

Literature, &c.

From the Boston Yankee Nation.
NEW ENGLAND ARISTOCRACY.

A TALE.

THE morn was bright and beautiful—the sun, who it would seem had a more refreshing sleep last night than usual, was smiling on the glad scene created by his presence—the azure winged insects were flitting in his all-reviving beams—the carols of nature's songsters were more joyous than is their wont—and earth, air and sea, seemed joined in one glad anthem of gratitude and praise to the Omnipotence which created and sustained them. Must we record a tale of human grief which such a scene of enlivening beauty could not for a moment alleviate? Alas that man, the noblest work in this picture, should find his voice to fail him in this concert of nature!

On this blithe morning might be seen, strolling on the banks of the peaceful Connecticut, a man of noble bearing, in the prime of life, dressed in the uniform of a captain of the U. S. Navy. His gait was sad, but dignified and graceful, and it needed but a glance at his countenance (which was weather-beaten, but full of manly pride and beauty) to be struck with the expression of deep-seated melancholy which it wore. Ever and anon the clouds which hung on his brow would, as if by a strange effort within himself, be partially dispelled, giving place to an expression more in keeping with the scene around,—and then as his steps brought other objects to his view, bringing with them recollections of former days, the shade of melancholy would again gather in blackness nearly to despair.

But why should the favored and honored officer of the Republic wear this appearance of sadness on revisiting the scenes of his youth?—for such they were. The tale is long—have patience, gentle reader, while I relate it to you.

EDWARD SAYBROOK, the person introduced to the reader, was a member of one of the aristocratic Puritan families of New England. His school and college days were passed like those of all other New England boys, till, at the age of seventeen, his family influence procured for him a midshipman's appointment in the Navy. The first few years of his naval career were marked by nothing of particular interest.

After making a cruise of three years, he returned home on leave of absence, at the very susceptible age of twenty. Grace Marsden, the daughter and heiress of a neighbouring purse-proud and ambitious New Englander, was then spending the summer months with the sisters of our hero. Possessed of all the endearing and fascinating amabilities of the most perfect of her sex, as she was, our young sailor must have been either more or less than man not to have loved her; and it may easily be supposed that a gay young midshipman, with all the character and nobleness of heart which distinguished Edward, could not have been indifferent to the charms of the young lady. Their acquaintance progressed—their intimacy increased—all their pleasures and pastimes, all their thoughts and actions, were with each other.—After an acquaintance of but a single week, they lived but for one another.

Months passed on—their mutual vows of love and constancy were plighted—the ambitious father, not hoping for a more aristocratic match for his heiress, yielded his consent to their nuptials. Happy would it have been for them both had they listened more to the promptings of their love than to the worldly prudence of the father, who, for worldly considerations, deferred for a short period the marriage. Many of their long, long years of hopeless melancholy might have been passed in love and happiness but for this manœuvring of the father.

At this period of our tale, the war which had so long threatened the United States with a contest with the most powerful nation on earth, broke out. Edward (whose love, though all-powerful, did not for a moment make him forget his duty to his country) bade farewell for a year to all he held dear on earth, and with a heavy heart joined his ship,—which, though she was to be the scene of future triumphs and glory to him, was also to be the home of his most miserable and cheerless days.

We have said that the father of Grace, whose ruling passion was family ambition, gave her to Edward on that consideration alone. His ambition was not of that kind which is worthy of an American: it was rather of that bigotry which prides itself in being descended from a long line of ancestors, whether a line of tyrants or otherwise. To link himself with such a family, and to know that his blood circled in their veins, was the dearest wish of his heart.—Not being able to find such a match for his daughter, he was fain to do the best he could where all men are born equal. He could see that the defenders of the nation, and particularly one with the high qualities which were Edward's, would, in spite of all our democratic principles, be considered the aristocracy of America.—Consideration for his daughter's happiness not entering for a moment into his plans, he was ever on the alert to form a more ambitious match for her. He had given up this hope when he acceded to his daughter's wishes and gave her to Edward. Soon after, however, circumstances brought back and gratified his most sanguine hopes, but which condemned poor Grace to years of hopeless misery.

