

spective before me—'Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.'

It was in vain I entreated him to reflect maturely, before he took so bold a step; he was deaf to my importunities, and the next morning, *mirabile dictu*, I received a letter, informing me of his departure. He was observed about sunrise, sitting on the stile, at the top of an eminence which commanded a prospect of the surrounding country, pensively looking towards the village—casting probably a last look at his native place—bidding a sad, reluctant, and lingering farewell to the graves of his fathers, and the haunts of his useful happiness, and to exile himself to that land, where he expected a cordial welcome, and the grasp of the hand of hospitality.

The neat white house, with honeysuckles mantling on its walls, I knew would receive his last glance, and the image of his dear father would present itself to his mind, with a melancholy pleasure, as he was thus hastening, a solitary individual, to plunge himself into the crowds of the world, deprived of that fostering hand which would otherwise have been his support and guide.

From this period Matthew Morton was never heard of at B——, and as his few friends cared little about him, in a short time it was almost forgotten that such a being had ever been in existence. About five years had elapsed from this period, when a relation of mine had business to transact in the town of——.

will confess, I was not without a romantic hope, that he might meet with my old friend; and I desired him to scrutinize the features of the passengers, and when he landed at his destination to be on the alert. I, with undiminished patience, waited for Eugenio's promised letter, fondly hoping that it would contain some tidings of Matthew, whom I never forgot, although by him forgot.

At length my wish was granted. I received a letter of which the subjoined is an extract:—

'One fine Italian moonlight night, as I was strolling down the grand Strada di Toledo, at Naples, I observed a crowd assembled round a man, who, with impassioned gestures, seemed to be vehemently declaiming to the multitude. It was one of the Improvisatori, who recite extempore verses in the streets of Naples, for what money they can collect from the hearers. I stopped to listen to the man's metrical romance, and had remained in the attitude of attention for some time, when, happening to turn round, I beheld a person very shabbily dressed, steadfastly gazing at me. The moon shone full in his face. I thought his features were familiar to me. He was pale and emaciated, and his countenance bore marks of the deepest dejection. Yet amidst all these changes I thought I recognised Matthew Morton. I stood stupefied with surprise. My senses nearly failed me. On recovering myself I looked again, but he had left the spot the moment he found himself observed. I darted through the crowd, and ran every way which I thought he could have gone, but it was all to no purpose. Nobody knew him.—Nobody had ever seen such a person. The two following days I renewed my inquiries, and at last discovered the lodgings where a man of his description had resided. But he had left Naples the morning after his form had struck my eyes. I found he gained a subsistence by drawing rude figures, and vending them among the peasantry; I could no longer doubt it was our friend Matthew, and immediately perceived that his haughty spirit could not bear to be recognised in such degrading circumstances, by one who had known him in better days. Lamenting the misguided notions which had thus again thrown him from me, I will next week leave Naples, now growing hateful to my sight, and embark for happy, proud America.'

It is now many, many years since the receipt of Eugenio's epistle, during which period Matthew has not been heard of, and there can be little doubt that this unfortunate young man has found in some remote corner of Italy an obscure and unlamented grave.

Thus, those talents which were formed to do honor to human nature, and to the country which gave them birth, have been nipped in the bud by the frosts of poverty and scorn, and their unhappy possessor lies in an unknown and nameless tomb, who might, under happier circumstances, have risen to the highest pinnacle of ambition and renown.

NEW WORKS.

THRILLING SCENE.

The following highly wrought scene, we take from Bulwer's new work, intitled "Night and Morning."

After winding through gloomy and labyrinthine passages, which conducted to a different range of cellars from those entered by the unfortunate Favart, Gawrey emerged at the foot of a flight of stairs, which, dark, narrow, and in many places broken, had been probably appropriated to the servants of the house in its days of palmier glory. By these steps the pair regained their attic. Gawrey placed the lantern on the table and seated himself in silence. Morton, who had recovered his self-possession and formed his resolution, gazed on him for some moments, equally taciturn. At length he spoke:

'Gawrey! I bade you not call me by that name,' said the coiner; 'for we need scarcely say that in his new trade he had assumed a new appellation.'

'It is the less guilty one by which I have known you,' returned Morton firmly. 'It is for the last time I call it you! I demanded to see by what means one to whom I had entrusted my fate supported himself. I have seen,' continued the young man still firmly, but with a livid cheek and lip, 'and the tie between us is rent for ever. Interrupt me not! it is not for me to blame you. I have eaten of your bread and drank of your cup. Confiding in you too blindly, and believing that you were at least free from those dark and terrible crimes for which there is no expiation, at least in this life, my conscience seared by distress, my very soul made dormant by despair, I surrendered myself to one leading a career equivocal, suspicious, dishonorable perhaps, but still not, as I believed, of atrocity and bloodshed. I wake at the brink of the abyss; my mother's hand beckons to me from the grave. I think I hear her voice while I address you; I recede while it is yet time. We part, and for ever!'

