

... would have it so—he sprang across the threshold into the darkness, followed by the terrier. Jacob fell, the second son started to his feet, and ere the door had closed behind the elder brother, he had raised his miserable parent tenderly in his arms, and led him back, with the large tears slowly trickling down his furrowed cheeks, to his settle by the fireside, whither Mary followed him.

“Don’t take on so, father,” he said, with an awkward attempt at consolation; Dick’s a wild chap, but he always contrives to keep himself out of trouble, whoever may get caught. Why was it that frayed Jack Smith and Ned Johns were took, though you never knew it, and yet you see he managed to get off clear. So, don’t give up because Dick’s been a bit rougher than usual to-night. He’s a good fellow at bottom; and I warrant he’ll be the first to be sorry for what he’s done when he comes back again.”

“Ay,” echoed Jacob, as if unconsciously, when he comes back.”

There’s a dozen of them down Dover-way and they’d have him; beloved though undeserving relative, had not deprived of his self-possession, bounded from the floor, and seizing the speckler which stood near him, was preparing to leave the cottage, when the movement attracted the attention of the old man, who, raising his hand, and perceiving the intention of Edward, exclaimed hurriedly, “Stir not a step, my boy, or you shall carry my curse along with you! Stand fast, Ned, stand fast I say. You can’t help him, and you may peril your life if you do. D’ye think I would sit here, old man, if I could save him one chance of ill? Let us pray, children, let us pray; there is no help but from above.” And while he was yet speaking, the old man sank upon his knees in supplication, and those about him silently followed his example.

It may seem strange that, as this was by no means the first time that Richard Horton had come into collision with the preventive force of the law, it must be remembered that a powerment of evil had settled upon the spirit of his father; and moreover, the sounds of the threshold of the old fisherman. The next day, even occupied as it was in prayer, the scene was almost interminable to those whose eyes were diverted from their earnestness by the continued signals of violence from without. But at length all was still; and after a brief interval of voiceless and agonized devotion, Jacob Horton rose from his knees, and deeply resumed his seat. One by one the wife and children also placed themselves beside him; and then, without a word of commiseration or speculation, they all awaited, in mute anxiety, the reappearance of the young smuggler.

Some time had passed away in this melancholy watching, when suddenly the tramp of steps, and the clamor of voices once more came upon the silence of the night; and now there was no further interval of stillness, for each was conscious that those without were slowly and certainly approaching the cottage; and ere a heavy blow with the stock of a pistol sounded at the door, and the cessation of the steps, they might, desired admittance.

“Draw the bolt, Ned, said Jacob, in a voice that sounded hollow, and almost extinct; draw the bolt, and let him enter, for the last time, under the roof of his father.”

The young man sprang forward, and did as was desired; when, as the door fell back, the figure of one of the coast-guard was seen upon the threshold. “I’m sorry to disturb you so late at night, Master Horton,” said he civilly, as he nodded to the old fisherman, who sat transfixed, with clenched hands and glaring eyeballs, the very embodiment of horror; “but we’ve had a skirmish with the smugglers, just under the turn of the mill, and want to know what we have caught.”

“I’ll get you a light, will you, young man, and help me to get him up to the fort!” And taking from the hands of Edward Horton the lantern which he had hastily placed there, he held the light close to his face. As soon as he had done so, he uttered a long whistle of astonishment and perplexity, and continued gazing upon the blood-stained countenance for several seconds, ere he again glanced toward the group in the cottage kitchen. “Sit still, Jacob; sit still, old man,” he continued with rough kindness, as he saw that the fisherman had risen from his seat, and was approaching the door; “there’s no sight for you, so leave ahead there, and pick up this chap, there’s life in the lantern.”

“No, no,” cried Jacob, with hysterical violence, “here—here, where he drew his first breath, that it is he. I am old, but you cannot not here, for his blood is on you! and I, I leave him to me now, he cannot break the law again.”

“I’m afraid,” said the principal of the party, “that it’s more than I dare do; for all, as you say, there’s an end to his smuggling (for I believe he’s gone outright); and if I should be proved otherwise, why, I don’t care if I go, then—go, and run the risk.”

“Then—go,” said Jacob huskily; leave me to my dead, and let us close our door upon him that slew him. You have done your duty, and I will not curse you; but go, for it kills me

“Poor soul! it’s natural enough,” said the rough sailor, as he turned to depart; “well, good night t’ye Jacob, and better luck for the future.” And without the interchange of another word, the father of the slain was parted from his slayers, whose steps had ceased to be heard ere he approached the dead body of his son, which had been lifted across the threshold by two of the blockade guard.

