhat freely of her misfortune.

"Oh my friend, (said she at one time,) how kind was it in God to send you along with us on this fatal voyage. Dear, lost brother! if his departed spirit can look back on the affairs of this world, he must feel comforted to think that so kind a friend was provided for his poor bereaved sister. And my good father! bitter enough will be the day when he shall hear that the best comfort of his old age is buried in the ocean; but still more bitter would it be, if it had been his lot to hear that his helpless daughter was left alone and friendless on the waves of a foreign shore."

Here a gush of feeling interrupted her speech; but she strove for self-command, and was soon calmer again. Then lifting her teary eyes and grief-worn countenance upon me, she continued:

"Mr. Garamé, I accept your offered protection—I accept it gratefully: pardon me that I have not expressed my gratitude and my confidence in you sooner. Indeed my feelings have been too strong for utterance. Now I can say that I feel as much as my bruised heart is capable of feeling.—yes, I do feel that you are truly my friend, and will act towards me the part of a brother. Alas! no one else can now show me the kindness of a brother: he that was born my brother, and from my childhood endeared himself to me by innumerable kindnesses, my beloved Eli, is now cold and lifeless at the bottom of the sea. Oh! Jehovah, God of Abraham, teach me resignation! Excuse me, dear friend, I cannot refrain: I am a poor bereft thing: a weak creature at best, always needing counsel and guidance, and now more than ever. I commit myself to your care: you will indulge my weaknesses, now that I am stricken down, and with my natural infirmity, have to bear a heavy load of sorrow. You will be my guardian, my comforter, and—my brother."

Having said this, she seemed to feel more ease, as if she had discharged a portion of her load;

she fell back on her couch, sobbed a little, and then sank gently to sleep.

As the native vivacity of Judith's feelings made the first tempest of her grief irresistibly violent, so it caused the tempest sooner to spend its force, and to settle down into a comparative calm. Never had I seen such agonizing distress—nay, such frantic desperation of grief as seized her, when the lightning stroke of bereavement fell so terribly upon her. By the morning of the third day, however, she could take some nourishment, and converse with less frequent spasms of anguish. But the effect on her person of the mental suffering and corporeal exhaustion of the last two days, struck a deep impression of sadness upon my heart, whenever I looked at her. Grief had in this short time driven the rosy flush of health from her cheeks, the sparkling radiance from her eyes, the buoyant elasticity from her members, and had left her faded and withered, like a scorched blossom of the desert.

What were my feelings, when I had leisure to reflect that this lovely drooping flower was now under my sole care! And by what a surprising stroke had Divine Providence driven her for shelter to my honor and benevolence! In herself to me the loveliest, she was made by these affecting circumstances, the dearest by far of all earthly beings. My passion, heretofore uncherished in the bud, was thus nourished, expanded, matured, and at the same time refined into the tenderest and most unselfish feeling of fraternal affection. If ever my breast was visited by the pure sentiment and seraphic glow of an angel's love, it was now, when I looked on that countenance, pale with sorrow—remembering how lately it shone with the light of joyous innocence; and comparing its expression then with its present look, so humbly submissive, yet so keenly sorrowful; so smitten, yet so patient and so holy.

On the evening of this day she began to express regret for the inconvenience and trouble that she would cause me to experience. I replied, that if ever in future life I could reflect with unalloyed satisfaction on any of my actions, it would be upon that of restoring her to her friends, whatever it might cost me. How feelingly did she look at me and say—

"The mourner's gratitude will be a poor reward; but the mourner's Heavenly Friend, in whom you have taught me to trust, will not forget such kindness.

I embraced the occasion to consult her about ulterior movements, after we should reach the Chesapeake; asking her to tell me, without reserve, which course would be most agreeable to her; whether I should take her to Rockbridge, until I could prepare to go with her to London; or whether I should take her on straight way to

New York or Boston, and thence home, leaving deficiencies in my outfit to be supplied by the way.

She meditated a little and then replied, that she could now, without scruple, accept my services to any extent that might be necessary; but that she was under no necessity of asking me to go all the way to London; that her brother had arranged with a friend of theirs to meet him in Boston, where he had lately settled, and to embark with him there for England; and that she needed, therefore, to ask no more of my kindness than to go with her to Boston, where that friend would release me from further trouble on her account. She added, that as this great extension of my journey would add much to its expense, and none to that which she and her brother would have incurred, that I would not scruple to use their funds—especially as so unexpected and so large an increase of expenditure might not have been provided for.

"But, (said she in conclusion,) though I would not unnecessarily trouble you to go to London, yet if you ever find occasion to visit that city, I claim that you give me and my friends the opportunity of showing that we remember what it is to deal kindly with a stranger in a foreign land."

Whatever vague desire I may have entertained to conduct her on a visit to my native valley, I acquiesced without hesitation in the obvious propriety of the course that she suggested. The same reason that governed her choice of this route, made it proper also to proceed without delay from Norfolk to Baltimore by water, and thence to Boston, through Philadelphia and New York.

(To be continued.)

THE HAUNTS OF THE STUDENT.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

"Where should the scholar live? In solitude or society? In the green stillness of the country where he can hear the heart of Nature beat, or in the dark, grey city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man?"

HYPERRION.

When the student sits and ponders

On the wondrous tomes of yore,
And his mind, dishearten'd, wanders
Thro' their wilderness of lore;—

When with energies aweary,

By their tension overstrained,
Sad he muses, with a dreary
Sense of what is unattained;—

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ÆNEID.

BOOK II.

The Destruction of Troy related to Dido by Æneas.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction, 1—18. Entrance of the Wooden Horse and treachery of Sinon, 19—286. Fate of Læocœon and his sons, 287—326. Descent of the Greeks from the Horse, and attack upon the City, 327—375. Æneas is warned of the danger by the Ghost of Hector, 376—476. Æneas, Panthus, and others engage in the conflict, 477—617. Events at the palace and death of Priam, 618—792. Æneas left alone, is returning to his own house, when he observes Helen concealed near the altar; he is urged by various motives to slay her, but is prevented by his mother, who appears to him and conducts him home, 793—904. Anchises at first refuses to accompany his son in flight, but finally, being encouraged by a miracle, he consents. They take to flight; Creusa is missing on their arrival at the place appointed, 905—1059. Æneas returns in search of her, when her ghost appears to him, and advises him to depart. He returns to his friends, and again, taking his father on his shoulders, seeks refuge in the mountains, 1060—1145.

'Twas silence all; no voice the stillness broke,
Then, from his lofty couch, the sage Æneas spoke :
"Untold the grief, fair Queen! that springs anew,
Within my breast, when ordered to review,
Those scenes in which by Greeks were Trojans slain,
And Ilium sacked, and levelled with the plain;
Terrible sights, which these sad eyes have seen,
A hapless actor, too, ah! would I had not been!
What cruel Myrindon the tale could hear,
And to our mournful fate refuse a tear?
The fierce Dolopian would forget his ire,
And e'en Ulysses pity would inspire.
The humble night, too, flies to ocean's deep,
And setting stars invite to needful sleep;
Yet, if you so desire, I will relate,
Troy's fall, its struggles, and its final fate.
Although my heart the bitter task bewails,
And memory shudders at the dread details.

Weary of war, and oft repulsed by fate,
The long protracted siege the Grecians hate.
A monstrous horse by Pallas' art divine,
They build, with breast of oak, and ribs of pine;
A vow for their return with art they feign,
Their cunning tales a fatal credit gain.
Then, casting lots, their bravest men they hide,
Within the darkness of its boarded side,
Who in the dismal belly silent stand,
And fill its cavern with their armed band.
There is an island—Tenedos by name—
In sight of Troy, of once conspicuous fame;
While Priam reigned, of wealth and great resort,
But now a dangerous and deserted port.

Borne hither by the breeze and pliant oar,
They hide their vessels on the lonely shore.
We, foolish, think for Greece they had made sail,
And sought Mycenæ with the favoring gale.
Therefore, all Troy dispels its lengthened grief,
Pours through the gates and hails the glad relief.
The Grecian camp with pleasure they survey,
The shores deserted and the silent bay :
'Here the Dolopian troops their leisure spent,
And here the fierce Achilles pitched his tent;
Their fleet was moored within this circling light,
And here, in battle, they were wont to fight.'
Upon Minerva's fatal gift some gazed,
And at the horse's size were much amazed.
Thymetes, first, aloud with ardour calls,
To have it brought within the city walls;
Whether by fraud, and as a traitor hired.
Or thus the fates of Troy had now required.
Capys, and all within whose sober mind,
Reflection dwelt, and knowledge of mankind,
The treacherous gift would plunge into the deep,
Or render in the flames a smouldering heap ;
Or, at the least, the swelling sides would bore,
And all its hidden cavities explore.
These adverse views the wayward crowd divide,
Who, as caprice directs, take either side.
Here, Læocœon, with a crowded train,
The fortress leaves, and foremost seeks the plain ;
Then cries aloud : ' What madness, townsmen say ?
Think you our wily foes are gone away ?
Are favors void of guile by Argives shown ?
Is thus Ulysses and his cunning known ?
Or, Grecians lurk within this engine tall,
Or else, it has been framed against our wall,
Our sacred homes and city to command ;
Some latent danger surely is at hand.
Trust not the horse, with art it now beguiles,
I fear the Greeks, and their insidious wiles,
E'en most, when offering gifts, and robed in smiles."
He said, and all his mighty strength applied,
And hurled his spear against the curving side ;
It quivering stands, the echoing belly groans,
And from its caverns issue dismal moans.
Ah! had the Gods our fate not preordained,
Or had our minds but common sense retained,
We had been led with blood its womb to stain,
Troy, now, might stand, and Priam's house still reign.
Behold! with clamour great some shepherds bring
A youth fast pinioned to the aged king,
Who, with design this very part to play,
Had cast himself unknown into their way,
That his deep plot he may with art employ,
And open to the Greeks ill-fated Troy ;
Self poised and bold, for either lot prepared,
Death, or the object that his valour dared.
Around the Trojans rush to view the sight,
Insult the captive, and enjoy his plight.
Now, hearken while the Grecian wiles I trace,
And from one snuple learn to know the race.
When in the crowd he stood, unarmed, dismayed,
And with a timid glance our troops surveyed ;
" Alas " he said, " can I for country weep ?
Would I might find a home within the deep!

JUDITH BENSADDI:

A TALE.

CHAPTER VIII.

DETENTION AND SEPARATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

We entered the Chesapeake after a voyage of five days. In Hampton Roads we met a steamboat on her way from Norfolk to Baltimore. As the day was pleasant and the water smooth, we determined to transfer ourselves at once to the more speedy and comfortable vehicle without landing at Norfolk. The boat instantly obeyed our signal; in a few minutes we were snugly bestowed in our new quarters, and with a mighty puffing and splashing, were being dashed through the waters of the 'Old Dominion' at the rate of ten miles an hour. The next day we landed in Baltimore, where I asked Judith if her feeble health did not require a day's rest before we proceeded any further. She acknowledged her extreme debility, but thought that she could travel in steamboats, and desired to go on whilst she was able: so we took passage the same afternoon, and proceeded by way of Frenchtown to Philadelphia. We landed at the Chestnut street wharf the next day at two o'clock, and took a hackney coach to convey us to one of the principal hotels of the city. Judith's weakness was now so great, (and to me it was alarming,) that she admitted her inability to continue our journey, until her strength was recruited by a day's rest. A day's rest might have been all, if an accident had not prolonged our stay.

The coach had stopped before the door of the hotel, my foot was on the step, and my hands were let go to descend, when a sudden start of the horses, which were frightened by something unusual, threw me violently on the rough stones of the pavement. I sprang up, unconscious of hurt, and ran after the coach, on hearing a scream from Judith. The horses were stopped within ten yards. My feeble companion, with fright depicted on her countenance, inquired, as I helped her out, if I were not badly hurt.

"No, scarcely at all:—yes, I believe I am a little—Ach! my ankle begins to pain me some—My hip seems to be slightly bruised."

We were now in the front parlor: before we reached a seat, I was writhing and limping badly. She looked anxiously into my face:

"Mr. Garamé, you are *seriously* hurt."

There was a degree of animation in her look, that I had not seen during the week of her mourning. I seated her on the sofa, intending to go

instantly and speak for our rooms; but on turning round, I felt such pangs that I dropped down by her side, put my hand first to my ankle, then to my hip: but intending to quiet her fears, I said:

"'Tis true, I am a good deal hurt—oh! ah!—but no bones are broken—I shall soon get over it—ah! oh!"

I could not suppress these interjections, for at every movement of the wounded muscles, a needle seemed to shoot through the irritated fibres.

What was my surprise to see Judith, whose languor had for several days made her positively unable to walk without assistance, now rise from the sofa, go alone to the bar-room adjoining the parlor, and after speaking to the clerk, and having two servants called, return, and when the clerk came in, request me to order rooms for us. I told him that the young lady was a friend of mine, in deep distress, and that we wanted private chambers in a retired part of the house, with a parlor to ourselves, as the lady's situation did not admit of her mingling with strangers. We were accommodated in every particular. When the servant man came and announced that our rooms were prepared in the second story, I rose with difficulty, and as usual offered Judith my arm. She rose without difficulty, and looking into my face with marks of lively concern in her's, exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Garamé, you cannot go up the stairs without assistance; do, if you please, let this servant call another to assist him in supporting you."

I accepted the aid of the servant on my wounded side, but persisted in keeping her on the other. Thus we made our way up the stairs, which, to my pleasing astonishment, Judith mounted, rather giving than receiving support. I wondered and rejoiced at this sudden amendment in my dear charge. From the moment when she saw me writhing with sharp pains, a new vigor was infused into her debilitated frame, new animation was visible in her face, new light beamed from her eyes; and from this moment, while she officiated with the tenderest care as my nurse, her health and spirits continued to return with a rapidity which was not only surprising, but at first unaccountable, and the more so because my sufferings were a new affliction to her; she sympathized keenly with every twinge of pain that she saw me endure, kept anxious watch for the minutest occasion to serve me, and where she could not relieve, to share the suffering. But this pungent anxiety on my account was doubtless the cause of the happy change in her own condition: it effectually diverted her mind from the depressing contemplation of her late disaster, gave a

now turn to the current of her feelings, started new trains of thought, and put the terrible accident that afflicted her, far back in the series of recent facts and interesting experiences. Had my sufferings been of a more appalling character, they might have aggravated her malady; but they were just sufficient to excite the languishing powers of nature without exhausting them. Thus she soon recovered the elasticity of her mind so far, that she was able in some degree to control her grief by the exercise of reason and conscience: and this she did; for she told me a few days afterwards, that she deemed it ungrateful and rebellious towards God to persist wilfully in grieving for any loss that He saw good to inflict upon us. Therefore, although she could not avoid mourning for the loss of her dear brother, she felt in duty bound to reconcile herself as soon as possible to the Divine will, and to subdue a grief which could serve no good end, except so far as it was involuntary, and which would, if wilfully indulged, unfit her for the duties of life and the enjoyment of the blessing yet left to her. One end of grief might be, she thought, to exercise us in subduing it; this might be one of the appointed trials of our piety towards our Heavenly Father, a salutary discipline to fit us for serving him in all circumstances, whether of prosperity or adversity. In these rational and devout sentiments I fully concurred with her. But it is time to resume the thread of my narrative.

