

## Poetry.

## MUSIC.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

The wind harp has music it means to the tree,  
And so has the shell that complains to the sea,  
The lark that sings merrily over the lea,  
The reed of the rude shepherd boy!  
We revel in music when day is begun,  
When rock-fountains gush into glee as they run,  
And stars of the morn sing their hymns to the sun,  
Who brightens the hill-tops with joy!

The spirit of melody floats in the air,  
Her instruments tuning to harmony there,  
Our senses beguiling from sorrow and care,  
In blessings sent down from above!  
But Nature has music far more to my voice—  
And all in her exquisite changes rejoice—  
No tones thrill my heart like the dear human voice  
When breathed by the being I love.

—Home Journal.

## Select Tale.

## THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

It was a dark night; a winter night; a night when the winds were abroad, with snow, and all the fury of a tempest.

Here and there, along the streets, the glimmer of a light might be seen. It was before the days of gas, and the oil-lamps were mostly blown out by a moderate breeze. Sometimes a pedestrian could be descried staggering along, gathering his cloak around him at every fourth step, and turning his back as often to the storm that threatened to strip him.

Long before midnight every street in the city was silent and deserted, and the few lights left might as well have gone out with their fellows, since they served no good purpose to any mortal. Not even a thief would venture out on such a night, or expose his precious body to such a storm.

In the old court-room of the Oyer and Terminer a scene was presented on that night which at this day is somewhat unusual.

The Court had been in session since ten in the forenoon, having taken a recess for dinner and another for supper. It was now ten o'clock, and the court and jury were alike exhausted; but they had agreed to finish the cause on trial that night, and the jury were listening to the summing-up on the part of the people by the district-attorney, who was calmly and dispassionately laying before them the evidence, and, with tremendous force, urging on them the propriety of returning a verdict against the prisoner.

The judge was a stranger to that bench. He was from a county circuit, appointed to relieve the press of city business, and he had worked steadily for four weeks of the term which was now approaching its close, and had disposed of an immense amount of work. He had won the respect of the bar by his dignified and urbane bearing, his clear and lucid opinions and decisions, his kindness to younger members of the profession, and his steadfast attention to the work before him. But off from the bench no one knew him. From the moment that he left the court-room he disappeared. His carriage blinds were always closed, and he drove directly to his hotel, where he kept his rooms, and did not appear until to return to the court-room.

It was said that he was a man of great wealth, of elegant tastes, of refined and luxurious habits of life. Men wondered why he submitted to the drudgery of the bench; to the hard labour which a judge must do.

He did not need the salary; that was evident from his style of living at home and in the city. He did not need the position or reputation it gave him; that he had enjoyed while at the bar and in Congress, when to be in Congress was an honour. He did not do it from love of it; that no one who knew him would suspect; for, while he was prompt and faithful to attend to his duties, he never went one step farther, and in all his decisions was exceedingly careful not to waste time or words, or to travel out of the record, as is the fashion with our judges now, who seek arguments in Karnak and old Thebes to decide real estate questions in Rockland County.

Why he retained his judgeship, therefore, remained a subject of conjecture; and perhaps the most reasonable suggestion was that he did so for employment of mind, and to keep himself from painful thought. If so, it was a good plan. Nothing could more effectually drive away all painful recollections than steady devotion to the business of a circuit judge, provided he could once get the victory for the labour over the memories. If painful memory kept him from business, it would be of no avail, but let him once forget the past, in the absorbing interest of judicial study, and he might retain the victory.

Such, doubtless, was the truth with regard to Judge Cameron.

To the case now before him, he had applied himself with even unusual diligence. He seemed to be absorbed in it during the sessions of the court, and to have bent all the energies of his mind to the points involved. It was remarked, too, that from day to day, as it progressed, he had gradually leaned more and more against the prisoner, as if he had become convinced of the propriety of a verdict of guilty even before the evidence closed. This is not an uncommon occurrence. In most cases a man must be super-human to avoid this. It may be said that a judge should conceal them, if he has such feelings. We will not stop to discuss that now. Charles Cameron was no man to disguise his feelings on or off the bench.

The district attorney closed, and the jury rose to listen to the charge of the court.

The prisoner was a woman. She was indicted for the murder of her child, a young infant, and the case had hung, as most cases of this nature do, on medical testimony. The marks on its body might have indicated the cause of its death, or might have been the convulsive graspings of the mother holding her dead boy to her heart. The prosecution contended for the one view, the defence for the other. The medical evidence had been about equally balanced.

It was in proof that the mother lived alone in a house in the outskirts of the city. That she kept a servant, and had frequent visits from a gentleman, whose face the servant had never seen, though two years had passed during which he was there almost daily. She lived in plain and respectable style, was seldom out of her house, saw no other person but this one man, and had two children, of which this child was one, which died one month after it was born. Her usual visitor had not been seen for a month before her arrest.

