

## Poetry.

## BEAUTY EVERY WHERE.

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

There is a beauty in the skies,  
When noon-day suns are bright,  
It glances with ten thousand eyes  
Thro' shadows of the night;  
When morn with rosy blush is soe  
To wake—there's beauty there,  
And evening's golden clouds proclaim,  
We, too, of beauty share.

Old ocean's ever swelling tide,  
The placid lake and still,  
The rivers rolling in their pride,  
The ever sparkling rill;  
The mountain-top, the verdant plain,  
The desert rude and bare,  
Attest, by every varied scene,  
That beauty dwelleth there.

The opening buds of joyous spring,  
Its choral hymns of praise,  
The velvet bloom on summer's wing,  
Its bright and cloudy days;  
The autumn clad in russet shroud,  
With treasures rich and rare,  
Old hoary winter shouts aloud,  
There's dazzling beauty here.

There's beauty in the hut and hall,  
Where sweet contentment dwells,  
Should science move or knowledge call,  
The voice of beauty swells;  
With childhood's silken locks 'tis blent,  
With manhood's proud career;  
While age mature in virtue spent,  
Doth heavenly beauty share.

## Select Tale.

## A NIGHT AT AN ALPINE INN.

I was travelling through Piedmont towards the Alps, Great St. Bernard being the object of my present journey. Among my travelling companions in the present coach—if the heavy lumbering thing in which we rode can be called such—was an Englishman, named Fitzhern. He had travelled over nearly the whole continent, and his companionship was not only pleasant but valuable. We left Châillon in the morning, and at noon we stopped to dine at a little inn some fifteen miles to the north-west of Ayace. It was only about twenty miles from St. Bernard, and directly among the Alps.—There was no other building in sight than those belonging to the inn, for there was hardly chance to build another. A wilder spot I never saw; but yet it was grand and romantic. The giant Alps towered up close at hand, and all about the spot we could see the massive crags lifting their dark gray heads above the forest trees. A wide stream went dashing wildly through the gorge, and its roar was almost deafening when the water was high.

I noticed that my companion regarded the place with interest, and he took particular note of several things which seemed very common-place to me. After dinner we went back of the house to look at the torrent. As far as the eye could reach on either hand, the water came and went dashing over its bed of rocks—tumbling, boiling, crashing, and hissing, and I soon grew dizzy with the view; for I imagined what would be the sensation of my soul were I to fall into the mad flood; and the very thought was so fearful, that I shuddered and grew weak. Near at hand was a narrow foot bridge, formed by three stout logs which had been fallen across from crag to crag and bound with ropes.—There was no railing of any kind, to protect the passengers, and I had no desire to cross over.

When we turned to the inn, we found the ostler just leading the horses out, but my companion asked me to take a turn up-stairs. I followed him up, and after reaching the second landing, he turned into a sort of corridor, which led into a long wing toward the stream. At the further end of this passage he opened a door and entered a small room, in which was a bed frame but no bed. I looked out at the little square window, and found the torrent close below me. At least I could have easily jumped, from where I then stood, half way across the boiling stream.

"I don't wonder they've taken all the bedding out from this place," I remarked, as I turned my gaze from the dingy window to the bare couch.

"Why so?" asked Fitzhern.

"Why—no one could sleep here with such a roar."

"And yet I slept here once," said Fitzhern.

"You!"

"Yes—but there's the horn. I'll tell you about it when we get under way. We will take a rest on the top."

So we hurried down and found the diligence ready to start. We took our seat on the top, and as soon as we had got fairly started, Fitzhern commenced to relate his adventure in the old inn we were just then leaving.

"It is now ten years since I passed this way before. I was then alone and on horseback, and was travelling in the opposite direction—on my way from Great St. Bernard to Châillon. I reached the inn we have just left about the middle of the afternoon, and as my horse was tired, and fearing that I should not be able to reach Ayace until long after dark, I resolved to remain here for the night. So I gave my horse to the ostler, and ordered supper and a room. There was no other traveller beside myself, but I found plenty to engage my attention. When supper time came, I found a new comer at the table. He was a tall dark looking man, but with a very intelligent face; and one calculated to command a certain degree of respect. He was dressed in a plain suit of green cloth, without ornament of any kind, save that the shirt or frock was worked with a black cord upon the breast. He had a military appearance, and I at once took him to be a military officer in the Austrian service. He conversed with me in French, but with the Germanic accent. We were alone at the table, and after some few remarks had been passed on general topics, he asked if I was travelling north. I told him I had come from the north and was going south.

"Rather a hard road," he said, "but if you are not going on by night it may be all safe."

"Where is the danger?" I asked.

"Oh, only now and then a fellow who wants to overhaul your luggage."

"Robbers, you mean?"

"Exactly."

"Have you come across them?"