I was scarcely disposed on the sofa in our parlor, before a surgeon, (the most eminent in the city, as I afterwards learned,) was ushered in by a servant, and without preamble or introduction, ordered the servant to "strip that foot." Judith had just finished the operation of pillowing it softly on a stool. As she rose from her reclining posture, she whispered to me that the clerk had sent for the surgeon: then she told the maid in waiting to lead the way into her chamber.

The surgeon, whose abrupt order had surprised, and for a moment irritated me, glanced at my ankle, and pronounced it badly sprained: then in the same breath he asked—

"Have you any other hurt?"

"Yes, on my hip."

"Strip his hip, servant—quickly."

He gave it a hasty look and a touch.

"It is only a bruise: rub it with liniment, and apply a flake of raw cotton: put a bread poultice to your ankle."

"How long shall I be confined, doctor?"

"That will depend on your care, and on circumstances. Do not tread on that foot; drink no stimulants, eat sparingly, and take a Seidlitz powder or two daily. Good day, sir."

He spoke and was gone.

The next morning after breakfast he called again—asked just three questions, staid just two minutes, and was off instantly after uttering these words:

"Continue the same applications, till the swelling and soreness abate: nurse your ankle until it is well; a week or more if necessary; and if it gets worse send for me. My hat, boy! Your servant, sir."

I saw him no more; but I did see that he was full of business, and had no need of complaisance.

Judith, my sweet nurse, was present when he enjoined on me a week's confinement or more. I saw a little cloud of sadness flit over her countenance, when she heard it. I could easily conjecture why this detention should be unpleasant to her, especially when I remembered what Eli had said about the necessity of a speedy prosecution of their journey: but as to myself, shall I confess it? the prospect of delay foisted a secret joy into my heart in spite of bruised flesh and an aching joint—in spite too of my biting conscience, which bade me wish for a speedy return of Judith to her friends, whatever delight I might take in her company. But when I looked upon my dear companion, whose eyes of reviving brightness were now directed towards me, how could I help longing for a continuance of our intercourse? But if the desire itself was unconquerable, it did not subdue my conscientious feeling, so as to prevent my acting in accordance with my duty on this occasion. I asked my dear charge what was to be done now: would she wait until I should be able to travel, or would she write to her Boston friend, that he might come and meet her here? She answered that she ought to write, and make known her situation, without delay.

"Then (said she,) having done my duty, I can wait patiently, whether it be the will of Providence that you shall carry me on further after your recovery, or that my cousin shall be able to come and release you from the necessity."

She retired to her room and wrote the letter. When she came with it into the parlor and rang the bell for a servant to have it carried to the post-office, the marks of recent tears were upon her face; and when the servant closed the door, on going out with the missive that would probably in a few days bring her a new protector, she turned with drooping head and staggered to a chair. No wonder that she was deeply affected, for the writing of that letter "renewed the sad remembrance of her fate." But, oh! the weakness of human nature—at least of my human nature: for I—yes, even I—so lately the purely disinterested, the simply fraternal lover, now felt the wish that a part of her emotion, even the greater

part, might be on account of her approaching separation from me *myself*. How was my love descending from its angelic height, and settling upon the low grounds of human selfishness! In truth, at this moment, when I contemplated the loss of her society, my passion began to be ambitious of conquest and jealous of interference: I coveted all the affection of that dear heart: and any suspicion that it throbbed for others, and chiefly for them, whilst every sight and every thought of her raised the strongest pulsations in my heart, produced in me an irritability and sensitiveness of feeling, new, painful, earthly, and humiliating to think upon. Not only how selfish, but how inconsistent had my love become. It had been produced, nourished and refined, in a great measure, by her various manifestations of a heart, rich in every tender, virtuous and amiable affection; and now my full grown or overgrown passion, after being so born and bred, demanded that for its gratification, she should feel a less dutiful affection for others, and that in order to satisfy its cravings, she should make herself less worthy of being loved. Still, however, if I had been sure that love for me was seated on the throne of her heart, I might have allowed other affections to occupy a high but still a subordinate place: but whilst the precedence was unsettled, I was jealous of all possible rivals: even filial love was not pleasing in my sight.

Whilst the letter was speeding its way, and we waited for the result, and for my convalescence, our days were spent almost exclusively in each other's society:—happy days they were to me—transcendantly happy I may call them, notwithstanding the cloud-shadows that often flitted across their summer brightness. I allude not to corporeal sufferings; for under the balmy care of the sweetest nurse in the world, my bruises were soon mollified, and my wrenched ankle ceased to pain me; yet it was a week before I durst attempt the passage from parlor to bed-chamber, and contrariwise, without the help of the servant who attended upon me. But too fleeting seemed the quarter of a moon, which brought my dear companion the answer from her cousin that he would follow in two or three days, and requesting her kind friend to stay with her until he should arrive. That 'kind friend' needed no persuasion to detain him, nor would he have left her one day before necessity required, if he had even had the wings of a dove to fly away.

Meanwhile I saw with delight how Judith's grief yielded daily to sober cheerfulness, and how returning health was continually restoring the vernal bloom to her cheeks, and the starry radiance to her eyes. Though still a deep mourner, she soon began to show occasionally, in placid

smiles, the budding promise of a new spring-time of the heart. When I saw the first of these renovated smiles illumine once more the beauties of her countenance, what a rushing tide of joy flowed through my heart!

Every day increased my admiration of this extraordinary maiden. I had seen her in the days of her joyous vivacity, drinking the pleasures of bountiful nature from a thousand springs; every sparkling feature and buoyant motion expressing the gaiety of an innocent heart. Then, all in a moment, I had seen her riven with a thunderbolt of misfortune, and hurled into the lowest deep of affliction. And now I saw her rising again to the light of consolation, and walking in the mellow shade of patient resignation and dawning cheerfulness. In this diversity of situation, extreme and intermediate, every feeling of her heart, and every trait of her character, seemed to be developed: and whatever light shades of human infirmity might be discerned, such a character of intellectual brightness, moral purity, and unsophisticated amiability of temper, all becomingly set forth with such personal beauty, had never before realized itself to my perception. Whether my fancy contributed to adorn this lovely being or not, the vision was to my heart so perfectly enchanting, that I was rapt, (if I may so express it without profaneness,) up to the third heaven of love. Whether others have been so entranced by the sweet passion, I cannot say; probably few—for few indeed have been placed in such peculiar circumstances—but this I know, that I could not possibly love a mortal being—no, not angel—more: my heart was full.

To avoid all expression of my love until Judith should be with her friend, as a delicate regard to her feelings required, became at last impossible. Whilst I abstained from verbal declarations of more than fraternal kindness, tokens of my deeper passion began to steal from me every hour that I spent in her company. If the reader have felt the strong workings of the tender passion, and observed their effects, then the reader knows that there are a hundred signs of love more expressive than words; signs, which they whose hearts are tenderly attached, but not yet conclusively affianced, instinctively give and instinctively understand. Many of these are too delicate in their nature, and pertain too exclusively to the mysteries of the passion, to be intelligible to the uninitiated. Not until one's heart is illuminated by nature's love-torch, can one read the language of love spoken by the eyes—the tender meaning that plays about the lips,—the sentiments delicately suggested by certain undesigned postures and inadvertent motions, or by certain tremors, certain touches of the hand,—

the interesting significance of certain accents, tones and stammerings of the voice, flushings and blanchings of the cheek;—all expressive; and the more so, because, to be felt by the one party, they must spring undesignedly from the feelings of the other: they are nature's language; and therefore inimitable by the feigning pretender, who attempting to act without feeling, is almost sure to be exposed to the instinctive sagacity of real passion.

Such signs I could no more repress than I could have stayed the eruption of a volcano. I detected them springing involuntarily forth in every form and on every occasion. They were understood—that I saw; signs of reciprocity were not wanting: they broke through the guarded modesty of Judith's heart: they could not escape the vigilant sagacity of mine. My satisfaction would have been complete, my joy unbounded, had these auspicious tokens come alone. But they came attended with others of such sinister omen, as to baffle my judgment, and to becloud my hope. Tokens of pain attached themselves to her tokens of love. When she appeared to apprehend in me the symptoms of more than a brother's affection, nature speaking back from her heart, and flashing through every avenue of expression, told me that my love was both pleasant and painful to her soul. Whenever something in my voice and manner indicated the ardor of my feelings, the tremulous joy that sprang forth to her tell-tale countenance, was in a moment saddened by a twinge of anguish; as I have seen on a rainy day, the blooming meadow of my native vale, when the flashing beam of sunlight that disclosed its flowery beauties, was suddenly extinguished again by the shadow of the rain-cloud.

A remarkable instance of the kind took place on the fifth morning after the letter had been sent. We had just finished our private breakfast, and Judith was asking if my ankle were not in a painful position on the stool, where I still kept it during most of the day, when a servant brought up a newspaper with the landlord's compliments and suggestion, that we might find something in it particularly interesting to ourselves. On glancing over the columns, I found an article taken from a Norfolk paper, and headed "Affecting incident at sea." I soon discovered that it was our captain's account of poor Eli's fate, and of Judith's fall and rescue. He had done full justice to my agency in the affair, but stated as a fact, a conjecture of his own, that Judith and I (but only the initials of our names were given,) were betrothed in marriage.

Judith perceiving my agitation, asked with great concern whether I had found any bad news.

"Nothing new to us,—it is the captain's story

of our misfortune. You will have to read for yourself. One of the circumstances mentioned by the captain is a mistake; you may pardon that, as all the rest is correct."

She took the paper with a trembling hand, and retired into her room, which, like mine, opened into the parlor. Presently I heard her half-suppressed sobs; then she was silent during a few moments; then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, she started up with the exclamation—

"My preserver, and I knew it not! I might have gone home without knowing my chief obligation to him."

She was hastening towards the open door; but stopped where I could see that she was still reading. Soon she again returned to her seat, where I could not see her; and sat in profound silence for a quarter of an hour.

It may be readily supposed, that Judith was not sensible of the part that I had acted in rescuing her from the sea, (if indeed she could remember that she fell into it,) and that she was not likely to be informed, unless I had told her myself, which my sense of delicacy forbade, though I was not at all displeased that she should learn it in such time and way that she did. Nor was I sorry for the mistake about our betrothal, because it might obviate disagreeable remarks about our secluded intimacy in the hotel; and moreover, it might assist me in judging how the idea of such a relation would affect her. But it placed her in a very embarrassing situation, impelled as she was by gratitude to rush in and make her acknowledgments, yet restrained by the fear that I might give the wrong interpretation to the warm expression of her feelings.

Finally, she again rose from her seat and came into the parlor, slowly and stealthily, hanging down her head as if ashamed. My heart palpitated, and I felt confused, not knowing how I should receive her; so I seemed not to be aware of her approach, and kept my eyes on the floor, as if engaged in meditation. She stood a minute at the end of the sofa, opposite to that which I occupied, with my lame foot on the stool. I looked up towards her at last; she had her eyes fixed on me with a look of indescribable tenderness and sadness. Her eyes met mine, and the mutual glance of feeling overcame her; she put her handkerchief to her face with both hands, and dropped to her seat on the sofa, exclaiming, "Oh, my preserver!" and burst into tears.

"Thank God, my dear Judith, that I was able to preserve so precious a life."

She recovered, after a few moments, sufficiently to say—"I can never compensate you, my friend; but I am not sorry to lie under obligation to such a benefactor—one more than a common friend—a brother who risked his own

life to save mine—yes, a kind good brother—alas! alas! the only being on earth whom I can now call brother, and him only by courtesy; but I will cleave to the privilege; I will try to show that I am not unworthy to be your sister, and shall always claim to be so considered."

I spoke some kind words in reply, and while I spoke, happened some how or other to move a little nigher to her end of the sofa; and taking the hand that she had dropped, while the other still held the handkerchief to her face, I drew it slightly; her body obeyed the gentle attraction, and her head, with the handkerchief still over the eyes, dropped upon my shoulder; but had not rested there before she suddenly drew back, gave me a glance of heart-piercing love and anguish,—her glowing cheek was suddenly blanched; and with an interjection expressive of keen suffering, she rose, hastened to her room, and threw herself on a chair, moaning and sobbing, till she so far conquered her emotion as to become perfectly silent.

I was at a loss. The shrinking delicacy of her feelings, and the doleful remembrances so lately recalled to mind, did not solve the phenomena; there was a visible pang unaccounted for—a shooting pang—that could in one instant drive back the warm current of love in a freezing eddy to the heart. What *could* be the matter? Of all the suppositions that I could think of, one only carried an air of probability—she must be affianced to another. The conception was torture to my soul. I dwelt upon it, until I was persuaded of its truth. "Her promise to another, and her love for me, will account for the struggle in her heart," said I to myself; then, before I was aware, a heavy groan broke forth and started me out of my reverie.

Judith also started up at the sound, and came with an agitated look, exclaiming—

"Oh, Mr. Garame! pardon my rudeness: I left you as if I were offended—no, no; it was not that. I could not suspect—I did not imagine—that my preserver, my brother, meant any thing wrong or offensive—oh, no!—it was pure friendship and brotherly kindness—I knew it was. Something else came to mind—but—"

Here she stopped abruptly, and appeared much embarrassed, as if she had some painful communication to make, but felt a delicacy or reluctance to make it.

I assured her that I did not suspect her of being offended, and that my distress had a different origin—a painful thought, suggested by the appearance of some secret cause of pain in her mind. Here I was on the point of declaring all my heart; but feeling unprepared, and deeming it improper at this time, I stopped short and became embarrassed in my turn. She relieved me

with the ready tact, of which she had before given me striking examples.

"Well, brother, (said she, with all the cheerfulness that she could muster.)—now, as our mutual confidence is restored, let us drop these delicate matters and resume our book. I will read first, then you may take your turn."

So we occupied ourselves with "Specimens of American poetry," and our comments on the passages read. By dinner time, our minds were restored to their usual calmness.