Gawrey, whose stormy passion was still deep upon his soul, had listened hitherto in sullen and dogged silence, with a gloomy frown on his knitted brow. He now rose with an oath:

'Part! that I may let loose on the world a new traitor! Part! when you have seen me fresh from an act that, once whispered, gives me to the guillotine! Part!—never! at least alive!'

'I have said it,' said Morton, folding his arms calmly; 'I say it to your face, though I might part from you in secret.—Frown not on me, man of blood! I am as fearless as yourself! In another minute I am gone.'

'Ah! is it so?' said Gawrey, and, glancing round the room, which contained two doors, the one, concealed by the draperies of a bed, communicating with the stairs by which they had entered, the other with the landing of the principal and common flight, he turned to the former, within his reach, which he locked and put the key into his pocket, and then, throwing across the latter a heavy swing bar, which fell into its socket with a harsh noise, before the threshold he placed his vast bulk, and burst into his loud, fierce laugh—

'Ho, ho! slave and fool, once mine, you were mine, body and soul, for ever!'

'Tempter, I defy you! stand back! And, firm and dauntless, Morton laid his hand on the giant's vest.

Gawrey seemed more astonished than enraged. He looked hard at his daring associate, on whose lip the down was yet scarcely dark.

'Boy,' said he, 'off! do not rouse the devil in me again! I could crush you with a hug.'

'My soul supports my body and I am armed,' said Morton, laying hand on his cutlass. 'But you dare not harm me, nor I you; bloodstained as you are, I yet love you! You gave me shelter and bread, but accuse me not that I will save my soul while it is yet time!—Shall my mother have blessed me in vain upon her death-bed?'

Gawrey drew back, and Morton, by a sudden impulse, grasped his hand.

'Oh! hear me—hear me!' he cried, with great emotion. 'Abandon this horrible career; you have been decoyed and betrayed to it by one who can deceive or terrify you no more! Abandon it, and I will never desert you. For her sake—for your Fanny's sake—pause, like me, before the gulf swallow us. Let us fly!—far to the New World—to any land where our thews and sinews, our stout hands and hearts, can find an honest mart. Men, desperate as we are, have yet risen by honest means. Take her, your orphan, with us. We will work for her, both of us. Gawrey! hear me. It is not my voice that speaks to you—it is your good angel's!'

Gawrey fell back against the wall, and his chest heaved.

'Morton,' he said, with choked and tremulous accents, 'go now; leave me to my fate! I have sinned against you—shamefully sinned. It seemed to me so sweet to have a friend;—in your youth and character of mind there was so much about which the tough strings of my heart wound themselves, that I could not bear to lose you—to suffer you to know me for what I was. I blinded—I deceived you as to my base deeds; that

was base in me; but I swore to my own heart to keep you unexposed to every danger and free from every vice that darkened my own path. I kept that oath till this night, when, seeing that you began to recoil from me, and dreading that you should desert me, I thought to bind you to me for ever by implicating you in this fellowship of crime. I am punished, and justly. Go, I repeat—leave me to the fate that strides near and nearer to me day by day. You are a boy still—I am no longer young. Habit is a second nature. Still—still I could repent—I could begin life again! But repose!—to look back—to remember—to be haunted night and day with deeds that shall meet me bodily and face to face on the last day—'

'Add not to the spectres! Come—fly this night—this hour!'

Gawrey paused, irresolute and wavering, when at that moment he heard steps on the stairs below. He started—as starts the boar caught in his lair—and listened, pale and breathless.

'Hush!—they are on us!—they come,' as he whispered, the key from without turned in the wards—the door shook, 'Soft!—the bar preserves us both—this way.' And the coiner crept to the door of the private stairs. He unlocked and opened it cautiously. A man sprang through the aperture—

'Yield!—you are my prisoner!'

'Never!' cried Gawrey, hurling back the intruder, and clapping too the door, though other and stout men were pressing against it with all their power.

'Ho! ho! who shall open the tiger's cage?'

At both doors now were heard the sounds of voices. 'Open in the king's name, or expect no mercy!'

'His!' said Gawrey. 'One way yet—the window—the rope.'