While this short dialogue was going forward the wretched mother stood in the centre of the floor, speechless and motionless; her dilated eyes riveted on the livid and upturned countenance of her son, her lips parted with a voiceless agony; and her form as rigid as that of a statue. The miserable wife had been unconscious from the first moment in which her eyes had fallen upon the body of her husband; and she lay back upon her chair, with her long hair which had escaped from under her cap, streaming to the ground, and her arms hanging helplessly beside her. Perhaps the individual of the group who at that time suffered the most intensely, was the brother; for there was a solemnity in the old man’s grief which bore him up.

The other actors in this humble tragedy did not, however, long continue in the partial passiveness of feeling in which their first anguish had found a temporary mitigation. Ere long, shriek after shriek rang through the cottage; and the distracted wife, awakening from her trance, flung herself frantically upon the dead body of her husband; mingling with her wail for him the most bitter reproaches upon herself; while the broken hearted mother, less demonstrative, but even more affecting in her despair, seated herself upon the floor, and having lifted the head of her lost son upon her lap, beat over it until it was hidden from the gaze of those around her. The sterner grief of the old man was tearless; but as he stood leaning over his wife, a thousand thoughts of the past were called up by the dark realities of the present; and he felt rebuked by the very vices of the son over whom he mourned.

He lay there who had been reluctantly granted to his impatient beseechings, when he wearied Heaven with prayers for that which it withheld in mercy; and thus drew down a malediction and a punishment, in what he deemed in his blindness, must be a blessing. How was his pride humbled now! How was his presumption humbled with the dust! Like the first man when he hung over the corpse of Abel, he felt that for him indeed death had come into the world! There lay the scoffier against the law, stricken down by the very law he had spurned. He whose proud spirit had revolted against labor, and who had left his wife a pauper upon the compassion of the brother whom he had effected to despise—the disobedient son who had been the awful instrument of retribution and rebuke to his own parents—the man who had repaid good with evil, love with scorn; and who had taught a great and fearful moral to his fellow men, by proving, in his short and dark career, how much of misery, of anguish, and of shame may be brought upon a whole family, and not unfrequently upon a wide circle, by the errors and vices of an individual. It were vain to dwell upon the misery of the Horton family. Suffice it, that not even the devoted and dutiful affection of the surviving son could blot out from the memory of Jacob and his wife the disgrace which had been brought upon them by the errors of their lost one; while the widow, who was thrown upon their pity became a sadder and a wiser woman, earnest to repair, by her activity and gratitude, the indolence and thanklessness of her married life. The good character which the old people had borne for more than half a century, stood their friend in this season of trial—and not a finger was raised in scorn of them or theirs; and it was well that it was so for grief already lay so heavy at their hearts, that it was bowing them rapidly to the grave.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY stars! that ope your eyes with man to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth’s creation,
And dew drops of her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matia-worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen son, God’s blessed eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

‘Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

There as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles or stretched upon
The sod,
Awd by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living
preachers—
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles, that in dewy splendour
“Weep without woe, and blush without a
crime;”
Oh! may I deeply learn and ne’er surrender
Your love sublime!

“Thou wert not, Solomon I in all thy glory,
Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “in robes like
ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!”

‘Tis the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist!

With which thou painted Nature’s wide
spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for
pleasure;
Blooming o’er field and wave, by day and
night,
From every source your sanction bids me trea-
sure
Harmless delight.

Were I, oh God! in charmless lands remain-
ing,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines!

New Works.

The Attache; or Sam Slick in England. By the Author of the Clockmaker: 2 Vols. London. Bentley, 1843.

HOW SAM SPENT A WET MORNING.

A wet day is considerably tiresome, any witeré or any way you can fix it; but it’s wus in an English country house than any where else, ‘cause you are among strangers, formal, cold, nallus polite, and as thick in the head peice asa puncheon. You hante nothin’ to do yourself, and they never have nothin’ to do; they don’t know nothin’ about America, and don’t want to. Your talk don’t interest them, and they can’t talk to interest nobody but themselves; and all you’ve got to do is, to pull out your watch and see how time goes, how much of the day is left, and then go to the winder and see how the sky looks, and whether there is any chance of holdin’ up or no.