That night, after mature reflection on my pillow, I resolved to defer my declaration no longer than until another occasion should arise, when I would make it without abruptness. I sighed to unburden my heart, and to solve the mystery of her painful love for me. I was persuaded also that she would gladly accept relief from the embarrassment of understanding, and being known to understand, my feelings, yet unauthorized to admit, without a breach of delicacy, that she did understand them. The mystery of the pangs which embittered her love for me, did not continue so to torture me as they had done. My fond heart began to flatter itself that all might arise from the black fountain of her recent grief, together with her virgin diffidence in the secluded company of one so new to her acquaintance. This more comfortable view of the case presented itself in the loneliness of my bed-chamber, after a gratifying review of the manifest tokens that she had given me, involuntarily, of her devoted affection; and under the persuasion that if she were not at liberty to accept my love, she would not have left me to go so far in ignorance of the fact. Still I longed to be rid of suspense, and of a fearful apprehension, certainly not without cause, that my hopes might still be sadly disappointed.

The next morning I found my ankle so much better, that after the servant had helped me into the parlor, and breakfast was over, I sent him to order me a crutch, which came at dinner time, and to my joy I found that with care I might safely hobble about the room upon it.

When the servants had cleared our table, and left us alone after dinner, we began to speak of the probability of our speedy separation. This afforded the occasion that I waited for, to introduce the avowal of my passion. I omit the series of remarks by which I gradually prepared her for the declaration. I apologised for broaching so delicate a subject before the arrival of her friend. I alleged my unrestrainable affection, and my fearful doubts; besides the painful embarrassment which I inflicted on her, by involuntarily signifying the passion which I had not explicitly declared. I further alleged the near approach and probable suddenness of our separation,

when the shortness of the time, the hurry of preparation and the distress of parting, would render such an explanation intolerably painful, whatever the result might be. Finally, I avowed my passion in all its fulness, and offered her my hand with the expression of my perfect assurance, that my life could in no way be so happily spent as in the closest and most endearing connection with her.

"But (said I, in conclusion,)—I am not so rude as to ask of you at this time any answer or explanation of your feelings, if the slightest reason would incline you to defer it. Be assured, however, that if you should now or hereafter tell me of some impediment to our union, be it whatever it may—grieved as I shall be that the fondest desire of my heart cannot be gratified—I shall cling with but the closer attachment to the admitted relation of brother and sister, and will love you as my dearest friend, if I may not love you as the partner of my bosom."

Thus I brought my speech to a successful conclusion, although at the commencement and through the greater part of it, I had hesitated and stammered so much, as to feel doubtful of a safe deliverance.

She was again sitting at one end of the sofa, while I sat at the other with my crutch between us. When she discovered the drift of my discourse, she first hung down her head, then beginning to tremble, she turned and leaned over the back of the sofa to steady her nerves, while I could see the alternations of blushing and paleness upon her cheek; then she put her handkerchief to her face, and when I had concluded, I saw the tears streaming from underneath the handkerchief; and when these had ceased to stream, sob after sob started from her full breast. But she soon evinced the desire to compose herself; she wiped her eyes; changed her position; swallowed her sobs; and gradually sank with bended head into the posture of silent meditation. I waited anxiously during fifteen minutes; till she lifted her head from its declined posture, and turning herself towards me, she began with downcast eyes, and with a voice low and plaintive, gathering strength as it proceeded, but still sweet as the sweetest tones that summer wind ever stole from *Aeolian* harp:

"Mr. Garamé, you have acted kindly to tell me your feelings, before the parting hour. I have seen the involuntary signs of your tender affection for me; they placed me in a situation of painful delicacy; I could not conceal that I understood you, nor speak as if I did. You have now but added one more to the many proofs before given of your honorable affection and tender regard for my feelings. I will at once confess what I suppose that I have heretofore be-

trayed—that your love is not disagreeable to me, nor met with a cold return in my heart. No, my dear preserver; on the first day of our acquaintance, I felt a new and strange sort of pleasure in your company. Then I thought not of love: I expected soon to see you no more;—and though I was sensible of a strong reluctance at the thought of parting with you, I did not suspect that a new passion had sprung up in my heart. What followed—you know. Oh! how could my bruised and desolate heart do otherwise than love such a friend? Since I have recovered sufficient composure to reflect on my feelings and have observed the evidence of your's, I have become conscious of a sister's devoted affection; and within these three days, of more—I need not affect to conceal it—I can go all lengths with you in affection; there is no want of love to make me happy in the most intimate connexion with you; nor am I debarred by any engagement or impediment of any sort, so far as my feelings or circumstances are concerned. Yet there is one thing which you have not heard—an important fact; it may be fatal."

Here she paused to struggle with her feelings; presently she continued, while pale dread sat brooding upon my heart,—“I have lately reproached myself for not telling you sooner. But before my calamity, I thought it unnecessary; during the agony of my grief, I could think of no such matters, and since I have recovered the power of reflection and have seen occasion to tell you, I have waited for an opportunity of doing it without abruptness; now the opportunity has occurred. Oh my friend! prepare to hear a disclosure which must pain your affectionate heart. You have looked upon me as a suitable companion for life; when you know all, you may think differently; you are a sincere christian; will you not shudder at the thought of marrying a Jewess?"

Never was intelligence more surprising. My fearful and busy imagination had created a dozen impediments—such as a prior engagement—a father's refusal, or even a plague spot of infamy upon the family; but had never caught an inkling of the reality, which now struck me like an electric shock.

"A Jewess! you a Jewess?" said I, with a start and an emphasis that conveyed more than was meant. Her eyes were upon me; and when she saw and heard the effect of her disclosure, a new gush of feeling came and overpowered her.

"Oh (said she in a tone of sudden grief,) my fears were true!" Then she rose in confusion to leave me; while the tear-drops began to fall. Now my former feelings, like *refluent* waves which the dash of a tornado had displaced,

came rushing tumultuously back again, and I exclaimed,

"My dear Judith, do not leave me now. I am surprised, but not changed. If you will not let me hope, tell me so at once. But why should a mere name blast my dearest prospects, and sever those whom affection has united?"

She fell back on her seat almost choked with emotion, and sobbed out: "I love you none the less for that name. It is not my heart that such a circumstance will change. But I am afraid that my being a Jewess will canker your love for me."

"Oh no, no," said I quickly.

She continued in a calmer strain, "My heart is yours; the difference in our national descent and religious education, shall not prevent me from giving you my hand, if on full consideration, you and your friends think that these things will not prove fatal to your happiness. Some of my kindred have married christians; my father has told me, that if I should meet with a christian whose temper and character were suitable to mine, he would not refuse to own him for a son-in-law. I am no bigot. Though educated in the religion of my fathers, I have learned to respect the christian religion; I have perused the New Testament, and love its excellent precepts of benevolence and purity; and though I do not profess the christian faith, I could easily live in concord with one who professes it as mildly and sincerely as you do. But I am aware of the prejudices which many entertain against my nation, and what a horror they would feel at so intimate a connection with an Israelite. I know too, that a sincere christian may feel conscientious difficulties in such a case. I do not not know what feelings and sentiments you may have entertained on this subject; the case is probably new to you, and therefore demands serious and mature consideration before you proceed further. It would kill my poor heart to find, when too late, that I had caused—" Here she became so deeply affected, that she had to break off and retire to her chamber.

I also got up, and with my crutch hobbled to my room in deep agitation, delighted yet troubled. My lameness and perturbation of mind effectually precluded all regular thinking while I was on foot. although my mental machinery was driven with an impetus that disposed me to bodily action at the same time. I lay down on the bed that I might compose myself, and obey the injunction to consider well this new feature in my love case; and somewhat after this manner did my mind work at the task of sapient reflection:

"Reflect! She tells me to reflect whether I can press that dear affectionate heart to my bosom! Yes, that heart! What sobriety of re-

flection is mingled there with the light of genius and the living fires of sensibility! She loves me with all that heart; sweet child of sorrow! How candidly has she told me that she is a Jewess, though she expected to make me loathe her by the intelligence—and that too at the very moment when she confessed her love! True, I have never liked the character of the Jews, either ancient or modern; but she has charms enough to put all such prejudices to flight. And why should I object to marry a daughter of Abraham, the friend of God, and the father of all believers? Were not the prophets and the apostles and the Son of God himself, Israelites? And am I to feel degraded or mismatched, when I marry a kinswoman of their's? But were the Jews never so vile or loathsome as a people, my Judith has sufficient personal merits to redeem her from all objection and to cover all her people's sins. Has not the Creator stamped on her lovely person the evident marks of his favor and delight? How divinely sweet has he fashioned her? What a pure and lovely spirit has he breathed into that beauteous structure! Those eyes, beaming tenderness! That mouth, so rosy-lipped, and so eloquent—every smile a young Cupid—every word flavored with ambrosial melody! Such a soul in such a body! Formed and compounded to lead captive every sense and every faculty of the soul! And am I to question whether I can live happily with her! Have I not been with her a month in pleasure and in suffering, and found her equally amiable, equally engaging, whether I ascended with her to the ethereal heights of joy, or descended with her to the Stygian caves of sorrow? If a month—or is it a month? No, scarcely three weeks; but such a specimen of all experiences may give assurance for a life-time. But, says an objector, she is not a Christian. But in spirit and feeling she is a far better Christian, than nine-tenths of those who make the loudest professions. She loves the rules and the spirit of the Christian religion, and I have no doubt that she only needs to be placed in Christian society, and under Christian influence, to be soon persuaded to believe fully in Jesus of Nazareth. Oh! then what a happy life could we live in some sweet vale of my native land! I see plainly that all is safe. Shall I then bid her go for a Jewess, and break her heart with mourning her slighted love, or bestow her unrivalled charms on another? No, by all that is precious, I cannot, I will not—even now she is weeping for the perturbation that she gave my spirits. I have reflected—I am prepared to give her the result, and to ease her dear heart at once."

With this conclusion firmly grasped, though reached through a confused mixture of arguments

and feelings, I got up and returned to the parlor. Not finding Judith there, I became restless, and limped and stumbled about the room, full to overflowing of my sage meditations, and impatient to deliver the result to my beloved Israelite. When she heard me hobbling about, and striking against stool and chair under the impulse of my boiling thoughts, she came in with a countenance of half subdued anxiety, and said: "Well, my dear friend, I have allowed you a short time to compose yourself after the shock that I gave you, and to consider the consequences of a marriage with one who turns out to be not so unobjectionable as you supposed. But you must have a much longer time to settle upon a final conclusion."

"No, my dear Judith, I have had time enough: the thought of giving you up is distraction to my soul. I see no impediment in what you have told me to our loving and blessing each other for life. When you discovered to me what I had never conjectured or imagined, the suddenness of it startled me a little; but the fact itself cannot shake my love for you; it cannot mar my delight in you; and I can now most freely offer you my hand again, with a heart untouched by fear and altogether devoted to your happiness."

"I have (said she) the most perfect confidence in your sincerity; but the case as it now stands is quite new to you; it is but half an hour since you first conceived the possibility of your ever marrying a Jewess. I cannot with a good conscience bind you by an absolute promise so soon; I must give you time and opportunity to deliberate coolly on the subject, and to consult your friends at home. As to myself, I have heretofore considered whether I might honestly and safely give my hand to one against whom no objection could lie, except our difference in one point of religious belief. My mind has been made up. If he, after full consideration, can freely and conscientiously make me his companion for life, then I can accept his offer, if our affections are united. I am authorized by my father, and prepared by reflection as well as by feeling, to give my beloved friend and preserver all the satisfaction which the most solemn pledge can afford—this I will now do, and I rejoice that I can do it without fear, without hesitation, and with all my heart."

So saying, she rose and advanced to where I stood leaning on the back of a chair, and putting first her right hand in mine, she then with queenly grace and dignity, yet with all virgin modesty, addressed me in these words: "Here, my dearest friend, I give you the disposal of my hand, that you may accept or decline it finally, after you have considered the whole case in the presence of your kindred. You will then come to

the conclusion, whether you can safely do what your heart desires. Write to me then. If you confirm our engagement, I shall rejoice as much as gratified love can make me; if you annul it, as you have the right to do, I shall grieve for the result; but I shall not blame you for exercising your liberty and consulting your happiness, instead of destroying it, and then mine with it, by an unsuitable marriage. You will at all events be gratefully remembered and unceasingly beloved as my friend and preserver. Thus I commit myself to your disposal; and now as my mind is deliberately made up and unchangeably settled, I hazard nothing when I call upon my God and yours, the God of Abraham, as I solemnly do, to witness the sincerity of the vow that I have made."

She then let go my hand and seemed about to retire. My first emotion, when she concluded, was deep reverence, inspired by her language and manner. Next, when I looked upon her lovely face, and considered her now as my affianced spouse, I could not resist the impulse to clasp her to my bosom. "My love!" said I, as she began to retire; I advanced a step and opened my arms. She looked at me with angelic sweetness mingled with shrinking diffidence; and as she uttered these words, "Excuse me now, dear friend," she drew back and returned to her chamber, but without closing the door; she would not indicate the slightest fear—she did not feel it—for well did she know that I held that sanctuary of her's as inviolable, as if it were the consecrated abode of a divinity.

The painful embarrassment of our late position was now over. The satisfaction that she meant to give me by her solemn pledge, I felt in all its fulness. We had settled our engagement on terms, which left me nothing to wish for, and left her apparently very little to fear. At least she had acted towards me with such a conscientious and self-denying generosity, as might convince me, if I had not been convinced before, that a heart of such rare and amiable virtues could never make me unhappy.

Now the few remaining days that we spent at the hotel, flew away in all the delights of innocent affection, restrained without being diminished, by my dear companion's maidenly reserve, combined with the most winning evidence of her confiding love. But ah! too soon were these happy days brought to an end! Only four suns were suffered to shine upon our plighted love, before a servant entered our parlor to announce that Mr. Von Caleb, my Judith's cousin, and another gentleman with him had arrived. We told him to show them up as soon as they were ready. I retired to my chamber, that I might not disturb the first feelings of the interview.

When they came in, I soon heard the sound of mingled weeping and rejoicing. I was made to hear also that the companion of Mr. Von Caleb was a Jewish acquaintance picked up at New York, and who, as he had just arrived from London, brought intelligence that Judith's father and other relations were all well.

After the salutations and first inquiries were over, I opened my door and joined the company. Judith introduced me first to her cousin, Von Caleb, and then to her friend Mr. Levi. I noticed that she did not emphasize the word 'friend.' Mr. Von Caleb shook my hand affectionately, and at once thanked me fervently for my kindness to Judith. He was a middle-aged man, with a stout well-built person and open pleasant countenance. But friend Levi was a small, old, shrivelled, sharp-visaged man, with little gray eyes deeply sunk under projecting shaggy eyebrows; his head was bald on the crown, but this defect was amply made up by a gray frizzled beard, which filled up all the spaces under the chin and jawbones about the neck, as if it were a cravat. He griped my hand tightly, and with a squeaking voice, broken frequently into huskiness, uttered some friendly words; but I did not like either the looks or the manners of friend Levi. No where and at no time would I have liked them; here just at this time, I was most disagreeably affected to behold, in living reality before me, such a representative of the Jews, according to my former habitual notion of them. The disagreeable impression was, however, effaced for the time by a glance at my lovely Judith, and the open benevolent face of her cousin. These were enough to sweeten any one's imagination of the Jews.

