

## Poetry.

## THE EARLY DEAD.

BY THE HON. AUGUSTA NORTON.

Why weep for thee?—thou heedest not  
The tears that o'er thy tomb we shed;  
Thou'rt happy, and thou needest not  
Our sighs for thee, the early dead.  
Why weep for thee?—thy cares are o'er,  
Forgotten now in yon bright skies,  
Thy barque has reached its destined shore,  
And lies, safe moored, in Paradise.

Why weep for thee?—thou'st only shared  
The smiles of youth's most summer clime;  
If short thy course, thou hast been spared  
The lengthened risk and storms of time;  
And if a cloud e'er tried to throw  
A shadow o'er the sunny day,  
'Twas like the tear of infant woe,  
Scarce seen ere charmed by smiles away.

Then let us not shed tears for thee,  
But check the vain and selfish flow;  
Thou should'st a cause of envy be  
To struggling mortals here below;  
Then be thy tomb with roses twined,  
And be thy grave with lilies spread,  
Let's weep for those who're left behind,  
But not for thee, the happy dead.

## Select Tale.

## MR. SMITH'S ADVENTURE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

On a very pleasant June morning, a handsome young man of twenty-two or thereabouts, fashionably attired, and with that pensive, melancholy air, which well became his dark eyes and wavy locks, and which marked him as a poet of the Byron school, a rejected lover, or an unlucky gamester, or a turf defaulter, or a briefless attorney, or whatever you will, for melancholy has many causes and wraps her dark mantle round many shoulders in this weary world of ours;—a handsome, melancholy young man, we say, interesting enough to flutter the hearts of a whole boarding school, was strolling along a pleasant lane in one of the rural counties of England. He had come down by the London coach, and while waiting for a conveyance to take him across the country to the place of his destination, thought to amuse himself by a brief ramble. He paused now and then to gather a fragrant rose, or a bunch of hawthorn from the hedgerow; but he tossed away the flowers as carelessly as he culled them.

"Heigho!" he muttered to himself. "It remains to be seen what will be the upshot of this visit to my rich old bachelor uncle, my only surviving relative. Is it at all likely the whimsical old humorist, whom I have not seen since childhood, will suit me, or that I shall suit him? A retired man of business, how can I expect that he will fancy a good-for-nothing fellow, who never did any business in his whole life?—a poet, whose book didn't sell; a dramatist whose play was a failure; a *littérateur*, who found no favor with the publishers? Will he pay my debts, and make me his heir? My whole London life has been a failure; and the only agreeable episode was my trip to Bath. Poor Sophy Wruggles! I believed she loved me sincerely. But I acted honorably. When I found that my heart was engaged, I tore myself away without an explanation. For what had I to offer her?—I, bankrupt in hope and purse?"

As he mused thus mournfully, he came in sight of a handsome villa facing a broad, smooth-shaven lawn, and backed by a pretty garden and park of ornamental trees. As he paused to survey it with the pleased eye of a poet, a smart servant in spruce livery advanced along the road, and after glancing at him sharply, touched his hat, and said respectfully: "Mr. Smith."

"That's my name."

"Thank ye—thank ye, sir," said the fellow grinning from ear to ear, and turning on his heel, he ran off and disappeared.

"Is that fellow crazy?"

A moment afterwards a dozen or more farmers' boys, armed with muskets, suddenly appeared in the road before him, and setting up a loud hurra, discharged their weapons simultaneously, and then disappeared in the smoke.

"What the deuce is to pay here?" thought Smith. "Is this election day, or fair day?—or is it a lunatic asylum, and those fellows madmen?"

He walked on, curious to learn the cause of the commotion. As he advanced, he saw a white flag flying on the lawn, and he heard the distant sound of music. As he approached nearer to the village

a gate in the thick hedgerow opened, and a portly gentleman in black, with a spotless white waistcoat, very rosy gills, and a bunch of flowers in his button-hole, suddenly appeared with both hands extended.

