

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE CAPUCHIN.

A TALE.  
Concluded.

My father was a merchant of Genoa, who had amassed considerable property and eventually retired upon his gains. Elevated by his prosperity, he felt reluctant to acknowledge the means by which it had been maintained, and nothing gave him greater offence than the mention of any passage of his mercantile life; not that his dealings had not been conducted with the greatest probity and order, but because he considered the profession of a merchant derogatory to the renown of his altered station. He who had been a pattern of frugality and prudence as a merchant, now adopted a very different course, and launched out into all manner of folly and extravagance. My education, which had been calculated to render me a useful and active member of society, suffered, among other things, by the change. It was not enough that I was left to seek out the objects of dissipation and the haunts of fashionable extravagance, these were actually thrown in my way, and I made to rush blindfold, as it were into them. The quiet and well-ordered house of the merchant was changed for a palace, and menials in abundance hired to trumpet their master's fame in his presence, while they derided and robbed him behind his back.

One day at dinner, it happened that my father's oldest and best friend said something in allusion to the transactions of the counting-house; my father heard it, and though the remark was simple and innocent enough in itself, he never forgave the person who made it, and took the earliest opportunity of coming to an open quarrel. With such an example before me, in my own parent, and surrounded as I was with every temptation to err, it could not be matter of astonishment that I became haughty, overbearing, and selfish to a degree. The distinctions of rank were, in those days, more strictly drawn than they are even at present, and in Genoa the upstart Cressus, unaided by the advantages of birth and family, was held in no more regard by the aristocracy than the tradesman or the peasant.

Many, therefore, were the slights which the vanity of my father received, and not a few fell upon myself. Enabled by the influence of wealth to lord it over inferiors we expected to carry it with the same high hand among the nobles; but here the matter was very different, and he who could ruffle it over his tradesmen with impunity, was quickly made to yield submission to the aristocrats. There is something about the manner and the habits of the truly noble, that can never be attained by the parvenu; in wealth he may exceed them, in ostentation and display—if wealthy—he is sure to outdo them, but the effect produced is a failure; and the intrinsic merit as comparable as a diamond of paste with the real gem itself. Such was the case with my father in his sphere, and with myself in mine. To emulate the pomp and splendor of the nobles, he lavished his hardly earned wealth; he feasted and feted them, and while they partook of his cheer, they ridiculed the entertainer. Not a friend then did all this extravagance procure him, and his life became thenceforth but a series of insults. With myself the case was similar; the young and extravagant, often badly supplied at home, would bank with my purse upon a credit which knows no security—the bond of a spendthrift gentleman given to a purse proud parvenu!

Familiar with such haunts, [the gaming table] and drugged to the full with the cup of iniquity, you will wonder when I tell you that there was yet a spot in my heart untainted by the general corruption—that spot was dedicated to love—to a passion as pure and holy as the rest was base and impure.

Ernesta Soria was the only daughter of one of the Signors of Genoa, the descendant of a noble but impoverished family. She was indeed lovely, and the rivals for her hand were neither few nor insignificant. Oh! had you seen those full expressive black eyes now flashing with conscious pride upon some luckless suitor, now beaming with a soft and languid light from the silken lashes that shrouded them; had you seen those raven locks that fell in many a luxurious curl around her clear and noble brow—the arch smile of those small and ruby lips—the grace, the beauty of that form just developing into womanhood—had you seen these graces as I saw them combined in the person of Ernesta, you would not wonder at hearing her praises even from an old man of eighty.

Need you be told how ardently, how passionately I loved her? No! you in the full prime and freshness of youth can imagine far better than I can describe.

But alas! my love was not returned; the father tolerated my society for the sake of the wealth I possessed, but the daughter regarded me with a haughty superiority, if not with contempt. That very scorn inflamed the spirit of love in my heart. Could I win such a being even in spite of herself I thought I, what a triumph should I achieve, what a glorious prize for ambition!

The more she manifested dislike to my society, the deeper grew my attachment, and the stronger my determination to make her my bride.

Wherever she went in public, there did I watch her with a jealous eye; observing her companions, her amusements, and in short everything, that was in the smallest degree connected with herself. Among her many suitors there was one who seemed more favored than the rest, and consequently against him my dislike and anger was principally directed. The young Count of Savona was one of the few who

had never condescended to use me as a tool for the performance of any object; he had never sought my acquaintance nor courted me for my wealth, but had ever avoided the society in which I moved.