After a few minutes' conversation, I got myself down to the bar room, that I might give the friends opportunity for a more private conference. In a short time Mr. Levi came down also, and seeing me alone in one corner of the room, he took a seat beside me. After some questions on his part about poor Eli's fate, I began from a natural curiosity to make some inquiries about Judith's father and family. I found the little man so communicative, that he soon told me more than I had asked to know; soon too he discovered to me that his darling theme was money; for start him on any track whatsoever, and he would speedily arrive at this goal of all his thoughts and affections. To this propensity I was indebted for a piece of information, which had now become more interesting to me than the little miser was aware of. The following specimen of his part of the conversation will convey the same information to the reader, and at the same time show the turn of the speaker's thoughts and expressions. I should remark also that he spoke Eng-

lish with a German accent, betraying the land of his birth.

"Is Judy's father very old, you ask—why, no, not so very; his hair is gray like mine—that's all. He walks on 'Change like a young man: and when he goes to his bank and counts the monies, he can see as sharp as any body—sure he can. Is Nathan Bensaddi a banker, do you ask? Why, yes, sure he is; every body in London knows that. He owns one of the greatest banks in London, I know—sure I do—for I have been his agent to collect money. Ah, he has the monies—sure; yes, money, money. Oh, so much money! That is not all—sure it is not. He lives in a big, fine house, on the street called Piccadilly. I have been in it. I have eat dinner there on feast days. Yes, the feast of Purim; and then I saw with my own blessed eyes what fine things he had in his house. Why, sure, his table was covered all over with plate. Yes, gold plate and silver plate—silver this and silver that—gold here and gold there—this, that and the other, all gold and silver. Ah, sure, you would think it was Solomon's house. Rich, you say? Yes, sure, that he is; and I have not told you all. Isaac Von Caleb told me last night that Nathan Bensaddi has mortgages on a great sugar estate in the West Indies, on an island they call Saint Kish, or Kitts, or something like that. Yes, and he told me that Nathan would soon have the land and the slaves and the sugar and the coffee and the spices, and all—sure. Yes, and that Eli was gone to see about it when he got drowned. Yes, and he told me too that Judy had a great fortune of her own besides. I knew that before—sure I did. Yes, I know how she got it too—sure I do. Old Simon Mordecai, her uncle by the mother's side, was so pleased with her nursing him in his long sickness, when he had no wife nor child to do anything for him—and he was so cross and snappish, nobody could please him—but Judy pleased him—sure she did; and when his will was opened, there was Judy left heiress of all Simon's three per cent stocks. Yes, sure, a hundred thousand pounds. Ah! who would not nurse a sick man, if he *was* crabbed, for such good pay? Did it out of kindness, you say? Why, yes—sure she did. She is the kindest thing in the world. I have heard her friends say so. She is *too* kind. She gives away *too* much money. Ah, Judy is a good girl—so rich. And sure, yes, she'll have the half of Nathan's fortune too, when he dies, now that Eli is drowned; and she has only one sister, Rachel, older than Judy; and she is married to a Christian—hang him—I do't mean you—but I hope Judy won't marry a Gentile."

By this time my squeaking friend had fallen into a half soliloquizing mood, as if an idea had

struck him, and drawn off his attention from me. A servant now entered and brought me a request to walk up to the parlor. I arose immediately to go, and while adjusting my crutch, I observed that friend Levi's chin had dropped meditatively upon his breast, while his tongue played incessantly, though his voice had sunk to a husky murmur. I heard only these words more, "Judy will be rich, rich—ah, so rich! Now, sure, if my boy Joseph——" I was by this time out of hearing, and hobbling towards the parlor with new ideas blazing before my imagination. I had conjectured that Judith's family could not be poor; but neither Eli nor Judith had ever given me a hint from which I could infer great riches. In fact Judith had seemed to me rather too reserved on this point, especially since our matrimonial engagement; for both before and since, I had let her understand that my parents were not rich, and that my inheritance would be small. I had hitherto in my dream of happiness with Judith, indulged no splendid fancies; my modest aspirations were limited to a snug cottage by a fountain side, in some green vale where forest trees bordering a meadow, would yield "in summer, shade—in winter, fire."

But now, as if touched by a magician's wand, the picture changed, and presented me instead of this humble scene, an elegant mansion seated upon a hill, commanding a view of the Great Valley and its mountain boundaries; with a fine library, not without paintings and other specimens of the fine arts; and windows looking out on all sides—here upon a park—there upon meadows in the vales around—and yonder upon fields on hill sides—and here and there on white cottages sending up wreaths of smoke from the fire-sides of happy tenants, a tribute grateful to the hearts of the proprietor and his lady. This new picture was completed just as I entered the parlor, and saw Judith conversing with her cousin. She, after all, was herself the sweetest vision of my heart; and the lovely reality dissipated the illusions of a dreaming fancy.

On seeing me, she rose blushing and retired to her chamber. Mr. Von Caleb also arose from his seat, and again taking me by the hand, expressed his approbation of our matrimonial scheme, of which Judith had just informed him. After we were seated, he continued in these words, lowering his voice, that Judith might not hear:

"God must have designed this union of two such good hearts; or he would not have brought you so closely together, by such an extraordinary dispensation of his providence. Now, after he has bound your affections together by so many ties, I would think it an impious resistance to his will to throw any hindrance in the way of your marriage. I could wish that you were both of

the same religion; but still if you are willing to take a daughter of Abraham for your wife, I do not see why you may not both agree in worshipping the God of Abraham; and if you serve him as father Abraham did, He will bless you, though you may not have the same belief on some points. One thing I feel sure of, that Judith will never willingly disturb you on matters of conscience. I have known her from a child. Father Abraham never had a lovelier daughter; her temper is the sweetest and kindest in the world; her discretion is extraordinary for so young a person; it was so remarked a year ago, when I left London; and she has an uncommon turn for improving by experience. I heard a poet of her acquaintance say, 'She is like the busy bee, gathering the honey of wisdom from every blossom of experience in the pathway of her life.' And now I must do what she has just enjoined upon me; that is, tell you all her faults, without favor or partiality, as if upon oath. First and foremost then; they say she has too much feeling, or sensibility, as they call it. This not only makes her suffer too much for the sufferings of others, but it lays her open to the imposition of beggars and rogues of all sorts. I don't mean that beggars are all rogues; but some of them knowing the tenderness of her heart, impose on her by falsehood or exaggerated stories of their distresses, and make her give them more than they deserve. This is only an excess of goodness, and I think that experience and hard rubs in this scuffling world, will teach her more prudence in this particular; and in this only has she seemed to lack discretion. So much for her first fault; now for the second: Let me see. What is it? Yes, they call her an enthusiast; because, I suppose, she takes fits of high feeling sometimes, and talks a little wildly, like a prophetess. I have heard her two or three times in these fits; I thought she talked very beautifully, if she did go out of the common way. She will get over this too, I think, as she grows older, and as she finds by mixing more with mankind, how much low selfishness and rascality there is among them. This will give her less poetical views of human life, and make the world seem less fit to kindle enthusiasm, and more as it is, a scuffle-field for the base passions and interests of men. That is my view of it, after twenty years experience; for so long I have been trying my hand amongst my fellow men. The more I have had to do with them, the less confidence I have in the greater part of them. But I am forgetting Judith's faults. I have told you two; next comes the third; but I believe I have forgotten it. I thought she had three notable ones. Little human weaknesses she has like other people; but I had a third with a name to it, that she told me not to

forget. Oh yes, she is *romantic*; that is what they call it. She is indeed too romantic in some of her notions. She don't like fashionable society and city amusements. She is too fond of climbing the lonesome mountains, and of standing on a rock by the sea-side, and looking at the waves when the wind dashes them against the shore; and when other people go in summer time to the wells at Bath or Cheltenham, to drink the waters and dance in the splendid saloons, she loves to steal out into the country with a companion or two, where she can wander among green valleys and gather flowers along the sides of brooks; or sit on a sod with her book and read under a shady tree, where a spring bubbles out of the ground; and I verily believe that she would rather go out and eat a cottage dinner with plain country folks, than attend the richest city feast with its gay company of lords and ladies, its gold and silver wares, and all its wines and comforts, its ice-creams and syllabubs. Yet I have seen her dine at home with a great company, when her father made a feast; then she could enjoy it, and behave herself with the finest lady of them all. So I think she will some day get over her romantic notions too, and make you a good sober house-wife.

"And now that I have done her bidding, and told you all that I know of her faults, I will tell you another thing, that she has not authorized me to tell. It is right that you should know it; and I understand that she has not told you; for she has just expressed to me, how much she was gratified that you offered to marry her, without knowing or seeming to care whether she was rich or poor. Well, if you set no value on riches, and are satisfied to have Judith alone; still I hope that you will not throw her large fortune into the sea. You will find it right convenient to have her three thousand pounds a year, when the business of love has been settled, and the business of house-keeping comes on. Then her rich father, if no misfortune happens, will be able to give her a great deal more. But my friend, if you find after a trial that a great fortune is good for nothing, and more plague than profit; why, then you may just give it to me and be done with it. So much for that. One thing more and then I shall be through. I am sorry to tell you that I am so straitened for time, that I cannot give you another day with Judith, unless you go with us to Boston. I was ready to embark, and just waiting for poor Eli, when I got Judith's letter. I have important business in London, that cannot be put off; and there are papers in Eli's trunk that must go directly to England; they relate to a great plantation in St. Kitts, that is in suit between the owner and my cousin Bensaddi, who has a mortgage on it. What say you, my friend;

will you part with Judith to-night, or will you go with us to Boston?"

Gladly would I have gone to Boston, or any other place with Judith, but an obstacle lay before me, which would have been removed in a moment, if Judith or cousin Von Caleb had known, or even suspected its existence. But strange as it may seem, just now when my charmer's newly discovered wealth came fresh and glittering into view, I felt a most swelling repugnance to a disclosure of my beggarly account of an empty purse; although I knew that she would esteem it a great favor in me to accept any thing from her hands. She had put her purse into my hands at Norfolk, and requested me to defray all our expenses out of it; but I told her that I would not consent to defray more than her own; and when I was lamed at the hotel, I returned the purse, telling her that she had better keep it now until we left the hotel. So I had given no sign that my funds were low. Now on counting, I found that I had scarcely a sufficiency to carry me home. I had to choose therefore whether to accept a supply from her who had given herself and her all to me, or to go home straightway. I chose to go home straightway. Why such reluctance now to put my poverty in glaring contrast with her riches? Was it a just feeling of self-respect? Or was it pride, a little spiced with envy? Or a compound of all these? However this may be, the feeling seemed natural. The fact may serve to illustrate the various workings of the human heart. Yet the discovery of my Judith's wealth was unquestionably pleasing to my heart—highly pleasing. Was this also natural, that a purely disinterested lover should rejoice at finding the gifts of Mammon attached to one who had been loved and sought solely for the qualities of her mind and person? What sayest thou reader? Would not such a discovery have *gladdened* thy heart? Thou art human—so am I. Happy is he who can content himself in his poverty. Contentment is better than riches; but let the poor man, happy in virtuous poverty, find a gold mine in his barren field, and in a moment his heretofore contented heart will swell beyond the confines of his poverty; and the loss of his gold mine would make him sit down and weep. But to resume my story. After a moment's consideration, I told Mr. Von Caleb that I too was under a necessity (and was I not?) to return home speedily; and as I hoped ere long to follow Judith across the ocean, I felt the less difficulty at parting with her now; because a quick return home to make my preparations, would enable me the sooner to set off on my voyage.

"Well, then, (said he, raising his voice,) our boat will go to-morrow morning at six. As this

will be your last evening together for some time, I will leave you to yourselves. You will not be sorry for that I suppose? I shall be out awhile on some business with Mr. Levi. He will not interrupt you, for we are after money." He smiled as he spoke the last words.

"Then, (said I,) as you go at six in the morning, I may as well take the Lancaster stage that goes at three o'clock."

"So then we have settled it, (said Mr. Von Caleb.) Good bye till supper time."

He went out with his usual heavy tread; and when he had shut the door behind him, I heard Judith's door open gently on her side of the parlor. I had risen and was standing about the middle of the floor, without my crutch, which I no longer needed. I turned and met her eyes with mine. What a look she gave me of commingled love and sorrow! I approached the chair on which she leaned. She looked up again into my face. I saw the rising moisture of her eyes, as she said, "This night then we must part." The last word was stifled under a wave of emotion. I opened my arms; she fell upon my bosom, and for the first time we felt each other's embrace. Oh, Elysian moment! It was the seal of our betrothal, and the pure delight of love. Several minutes elapsed before we could utter a word. We had seated ourselves on chairs, and we continued to sit with drooping heads until we recovered the power of conversation.

After some exchanges of sentiment on the prospect of separation, I took occasion to allude to what I had just heard of the wealth of herself and family. "Then he told you that too? Well I am glad that you did not know it sooner."

"Since I have heard it at last, dear Judith, I will tell you that it gives me the satisfaction to know that you can afford to take a poor husband."

"Poor in pelf, he may be; (said she promptly,) but I know the wealth of his mind; that is the highest of all endowments; and in comparison with that gold and silver are but dross. If such earthy dower as I can bring, be of any consequence, I rejoice in it for this that you can the better afford to take me for a wife. Such wealth as I have is nothing to be proud of; for millions of it would argue no personal worth, but only good fortune. I have hitherto found my worldly goods rather an obstacle to my happiness; for while they brought me numerous suitors, they brought with these applicants for my favor the painful suspicion, that my fortune, not myself, was the object of pursuit. Therefore I could love none of them, because, however sincere their professions might be, they could not give the proof of real affection that my heart required.

Often did I wish that I could appear divested of accidental circumstances, and just as I was in myself, an honest, simple maiden; and then might find some congenial soul whom I could freely love, and who would love me heartily for myself alone. I wished on another account to form an attachment in this way. My friends call me romantic, and I confess a fault which they would not impute to me without evidence. I am conscious indeed of a warm and I suppose a romantic attachment to the country—London bred as I am. Particularly do I love mountain scenery, and would most delight to spend my days among the sublime and beautiful works of nature, and a virtuous rural population, such as are found in your country. With my strong predilection for such a life, how could I expect to form a happy alliance in London, where all or nearly all are bred to relish artificial objects and manners, and to covet wealth as the means of artificial splendor and the pompous show of fashionable life. I could not entrust my heart to any, where the prospect of finding a congenial spirit was so hopeless. In the days of my sorest affliction, God was pleased to show me a heart in all respects agreeable to my desires, and to give me the love of that heart under circumstances that banished all possibility of suspecting its sincerity. He has bound us together by the strongest ties of sympathy in all that makes prosperity joyful and calamity grievous. But I forget that there is one root of bitterness planted in the garden of our affections."