"My dear boy," said he, "welcome! You're before your time; but so much the better. It speaks well for your gallantry. But where's your uncle?"

"I have not seen him yet, sir; and I hear he's unwell."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "I hardly expected him. You don't look quite well yourself—a little pale, nervous. No matter; it will soon be over—hey? Well, you don't look a bit like the old man; I expected to find you shorter and stouter. I thought Sophy must have been mistaken in your appearance."

"Sophy!" exclaimed Smith, more and more bewildered.

"Ay, ay, my boy! She's told me all—how she met you at Bath and loved you, and how you suddenly disappeared. You had no idea of entering into an arrangement for life without seeing your intended; and faith I don't blame you for it. When I was of your age, I wouldn't have married a girl to please a thousand uncles, till I'd satisfied myself. But you never let your uncle know about that trip to Bath. Sly dog! But come along."

So saying, the officious old gentleman seized the arm of the bewildered Smith—who found it impossible to believe that he was awake—and dragged him across the lawn, and ushered him into the drawing-room, where a fat woman in a crimson turban rushed into his arms, and saluted him on both cheeks, and then burst into a passionate fit of tears.

"O, dear, dear," said she, "this is the happiest and saddest day of my life! I'm sure you're a very nice young man, and will take the best care of my daughter; and your uncle's a dear good creature. But Sophy is my all—excuse a mother's feelings, Mr. Smith—an only child! O, dear!"

"Mrs. Wruggles! Mrs. Wruggles, compose yourself!" said the old gentleman.

"Sophy Wruggles is really the girl, then, after all!" thought Smith. "My uncle is certainly an odder man than even the world has given him credit for—to manage such a surprise for me; and to leave me to tumble into happiness, without the least suspicion of the felicity before me!"

But his meditations were cut short by the entrance of the fair Sophy attired in virgin white, and looking lovely as an angel. Mr. and Mrs. Wruggles led her forward, and then discreetly left the room. As she seemed overcome by emotion, Smith caught her in his arms, and her head reclined upon his shoulder.

"My dear angel!" cried Smith. "Tell me if I owe this happiness to your own free will, and not to your filial obedience?"

"Can you ask me, William?" replied the bride, blushing and looking up in his face.

Smith pressed the lips of his adored.

"What a strange courtship ours has been," said Smith, "carried on in the language of the eyes alone."

"Yours were so expressive!" said Sophy. "Do you remember Bath?"

"Can I ever forget the pump-room?" cried the lover.

"How I trembled when I handed you your glass!"

"How I thrilled when I drank it!"

"And the ball at the Assembly rooms!" suggested Smith.

"And the waltzes and polkas!" replied the bride. "Decidedly we were formed for each other."

"Sophy!" cried the voice of the paternal parent, "Coming, mother!—excuse me, dearest!" cried the bride; and tearing herself from her lover's arms, she sped out of the room.

"Of course, this is a dream!" said Smith. "But it's very pleasant while it lasts."

"For you, sir," said the livery servant Smith had met in the lane, entering and presenting a package and a letter on a silver salver. Smith dismissed the man, opened the letter and read:

"MR. WILLIAM SMYTHE:—Your uncle has begged me to write, because he has the gout in his hand, and can't hold a pen. He begs me to say, that he wishes you all sorts of happiness, but he can't think of being present at the ceremony. He sends you herewith a hundred guineas, and a letter of credit on his banker at Paris, and will expect you as soon as the honeymoon and your tour on the continent are ended. Humbly wishing you joy, for myself, I remain,

Yours to command,

SIMON SLOW."

"I don't know this Simon Slow," thought Smith; "but I suppose he's my uncle's steward. The fellow thinks to compliment me by spelling my name Smythe; but plain Smith is good enough for me. It's a respectable family, but contains too many John's."