On the cross examination the servant showed clearly that she had a feeling of enmity to the prisoner, growing out of some trifle, but not uncommon in persons of her nature and position, leading them, as lawyers see daily illustrated, to lie, and verify their lies by oaths, to obtain revenge for their real or fancied wrongs.

Viewed in its best light the case was a dark one. So all who were in the court-room seemed to think. So thought the prisoner's counsel, than whom none abler could be found in the city.

To say the best of the whole case it was a mysterious one, and none the less so that the prisoner had sat in court from day to day heavily veiled, and no one had seen her face, or knew what looking person she was.

The judge reviewed the testimony fully. His clear mind had taken in every point, and arranged it with reference to its logical bearing on the case, so that as he proceeded new light seemed to break on the dark points.

The prisoner, for the first time in the course of the trial, appeared interested in what was going on. She turned her face toward the bench, and gradually leaned forward as if to catch every sound that he uttered. As he proceeded, she sometimes shuddered.

Before he closed he adverted to one singular point in the case.

"You can not fail to have observed, gentlemen, that no attempt has been made to clear the mystery hanging about the prisoner's former history, and character, and manner of living. Whether it has or has not any direct bearing on the question of her guilt or innocence, it has much weight on the general question of character. No proof of good character is offered you. No one stands here to vouch for it. No one offers any endorsement of the prisoner's manner of life, but, on the contrary, you are left to believe that she was without friends without acquaintances, and for some reason out of the pale of society. While this friendlessness may be the result of misfortune, it is ordinarily understood to be the result of guilt; and though it by no means authorizes you to stamp the prisoner as a murderess, it is entitled to its weight in determining her character, and the probability of her being induced to commit the crime of which she stands accused!"

With a few general remarks the charge closed.

Before the jury retired, and immediately after the judge ceased, one of the jurors, a man of mild and venerable aspect, asked the court if it was proper to request the prisoner to remove her veil. "I cannot well determine a question of such importance with reference to a person I have never seen," said he.

The prisoner was sitting in the same attitude, with her face turned to the judge, her head leaning towards him, as if she still heard his voice. She had not moved. She heard the question, however, and with one hand swept back her veil from her countenance.

Never in any court-room, since the trial of the beautiful Lady Jane Gray did a face of such royal beauty flash on the gaze of an astonished jury. She was young—not more than twenty-five. Her features were of exquisite mould; her forehead broad and massive; her eye light-blue, and exceedingly clear and rich; her lips of matchless chiseling.

But the agony that was on all her face was unutterable, indescribable. She fixed her steady, imploring gaze upon the judge, turned it to the juror who had spoken, and again let her veil fall, and herself sank back exhausted and fainting.

It was not till after the jury had retired that the clerk observed that the judge had fallen from his chair. Hastily rushing up to the bench, the officers lifted him and carried him to an open window. He revived soon, and the snow on his forehead recalled him to his senses. At first he muttered some inaudible sentences, and then gained strength to stand. He looked around him anxiously, and then thanking the officers for their attention, he resumed his seat and quietly awaited with others the return of the jury. The attack was attributed by all present to over-exertion and the closeness of the room. No one—I am wrong—only one of the persons who were in the court-room besides himself knew of the emotions which had so shaken that man. While the jury are deliberating we will go back in the story and endeavor to make the scene as intelligible to the reader as it was to those two.

Charles Cameron, the only son of a wealthy lawyer of the colony of Virginia, was heir alike to a large fortune and a stern disposition. The old man had been a Royalist in the revolution, and never forgave the colonies their successful revolt. The son was a Whig, as violent as his father was on the other side, and many severe contests arose between them on political subjects. It was remarked as strange, that the old man, after all the violent scenes which had passed between his son and himself, and after all the enmity he had expressed to his son's principles, should have left him his fortune without limit or incumbrance. The son was in all worthy a fortune. He was a polished gentleman, a good companion, a faithful counselor, and a splendid scholar. He removed to a northern state shortly after his father's death, and soon took a prominent stand at the bar. Party politics ran high. He was a candidate for Congress against a man twenty years his senior. Many bitter things were said on both sides, some of which the hot blood of the young man resented with fury, and some which the cool determination of the older candidate made causes of enmity that was confirmed by his defeat, and made ten-fold more fierce when young Cameron ran away with his daughter, married her, and took her to Washington as his bride.

She never went into her father's house again, nor was recognized by him, or by any of his family, when they met, as they did daily, in the streets. Sixteen years passed, during which, neither Cameron nor Bromley changed one jot in their feelings toward each other; and then death came into the house of the former.

Death is a terrible leveller. He is a tremendous enemy to distinctions. So even are the bottoms and the surfaces of graves, that men begin to feel that level whenever death approaches them, and are ready to forget all their differences. Not so John Bromley; he was not like other men. Not so Charles Cameron; he was like John Bromley.