SAM IN A “FIX.”

Come, says I, now for a walk down the avenue, and a comfortable smoke, and if the man at the gate is up and stirrin, I will just pop in and breakfast with him and his wife. There is some natur there, but here it’s all cussed rooks and chimbly swallers, and heavy men and fat women, and lazy helps, and Sunday every day in the week. So I fills my cigar-case and outs into the passage. But here was a fix! One of the doors opened into the great staircase, and which was it? Ay, says I, which is it, do you know? Upon my soul, I don’t know, says I; but try, it’s no use to be caged up here like a painter, and cut I will, that’s a fact. So I stops and studier, that’s it, says I, and I opens a door; it was a bedroom—it was the likely chamber maid’s. Softly Sir, says she, a puttin’ of her finger on her lip, don’t make no noise: Missus will hear you. Yes, said I, I won’t make no noise; and I outs and shuts the door too arter me gently. What next? says I; why you fool, you, says I, why didn’t you ax the sarvant maid, which door it was? Why I was so confustrated, says I, I didn’t think of it. Try that door, well I opened another, it belonged to one of the horrid handsum stranger galls that dined at table yesterday. When she seed me, she gave a scream, put her head under the clothes like a terrapin, and vanished—well I vanished too. Ain’t this too bad? says I; I wish I could open a man’s door, Pd lick him out of spite; I hope I may be shot if I don’t, and I doubled up my fist, for I didn’t like it a spec, and opened another door—it was the house keeper’s. Come, says I, I won’t be balked no more. She sot up and fixed her cap. A woman never forgets the becomins. Anything I can do for you, Sir, says she; and she raely did look pretty; all good natur’d people, it appears to me, do look so. Will you be so good as to tell me, which door leads to the staircase, Marm? says I. Oh, is that all? says she, (I suppose she thort I wanted her to get up and get my breakfast for me), it’s the first on the right, and she fixed her cap agin’ and laid down, and I took the first on the right and off like a blowed out candle. There was the staircase. I walked down, took my hat, obolted the outer door, and what a beautiful day was there.

THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.

Nothin in natur, unless it is an Injin, is so treacherous as the climate here. It just clears up on purpose I do believe to tempt you without your umbrella, and just as sure as you trust it and leave it at home, it cloud right up, and sarves you out for it—it does indeed. What a sight of new clothes I’ve spilt here, for the rain has a sort of dye in it. It stains so, it alters the colour of the cloth; for the smoke is filled with gas and all sorts of chemicals.

FASHIONABLE BREAKFASTING.

By this time breakfast is ready; but the English don’t do nothin’ like other folks; I don’t know whether it’s affectation, or bein’ wrong in the head—a little of both I guess. Now where do you suppose the solid part of breakfast is, squire? Why, it’s on the side board—I hope I may be shot if it rin’t—while the tea and coffee are on the table, to make it as convenient as possible. Says I to the lady of the house as I got up to help myself, for I was hungry enough to make beef ache I know; Aunty, says I you’ll excuse me, but why don’t you put the eatables on the table, or else put the tea on the side board? They’re like man and wife, they don’t ought to be separated, them two. She looked at me, oh what a look of pity it was, as much as to say, Where hove you been all your born days, not to know better nor that?—but I guess you don’t know better in the States—how could you know anything there? But she only said it was the custom here, for she was a very purlite old woman, was Aunty. Well sense is sense, let it grow where it will; and I guess we raise about the best kind, which is common sense, and I warn’t to be put down with short metre, arter that fashion. So I tried he old man; says I, Uncle, says I, if you will di-

vorse the estates from the drinkables that way, why not let the servants come and tend. It’s monstrous and onconvenient and ridiculous to be a jumpin’ up for everlastingly that way, you can’t sit still one blesses minit. We think it pleasant, said he, sometimes to dispense with their attendance. Exactly, says I, then dispense with servants at dinner; for when the wine is in, the wit is out, (I said that to compliment him, for the critter had no wit in at no time,) and they hear all the talk. But at Breakfast every one is only half awake, (especially when you rise so airly as you do in this country, says I; but the old critter could’n see a joke, even if he felt it, and he didn’t know I was a funnin.) Folks are considerable sharp set at breakfast, says I, and not very talkative. That’s the right time to have sarvants to tend on you. What an idea! said he, and he puckered up his pictur, and the way he stared was a caution to an owl.