"Forget it, dear Judith, forever; it shall never spring up to trouble us."

After a little further conversation the servants brought in our tea, and we sent an invitation to Judith's friends to join us. Mr. Von Caleb came. After tea I went out for half an hour to enter my name at the stage office, and to give Judith and her friend the opportunity of completing their arrangements. On my return from the stage office near the hotel, I found Mr. Von Caleb in the bar-room. He shook my hand affectionately, and told me that he would let me and Judith spend the remainder of the evening alone; so with another friendly shake of the hand, he bade me farewell.

When I entered the parlor, I found Judith sitting pensively on the sofa. We were both sad almost to death. We first arranged that I should write to her at farthest by Mr. Levi, who was to embark at New York on the first of June. I might write to her as soon as I reached home, and then the oftener the better, she said, were it only to let her know of my welfare. I promised not to be hasty in my final determination about our engagement; for so she again required, although a sigh escaped her when she made the

requirement. If I ratified the engagement, she would be happy to see me in London as soon as I pleased, but I must understand that she could not put off her mourning weeds for a bridal dress, until she had given a full year's sorrow to her dear lost Eli; so that if an early visit to London should not suit my convenience, she would not impute the delay to alienation of heart. If I annulled the engagement, I must still consider her as my grateful, devoted friend, who would rejoice at any opportunity of showing her gratitude for my disinterested kindness and care. Her voice faltered when she spoke of the contingency that I might decline the marriage; yet her conscientious judgment on this point wavered not, painful as the expression of it evidently was. She made the self-denying sacrifice of her own feelings to give me every advantage for the security of my happiness. Many expressions of tenderness did she utter, and of ardent gratitude and unalterable friendship, whatever I might do with our connubial engagement. I wondered—in fact I was not well pleased—at her repeated allusions to the possibility of my discarding her—an act as remote from my thoughts at that time as Heaven is from Tartarus. But she had evidently reflected much upon the causes that might operate a change in my views. As to her own part in our correspondence, she promised to write as soon as she landed in England, and would then wait for a letter from me before she wrote again.

Having in these and other particulars come to a full understanding with each other, we had leisure to feel how distressingly near was the dreaded moment of separation. Two or three hours more, and we must part. What were our feelings? Oh hours of sorrow and delight! How did we snatch every fleeting moment, to fill higher and to mingle deeper the cup of our youthful love! We clung to each other's embrace; our tears mingled as they fell; our hearts answered throb for throb. How could we part? The clock struck eleven. "Adieu"—but she stammered in the attempt to utter it.

"Not yet, not yet; I cannot leave you." One more hour passed away—the last hour—it flew with eagle's wings, as it shed down upon us all the delicious luxuries of innocent sweetest affection saddened—the full relish of the bitter-sweet of love—the fiery rapture of joy, flooded with grief, yet bursting through the flood.

Propriety admitted of no longer delay. The clock sounded the hour of midnight, long and loud, with clang after clang. Clang after clang struck on our hearts the knell of the last blissful hour; then all was still again, except our beating hearts. Our time was come; yes, the last moment of our realized union with its unutterable sensations; the separation must now begin, and

widen and widen, till lands and seas should intervene, and time and chance should cast all their changes and their hazards between us, and possibly open a gulf impassably broad and deep, across which our now blended hearts could never commune again. Once more she meant to say, "Adieu," but the word died on her lips. I caught the expiring accent as I pressed my lips to her's; the balmy sweetness remains to this day. We retired to our respective chambers like criminals going to execution, so deadly was the sadness of that parting.

Could I sleep? Not a wink. The sensations of the evening kept thrilling in my nerves; unconquerable musings on the past and the future, ran perpetually through my mind. I seemed to have lived an age within the last three weeks. To go back alone to the home and the landscapes of my boyhood, though less than a month before it was the object of my fondest desire, seemed now like going into the shades of death; for whilst I would be returning to my hills again, my Judith would be on her way to cross the wide ocean, and would soon be far hidden from my sight among the myriads of London. But I imagined myself following her course, traversing the seas, pressing her again to my bosom, yes to my "heart of hearts" in the dear character of wife, and bringing her back to bless my sylvan days in the green valleys of Virginia. This was the new age of gold that was rising to my mental vision, arrayed by fancy in all the charms of happy love and pastoral scenery.

(To be Concluded.)

WORDSWORTH.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

—"I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of Humanity."

Wordsworth.

—So didst thou seek, and find the Beautiful,
In all thy daily walks of common life;
Yea—hallowed as a household word, and dutiful
Thy name dwelt on all lips with blessings ripe.
'Onward and upward,' was thy motto ever
In the advancement of each moral truth;
And beautiful as pure, was each endeavor
To which has vowed the service of thy youth.
True to thyself, so wert thou unto Nature,
Whose voice was ever murmuring at thy heart;
And thrilling to the tones of that great Teacher,
From its Humanity thou ne'er didst part.
Not for thy fame which was the world's glad gift to thee,
But for the virtues of thy life we bless thy memory.
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NO. 12.

A LETTER,

To the HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, of Massachusetts,
On the subject of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

SIR: If I address you in this manner, without the honor of your acquaintance, and through the pages of a magazine, it is neither to denounce, insult, or vituperate you; but simply for the purpose of offering a few remarks on the subject of the late bill for the recapture of fugitive slaves, which you have declared, and many citizens of your State rallying round you have declared, null and of no effect as to its operation within the limits of Massachusetts.

Many citizens rallying round you, I say—for, sir, you are not a common demagogue pandering to the depraved tastes, and leading astray for vilely-selfish considerations the steps of an ignorant, but honest community—to batten at last on the follies you have caused, and erect yourself like a destroying angel on the ruin you have made. You are not the wordy counsellor, with self for your pole-star, and a fox for your emblem, thrusting forward your advice on all occasions, ambitious only to lead, careless whither your course and that of the ignorant herd may tend. There are many such characters in the northern cities: all around you they may be seen, famous from the evil they have done, celebrated from the agitation they have aroused—the true ulceration and diseased matter which great cities, “the sores of the body politic,” have ever tended, and must ever tend to produce. Among these men of a corrupt ambition and impure life I do not class you. For I cannot. You are not of them, and I hope they may never boast you their proselyte—you who have witnessed all their actions and the actions of the generation who went before them.

When England with her orders in council and Napoleon with his decrees, dated from half the capitals of Europe, were grinding our commerce like wheat between two millstones; when the Embargo law in 1807 and the Non-intercourse act in 1808, were ruining the merchant navy of America; when lastly, war arose and the “blue lights” were burned, and the Hartford Convention met with its doors closed to plot what the southern men of that day called treason;—then it is said you were a federalist, some said a *blue light federalist*, others added a *Hartford Convention Federal-*

ist. In all the movements which Massachusetts then made, agitated as she was to her heart's core, and boiling like a volcano with rage at the destruction of her millions worth of shipping—in all the commotions, the threats, the imprecations of that afflicted commonwealth, it is said you bore your part. So be it. Whether you then were a blue light federalist, a Hartford Convention federalist, or whether a federalist or a democrat, it concerns not my purpose to consider. Of the events of that by-gone day it is needless to inquire—of the men who figured in them to say one word. It were better to

“let the past be past; let be
Their cancell'd Babels;”

for there is little to be gained, if there is much to be learned, by summoning those actors from the Jehosaphat where with a few exceptions, they lie in that oblivion they deserved and have attained. Times have changed, and with the change has come a different race of men, and subjects of mightier interest. Greater agitations than ever kindled the past are around us, and we have no “inhuman dearth of noble natures” to meet them.

But an actor of the older day again appears upon the stage; buried like Prospero's wand for so many years beneath the sea of Time, he comes forth a Meutor to the new generation, and “guide, philosopher and friend,” mixes himself with life once more, ambitious to point his fellow-citizens to the “narrow path,” or rather to the broad and pleasant road, which their wishes and their interests equally prompt them to take. This you have done sir. This actor of an older day you are. Holding no fellowship with the demagogues of abolition, who dare to say they represent, with their miserable cant and petty larceny principles, the whole northern people, you have addressed your fellow citizens from your philosophic retirement, and your voice has been attentively listened to.

“The university of this feeling,” you say, “within this State on this law, (F. S. Bill.) is attributed most falsely to the labors of a class of men, at this day known by the name of abolitionists.” I was pleased to meet with this sentence, for it showed me that your communication was not that tirade and rhapsody of cant, called an Abolition Letter. Had it been such, it would not have merited, as it never would have

JUDITH BENSADDI;

A TALE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STUDENT'S RETURN.

Fifteen minutes before three o'clock, my waking dreams were interrupted by the servant, who announced that the stage coach would soon be at the door. I got up, dressed myself in a hurry, and wrote another adieu to my love; which, although but five lines in length, was sufficient to carry me away again into the fairy land of dreams; there I sat with my elbow on the table and my head on my hand, till the servant, supposing me asleep, jogged me. I started up, hastened down to the bar, and called for my bill, which the clerk had, rather strangely I thought, declined to furnish until now. When he gave it to me, I found the surgeon's and all as I had requested, made out in full, but unexpectedly paid by Mr. Von Caleb, according to a receipt appended. With the bill the clerk also handed me two other papers; the one was a sealed packet directed to myself, and the other a receipt for me to sign, acknowledging that my bill was presented with the receipt as aforesaid, and that a packet was given me, directed as aforesaid, and sealed with a seal having the word "Fidelity" for its motto. "Who wrote this?" I asked. "Mr. Von Caleb," answered the clerk, who added that Mr. V. was a very particular man in doing business. "Yes, (said I,) he seems to know how to guard against tricks upon travellers."

I had scarcely signed the receipt, before I was summoned to take my seat in the coach. I handed the clerk my billfold, thrust the papers into my pocket, and hastened out. On taking my seat I looked up at Judith's window—it was lighted—her sadly declining form was distinctly shadowed forth upon it, with the head resting on the hand, as if she were looking down upon me. "Shade of my beloved, (said I in my full heart,)—shade of my beloved, fare thee well, fare thee well." The whip cracked, the wheels rattled over the pavement, and I no more saw even the shade of my beloved. "Now we are parted indeed," said my heart, aching and not ceasing to ache.

I was driven rapidly to Lancaster, heavy with grief and watching, yet unable to rest from the spontaneous workings of the imagination. The dear image floated continually in the fields of mental vision; the music of that voice still sweetly chimed upon fancy's ear; those eyes whose look could never be forgotten, shed in-

cessant lovebeams into my soul; and that pure soft heart—I felt it beating yet responsively to mine.

I spoke not to my fellow-passengers. I heard not their conversation. Time and space were flying past, as the vehicle crushed the pebbles of the road, and the flint-stones sparkled under the armed hoofs of the horses; but I marked not the flight of time or space; my spirit was away with Judith, first in the parlor, next in the steamboat—watching the tear-drops as they fell from her eyes, and the palpitations of that affectionate heart; and my thoughts, like spiritual messengers, seemed to penetrate into the recesses of that throbbing breast, and to find my own image cherished as a nursling there. Thus I enjoyed a realizing sense of the fact, that although time and space might separate our bodies, our souls could still melt and mingle into one.

At the breakfast house, I took the opportunity to open the sealed packet that I received at the bar. Under the envelope I found two sealed billets; the one was superscribed in Judith's handwriting, and contained something hard. I opened the other first to have it out of the way. I read as follows:

"Mr. Garamé,—Pardon me for using a little art to do you an act of justice, which you might have declined otherwise to accept; but which, as agent for my cousin Nathan Bensaddi, I could not in good conscience neglect, nor would he be satisfied to learn that it was omitted. Your kindness to his daughter has put you to considerable expense and trouble. The enclosed note of one hundred dollars may reimburse the expense; but for the trouble, which you would count as nothing, and for the generous kind-heartedness, which we count above all price, I know not what compensation we can make you, except you conclude to take my sweet young cousin herself. However that may be, I pray the God of Israel to reward your goodness with every blessing.

Farewell, kind friend, ISAAC VON CALEB."

This was all quite agreeable. Agreeable in matter because delicately agreeable in manner. I thought I saw my Judith's delicate tact in the management of this little affair. The other note was surprisingly interesting.

"Two o'clock.—How can I sleep, when the sound of the wheels that are to carry you away will soon be heard in the street? My cousin, Von Caleb, sends me word that he is awake, and will take care that you receive whatever communication I may yet have to make. This only I would repeat to my dear friend: In your happy valley think of your Judith; but be prudent and destroy not your happiness and consequently her's, by obeying your desire at the expense of

your judgment and conscience. If after reflection you cannot marry a Jewess—yet I know that you love one—always love her. Yes, my heart tells me that you will. Write at all events before June—as a friend, if nothing more. The enclosed memorial was brought from England by cousin Von Caleb, and put into his trunk when he left Boston. He had forgotten it until after he went to bed. He has sent it to me, asking what I would do with it. I give it to my beloved preserver, knowing that he will value it as a keepsake; and value it the more, if he should never again see—Oh, that painful thought! let it die in silence. Farewell, once more, dear friend, farewell, farewell. J. B.”

The last words of this note were blotted with tears. With trembling hands and a beating heart, I unwrapped the memorial, wondering what it could be that under its wrappings felt roundish and hard like a coin, but considerably larger. Think of my exultation, when I discovered it to be an elegantly wrought golden locket-case, which opened with a spring, and exhibited to my eyes a perfect miniature likeness of my own Judith! Oh, that sweet face! That well-formed bust! Whilst I leaned over and devoured this picture with my eyes, I was called to breakfast. “Breakfast indeed! (said my heart:) Who could leave such a feast of the soul to put coarse viands into his stomach? Let the body wait for its earthy nutriment, until the spirit is satisfied with this celestial nectar and ambrosia.” So I gazed upon the lovely portrait—kissed it—then gazed—then kissed it again, alternately, until the stage-driver’s signal roused me. I put the dear jewel into my pocket, and resumed my place in the coach. Away we went with whirling wheels, which left behind them a train of dust ground from the stones of the pavement. At the rate of eight miles an hour was I carried homewards, but away from the place where I had parted with Judith. Nine times, according to my conjecture, did I read my Judith’s note; and nine times steal a look at her portrait, before we stopped for dinner at Lancaster. I dined without appetite, and continued my journey towards Harrisburg. About ten o’clock at night we reached the sleeping house. I went supperless to bed, and after tossing about till midnight, fell into a troubled sleep. At Lancaster I had suspended my beautiful locket-case by a ribbon about my neck, and put it into my bosom directly against my heart. I was wakened out of my unquiet sleep by some unusual sensation. I felt for what was uppermost in my thoughts, the golden treasure of my bosom; and behold! I found it drawn it out, and lying at the full length of the ribbon, towards the front side of the bed. I knew instantly that

some rogue had attempted to filch it, and had failed only from my ready wakefulness. I suspected a fellow passenger, who slept in the room with me. I had that afternoon detected him eyeing my jewel, once that I drew it out to take a sly look. I thought then that he coveted my treasure, and had the look of a rogue. For safety, therefore, I locked it up in the very bottom of my trunk; hard as I felt the self-denial to be, when I deprived myself of the opportunity to look at my Judith’s likeness, some ten or twelve times a day.