Grace, who was sad and disheartened at the departure of her lover, did not object to a proposition of her father to visit Saratoga, which was just then becoming the fashionable watering-place of America, in the hope that she would forget her sorrow for a time. The Viscount of St. Elm, a noble fortune-hunter of the court of France, after having long sought in vain for success with the heiresses of Paris, was

now trying the effect of his title among the millionaires at the Spring. Mr. Marsden having determined to secure this title and coronet to his daughter, was now at a loss how to proceed. He well knew that the Viscount, although a pleasing and amiable man, could never win his daughter's love, which she had plighted to Edward. He at last thought that if Edward were out of the case, he could persuade his daughter to accede to his wishes, and win the Viscount. To accomplish this, by fair means or foul, he was determined; and at length he hit upon the expedient of deceiving her into the belief that her lover was dead. To do this, the news of naval battles which were so often received, aided his design. He caused to be published in one of the newspapers of the day, a fictitious account of an action between the U. S. ship 'I—A—', and H. B. M. ship 'John Bull,' in which the former was captured; then followed a list of the killed, at the head of which stood the name of Lieutenant Edward Saybrook, who, it went on to state, (and as was really the case) had recently been promoted for many gallant deeds. This paper, after a due preparation for bad news and consolation to his daughter, the unfeeling father put it into her hands. We will not pain the reader with the sufferings of Grace on the receipt of this news; it is sufficient to say, that after recovering from the short but severe illness which it caused her, she was ready, through her sense of duty to her father, to accede to his wishes.

To fascinate and bring the Viscount St. Elm to her feet, required but little effort on the part of the beautiful heiress. Already the father saw in the future a long line of nobles, with his own blood running in their veins; while the daughter, supposing that death had annulled her vows to Edward, had the satisfaction of gratifying the dearest wish of her parent's heart.

Poor Grace! would that you could have lived even in the wretched belief that your lover was really dead! how many hours of bitter regret and self-reproach would it have spared you! but even this miserable consolation was denied her. But a short week after her marriage disclosed to Grace the falsehood of that cruel report which had caused her so much misery. Her first sensation at this intelligence was a brief but intense and heartfelt joy; but then casting her eyes on her husband, the thoughts and recollections that rushed upon her were maddening;—the Viscount broke her fall by his arm.

For fifteen long years after this event, although at times she was the brightest star of the court of France, yet often would her grief dim her lustre, and now and then oblige her to disappear altogether, like a comet from that bright galaxy.

Edward, soon after his promotion which we have mentioned, obtained a short leave of absence to visit his beloved Grace; and he then learned the circumstances of her marriage with another. Although he was sure of her faithfulness to himself and of her unhappiness at the French court, yet hope was dead within him. Perhaps these were the feelings that led him to do the deeds of mighty and successful daring, for which in his case the Republic was not ungrateful—for well did he earn, at the early age of thirty, the high rank in which we see him when our tale commences. His triumphs, however, would convince us that however regardless he might have been of himself, he never forgot discretion in his valor, or that greater interests than his own life were at stake in all his deeds; and that he never undertook to do that in which he had not reasonable grounds to hope for success.

The war had long been closed. We introduce our hero to the reader while he is again on a visit to his native town, on the banks of the bright Connecticut. As he walked on, lost in tormenting recollections, as we have described him, he was aroused from these reflections by a hearty shake of the hand. He raised his head, and his eyes met the countenance of Grace's father.

'Joy and happiness to thee, Edward!' said the old man, with an expression of confidence on his face and in his words.

'Joy and happiness to me, sir?' replied Edward; alas! you must know that from your daughter and myself they are clean gone for ever.'

'Say not so, my dear boy,' said the old man, 'I hope there are many years of happiness yet in store for you—Ride over with me to my house, and we will see what can be done for you.'

Edward was far from anticipating relief from his bitter thoughts by visiting the former home of his long-lost one—nevertheless the confident manner of the old man's words induced him to accept the invitation.

Seated at a window when Edward entered the mansion of Mr. Marsden, were two ladies—one of them dressed in deep mourning, in all the ripeness and beauty of womanhood, but wearing on her features an air of melancholy which it was easy to see had long been seated there. The other, an elderly lady, advanced to meet her husband's guest, and to welcome him to her mansion.

'Captain Saybrook' said the old man, taking Edward by the hand and leading him towards the lady in black, 'allow me to introduce you to the Dowager Viscountess of Saint Elm.'

'The Dowager Viscountess of Saint Elm!' exclaimed Edward, as the truth flashed upon him; and in one moment he was at her feet—his hands clasped hers, and were bathed in their tears.

