

## Literature, &amp;c.

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THE ANGEL BRIDE.A TALE.  
From the MSS. of a late Physician.

It was evening—the evening of a summer Sabbath. The sweet hush of nature, unbroken by a single sound of busy life has harmonized but too painfully with the oppressive stillness which pervaded the chamber whither my footsteps were bent. It was on the ground floor of a pretty residence in the outskirts of the village of C—. Its open windows looked into a garden where Taste and Beauty reigned supreme—a second Eden, which extended with a scarce perceptible declination of the very margin of a stream, where it was bounded by a white picket, and as hedge of low trimmed shrubbery, over which the eye caught the flashing waters as they swept on, glowing in the crimson radiance of the sunset.

I entered the house, and stepping lightly along a carpeted passage, tapped softly at the chamber of sickness—ay, of Death.

‘Welcome, Doctor,’ said the silvery voice of a lady, who sat by a low couch, partially hung with white drapery. ‘Welcome! the dear sufferer is now in a quiet slumber—but must presently awake, and one of her first inquiries will be for you.’

‘How is our sweet Lucy now?’  
‘She has been quiet and apparently comfortable all day. It is her Sabbath, doctor, as well as the worshippers who go up to the earthly courts of our loved Zion. ‘Oh!’ she added, while the sunlight of joy irradiated her features, pale with long vigils at the bedside of her sweet Lucy—‘Oh!’ how full of consolation is this scene of mortal suffering, of earthly bitterness, of expiring hope!’

‘Yes, my dear friend,’ I replied. ‘your cup of affliction is indeed sweetened from on high. I have seen Death to-day clad in his robes of terror. He took from my hopeless care a victim all unprepared, even after long and fearful warning; and the recollection of the sad struggle, the terrible anguish of the vanquished; the fierce triumph of the conqueror, and the piercing wail of exhausted Nature, haunt my memory still, and even in this earthly paradise I cannot forget them.’

‘And is poor Edwards gone at last to his dread account? Oh, how fearful,’ and the gentle lady covered her face and wept.

Sometime elapsed. I lingered at the couch of Lucy till she should awake, and taking from the stand a small though elegant copy of the Bible, I opened its silver clasp and my eye caught the simple inscription on the fly-leaf—‘To my Lucy—a parting gift from Clarence.’ I had designed to read a portion of the word, but thought was in the time engrossed.

I had known Lucy May from her infancy, and she was scarcely less dear to me than my own daughter. Indeed, they had grown up like twin blossoms, and were together almost every hour of the day. Seventeen summers they had each numbered—though Lucy was some months the elder. No brother, nor sister had either of them, and hence the intensity of mutual love. Their thoughts, their affections, their tastes, their desires, their pursuits were in common. They called each other ‘sister,’ and their intercourse honored the endearing name.

And Clarence—the giver of the little volume in my hand—who was he? Clarence Hamilton was the son of my best earthly friend, and a nobler youth—in all the lofty faculties and endowments of the heart and intellect, never rejoiced in the vigor of life and early manhood. To him had Lucy been betrothed for more than a year, and he was now absent from the village, though we trusted when each sun arose, that its setting would bring him back in answer to our cautious summons. Especially had hope and expectation grown within our hearts on that evening, yet had not a word been spoken by the widowed mother of the lovely Lucy. At length however, she raised her head, and observing the open volume in my hand—she said, in an assumed tone of cheerfulness,

‘I trust Clarence will come this evening.—It is now—’

‘Clarence!’ said the sweet patient, opening her dark eyes, and looking eagerly around.—Her eye rested only on her mother and myself and with a slight

quiver on her lip, and a sad smile, she said,

‘He is not come!’  
‘No! my darling, he has not yet come; but there is more than an hour to close of day, and then—’

‘God grant he may come,’ said the maiden, and she added with energy—‘if it be His holy will. Oh! Doctor, my kind, dear friend, your Lucy is wearing away fast, is she not?’ and then observing the emotion which I attempted to conceal, she said; ‘But I am better to day, am I not? Where is Ellen—why does she not come!’ Her mother turned an inquiring glance upon me as I took the thin white hand of the young girl in mine, and marked the regular but feeble beatings of the pulse.

‘Shall I send for your daughter, Doctor?’—she asked.

I acquiesced, and in a few minutes Ellen was sobbing violently, with her face hidden on the bosom of her ‘sister.’

‘Ellen, my sweet sister,’ said Lucy, ‘your father has told me that I must leave you—and her voice faltered—my own dear mother—and—’ but she did not utter the name of her lover, for at that instant the voice of a domestic was distinctly heard.

‘He is come, Mr. Clarence is come! Now God bless you my dear young lady, Lucy uttered a scream of joy, and clasping Ellen around the neck, murmured, ‘Father in Heaven, I thank thee,’ and then fainted with excess of happiness. Her swoon was brief. She recovered almost immediately, and her face was radiant with happiness.