By three o’clock the next morning I was again on my way. At Harrisburg I ate a little breakfast; then crossing the Susquehanna, I reached Carlisle early in the afternoon. Here my strength and spirits began to fail so greatly, that I doubted my ability to pursue the journey without a day’s rest. The extraordinary scenes in which I had been engaged during three weeks, had kept me in a state of constant excitement; ten days confinement in Philadelphia had impaired my health, and now two days of violent emotion, watchfulness, and loss of appetite, had exhausted me. Such a protracted strain upon the nervous system, followed by loss of appetite, want of sleep and fatigue of travelling, was more than human nature could bear without a distressful prostration of both corporeal and mental powers. In the case of one who, like myself, is constitutionally subject to fits of melancholy, the necessary consequence would be a state of deep mental dejection, accompanied with sombre and dispiriting views on all subjects. I cannot otherwise account for a change, which on this second day of my journey, began to come over my spirit.

I frequently read my dear Judith’s note; at first in the morning with the same unmixed pleasure as on the preceding day; but in the afternoon the word Jewess began to grate a little on my feelings, and to suggest some thoughts, transient and obscure, yet rather unpleasant; amounting to no more than a general impression, that my happiness in love would have been complete, if with all its positively agreeable circumstances, this unfortunate one of my beloved’s Judaism had not been mingled.

In the neighborhood of Carlisle, I recognised clearly the features of the Great Valley, my native land, with which previously to the last few months, all the affections and pleasures of my life had been associated. Here, though with less sublimity of mountain and less variety of low ground, were the parallel ridges, and the wide interval of rich slopes, with their limestone rocks and rivulets; all which reminded me strongly of the objects of my boyish delight. This effect of scenery to revive old habits of thought and feeling, was increased on the third day,

when I felt partially refreshed after some hours of sound sleep. I had pursued my journey notwithstanding my exhaustion; better probably had it been for me, if my impatience to reach home had permitted me to stop and recruit my wasted strength. However, on the third day I saw the country assuming more and more the appearance of my native land; then more and more did my thoughts revert to former days—days of calm delight in study, or cheerful amusement, in rambling over hill and dale, fishing in deep shady pool, or gathering flowers on meadow sides or wild mountain steepes.

With the revival of old and fixed habits of mind, my new delirium of passion began to abate; not that I thought Judith less beautiful or less worthy; but now when the placid current of old thoughts and feelings was started fresh, the new torrent of amorous passion began naturally to exhaust itself. Judith, all charming as she was, no longer engrossed all my powers of thought and feeling. Her lovely presence with all its affecting circumstances, our parting with its unutterable emotions of delight and sorrow, had raised within me a turbid and overwhelming tempest of feeling, which had so far abated under the influences just mentioned, that calm reason could now begin to shoot some rays of its light through the troubled atmosphere of the mind. Yet the mental fluctuations that followed, ought perhaps to be attributed as much to the disease of low spirits, as to the efforts of reason to sway the violence of passion. I shall not stop to philosophise, but proceed with my story.

Whatever the cause might be, it so happened that on the third day of my travels, the word *Jewess* in the dear note so often read, began to strike positively disagreeable impressions upon my mind. Whilst I would be musing on my lovely Judith, and seeing her with fancy's eye arrayed in all her charms, that troublesome word "*Jewess*" would come with some ugly thought behind it, and dissipate, as with a wizard's spell, the fascinating colors of the vision.

On the fourth day, when I entered Virginia, the souring tendency of my thoughts increased. More frequently would that detestable word return and trouble the sweet current of my feelings. "*Jewess*," "*Jewess*," would I say to myself, and that too in spite of myself. "Am I really in love with the daughter of a Jew? Am I to connect myself with that accursed race?" Every successive day would such villainous thoughts rush in more obtrusively. When I looked at the mountains on either side of the way, and at the ever-changing views occurring along the road, and recognized the likeness of my dear homestead in many a wood-crowned hill and rocky vale, I would think of my youth-

ful delights, and the long familiar faces of those whom I loved; then gliding from the past to the future, my heart would take the amiable Judith to the home and society of my former days, and imagine what new pleasures she would bring with her, and with what new charms she would invest my future dwelling place in this lovely land; then uncalled for, would the same and other loathsome ideas come in like imps of Satan, and thrust their ugly visages into the very foreground of the picture. "*Jewess*," "*Jewess*," would I repeat, as if by some instigation of the arch fiend. Yes, a *Jewess* is to be my wife. My children are to be half-blooded Jews. My neighbors are to point at her as we pass by and say, "That is the *Jewess*." When we go to church—*we*, do I say? Perhaps she will not go to church; but he wishing for her Rabbi and her synagogue; but suppose that in compliance with my desire, she do go to church; then every eye is upon her—whispers go round, "The *Jewess* has come to church! Do you know whether she is likely to be converted?" and so on. Then the minister preaches at her, and deals out anathemas against the unbelieving Jews—and I am to be reproached, and to reproach myself, for the inconsistency of professing christianity, and yet marrying an unbelieving *Jewess*, and making her the mistress and the mother of my family. Oh how can I do it?

I groaned with horror at these reflections; unable to banish them as baseless fancies, and vexed with myself for admitting them. But every day they crowded harder into my mind, assuming at each return more grim and appalling aspects. In vain did I muster facts and affections against them. Judith's personal charms; Judith's amiable temper, extraordinary intelligence, admirable genius, exquisite accomplishments, fascinating manners—our congenial tastes, our mutual love, her generous pledge to me, my assurances to her—all that had filled and captivated my soul for weeks—all were brought forward on the side of love, and admitted on the other side to be true—yet could not all these considerations banish the hateful accompaniments of the cursed word, "*Jewess*!" Still would it come and fetch its goblin retinue of conscientious scruples and ingrained prejudices.

Sometimes indeed my love was victorious, and beat this haggard crew out of the field. Judith would rise in all her charms before my imagination—memory would tell the affecting story of our grief-born union of hearts—reason would demonstrate her inestimable worth—impassioned fancy would adorn her, as nature had adorned her, with the hues and lineaments of angelic loveliness, and my heart would be feeding on the delicious vision. But then, (my black bile beginning

to work.) all of a sudden. like the harpies of old, and quite as abominable as those monsters, a new flight of black vulturine thoughts would descend upon the banquet of my soul, and change the zest into nausea by their defilements. "Jewess," "Jewess," would I again mutter like a demoniac. "A Jewish wife must make me miserable. When I teach my children the doctrines of christianity, their Jewish mother will be a hindrance to their faith and a grief to mine. I must either omit the worship of God in my family, or be disturbed in my devotions by the thought, that when I utter the Saviour's name and express my reliance on his mediation, the partner of my bosom, whether she kneel like a hypocrite, or sit like an infidel, will in her heart attach the title of impostor to that venerable name." Then would my heart rise up with disgust against the whole race of unbelieving Jews, ancient and modern. Then in rapid succession would texts of Scripture, facts in history, passages in books of travels, and all that I had read or heard, that was dishonorable to the Jews, rise up in my memory and fill me with detestation of the very name of Jew. "The Jews! The stiff-necked, hard-hearted race, (would I mutter bitterly,) who provoked the patience of God, until He by his prophets cursed and banned them out of his mercy and from the pale of human society, and made them a hissing and a curse among all nations." Did they not, like furious demons, cry out, "Crucify him, crucify him?" And how many acts of fiendish malignity and loathsome baseness, have they committed? They are hated by all nations, by Christian, Mussulman, Pagan—"by saint, by savage, and by sage"—all concur in executing the Divine curse upon them. And I am to marry one of them! Oh, why was so beautiful, so amiable a creature born of the accursed race? The miserly knavish race! The scorn and the detestation of travellers in Poland, and wheresoever strangers are exposed to their knavish tricks and unprincipled exactions! Faugh! The squalid occupants of suburbs and streets, where a decent passenger is nauseated by their filth! The bearded venders of old clothes! The malignant Shylocks of the money market! Their very name has become a term for villainy and extortion. *Jew* signifies miser and rogue. Yet these people I must take into my bosom for my wife's sake—and call them cousin!

Such was often the train of my reflections, especially when the evil spirit of melancholy diffused his bile over my thoughts. Judith herself was always lovely to my soul; the black demon could not dim the lustre of her beauty, nor stain the purity of her character, except by incorporating her with the mass of her nation, so as to

obscure the merits that shone out from her charming individuality. But the one fact personal to her, her Judaical education, combined with prejudices against her people, harassed me from day to day, and crossed the path of my love with an omen too sinister, and too obviously real, to be any longer regarded as a mere freak of the brain, originating in melancholy.

The contest of antagonist principles began at last to assume a degree of regularity, after the misty turbulence of my feelings had measurably subsided. But the violence of the mental strife rather increased, as the opposing principles began more distinctly to array themselves for the contest. I will not call it a contest between love and reason, for there was evidently much reason on the side of love; but in the ranks of the other side, there was not only a host of prejudices, but something besides, of giant force and of ghastly aspect.

The agony of the struggle was temporarily abated by the appearance of my beloved Rock-bridge. When I entered its confines I hailed with delight the grim aspect of the Jump Mountain, as he reared his black and shaggy brow over the border of the landscape. Not less did the great Hogback please my eye, when I saw him, the next in order, bend up his swelling ridge bristled with pines. But most joyfully did I behold the rising majesty of the House Mountain, as it gradually stood forth in solitary grandeur, and exposed to view its double ridge and huge buttresses, like a palace built for the king of the giants. Again were my homefelt pleasures more vividly restored, when I crossed the high swell of Timberridge in the middle of the Great Valley and saw far away in the southern horizon, the dim Peaks of Otter, shooting their points deeply into the vault of heaven. Next, the familiar scenes near my father's cottage shed their sweet influence upon my heart, from verdant hill and from meadow brook, stealing its way along the dale beneath the covert of its willows. When the cedar cliffs by the river showed me the pathway to the dear nook where I drew my infant breath, I sprang from the coach, threaded each well known turn by rock and tree, saw in all its rural quietude the home of childhood, bounded into the house, heard the cry of joyful surprise, flung myself first on one breast, then on another, of parents, sisters, and friends, and received with delight the enthusiastic greetings of the servants, whose sooty faces were enlightened by the shining white of their teeth, and the not less shining whites of their glad eyes. Now for awhile I felt as simply happy as I had been, when

In rustic boyhood, free from care,
I hooked the trout and chased the hare.

But I soon relapsed into my distressing meditations. When the first gale of delight on arriving at home had blown over, I remembered my matrimonial engagement with a Jewess, and the remembrance struck a damp on my feelings. "Now (thought I) comes my sorest trial. I must tell my parents and friends that I am about to fetch a Jewish wife into their circle; and how it will shock them! How they will wonder and grieve!" I had walked out to look over my old play grounds, and my favorite bank for summer fishing and reading beneath the shade of a broad elm, when these painful thoughts occurred. To banish them, I returned to the house and busied myself with conversation. I was not yet delivered from my tormentors, when my sister Elizabeth asked me for the key of my trunk, that she might dispose of my apparel. Then I remembered the dear portrait, which I had not taken out, and in the confusion of my thoughts seldom even remembered, since it was put away. Fearing that it might be found and bring on a premature discovery, I hastened up stairs alone, took it out, opened the case, and again felt the witching charm of those lovely features, to such a degree that all doubts and fears vanished like ghosts before the rosy-fingered beams of Aurora. "I will write to-morrow," said I, as I closed the case and locked it up in my drawer. On going to bed I looked at it again, and felt doubly assured that the soul which beamed through those eyes, could never make a husband unhappy. "I will write to-morrow, (said I again,) and inform her of my safe arrival, and of my unalterable determination to fulfil our engagement." I went to bed and mused sweetly on my Judith, until my waking thoughts faded away into the purple twilight of dreams; then Judith herself appeared in a green meadow of fairy land, gathering sweet flowers,—her form invested with the airy lightness of a sylph, and covered with the rainbow tints of a blessed spirit.

The next morning I slept so long and soundly, that when I awoke I heard the family at breakfast. I dressed myself and hurried down to join them. After breakfast we went to the parlor, where I was pleasantly engaged during the forenoon in conversation with the family, and some friends who called to see me.

Towards noon my father alluded incidentally to the sale of a horse, which he had lately made to a traveller. I asked some question which led him to give us an amusing account of the transaction—amusing to all the rest, and it would have been equally so to me, if my unsuspecting parent had not used an expression, which I had often heard and often used myself, but which now had gall and wormwood in it to my feelings.

"He tried to *Jew* me," said my father.

"Was it that little bald, sharp-faced man that I saw with you at the post-office?" asked my sister.

"Yes, (said my father,) with small gray eyes and a shrill voice."

"Perhaps he *was* a Jew," asked my sister.

"Possibly enough, (said my father;) his knavish looks would at least become a Jew. He tried first to impose on me by undervaluing the horse, and then by passing uncurrent money upon me, protesting that it was current. If he was not a rogue of a Jew, he was a Jew of a rogue."

These unusually bitter expressions of my father went like daggers' points to my heart. But my kindred most undesignedly condemned me to still keener torments. My good mother spoke up, and said:

"It is a happy circumstance that we have no Jews among us in the Valley. I should hate to have any thing to do with them."

My mother's face exhibited her anti-Jewish disgust as she spoke.

"They are not *all* so bad," said my father in extenuation; and I thanked him in my heart for the sentiment. But my mother drove the dagger up to the hilt, when she replied:

"Good or bad, a Jew is a Jew; and I should hate to have any of them about me."

This was too much for my feelings. I rose hastily and went out to conceal my agony. Doleful indeed were my dumps. "They will never consent," said I, as I rushed away from the house, with as much hurrying impetuosity, as if I were stung by a swarm of hornets. "Perhaps they never ought to consent," was the next reflection. The whole train of my evil thoughts returned, headed this time by the squeaking miser Levi, so like my father's horse buyer. I hurried wildly on, till I found myself on the brow of a precipice by the river side. I was not prepared for a lover's leap into the stream below; therefore I stopped, and seating myself on a rock, leaned my head upon my knees, and in that meditative posture sank deeper and deeper into the black sea of my reflections. Here I was found by a negro boy sent to tell me that dinner was ready. After swallowing what I supposed might conceal my want of appetite, I remembered that Judith's portrait had hitherto operated as a charm, either to keep off the black demons, or to exorcise them if they had possession. Inspired with eager hope, I rose from table and went hastily up stairs for the portrait. I found my table drawer unlocked, as I had inadvertently left it in the morning. I hastily searched the drawer, and lo! the portrait was gone! My talisman was gone! Instead of the hoped-for relief, additional miseries came upon me; the dun clouds of despair boiled up more thickly and fearfully in the horizon of my

soul. Who could have taken my jewel? I could not conjecture, and I durst not inquire; because inquiry would end in a disclosure of my love-engagement with a Jewess—a secret, which in my present state of mind, I could not bear to reveal.