'Edward! Grace!' exclaimed the old man, 'be happy—let me end the sufferings my weakness has brought upon you. Edward, the childless wedlock of my daughter with the Viscount St. Elm is dissolved by the death of the latter. The disappointment which their child-

lessness has caused me, is a punishment to me for my foolish ambition. My daughter's hand is (as her heart has ever been) again yours. Heaven bless your union, and send me grandchildren whose virtues, like yours, shall make them the aristocracy, and whose birth shall make them the equals of the proudest noblemen on earth, American citizens!'

From the Dublin University Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ORGAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

THE glorious burst of music! how it swelled,
And rolled in thunderous transport through the aisle!

The sudden gush of music! how it held
In awe the worshippers within that pile!
How did the spirit seem
Wrapped in a wondrous dream
Yet all awake to Heaven's own voice the while!

The glorious music! surely some deep soul
Dwelt in the instrument that poured it forth
Some bright intelligence had there control,
Some being of a more than mortal birth,
Proclaiming, full and high,
Some message of the sky,
Some triumph of the Lord upon the earth!

And there is triumph—those who often listened
Unmoved to Wisdom's precepts, tremble
Now—

In hardy eyes the friendly tears have glistened,
Delight hath smoothed my early wrinkled brow,
And hearts, too worldly oft,
Have humbled grown, and soft,
With springs, fresh gushing forth, they know not how.

Now, now in victory seems it to rejoice,
Now sinks to plaintive accents low and clear

As if an angel's full, majestic voice
Had stooped to whisper in a mortal's ear,
Reaching the inmost heart
With tones that seem to dart
Straight from the fountains of another sphere!

And yet again, triumphant chorus swell!
Reverently be it spoken—yet it seems
Of birth beside the throne of God to tell,
Of the deep, echoing voice of Heaven's own streams;

Of where, beyond the sky,
Shrined with his majesty,
Melodious thunder rolls, and starry lightning gleams.

The strain is o'er—the echo dies away,
But not its influence—many shall go home,
Bearing its memory, like a spell to stay
Upon their spirits 'midst the toils to come;
Who would not grateful be
For such strange harmony—
Transport to all, deep blessing unto some?

PLEASURES OF A TRIP IN A BUDGEROW.

BY H. R. ADISON.

WHEN I first embarked on board of my budgerow, near Calcutta, en route for Berhampore, to join my regiment, I could not help feeling the superiority of this mode of travelling over the less luxurious conveyances of Europe. It is true that it is not expeditions, (I expected to be eight days performing a journey, which might be accomplished by a 'yellow post chaise' in about twelve hours;) but I found on the other hand that my splendid barge contained a good sitting-room, large enough for eight persons to dine in with comfort, an excellent bed room, and above these, a half deck, where after sunset, I could sit and enjoy my hookah. The river up which I was travelling was broad, its banks were picturesque and provisions plentiful. I was not even to be annoyed by the smell of cookery, or the presence of any supernumerary servants; they had a separate boat, which followed at a respectful distance. In a word, I discovered the vast difference, so far as living goes, between an ensign in the service of the Honourable the Company trading to the East Indies, and an officer of the same rank struggling to keep up the appearance of a gentleman in one of his (or her) Majesty's Corps in Great Britain.

A couple of military friends, quartered at Barrackpore, accompanied me as far as that beautiful spot, some fifteen miles from the capital, where we arrived late on the first evening. Never had I passed a more delightful day. We had partaken of an excellent tiffin and dinner, played half a dozen rubbers of dummy-whist, and smoked our pipes *al fresco*, met several of our friends going up and down the river, talked of Europe, made several bets, speculated upon promotion, drank several bottles of Carbonell's claret, and enjoyed ourselves to the very acme of every Indian luxury.

Arrived at our destination, we landed, and passing through the park-like grounds of the Government house, went to a tent, under which a grand *nauch* was to be held. Here we saw several half-naked black girls twisting about one foot, with one of their arms raised in the air; while others sat by, singing a logabrious tune through their noses, accompanying themselves on a hand-drum. An overpowering smell of attar of roses and cajuput oil turned me perfectly sick; so I left almost immediately, to the great surprise of my brother officers, who were in ecstasies, and who could not manage to understand how I could feel otherwise than pleased at these wretched twistings of an ebony Venus; and returned to my budgerow, where I slept soundly.

My second day's journey was not quite so

delightful as my first. We began to lose sight of all human habitations; the flat country was sadly monotonous; and I began to suspect that my admiration for this splendid style of travelling was already diminishing. This day we only proceeded ten miles. The *dandies* (native boatmen) were forced to jump more than once during the day into the water, to get the boat off some sand-bank, and they tracked offener and farther than they rowed. My dinner was as good perhaps as that of the preceding day; but I really began to get sick of chickens, and my *cousomer* (purveyor) seemed determined to give me nothing else. The glare of the water hurt my eyes, the musquitos were more troublesome than ever, so I went to bed early.