"Ah, I wish I could, sir, I came for that purpose."

"What, to hunt up robbers and brigands?"

"Yes; I trust you, for I know you would be a fool to betray me. I am sent out by government to arrest the villains if possible. I have a detachment of soldiers at Carnillon. I have only been here three days, and hardly got started yet. Are you on business?"

"Partly," I answered.

I began to like my companion, and before we left the table, cracked a bottle of wine. I told him my business and informed him that I had some reason to dread meeting with robbers. Our conversation was careless, and before we arose from the table, had confessed that I travelled with quite a sum of money.

After supper, the officer said I must excuse him, as he had orders to send to his troops; so I was again left alone. I lighted a cigar, and started to take a stroll down the stream. I had gone some hundred rods or so, when I was startled by hearing the sharp cry of some one in distress. I stopped and the sound came out loud and shrill. I hurried down the stream, from whence the agonized sounds came, and upon reaching a bluff where a torrent poured down into a deep chasm, and took an abrupt turn, I saw a boy almost down to the hissing, boiling flood, clinging to the sharp point of a jutting rock. For a few moments I was too horrified to move. The poor fellow was some twenty feet below me, hanging with his feet so near the water, that the dashing spray soaked them. He caught my eye, and his cries were piercing. I saw that he could not help himself in the least, for the point upon which he hung was so far out that he could not swing his feet in so as to reach the rock below him, and it was almost impossible for him to raise himself a hair.

"Help! help!" he cried in such agonizing tones that I felt my heart leap painfully.

For a moment I almost determined to throw myself into the flood, but that would have been mere suicide, without helping him. But my thoughts became calm in a few moments, and then I went to consider if there was not some means by which I could reach him. I walked further down, and soon found that the rock upon which he held was a jut from a narrow shelf which extended about parallel with the water to a distance of some forty feet down the stream. If I could reach the shelf I could save him. I hurried down and found that I could reach the shelf by a narrow gorge, in which grew a lot of shrubbery, provided that shrubbery was deep-rooted enough to hold me. I took hold of some of the bushes which grew near the top, and found them firm. With a quick prayer, I threw off my coat and boots, and then let myself down.—I found the shelf not more than two feet wide, and you may believe that it was a dubious track; but I hurried on and reached the jutting rock in safety. In a moment more I was flat on my breast, and then reached over after the boy. I caught him by the collar of his jacket, and told him to help him-

self all he could. He made his last effort. I threw all my strength into that one lift, and drew him from his perilous situation. I asked him if he could walk, and he said yes; so I arose and bade him follow me. We reached the little gorge in safety, and made our way up the bank, and when we were once more on the faithful ground, the boy sank down upon his knees and clasped his hands. He was not over twelve or fourteen years of age, and dressed in a sort of hunting garb of chamois skin. He had an intelligent look, and his language was German.

"Come," said I, after he had blessed me a dozen times, "get up and I will help you back to the inn, for you must be weak and faint."

"No, no," he answered quickly. "I must go the other way, and I must hurry too. I ought not to have stopped to look over into the stream, and you see what came of doing it. I looked into the water so long that I became dizzy. I fell upon the rock that juts out there, and as I was going off I caught it with my hands. I should not have been here alive now if you had not come as you did."

I told the boy I was as thankful as he was. He thanked me and blessed me again, then said he hoped he could repay me sometime, and then turned away. I watched him till he was out of sight, and then turned back toward the inn. I smoked another cigar, chatted a while with the ostler (the landlord being away somewhere,) and then went up to my room. I was shown into the same apartment that we visited; it was well furnished and looked comfortable. Yet I disliked the roar of the mountain torrent directly under my window, and asked for another room, but I was told this was the only one they had in readiness, so I had to put up with it.

I always used to sleep with my pistols under my pillow, and of course I did so on this occasion.—I had faithful weapons—made on purpose for me in Manchester—double-barrelled and powerful.—They were a pair of my own invention, and one hammer operated upon both pans, so that they were easier to carry than the ordinary weapon with double flint locks, I left my lamp burning with a low flame, and having secured the door, went to bed. The roar of the torrent soon became a wild music to me, and I was not long in falling asleep.

"I must have slept not far from three hours, when I was awakened by feeling something on my shoulder. I started up and made an instinctive movement towards my pistols.

"—sh!" uttered some one close to my ear.—"Don't be afraid. You have saved my life, and now I have come to save yours."

My eyes were now fairly open, and by the dim light of my lamp I could see the boy whom I had rescued from the rock only a few hours before.

"What is it?" I asked not a little startled.

"You are to be murdered and robbed before morning," he replied, in low, quick tones.

"Murdered!" I repeated. "What murdered here?"

"Yes here. The brigands are about and they know you have money. You are in danger! They mean to kill you and throw your body out of the window into the water and that would be the last of you?"