After some days my conscience smote me for withholding so important a communication from my parents, who had a right to know my matrimonial scheme; and who were best qualified to teach me by their cool and experienced judgment, how to distinguish the dictates of sober reason from the illusions of passion and the suggestions of prejudice. Freely could I tell them all but the one fact, that although my Judith was the best and the most beautiful of maidens, and wealthy withal, yet she was that most disagreeable thing—a Jewess. Oh misery! how often when the story was on the point of my tongue, did I shudder and draw back at the thought of telling that. But *that* was the critical point of the case; to withhold that would be to evade the gist of the difficulty.

Days and weeks rolled on but gave no return of brightness to my soul,—no decisive result to my agonizing reflections. I moped and mused and pined away. My friends observed my melancholy air and haggard looks. They ascribed all to returning consumption, and often took counsel about the means of cure. Alas! they little dreamed that the malady was consuming the heart and not the lungs.

Thus I drooped and hesitated, until the month of May was three-fourths gone. I had not written even the friendly letter which my Judith had so earnestly requested. What a beast was I! Now the time was come when I *must* decide the matrimonial question, either by action or by procrastination. I must now write to my lovely Jewess, or forfeit all claim even to her friendly regard. I had promised to write my decision *at the latest* by the sharp-visaged miser Levi, who would embark at New-York on the first day of June. Often did I sit down with pen in hand, resolved to write something. But what could I write? That I was well? No. That I had decided to marry her? No. That I had consulted my friends? No; not even that. That I was tormented with doubts and fears, and yet unable to decide? Yes. But why write a fact which could only distress her? Better not write at all: the failure of the promised letter might be imputed to accident. But on second thoughts, this appeared unfeasible; for she had reason to expect several letters: and all could hardly fail. One other course remained; I might if I pleased say to her, 'Forget me, lovely Judith.' In a misanthropic mood, when every thought was dark and bitter, I twice sat down in desperate resolve to end the strife

by writing her a letter of dismissal—but ere the fatal sentence, "I have decided not to marry you, my Judith," could be finished, I seemed to hear thunders roll at a distance, and to see the lightning flash of my tutelary angel as he descended at this awful moment; and then a monitory voice within me would whisper, 'Cast not that pearl away?' Then I could not—for my life I durst not—wilfully cast that pearl away.

The eve of the last day had arrived when I must write to secure the stipulated conveyance. To defer my answer beyond the next day, would be in effect to discard my beloved Jewess. The sun of the evening had set in the deepest gloom of a cloudy atmosphere; my soul was gloomy as the shadow of death. My powers of mind and body were almost prostrated by long and deep melancholy, now reaching the acme of a doleful hypochondria. I sat in my room; my candle burned dimly with its knobbed, unsnuffed wick. I leaned over the back of my chair with my elbow behind it and my temple supported with the palm of my hand; my eyes were half closed, and scarcely sensible of the glimmering light in the room. Horrid spectres now for the first time flitted across the fields of my imagination, and disappeared. Then they reappeared, bloody and fierce; they stopped and gloated and grinned at me, until I almost fainted with terror. I was verging to absolute madness. Suddenly I heard a low tapping at the door. I started up, shuddering with dread; for I conceived that murderers were coming with daggers to stab me. "Who is there?" I cried, with a scarcely audible voice. "Me, massa Willie," was the answer. I felt instant relief, when I recognized the voice of old Hannah, my nurse, in infancy, who always had for me a mother's affection. She opened the door softly, and completed my restoration to sober sense by the sight of her honest face. "Massa Willie, I don't want to 'sturb you now, when you got so poorly again. I jist came to ax you if that slut Poll that Massa hired last Christmas, didn't take this curious piece 'o money, or whatever it is, from you. I thought it must be your'n, for I know it ain't none o' her'n. Sec. here it is," said she, coming forward and holding up what I saw instantly to be my locket-case—my talisman! As the famished tiger or the boa-constrictor springs upon his prey, so did I spring forward and clutch my jewel; and when I had it in my grasp, I lifted both hands aloft and cried, "Thank God, thank God, I have her once more." Then I said quickly, "Go down now, aunt Hannah, I wish to be alone." She was amazed, as well she might be, but retired promptly, saying as she went, "That can't be money, no how, that makes Massa Willey so glad." I hastily locked the door after her,

already sensible of a new spirit within me; then taking my seat at the table, I snuffed the candle and pressed the locket-spring. The lid flew up, and again presented to my longing eyes that sweet enrapturing face. The picture restored with magical force and rapidly, the lovely traits, corporeal and mental, of the dear original, now so nearly abandoned. I looked and looked; the beauteous image seemed to acquire animation as I gazed upon it, and to rise before the imagination into the living fulness and reality of Judith's lovely self. Yes, now my Judith was herself again. Melancholy with all his imps of darkness vanished at her presence. Again I felt the impression of those love-darting eyes; again heard in my soul the soft melody that flowed from those sweet lips; memory awoke and presented in pristine freshness and with enchanting effect, all the affecting images of the past;—the journey to Charleston—our stay there, with the piano and the songs of heart-melting pathos; then the disaster at sea, the throes of her grief, and the sympathy of our souls;—then our sojourn in Philadelphia, the maturity and the embarrassments of our love—the purity, the self-control and the intensity of her affection; lastly, the parting hour, its keen sorrows and thrilling delights, with all that made them keen and thrilling. I saw and felt them all again. After this revival of former emotions in my soul, could I then give up my Judith? No, no; the dominion and the wealth of the world were a boon too poor to buy her out of my arms. I would have dared the stormy deeps of every sea—I would have crossed frozen Alps and torrid Sahara—I would have braved the shadow of death, and gone down, like Orpheus for Eurydice, to the dusky mansions of departed spirits—and would have deemed myself well rewarded to win so lovely a creature at last. The clouds were now dispersed, that had so long obscured the bright prospects before me. The word *Jewess* no longer drew after it the gloomy conceptions of fear, and of a diseased imagination; it was now associated only with Judith's self—with the radiance of her beauty, the unalloyed sweetness of her temper, the unsullied purity of her principles, and all the attractive qualities of her mind. Even my religious scruples, heretofore aggravated by melancholy, now gave way again to the conviction, that Judith already so esteemed Christianity, and was so nearly persuaded of its truth, as only to await the influences and the occasion that our marriage would present, to believe and to profess the whole. What then had I to fear? Nothing. Such was my conclusion within two hours after her portrait had begun its reviving influence upon my heart. Some of the reasons which led to this comfortable conclusion,

may have been the logic of reanimated passion. Whether it were so or not, my understanding then accorded its approval to the desire of the heart.

I hesitated no longer, but wrote the chief part of the letter that night; declaring my undiminished love, and my fixed resolution to go and claim her hand, as soon as she would permit me. I apologised for my delay, by acknowledging the diseased state of my mind, and the gloomy views that succeeded and produced a long struggle. I expressed my intention to visit her in London before the expiration of the year; but said that I would await an answer from her, that I might, if she gave permission, go prepared to consummate our union before the next spring, which was the time that she had appointed as the earliest period of our nuptials.

Having written thus much, I went to bed; leaving what remained to be filled up in the morning, after a consultation with my parents. The next morning I *did* state the case to my parents, but with fear and trembling; not that I expected opposition from them after they should hear all; but I scarcely hoped for their full approval. Nevertheless, although they were shocked, as I expected them to be, at the Judaism of my betrothed, yet after I had given them a full history of our acquaintance, and exerted my eloquence in depicting her excellencies,—not forgetting the symptoms of her inclination for Christianity, nor the fact so generally agreeable to parents, that she was very rich, I had the satisfaction to hear them yield their approval, and advise me to write immediately. They saw the hand of Divine Providence in the circumstances, and were persuaded that my happiness would be less hazarded by consummating the marriage, than by doing violence to my feelings, and plunging again into the deeps of melancholy.

So I finished my letter, and directed it under cover to Simon Levi at New York. It went by that day's mail, and would in due course reach New York on the 30th of May.

But one expression which the gray-eyed miser had dropped about his "boy Joseph," gave me a suspicion, that if he knew the state of affairs between Judith and myself, he might suppress my letter, with the view of getting Judith's fortune into his own family. Therefore to avoid the possibility of failure in this way, I wrote a second letter, directed to Judith's self in London, to go by the usual mode of conveyance in the New York packets. This I put into the post office four days after the other. Thus if the one should fail, I might rely upon the success of the other. I met with an immediate reward for my late fidelity; for when I put the second letter into the office, I found one there from Judith;

short and written very hastily on her landing at Liverpool. She apologised for its brevity, saying that a swift sailing packet was to sail immediately for New York, and that she had time only to tell me of her prosperous voyage, good health and unchanged heart. She concluded with the promise of writing fully on the receipt of my first letter, which she hoped to receive within a fortnight after her arrival at home.

The expression of this hope gave me a severe pang of self-reproach. "Wretched procrastinator that I am! (said I.)—how sadly disappointed must she be!" But I had done my duty at last.

Now the months seemed ages until I should receive her answer. I began to make preparations for my expected voyage; and became weekly more impatient for the summons of my betrothed. I watched the growing and the waning moons, and 'chid the lazy, lagging foot of time.' 'The delightful summer of our mountains seemed interminably long; for it shed its flowers and matured its foliage, but brought me no answer. I had set four months as the utmost limit to which even fear could postpone the return of an answer. Three months I thought sufficient; I was by that time prepared for the voyage, and went to the post office every mail day, expecting to find the desired summons to depart. Every mail day I went disheartened away; but still indulging the hope that the next mail would not disappoint me. Thus the fourth month passed over my impatient spirit—but to the end of it no letter came. I saw the leaves of autumn put on the bright hues of approaching decay, making the forest glorious to all eyes but mine. Still no letter came. Impatience was converted into fearful anxiety. I saw the leaves of autumn fade; and then fly, withered and sear, before the northern blast, until the forest looked sad beneath the gathering storms of winter. Sad and sadder grew my heart; for not a word from Judith reached my longing eyes. Winter shed his snows over mountain and valley; Christmas came, and New Year came; when days are shortest and dreariest in the out-door world; but hearts are merry by firesides: but my heart was more dreary than the dead earth and the leaden face of a cloudy sky. The winter began to yield to the benign power of the ascending sun; nature began to revive under the genial influence; but not so my desolate heart. Early flowers looked out on sunny banks; meadows drank new verdure from the joyful streams, that gushed out of showery hills, and bounded through the valleys. Now came the anniversary of the journey to Charleston—then of the sea-voyage—then of the love pledges and the parting hour. The star of my hopes had faded into utter darkness; my letters

were never to be answered; what could be the matter?

Whilst I had been able to cherish a lingering remnant of hope, that slow passages, or accidental detentions by sea or land, had only delayed the answer; I clung to that, and waited for the result before I would take any other step. But when five, and then six months had passed away, my characteristic hesitancy on such occasions, again operated to make me postpone any decisive movement to solve the mystery of my disappointment. One of two things I might do; write again and repeatedly, or go myself to London. To write again, presupposed that either both my letters or her answer had failed to reach their destination. But not only was I discouraged by the fact, that such failures had become very rare; but there was this further difficulty, that by writing again, I could gain no explanation in less than three months—a delay which my impatient heart could not resolve to incur. I concluded at last to renew my preparations for a voyage; but various difficulties (and in my desponding state of mind, mole-hills swelled to mountains,) caused delay until the opening of the spring. I was then completing my arrangements, and expected soon to depart, when an unfortunate accident gave another turn to my feelings.

I have since my college days been passionately fond of botany; and have never failed, when the mild sunshine and early flowers invite the lovers of nature abroad, to make frequent excursions about the warm dells and romantic cliffs of my homestead. One day, late in March, when the sun shone sweetly, and my heart was troubled with gloomy thoughts, I took a farewell stroll about the rocky steps of the vicinage, expecting in two or three days to leave them in search of my lost bride. I was clambering along the side of a steep cliff, washed at base by the river, now swollen and muddy from late rains. Happening to spy on the brow of the cliff above me, a flower of rare species, and of attractive form and colors, I started eagerly to reach it by climbing the precipice. But in my haste, I slipped and fell back almost into the river. I saved myself only by catching hold of a sapling, as I slid and rolled. My bodily hurt was small, but my sick heart received a fatal wound. My precious locket case, which I still wore in my bosom, fell out, was caught by a stub as I descended, and the ribbon being broken, the case rolled down and plunged into the angry flood, out of sight, and out of reach. "Oh, mercy! (I exclaimed :) she is gone! she is gone!" Vainly did I go to the water's edge, and gaze wistfully at the turbid current, as if I expected it to restore my talisman—my Judith. At last I went home,

gathering new grief and melancholy from this ill-omened accident. The reader knows me well enough by this time, to anticipate the consequence. Despair began to flap her raven wings over me, and dismal phantoms to haunt my imagination.

Hitherto I had refused to entertain a suspicion of Judith's fidelity. When such a thought occurred, one look at her portrait was sufficient to dispel it. I was perplexed, discouraged, and sad enough, at the long delay, and ultimate failure of an answer to my letters; but rather than think her false, I would suppose that the letters had been lost on the way, or that death had snatched her beyond the reach of my arms. Now I began to fear that she had repented of her engagement; that her return home to her kindred and friends had affected her, as the same circumstance had for weeks affected me; with the restoration of habitual feelings first, and then less pleasing views of the brief episode of our love-adventure. My suspicion, once allowed to take root, and nurtured by a brooding melancholy, grew apace into a dark and bitter jealousy. In a few days I could even say in the bitterness of my soul: "Why should I go to see her? Or why write a third time? Shall I allow her to show myself or my third letter to her cockney beaux? of which she told me that she had crowds; that they may laugh at the uncouth simplicity of a mountain bumpkin of Virginia; who by his services at a critical period, when her grief was deep and her heart unguarded, had made a transient impression on her; but whom, in her cooler moments, she could not think of marrying; though she felt obliged to him for his kindness, and had, under the impulse of gratitude, given him more encouragement than prudence allowed. Shall I expose myself to such treatment as this? No, verily I will not!"

These suggestions of the melancholy demon were sometimes resisted by my better feelings; but never subdued, so that I could resolve again to prosecute my ill-fated love. I still indulged, from time to time, my bitter surmisings of Judith's falsehood; although my conscience often whispered that they were unjust. What inconsistencies will not a wretched man perpetrate in the bitterness of his soul!