The great curse of going to bed early is the probable chance of awaking proportionately soon in the morning. I was sitting up in my bed; sleep had flown from me about four o'clock next morning, so I heartily repented having retired at such an unconscionable hour; but as that availed me nothing, I got up, although I saw a terribly long day before me. The boat was still *lugowed* (moored); for I ought to have informed my reader that at sunset the budgerow is directed up to the bank, and there made fast by a rope to a staple driven in the ground. The *dandies* then cook their night-meal, finish it, and strewing themselves over different parts of the vessel, cover their faces with a cloth, and on the bare planks, beneath the powerful rays of the moon, (which in India are more potent, and supposed to be far more dangerous, than those of the sun,) sleep through the night. The boat is freed at about five in the morning, to recommence its wearying progress.

As I said before, I was up, and dressed before the hour of starting. My breakfast-hour was eight,—till then what should I do? How should I pass my time? While I was deliberating, I happened to cast my eyes on my fowling piece, which stood in the corner. The morning was cool, the country around open and promising; I therefore determined on shooting for a couple of hours. In accordance with this resolve, I desired one of my kitmudgars, and a bearer with a *chatter* (a large umbrella), in case of extreme heat, to accompany me, ordered the boat to meet us at a point about a mile and a half off, and jumped ashore, quite pleased with the discovery I had just made of how to kill time before breakfast.

I had very indifferent sport,—indeed I may almost say I had none; for I saw nothing to shoot at, save a few wretched *paddy* birds; and therefore, after an hour's wandering about, I determined on returning to my boat, and crossed a wild field to do so, in which I saw some animals grazing. No sooner had I entered it, than a sleek-looking *Brahmin* bull immediately singled me out as the object of his attack. Now, though they are smaller than a similar animal in Europe, they are far more savage, far more active, and were it not for a hump they have on their shoulders, a handsome beast than the English bull. In India they are held sacred. To slaughter one would be to commit a crime; to wound or maim one is punishable by law; to attempt to combat one would be sure destruction; I, therefore, saw the approach of my enemy with no inconsiderable feeling of terror. As my bearer carried a second gun, and there were three of us to one, I thought it but fair to stand my ground; so pointing steadily at him as he came up, I fired at him from the barrel in which I had placed a ball, and hit him close to the shoulder, which made him pause a moment; then turning round I looked for the man who carried my other gun; but, alas! he had fled. On seeing me fire at the holy beast, he had not hesitated, but throwing down the fowling piece, had run away as swiftly as his legs would carry him. Before I again turned my face towards the enraged quadruped, he had recovered the shock, and was again coming full on me. His nostrils were dilated with anger and pain, he lashed his sides with his tail, and ploughed up the ground as he came tearing on. I had no time to reload, no time for deliberation. I quitted my gun, and flew for my very life towards the spot where I had ordered my budgerow to meet me. I did not dare to turn round; but I could hear the furious beast close behind me. Every instant brought him nearer. He was within a dozen yards of me when my hat flew off. To that trivial circumstance I owe my life. The bull stopped for an instant in his full career to trample on it. Finding it, however, an inanimate object, he again started off in pursuit of me. There were now about a hundred paces between us. I need not say how I excited myself, my very existence depending on my speed. The animal, in spite of all my efforts, gained on me. At length I doubled the corner, where I expected to find my boat. It had not arrived; I looked on the broad stream,—not a vessel was to be seen. I cast a glance about me,—not a soul was visible; no living object broke the quiet of the scene, save the infuriated monster who now came up more quickly than ever. I already began to pant with fatigue. My last hope, my last chance was gone. The agony of that moment I can never forget—to describe it would be impossible.

I saw but one course before me, and that was almost as full of danger as my present situation; yet it presented a less painful, though perhaps assure a doom. I was unable to swim; the river was deep and rapid, and filled with alligators. The chances were a thousand to one that I was either drowned or destroyed by these monsters if I plunged in; but even that was better than being gored and trampled to death. In a single thought I commended my soul to its Creator, and plunged in. As I did so, I thought I heard a sudden report, which mingled with the gush of waters as I instantly sunk. In the next moment I rose; as I did so, I was suddenly laid hold of, and dragged into a