THE GIRLS IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

I goes to look arter the two pretty galls in the drawin’ room; and there was the ladies a chattering away like anything. The moment I came in it was as dumb as a quakers’ meetin’. They all hauled up at once, like a stage coach to an inn door, from a hand gallop to a stock still stand. I seed men warn’t wanted there, it warn’t the custom so airly; so I polled out o’ that creek, starn first. They don’t like men in the mornin’ in England, do the ladies; they think ‘em in the way. What on airth shall I do? says I, it’s nothin’ but rain, rain—here in this awful dismal country. Nobody smokes, nobody talks, nobody plays cards, nobody fires at a mark, and nobody trades; only let me go thro’ this juicy day, and I am done: let me get out of this scrape, and if I am caught again, I’ll give you leave to tell me of it in meetin. I’ll put on my ile skin, tak an umbrellar, and go talk to the stable helps; for I feel aslonely as a catamount, and as dull as a bachelor beaver. So I tramponses off to the stable, and says I to the head man, A smart little horse that, says I, you are a cleanin’ of: he looks like a first chop article that. Y mae, says he, ‘Hullo! says I, what in natur’ is this? Is it him that can’t speak English, or me that can’t onderstand for one on us is a fool that’s sartin. I’ll try him again. So I says to him, He looks, says I, as if he’d trot a considerable good stick, that horse, says I, ‘d guess he is a goer. Y mae, ye un trotter da, says he. Creation! says I if this don’t beat general trainin. It’s no use to stand talkin’ to this critter. Good bye, says I. Now what do you think he said? Why, you would suppose he’d say good bye too, wouldn’t you? Well, he didn’t, nor nothin, like it, but he jist ups, and says, Forwellounge, he did upon my soul. I never felt so stumped afore in all my life. Says I, Friend here is half a dollar for you. It arn’t often I’m bro’t to a dead stare, and when I am, I’m willing to pay for it.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGES.

There’s two languages, Squire, that’s universal; the language of love, and the language of money; the galls understand the one, and the men understand the other, all the wide world over, from Canton to Niagara.

DINING OUT.

Folks are up to the notch here when dinner is the question, that’s a fact, fat, gouty, broken winded, and foundered as they be. It’s rap, rap, rap, for twenty minutes at the door, and in they come, one arter the other, as fast as the servants can carry up their names. Cuss them servants! It takes seven or eight of ‘em to carry a man’s name up stairs, they are awful lazy, and so shockin’ full of porter. If a feller was so lame he had to be carried up himself I don’t believe on my soul, the whole gang of them, from the Butler that dresses in the same clothes as his master, to Boots that aint dressed at all, could make out to bowse him up stairs, upon my soul I don’t! Well, you go in along with your name, walk up to old aunty, and make a scrape; and the same to old uncle, and then fall back. This is done as solemn as if a father’s name was called out to take his place in a funeral; that and the mistakes is the fun of it. Arter you are in marchin’ order, you move in through two rows of servants in uniform. I used to think that they were placed there for show, but it’s to keep the air off of folks agoin’ through the entry; and it aint a bad thought, nether. Lord, the first time I went to one of these grand let offs, I felt kinder skoery; and as nobody was allocated to me to take in, I goes in alone, not knowin’ where I was to settle down as a squatter, and kinder lagged behind: when the butler comes and rams a napkin in my hand, and gives me ashove, and says he, go and stand behind your master, sir, says he. O Solomon, how that waked me up! How I curled inwardly when he did that! You’ve mistaken the child, says I, mildly, and I held out the napkin; and just as he went to take it, I gave him a sly poke in the bread basket, that made him bend forward and say “cugh.” Wake Snakes, and walk your chalks, says I, will you? and down I pops on the fust empty chair. Lord, how white he looked about the gills arterwards; I thought I ought a split when I first looked at him. Guess he’ll know an attache whon he sees him next time.

ENGLISH DRINKS.

The drinks aint good here: they hante no variety in them nether; no white nose, apple-jack, stone wall, chain lightning, rail road, hail storms, ginsling talabogus, switchel flip, gum-ticklers, phlem cutters, julep, skate iron, cast-steel, cock-tail, or nothin, but that heavy stupid black fat porter

FASHIONABLE COOKERY.

Veal, to be good, must look like anything else but veal; you mustn’t know it when you see, or it’s vulgar; mutton must be incog too;