"Charles," said Alice Cameron, "I am dying, and I would fain be reconciled to my father. Will you ask him to come and see me?"

He consented willingly, and sent that very hour a servant with a note asking Mr. Bromley to do Mrs. Cameron the honor to call and see her. Such a formal note seemed strange in such circumstances; but all the town knew that Mrs. Cameron was dying, and he could not but understand it as a summons to the deathbed of his daughter. He paid not the slightest attention to it. She pencilled with her own feeble hand a petition—a daughter's earnest prayer—that she might be allowed to look once more on his face before she departed to the dread assembly of the dead. He did not come. When Cameron saw his wife lying dead, and the note returned, unopened, lying on the little stand by her head, he vowed a solemn vow that he would never forgive the man that last unkindness, not on earth, not though he stood at heaven's gate and were excluded for that hatred. He forgot that he would have done just so himself.

She left him one daughter fifteen years old. Two years later she was seventeen, and exceedingly beautiful. All the strong man's heart was bound up in the child; and she was one to love. Her form was of the mould of Eve's. Her eye was of the blue of the skies of Eden. Her voice was perfect music. For the first two years after her mother's death she was growing into complete womanhood, and then she was a splendid woman.

I have some hesitation in attempting to describe her character. It was by no means perfect. It was hardly possible that the child of such a father should be very mild and gentle; and, in fact she was very like him in her firmness and her determination of purpose. Withal she inherited from her mother an amount of passion, warmth of feeling, and devotedness to any object of her affection, which coupled with her fixedness of will, made her a difficult subject of management.

These were the prominent points of danger in her character. Everything else was exceedingly winning and lovely, and even these points rendered her more attractive. If her horse refused to leap a fence, she rode him at it steadily till he did it. If she wished a flower that grew on the edge of a precipice, she walked boldly out and plucked it. If one she called friend were in need, she never rested till the aid was rendered. She had even been known to go alone at midnight, for a physician to see her father in a severe attack of illness, because she would not trust a servant.

It was not strange that the strong man's heart wound itself around her. He made her his idol. He was gradually devoting himself more and more rigorously to his profession, and when he did permit himself to escape his library, it was his joy to be welcomed by her unrivaled smile and voice. She queened it in his house, and held gay revels in the large drawing room while her father pored over books in his undisturbed office.

Matters were in this condition when Mr. Bromley died, leaving a will by which he gave his entire property to his three children older than Alice, cutting off Mrs. Cameron and her daughter Kate.

Mr. Cameron had no care for the money; a fourth of the fortune would not amount to a tithe of that which he would himself give to his daughter. But a flaw in the will of his old foe would be a grand discovery, and a capital revenge, and he sought for it, and, as he supposed, found it.

The consternation, anger, fury of the Bromley family may be imagined when it was announced that the father of Kate Cameron, now just of age, had commenced proceedings to set aside the will of her grandfather. The reputation of the lawyer did not suffice to satisfy them that it was anything more than the enmity of the man that induced the proceeding, and they employed counsel to oppose.

One evening, not long after this, Mr. Cameron came somewhat suddenly from his library through his drawing-room, and into a small parlor which was devoted to books of the lighter sort, and to musical instruments. He was seeking an authority which his library did not furnish. He found something he did not expect.

Possibly the freedom of life which he had permitted to his daughter might have authorized it; certainly it ought to have excused it, though it was a strange affair.

Kate was sitting in no equivocal position with a gentleman. His arm was around her, her head on his shoulder; and she was in such a splendid flow of spirits that it was not until her companion called her attention to him, that she saw her father standing in the door with a brow like a thunder cloud.

"Young man, leave this house!" was the first remark of the father.

"John, keep your seat!" was the firm response of the daughter, as she rose and met her father's eye with a look that was as firm as his.

War was declared—that was manifest. The young man was John Bromley, grandson of the father of Mrs. Cameron, cousin of Kate, and the first of that family who had ever been seen in the house of the Camerons. He now interposed, with some confusion indeed, but politely:

"Accident makes necessary, Mr. Cameron, what I had intended to defer until a more auspicious time, when our present hostile aspect might be somewhat changed. But doubtless—"

"Explanation is unnecessary, Sir. I have requested you to leave the house; oblige me by sparing me the trouble of enforcing my request."

"Stop a minute, John, I will go with you!"

Mr. Cameron looked at his daughter calmly, half smiling at the spirit which he in fact admired.

"And where do you propose to go? To Stephen Bromley's? I fancy you will not find a welcome there."

"I don't care where, father. I love John Bromley, and I will go with him to the world's end."

"And leave me Kate?"

There was a look of pain mingled with the sternness in her father's face, and it melted her. The next instant and they two were alone, and she lay folded in her father's arms. But the charmed bond that had held that father and daughter together was injured. We can not pause to relate how it was braided more and more, and finally broken. It was enough that Kate was determined to conquer her father, and all the evidence he furnished