Of course, he pocketed the money without demur, and prepared to go through the ceremony with the easy grace and nonchalance of a man of the world. He was introduced to a great many people, and shook hands so many times that his shoulders ached. After breakfast, the carriage was announced. The leave-taking was hurried through, the happy couple escaped from their friends and took their seats, the postillions plied whip and spur in anticipation of liberal fees, and away they flew behind four spanking bays at a rattling rate down the same road up which the unconscious bridegroom had strolled in melancholy mood that very morning.

As he glanced out of the window, he saw a fat pedestrian in drab gaiters, wiping his perspiring forehead, and toiling through the dust. Smith smiled. If anything can add to the gratification of being whirled along in an easy-running carriage, it is to contrast it with the toils of pedestrianism on a dusty road. But little did Mr. Smith suspect who that unfortunate was. While Mr. and Mrs. Smith are speeding on their bridal tour, let us follow up the little fat pedestrian. Overcome with the heat of the weather, and his own exertions, he sat down on a stone.

"Vot an 'orrid 'ot day!" he exclaimed, in the purest cockney vernacular, as he mopped his crimson forehead with his thick bandanna. "'Ot enough to roast an 'otentot! Vot a go!—to think of that ere hengine runnin' off the rail and spillin' hall the passengers! Vot a hescape for me! Vonder if I ham in the right direction? That looks as if it might be the 'ouse. 'Ullo, you, sir!"

The last words were addressed to the servant in livery whom we have before encountered, and who was now strolling along, visibly affected by champagne before breakfast.

"Who are you speaking to?" said he, loftily.

"To you!" was the reply. "Whose 'ouse is that?"

"Mr. Wruggles's."

"I thought so. He's your master, hey?"

The servant nodded.

"Vell, you're expecting somebody, ain't you?"

"O, no," replied the servant.

"Nobody?" asked the pedestrian, coaxingly, and placing a "tip" in the hands of the servant.

"Where's your young lady?"

"Gone off," was the answer.

"Gone off!" exclaimed the cockney. "Where, and with whom?"

"With her husband."

"'Er 'usband! it ain't possible!" cried the cockney.

"I tell you it is, though—I seed 'em with my own eyes," said the servant.

"Vat's your name?" cried the cockney.

"Sam."

"Then, Sam, show me to your master—I must see 'im instantly! 'Instantly!" cried the little cockney, with a tragic air.

There was something so imperative in his manner that the servant did not hesitate to comply with his demand. He took him into the house, and ushered him into the presence of Mr. Wruggles.

There is nothing very jolly in parting with an only daughter, and even Mr. Wruggles, who was one of the heartiest of mortals, left alone in his drawing room, while his wife had gone up stairs to have a good cry, was not in the best possible humor. So after motioning his guest to a seat, he inquired somewhat sourly:

"Pray, sir, to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"Vy, sir," replied the little cockney, with the same phraseology of politeness and frigid severity of manner, "I simply came to pay my respects, and to hinqure after the 'ealth of your family."

"Sir, I am much obliged to you for your solicitude," replied Mr. Wruggles. "My family are pretty well, I thank you."

"Hincuding your daughter, I 'ope," said the cockney, bowing.

"Including my daughter," said Mr. Wruggles.

"You are aware, perhaps, that she was married this morning."

"Married!" cried the cockney, starting to his feet. "Married! I'll trouble you to repeat that expression, Mr. Wruggles."

"My daughter was married this morning," replied the bereaved father, with a savage air, intended to say, "what's that to you?"

"Vill you ave the hextreme kindness, Mr. Wruggles," said the cockney, "to hinform me whom your daughter married?"

"Nothing can afford me greater pleasure, sir," replied the father, bitterly. "The name of my son-in-law is William Smith."

"It is, is it?" cried the cockney, trembling violently.

"Yes, sir—William Smith," replied Mr. Wruggles, calmly.

"Smythe with a y, and a he, or Smith with a h and a haith?" inquired the cockney, furiously.