CLARENCE HAMILTON was pursuing his studies at a distant college, and the letter was summoned him to C—, had scarcely intimated danger in the illness of his betrothed. It had been delayed on the way, and but half the time of its journey had sufficed to bring the eager, anxious student to the spot where his heart had stored its affections, and entered its hopes, next to Heaven, for Clarence was more than a noble hearted, high souled man; he was a disciple of Jesus Christ, and he was fitting himself to be an Apostle of the Holy Religion. He had nearly completed his course of studies, and was then to be united to the beautiful Lucy May.

Three months before the Sabbath evening of which we write, Lucy was in health, and with her companion Ellen was performing her delightful duties as a Sabbath school teacher. Returning home she was exposed to a sudden storm of rain, and took cold. Her constitution, naturally feeble, was speedily affected, and consumption, that terrible foe to youth and beauty, seized upon her as another victim for its mighty holocaust to death. At first, the type of her disease was mild, but within three weeks it had assumed a fearful character, and now her days were evidently few.

For this dreadful intelligence Clarence was not prepared. He feared, but he hoped more, and though his heart was heavy, Hope kindled a bright smile on his manly face as he entered the little parlor, where he had spent so many hours of exquisite happiness. He alighted from the stage just before it entered the village, and proceeded at once to the residence of Lucy.

As Mrs. May entered the room, the smile on his lips faded, for her pale face told a tale to his heart.

‘Clarence, my dear Clarence, you have the welcome of fond hearts.’

‘How is Lucy? Why is your face so deadly pale? Oh! say she is not dangerously ill, tell me!’—and a thought of keener misery entered his heart; ‘she is—oh my God, my Father in Heaven, strengthen me—she is dying—even now dying!’

‘Nay, nay, Clarence,’ said the mother, soothingly. Lucy lives, and we must hope for the best; but be not alarmed if you see her face even paler than my own. Are you able to bear the sight now?’

There was a little consolation to his fears in the reply of Mrs. May. Lucy was living; but there was anguish in the expression—‘hope for the best,’ and he said hurriedly—

‘O take me to her at once—now,’ and he pressed his hand upon his throbbing brow, and then sinking on his knees while Mrs. May knelt beside him, he entreated God, in a voice choked with emotion for strength to bear this trial, to kiss the rod of chastisement, to receive the bitter with the sweet; and he prayed that the cup might pass from him, even as did his Master in the days of his incarnation and anguish. He arose, and with a calmer voice said:

‘I can see her now.’

At this moment I joined them with

Lucy’s earnest request that Clarence should come to her at once. We entered the chamber just as Ellen had partially opened a blind, and the last rays of sunlight streamed faintly through into the room, and fell for a moment on the white cheek of Lucy, rendering its hue still more snowy. Alas! for Clarence. As his earnest eyes met those of his betrothed—her whom he had left in the very flush and perfection of youthful loveliness—now, how changed! His heart sank within him, and with a wild sob of anguish he clasped her pale thin fingers, and kissed her colorless lips, kneeling the while at the side of her couch.

‘Clarence, my own Clarence,’ said the sweet girl, with an effort to rise, which she did, supported by his arm. He spoke not—he could not—dared not speak!

‘Clarence, cheer up, my beloved; but her fortitude failed, and all she could do was to bury her face in her lover’s bosom and weep. We did not attempt to check their grief; nay we wept with them, and sorrow for awhile had its luxury of tears unrestrained.

Clarence at length broke the silence.

‘Lucy, my own loved Lucy! God forgive me for my selfish grief; and he added fervently, lifting his tearful eyes to Heaven,—‘Father, give us grace to bear this trial aright,’ and turning to me, he added, ‘Pray for us, Doctor—oh! pray that we may have strength to meet this hour like Christians.’

When the voice of prayer ceased, all feelings were calmed, but I deemed it advisable to leave the dear patient to brief repose;—and Ellen alone remaining, we retired to the parlor, where Clarence learned from us more of her illness and of her true condition, for I dared not delude him with false hopes.

‘Doctor,’ said he, with visible anguish, is there no hope?’

‘Not of recovery, I fear, though she may linger some time with us, and be better than she is to day.’

‘Then God’s will be done,’ said the young man, while a holy confidence lighted up his face, now scarcely less pale than that of his betrothed Lucy.

Day after day the dear girl lingered, and many sweet hours of converse did Clarence and Lucy pass together: once even she was permitted to spend a few moments in the portico of the house, and as Clarence supported her, and saw a tint of health overspread her cheek, hope grew strong in his heart. But Lucy doubted not that she should die speedily, and happily this conviction had reached her heart ere Clarence came, so that the agony of her grief in prospect of separation from him, had yielded to the blissful anticipation of heaven, that glorious clime where she should, ere long, meet those from whom ‘twas ‘more than death to part.’

‘Dearest Lucy,’ said Clarence, as they stood gazing on the summer flowers, ‘you are better, love. May not our heavenly Father yet spare you to me—to your mother—to cousin Ellen—to happiness.’

‘Ah, Clarence, do not speak of this. It will only end in deeper bitterness. I must go—and, Clarence, you must not mourn when I exchange even this bright world for the Paradise of Immortality.’