Morton opened the casement—Gawrey uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawrey flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet; after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

'On!—quick!—loiter not!' whispered Gawrey; 'you are active—it seems more dangerous than it is—cling with both hands—shut your eyes. When on the other side—you see the window of Birnie's room,—enter it—descend the stairs—let yourself out, and you are safe.'

'Go first,' said Morton, in the same tone: 'I will not leave you now; you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over.'

'Hark, hark!—are you mad? You keep guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door, while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides you will hold the rope for me, it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape, and I fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her, you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go; that's right!'

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And now, straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawrey was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawrey seemed wounded, for he staggered forward, and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more, and he gained the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place, with convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, to the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

'*Le voilà, le voilà,*' cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawrey; the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they had burst into the room—an officer sprang upon the parapet, and Gawrey, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawrey arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop upon the stones below; even the officers of law shuddered as they eyed him;—his hair bristling—his cheek white—his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed—so intense—so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half-laugh, half-yell—of scorn and

glee, broke from Gawrey's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—nearer—a yard from the parapet.

'You are saved!' cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl, of rage and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardest on whose ear it came. Morton sprang to his feet, and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless motionless mass—the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the bubbles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Cæsar and the leper alike are, what all clay is without God's breath,—what glory, genius, power, and beauty, would be for ever and for ever, if there were no God!

'There is another!' cried the voice of one of the pursuers 'Fire!'

'Poor Gawrey!' muttered Morton 'I will fulfil your last wish;' and scarcely conscious of the bullet that whistled by him, disappeared behind the parapet.

The Social Destiny of Man; or, Association and Re-Organization of Society: By Albert Brisbane. Philadelphia.

GENERAL VIEW OF CIVILIZATION.

In this Society Man accomplishes the task of his social infancy,—the development of the elements of Industry, Art, and Science, which are necessary to the founding of Association. Their partial development takes place in the Barbarian society; and not only without the protection and encouragement of the political power, but in spite of the fluctuations and embarrassments caused by the wars in which that period is constantly engaged. Although this state of things continues more or less during the first ages of Civilization, still Civilization is the true nurse of Industry. The two or three past centuries, and particularly the present one, have wonderfully developed it, as well as the positive sciences, and given all a rank which they never before held. Agriculture has been improved by a more scientific mode of cultivation, and by the introduction of more perfect instruments; Manufacturers have received an immense extension; new branches have been discovered, and the genius of Man has been actively engaged in the invention of machinery, which, next to the spontaneous productiveness of the soil, is the greatest source of riches.

Experimental Chemistry, one of the most important conquests of human intelligence, has also been called into existence, and is now ready to assume its high rank as the intellectual assistant of Industry. But with the present system of incoherent action and free competition, this noble science is often made the mere instrument of industrial and commercial fraud; for with the improvements in Chemistry, there has been a corresponding refinement in adulteration and deception in Manufactures. This proves that Civilization, which opposes no counterpoises to individual cupidity, turns the best of things to the worst of purposes. A second important achievement of the present age is the successful use and application of Steam. It is an agent which has given man a new and mighty power, and which has become of the highest importance in navigation, manufactures and internal communications.

To comprehend fully the progress which has been made, we must embrace at one view the two extremes; we must view man in the savage state, destitute upon the earth, without having taken one step towards its cultivation and improvement, or towards the development of Industry; and then view him in the most advanced civilized nations, view the wonders in Art and Industry with which he has surrounded himself, and we shall feel that an immense conquest has been made, and that a great preparatory labor has been accomplished.

In the first ages of Civilization, War is the leading occupation of society; in later ages, Commerce and Industry take its place. In the first period the soil is held by military chieftains and feudal barons, and the laboring multitude are their slaves or serfs. Renown belongs to military exploits, honors and rewards to military services; history is a mere recital of violence and oppressions. During this social chaos, Industry receives a slow and gradual development, which is owing almost entirely to individual labour. It struggles against the oppression of the military power, and attains by slow degrees a permanent existence, and an influence in society. Its products become so important to the man of war himself, both as respects his enterprises and comforts, that he is forced gradually to respect it. The industrial or labouring classes increase in strength and intelligence, until they finally assume a position which enables them to demand and force a concession of their rights. A social transformation then commences, which progresses until society completely changes its character, and becomes entirely commercial in its spirit.

If we pass rapidly over the period during which this transformation takes place, bearing in mind how exclusively War and its interests have absorbed the attention of men, and examine the present, in which Commerce and its interests are the all-pervading objects of attention, we shall be struck with the extent of the change. The aristocracy of birth has given place to the aristocracy of wealth, and become a mere shadow in those countries where it has lost its possession. The feudal barons, with his dependents who owe him allegiance, is