"What is it to you how he spells his name?" cried Mr. Wruggles, getting angry.

"Hev'rything!" replied the cockney, furiously thrusting a letter into Mr. Wruggles's hand. "Mr. Wruggles read it and turned pale."

"From your uncle, sir," he said.

"Yes, from my uncle—whom you've been a foolin' as you've been a foolin' me."

"O, why, why—" cried Wruggles, rising and pacing the room, "why didn't you get here sooner?"

"Vy!" screamed the cockney, whom we must now call by his real name of William Smythe.

"Vy! because the hengine run off the track—and that's the reason. You're a nice man, Mr. Wruggles—you've gone and given your daughter to a himposter—a hadventurer."

"If you'd been named Jenkins or Brown, this wouldn't have happened," said Wruggles, reproachfully.

"It's mighty easy to throw all the blame on that," retorted Smythe. "'Ow can I 'elp my name? Besides, I spell it with a y and a he."

"My daughter was a party to the plot—if plot there were," said Wruggles, thoughtfully; "for she knew this gentleman—met him at Bath. Were you ever in Bath?"

"Never!" said the cockney.

"And you never saw her?"

"Never!"

"Then it's very clear that at least she has married the man she loved—and very likely the name he claimed was a real one. There's a mystery in this sad affair which I shall not rest till I have probed to the bottom. You can assist me perhaps, Will you stay and dine with us?"

"No, sir! I vont rest under this roof. But you shall hear from me agin, sir—through my attorneys, sir—Chit and Chaffer, Lincoln's Inn—hi'll 'ave redress if there's such a thing as 'aw in Hingland."

And the cockney banged away to take the next train for London.

This scene threw Mr. Wruggles into a fever of apprehension and perplexity. His daughter had married the wrong man. Yet she knew him—he was gentlemanly and well dressed, and as far as person was concerned, a much fitter mate for beauty than the vulgar Smith. He trembled to inform his wife of the mystery.

While thus harrassed, his servant handed him a card, on which he read, William Smith!"

"Another Smith, the world is peopled with them!" cried poor Wruggles. "Bring me no more Smiths!"

"The gentleman is waiting in his chaise at the door, sir—says he's lame and can't get out; and will you please have the goodness to go to him?"

Mr. Wruggles went out into the avenue, and there found a portly gentleman with his legs swathed in voluminous folds of flannel, seated in a pony chaise. He bowed low.

"Mr. Wruggles," said he, "we have never met, though I have been in the neighborhood for some weeks, having purchased Hawthorn Hall—a property with which you are, of course, well acquainted."

Mr. Wruggles bowed.

"I hope to be better known to you, sir, for many reasons—and the most important is that a nephew of mine, whom I have determined to adopt and make my heir (I expect him from London to-day—a very fine young fellow, I hear), fell deeply in love with your daughter at Bath, and behaved very honorably, I understand; for having no fortune, he did not venture to propose, and has been endeavoring to cure himself of his passion."

"He is in a fair way to cure himself," said Mr. Wruggles, smiling, "for he married her this morning."

"Married her!" cried the old gentleman. "How dared the rascal!"

"Don't judge him too harshly," said Wruggles. "It is very evident that there have been mistakes on both sides, owing to an identity of names, and I have no doubt that the whole affair is susceptible of explanation. I have not the least doubt that in marrying my daughter, strange as it may appear, your nephew thought he was obeying the orders of his uncle. I like the young man's appearance much—much better; indeed, than that of my intended son-in-law—Smythe with a y and a e, who has since turned up. At any rate, if the young folks are happy, I don't see why we should mar their felicity, or even let them know there was any mistake about it. I know how to satisfy Mr. Smythe senior—the uncle—for there are four Smiths two nephews and two uncles, involved in this affair, and my word for it, all will turn out well."

"I hope so," said Mr. Smith, as he drove away with a promise to call again.