Finally, I resolved that as the case seemed to be desperate, I would strive to forget that I had ever loved Judith Bensaddi. I was impelled to some decisive course, by the dread of a settled melancholy and imbecile moping, or of downright madness for life. Once conclusively resolved, I was as prompt and energetic in execution, as I was indecisive and procrastinating in cases of doubtful deliberation.

"Perhaps (said I to myself) it is a merciful

interposition of Providence, that has thwarted an affection, which might have planted a thorn in my breast for life. A christian is forbidden to marry an infidel, and the prohibition is a wise one. Now for study and learning, and the glorious achievements of professional exertion."

My studies had been much interrupted by consumption first, then by love and melancholy. During a year I had made little progress; now I betook myself with renewed zeal to my books. But many a time and oft, while leaning over my learned author on the table, did I start out of a reverie, and found that my soul had unconsciously strayed into the regions of love, and drank sweeter waters at the fountain of Venus, than Helicon had ever yielded to poet or philosopher. But by persevering efforts, I conquered this propensity to revive scenes and emotions, which, however delightful once, were fleeting as a dream, and, like a dream, should be forgotten.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNEXPECTED LETTER.

By the end of the ensuing summer, my mind had recovered its usual tone and steady habits, and I had just finished the preparatory studies of my profession; when an incident occurred, which again raised my feelings to a tempest, and formed the closing scene of my story.

Going by the post office one forenoon, I was called to receive a letter which had arrived by the last mail: I turned in, expecting nothing unusual; when lo! it was a ship-letter, with the London post-mark. I instantly recognized upon it the hand writing of Judith Bensaddi! Good Heavens! what a volcanic stirring and heaving, what a rekindling and burning, of irrepressible fires, did I feel immediately within me. The flame of love had been smothered by despair, but the fuel was uncoursed, and the fire smouldering in secret; the first breath of hope was sufficient to reawaken its dormant energies.

I hurried out of the town on my way home, intending, as soon as I reached a private place, to tear open the mystery at once. But when I found a suitable place, I could not summon the resolution to break the seal. Hope shed reviving rays upon my soul, and I longed to realize its promise: but fear drew up a cloud from the Stygian lake, that threatened to overwhelm and extinguish forever the last star in my heaven of love. Hitherto the evidence that Judith had changed her mind, was purely negative; I had received no communication from her: that was all. Now I was to learn from herself the certainty of what I might still hope, or of what I

had long feared: the question that had cost me so much excruciating conjecture, was now to be solved: I was to know in a moment, whether the lovely Judith might yet be mine, or whether the gulf between us was now fixed and impassable. When I put my thumb-nail to the seal, and felt that I was about to read the doom of a love, whose renovated power now ruled my soul, "terror took hold on me, and trembling which made all bones to shake." I could not break the seal. I staggered homewards under my load of fearful anxiety. Several times I stopped, and said, "Now!" but I could not; every nerve in my body quivered. When I got home, I stole unobserved into my room and locked the door. "Here (said I,) is the place, and now is the time." Still I hesitated; I sat; I lay down on the bed; I got up and paced the room: It would not do; my heart quailed and shrunk from the dread revelation. "I cannot do it here (said I) —I must go to the woods and rocks." To the woods and rocks about the farm I went. For hours I wandered from shade to shade, and from rock to rock, in deep and agitated thought; often forgetting where I was, or what was the matter. Often I took out the letter from my pocket, looked at it, one while examining the superscription, another while the seal; and then returning it to my pocket with a groan, I wandered again like the evil spirit, "seeking rest and finding none." It may seem strange, that I should voluntarily undergo this lengthened agony of suspense, when I could end it in a moment. But I durst not end it. What man could dare, if he might, unseal the book of his final destiny? He would rather live in the uncertainty of a trembling hope, than hazard the withering blast of a remediless despair.

Towards evening I found myself by the river side in a solitary nook, to which I was wont to resort when in a musing mood. It was a snug corner, with the river in front, and high cliffs, topped with cedars, curving round the other sides. Three or four trees spread their umbrageous tops over head, and beneath a small fountain drew its silvery thread of cool water from the inner angle to the river, between turfy banks and mossy stones. Here I had often meditated on my love, and here I resolved at all events to know its issue. I threw myself down upon a sweet grassy bank, near the river that ran murmuring by. Here a tuft of the golden rod waved its yellow plumes in the breeze; at the base of the cliff, near my seat, the wild aster was opening its purple-fringed eyes, seemingly to watch the dog-star in his nightly rounds. Elsewhere the atmosphere was glowing with summer heat; here all was cool, dusky and still. Again I took the letter from my pocket, and again I trembled all over like an aspen leaf. But my resolution was taken: "Now it *must* be

done." My thumb-nail was again applied, and with a convulsive jerk I tore off the seal. With trembling hands I unfolded the closely written sheet, and with palpitating heart I read as follows:

LONDON, July 10th, 1820.

My Beloved Friend:

With you it is impossible for me to be ceremonious. I have experienced too much of your kindness, and I may add of your love, to suspect you of unkind neglect, or to think of you with any other feeling than gratitude and friendship. I wrote you a few hasty lines from Liverpool by a packet that was about to sail immediately after our landing. I will now give you the outlines of my sad history since I left Philadelphia.

The night when we parted! I yet weep at the remembrance of it: had I then anticipated our long, long separation, my grief would have turned to distraction. Our journey to Boston was speedy, and would have been pleasant, if any thing could have given pleasure so shortly after that parting hour. Two days afterwards I took ship with my cousin. The ship and the sea revived all my griefs; for they brought affectingly to mind the horrible day when I lost the dearest of brothers, and found all a brother's kindness in you. The voyage, as I wrote before, was prosperous; and on the thirty-fifth day after our separation, I was in the arms of my dear father. Cousin Von Caleb had written him notice of our calamity from Boston, on the day when he received my letter; so that before our arrival my afflicted parent had learned his irreparable loss; now he seemed equally divided between joy for his recovered daughter, and grief for his lost son.

I related to him as well as my feelings would allow, the circumstances of the disaster, and the history of my acquaintance with you, from the first day to the last; omitting at first the affair of our love. I told him how you had saved my life at the hazard of your own, and how you had thenceforth nursed me in my desperate grief, cherished me as a sister, and taken me far out of your way to restore me to my friends, until your care of me occasioned the severe hurt that confined you in Philadelphia. "Now blessed be that good young stranger, (said my father, with tears in his eyes)—how can we reward him for his goodness to my poor destitute child? I owe him for your life; yes, twice,—for without him you would first have perished in the water, and then in your grief. We must do something—yes, a great deal, to show our gratitude. I trust that you showed yourself grateful, daughter,—did you?" "Yes, father, your daughter endeavored to show that she could love such a kind protector, and such an honorable, worthy gentleman."

So I went on, until I had told him all. "He shall have you, Judith; he deserves to have you; he is the very man to make you happy." Then was the joy of my love complete.

I hoped in a fortnight or sooner to receive a friendly letter, telling me of your safe return, if nothing more. The fortnight seemed very long; and when a month passed without bringing me a letter, it seemed to have been a year. "But I am sure of one by Mr. Levi," said I; and so I endeavored to comfort myself. I could hardly wait until he should come, and when at last I was told that he was arrived, and actually in the house, I ran breathless with joy and demanded my letter. "None, (said he)—I went to the post office the first of June, and found none for you." "None?" said I. "No, sure, not one." I remember nothing more, until I found myself in bed and the physician by my side.

Still, though stricken down, I was not in despair. "Some accident has disappointed me, (said I.)—the letter may have miscarried; or he may choose to come, and give me a joyful surprise by bearing his own tidings. I shall hear or see before long." But another month passed—so long!—yet no tidings. We heard of a New York packet-ship wrecked on the coast of Ireland: the letter-bag lost—and some passengers; but your name was not among them. On this chance of your letter being lost, I fed my declining hope. But long months of fruitless expectation, compelled me at last to conclude that you had found the scheme of our union unpropitious to your hopes of happiness, and that your kind compassion would not suffer you to tell me so. I had promised not to blame you; I did not; but my heart bled, nevertheless—ah, many a weary day and weary night. I fled from the crowded city, to hide my grief, and if possible to relieve it, among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland. They reminded me of the delightful scenery which you had described; where you made me hope to live, communing with nature and with the dear friend whose heart seemed purposely formed to sympathise with mine. But I must not pain that dear friend with the recital of my sorrows.

Long was the time before I could give you up with dutiful resignation. I imagined various reasons for your long silence, and sometimes renewed my hope on the ground of some vain supposition. Sometimes again I feared that you were dead; and then I mourned for you as for my brother. But I was relieved from this painful apprehension, two months ago. A friend of my father's has some lands in the mountains of Virginia. When he went to see them, my father requested him to visit your village and inquire after you. He learned that you were alive and

well. Then I knew that you had abandoned our engagement, and that longer hope was vain if not sinful. Often had I dreamed both asleep and awake of rural felicity with you, my comforter in sorrow and my chosen companion for life. But when I found that all was a dream, and that I must resign my heart to widowhood, I resisted the fondness of a love that could only make me miserable. Hard was it to bring so sweet and so cherished a passion within the bounds of moderation. Often would it invite the fond illusion, that your difficulties might yet be removed, and that your love for me was yet sufficient to bring you over the waters in search of your Judith. But one long year and months of another passed away, during which all the winds of Heaven had blown without wafting to me even a sigh from my friend. How then could the faintest illusion of hope remain, or ever dawn upon the darkness of my soul? "No, (thought I,) that dearly remembered night of our parting made me feel the last throbs that I shall ever feel, of a heart that will be dear to me, until this poor heart of mine shall throb no more." When this second summer came, and my last day of hope was gone, I fled again to the woods and the lakes, and there, after many a prayer and many a struggle, subdued my heart to a merely kind and grateful remembrance of you. So at least I thought: but what mean these frequent returns of my pen to the passionate expressions of tenderness, which flow spontaneously from my heart, and which after repeated trials I find will flow and mingle with the simple narrative that I meant to give? And what mean the tears and sobs which almost disable me from writing? May the gracious Redeemer, who knows what human frailties are, enable me to be faithful!—My friend! oh my friend! I must not, I dare not, love you now, as I formerly loved you. When my heart abandoned itself to widowhood, and I sought consolation from the Most High, among shades and rocks and waters, where, as well as in His word, the Divine Spirit dwells, I happened to meet a stranger on a visit to the same retreats, one who, in mind and person, in tastes and principles, resembles you, my dear friend; and who for that reason interested me in my desolate state. His company and conversation, last year, soothed and instructed me; but *then* my heart was beyond the reach of his love. A friendly acquaintance was all that occurred between us until this summer, when I returned in my despair to the woods and lakes, where I unexpectedly met with him again. He sought my company; I was pleased with his; he saw that I was a mourner, and he comforted me; he had learned that I was a Jewess, and he labored faithfully and eloquently for my conversion to christianity.

By the blessing of God, he succeeded in removing all my remaining doubts and difficulties respecting the christian faith. I was almost persuaded when I parted with you; but I would not suggest hopes on that subject, until I should be fully persuaded. Now my faith in Jesus of Nazareth is my chief consolation; and the eloquent and pious friend who won me finally to Christ, has also gained so much of my esteem and affection, that I have after much hesitation accepted his offer, and we are *betrothed*. Now, my dear preserver, hear the last request of one whom you once tenderly loved, and whom no changes can release from her obligations to you. Should you ever find that I or my friends can do you any sort of service, I intreat you, by the remembrance of our voyage together, and by all the love that you may still bear me, to let us know it. Call on me,—or if death should have taken me away—on my father or my sister—for all the assistance that you may need. The half of my fortune I can easily spare, and would rejoice to impart to a friend whose disinterested kindness and essential service to me, I can never repay; but I shall thank Heaven, if an opportunity be given me to prove that I am, and will ever be your grateful and devoted friend,

JUDITH BENSADDI.

Before I had finished reading, my eyes grew dim. Self-reproach for my unjust suspicions and my fatal procrastination, wrung my heart. The knell of departed hope boomed on my ears, as if the gentle murmur of the river had swollen to the roar of a cataract. I fell back and lay in a stupor of astonishment at my late blindness of heart, and at the unrolled scroll of my hapless destiny. I was for sometime prostrated, soul and body at the astounding revelation. When I recovered strength to rise, the sun was shooting his rays horizontally from mountain top to mountain top! The turtle dove, from her withered tree in the field, was cooing forth her evening lamentation. Shades almost as gloomy as my soul were thickening around me. Frenzied with grief, I called to the dark-frowning rocks and to the waters that were rolling by, to pity me. I made the echoes respond to the name of my loved and lost Judith. One while my perturbed imagination pictured her looking down on me from the cedars of the cliff, and illuminating my dark retreat with the love-inspiring radiance of her countenance; then her fairy image seemed to be floating off in the air, and to beckon its sorrowful adieu, as it faded away, and was lost in the gloom of descending night.

And now, farewell, sweet Judith Bensaddi! Time may soothe my anguish, and mitigate my passion to the soft feeling of a mourner's love;

but death only can dim the bright image of feminine loveliness, which my soul has caught from thee. Henceforth thou art my heart's model of what is sweet and pure in woman. Others I may see fair and affectionate, virtuous and holy; but none can take thy place. I am wedded to remembered beauty. Alas! all but the memory of thy charms is lost to me: once more and forever, farewell, farewell, sweet Judith Bensaddi!

If the Union be Dissolved, What will become of our Flag?

Oh what will become of that flag when we part?
Shall it droop o'er the tomb of our national fame?
Shall it stream o'er the wreck, when each hope of the heart
Has abandoned that wreck to oblivion and shame?

When that banner of glory forever is furled,
Shall each gem be re-set and translated afar?
Shall the bright constellation that lighted a world,
Be replaced by a distant and desolate star?

Rather heap its proud trophies! and over them cast
This pall of our honor—this shroud of our shame,
Fire the pile! fling the ashes abroad on the blast—
It was born amid storm—let it perish in flame!

A MORNING WITH CAGLIOSTRO.

FROM NOTES OF A CONVERSATION WITH MR.
JOSEPH JENKINS.

EXPLANATORY.

We were much pleased on our return to Richmond in the latter part of 1848, from a short trip northward, to find on our table one morning a card bearing in bold black letters, on a ground of irreproachable enamel, the name of MR. JOSEPH JENKINS.

Mr. Jenkins has always been a favorite with us—partly from his entertaining reminiscences of "many lands," but more especially from his amusing eccentricities, which are a never-failing and never-ending stimulus to curiosity in his friends. How far and how long Mr. J. has travelled over this sublunary ball, it would, we imagine, puzzle any one besides himself to say. That he has been in the East, in Egypt, in Germany, France, Holland, Great Britain, South America and the Sandwich Islands, we take to be a well-ascertainable fact, from a simple view of his