Clarence could not answer. He pressed her hand, and drew her closer to his throbbing heart, and she resumed, pointing to a bright cluster of amaranth—‘See there, Clarence, is the emblem of the life and the joys to which I am hastening.’ \* \* \* Three weeks had passed. It was again the evening of the Sabbath. I stood by the couch of Lucy May. Her mother and Ellen sat on either side, and Clarence Hamilton supported on a pillow in his arms the head of the fair girl. Disease had taken the citadel, and we awaited its surrender to death.

The man of God, her pastor from childhood, now entered the room, and Lucy greeted him affectionately, and when he said, ‘Is it well with the my daughter—is it well with thy soul?’, she answered in a clear and sweetly confident tone of voice—

‘It is well! Blessed Redeemer, thou art my only trust.’

Clarence now bent his head close to the face of Lucy, and whispered in her ear, but so distinctly that we all heard.

‘Lucy, since you may not be mine in life, oh! dearest, be mine in death, let me follow you to the grave as my wedded wife, and I shall have the blissful consolation of anticipation a reunion in Heaven.’

The eye of the dying girl lighted up with a quick and sudden joy, as she smilingly answered,

‘It is well. Clarence—I would fain bear thy name before I die!’ We were startled at this strange request and answer, but no heart or lip ventured to oppose it. Lucy then said—

‘Mother, dear mother, deny me not my last request; will you and Ellen dress me in my bridal robe? I will wear it to my tomb.’—Clarence also besought Mrs. May to grant this wish, and let him win a bride and mother; and she answered—

‘As you and Lucy will, but it will be’ and her heart spoke—‘it will be a mournful bridal.’

Lucy now motioned us from the room, and we retired. Clarence was the first to speak.

‘You will not blame me that I seek, even in the arms of death, to make her my wife.—Oh! how much of bliss has been crowded into this one anticipation, and though it will be indeed a ‘sad bridal,’ it will sweeten the cup of bitterness which is now pressed to my lips.’

In a few minutes we re-entered that hallowed chamber. The light of day had faded, and a single lamp was burning on the stand. Lucy was arrayed in a muslin robe, which scarce outvalued her cheek in whiteness, save where the deep hectic, now heightened by excitement, flushed it. Clarence seated himself by her, and she was raised to a sitting posture, and supported in his arms. She placed her wasted hand in his, and said, half playfully, half sadly, ‘Tis a worthless offering, Clarence.’ He pressed it to his fevered lips, his face pale and flushed by turns. The minister arose and stood before them, and in few words and simple, united those two lovely beings in a tie which all felt must be broken ere another sun should rise. Yet was that tie registered and acknowledged in heaven.

As the holy man pronounced them ‘one flesh,’ and lifted up his hands and his voice in benediction, Lucy put her feeble arms around Clarence, and in a low voice murmured—

‘My husband.’  
‘My wife!’ responded Clarence, and their lips met in a long and sweet embrace.

We gave them congratulations through quick tears, exchanged the sweet kiss of holy love and friendship, and left the wedded pair to a brief realization of bliss, of which we cannot tell the reader aught.

That night before the last hour, the angel Azriel came as a messenger of peace so that bridal chamber, and though new fountains of earthly bliss had been opened in the heart of Lucy Hamilton, she repined not at the summons but while heavenly joy sat on her features, and her lips murmured—peace—farewell, husband—mother—sister—all—her pure spirit took its flight, and her lifeless body lay in the ardent embrace of the weeping, but humble Clarence, who still lingers in this weary world, doing his Master’s work, and waiting his Master’s will to be re-united to his angel bride in Heaven.

From a Review of Shakspeare’s Works, by Theodore S. Fay, in Graham’s Magazine.

## MACBETH.

MACBETH is a great moral and religious lesson. Its application is as wide as Christendom, and I think may be justly regarded as an exposition of Christianity. It is applicable to all men, and is not by any means limited to kings and usurpers. Nearly every one has some strong desire or passion, or plan. The ‘golden round’ for which men, now-a-days, file their minds, put rancors in the vessels of their peace, and give their eternal jewel to the common enemy of man, is not a crown, but it is not wanting. On a large or a small scale, the principle is the same. Whoever undertakes by immoral unlawful means, to effect a favorite object—whoever lives without habits of frequently appealing to God—whoever listens for an instant to the delusive influence of passion—is liable to be drawn on, like him, far beyond their intention, and involved at length in sin and ruin. The Scottish usurper—the individual is dead. But the class to which he belonged, survives. Macbeths are to be met with every day in the world—men who listen to the promises of the fiend, who build up a hope of safety and impunity upon as hollow a foundation as the charm of not being born of a woman—or of not being destroyed till advancing against them of a forest. Many a man—many a woman—many a young girl becomes thus entangled from forgetting their Maker and clinging to the ‘weird sisters’ of the world, till shame, vice and despair, overwhelm them.

Read aright, the tragedy is a mighty lesson to the young. They are starting in life inexperienced, thoughtless, and ready to believe the brilliant promises of every wandering and dangerous hope. They are ready