"But how do they know I have money?" I asked.

"You told them so."

"Me—told—"

"Yes. You ate supper with the brigand chief!"

So the mystery was out, and I knew what a fool I had been to trust my secret with a stranger.

"But the landlord will—"

"He dares not do anything," interrupted the boy. Fear binds him. We come here—a—the brigands come here when they please.

"Then you belong with them I remarked."

"I cannot help myself," he answered, for I have no other home but with them."

You may imagine how peculiar my feelings must have been at that time. I could not take my horse for one of the brigands was in the stable. I could not fly, for the yard was watched. The boy informed me that there were four of the robbers at the inn, and that they would be at my room in an hour. He also acknowledged that he had been sent up to see if I was asleep, and if my door was locked. I asked him if he could not help me.

"I have done all I can, I have told you all, and I should die instantly if that were known."

"But can you not get hold of their pistols, and extract the balls?" I asked.

"They won't have pistols," he answered "for they make too much noise, and there are some of the girls in the house they wouldn't trust. The dagger and club does their work. They mean the club for you, and then if your body is found in the stream nobody could swear you were murdered.—You understand now, and I must go back for they'll

expect me. I shall tell them that you are snoring and that I found the door locked."

"And I did lock it," I uttered, wondering how he got in.

He smiled and showed me that the socket into which the bolt shut was so arranged that it could be removed from the outside. Once more he bade me be on my guard, and assured me that the brigands would be up within an hour.

"And now we are square," he said. "or as we can be at present, for you may be sure that I risk my life now. Protect yourself if you can and may God help you."

With these words he went away and I was left to my own reflections. My lamp was still burning and having knocked the crust from the wick, I examined my pistols over again. There were four of the robbers and I had four balls to fire—and they without fire-arms. I took courage at this. My next movement was to dress myself, and then I began to think. Should I remain in my room, or should I seek some other place? I could not go below for there I should be detected, and perhaps taken at a disadvantage. If I allow the villains to come up they would not be very particular about their arms, as the work of killing a man in his sleep is not very difficult. At length I remembered a place in the long passage. I hurried out from my room, along to this place, where I found a position which could not have been bettered. These recesses were directly opposite each other, and were about four feet wide. One of them was for a window, and the other seemed to have been originally left for a closet, but it had no doors and was lumbered up with old chests. I went to my room and left the lamp, I then took my position on one of the old chests, and thus had a great advantage in my favor, for while it would be difficult for any one in the passage to see me, I could yet see them plainly on account of the opposite window against which their forms would be clearly revealed.

So there I sat, and at the end of half an hour I heard a creaking on the stairs. I drew back, as far as possible; and ere long a form glided through the recess. It was a man, the very one with whom I had eaten supper, and in his hand he carried a lantern. After him came three men. I heard them at my door—I heard them enter my room—and in a minute more I heard them talking in wondering tones. For a while I could only understand that they were surmising what could have become of me, but at length I heard the order given to search. I could hear that the doors between me and my room were all opened, and that apartments were searched. At length he with the lantern reached the recess, and as his lantern was raised so as to cast its rays in I was discovered.

"Ha! here you are? the brigand chief uttered; and in the next moment he drew his dagger.

My pistols were both ready.

"Move this way another step and you die," said I.

But he only laughed, and came towards me.—At that moment every nerve in my body was as still as a dead man's. I took deliberate aim at his head, and fired. I saw him stagger back, and upon the next moment two of the others were upon the spot. I could see them plainly against the opposite window, but they could not see me, for their leader's light had gone out as he let it drop upon the floor.

I knew those villains meant to murder me, and my blood was up. I took aim again, and fired at one of the heads. In an instant I caught the other pistol and fired again. The last one uttered a sharp cry, and ran towards the stairs, but the other two fell. It was a full minute before the fourth man made his appearance. I saw him between me and the window, and I could see that he had a weapon of some kind in his hand. "I'll do the world a blessing," I uttered to myself, and with a careful aim I fired the last ball. The man gave a cry, and then staggered from my sight.

Without a moment's delay I sprang from my retreat, and hastened to my room where I found my lamp still burning. My little portmanteau had not been molested, and, from thence I took my powder and balls and reloaded my pistols. After this had been done, I took the lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other, and went out into the passage. I found the landlord, the ostler, and the boy who had given me the warning, and three women gathered about the spot where I had shot the brigands.

"What do you think of this?" I asked.

The landlord was frightened, and stammered out a reply which I could not understand. He feared that I should suspect him, but I contrived to quiet him on that point, and soon afterwards we went below, where we found the third man whom I had shot sitting in the bar room, but he never spoke again, and died before morning. I saw that the boy was fearful that I might expose him unintentionally, but I assured him to the contrary, for to a question