"Hardened as I was in the fashionable vices of the time, and hating the young count of Savona for his success with Ernesta, I still shrunk from the method so common in Italy of disposing of a rival, namely, the stiletto of the hireling bravado; and while I wished him every evil comprehended in the sum of human misfortune, I should have been sorry had I been the means of inflicting it. Thus did weeks pass away in the indulgence of unrequited affection, and a cherished hatred, until an event took place which annihilated forever both the one and the other.

One morning, I received information that a party was to start in a felucca, belonging to the count of Savona, on an excursion to Rapalla, and that Ernesta was to be of the party. Enraged at not being invited, and tormented with jealousy at the happiness of my rival, I determined to watch from the shore the progress of the vessel at sea. For this purpose I mounted a horse, and rode leisurely along the road leading to Rapalla. As you must have travelled it so recently yourself, I shall not describe it, nor shall I mention the inn at the village itself, as you must have slept there the first night after leaving Genoa. At every opening in the road where a view of the sea could be obtained, I stopped to watch the progress of the felucca, longing all the while to be one of the party on board. At length she neared the little bay of Rapalla, and I pushed on to arrive before them at the inn. This I effected, and arrived in time to have the mortification of seeing the object of my affections lifted from the boat, and approaching slowly, leaning on the arm of my fortunate rival.

A formal bend of the head, and some cold and commonplace words of recognition, were all that I received from Ernesta; while a turn of the nostril, and sarcastic compressing of the lips, betrayed the inward triumph which her companion was enjoying.

"How constantly does misery walk side by side with happiness in this ever-varying world!" thought I, as that happy group passed by to the inn; while more discontented and jealous than ever, and cursing my folly in thus riding out upon so fruitless an errand, I hastened to the stable, and watching the moment when my horse had finished his feed, I ordered him to be saddled, and hurried back to Genoa.

The devil was now fairly roused in my heart, and opportunity alone was wanting to pick a quarrel with Savona. That, too, was nearer at hand than I imagined—for that very night, while strolling near the Palazzo Soria, in the hope of catching a glimpse of Ernesta, who should come by that my rival! It was the custom in those days for gentlemen to wear their swords wherever they went, and unfortunately for us on this occasion, we were both armed. It is easy enough to pick a quarrel even from the merest trifle, for such indeed was it upon this occasion. As we were about to pass each other, the count—though it was not his side of the street—was preparing to take the wall of me, which I saw, and as quickly moved up to prevent it.

"Ha, sirrah! what mean you by this?" he said; "do you wish me to teach you your duty to your superiors?"

This was more than I could endure, and hastily drawing my sword, bid him defend himself.

The moon was shining brightly at the time, and glittered with a treacherous lustre upon the polished steel of our weapons; the clashing of our rapiers too, had drawn some people to the windows, and on the balcony of the Soria Palace stood the fair form of Ernesta.

The glance, however, which discovered her to me was but momentary, for my adversary gave me ample employment in warding off his thrusts. It became at length my turn to press him, and failing to parry a thrust which I angled at him, my sword pierced through his heart—a groan was all he uttered, when he fell upon the pavement.

I cannot describe to you how I felt at that moment; every particle of hatred, jealousy and revenge seemed to have left me; a film came over my eyes, and a dreamy unconsciousness seemed to paralyse every action; how long I remained in this state I know not, but it could not have been long, for a shriek—the wildest I ever heard—methinks I hear it this very moment—woke me from the stupor; I looked up just in time to see the form of Ernesta borne fainting from the balcony in the arms of her father. I turned to the corpse, the moon was shining full upon it, and by that light I saw something glittering on his breast; as if knowing what it was, I stooped down and snatched it hastily away, it was a locket with her miniature, which had escaped from its place in the confusion of the fray; eagerly did I seize it and quickly did I conceal the treasure which, to this day, has never left its place upon my heart.

People had assembled around us, and many a voice bade me fly, while no one put forth a hand to seize me. There was a church of the Capuchins near the spot, and thither, warned by those voices and impelled by my fears, I fled. The altar was then a sanctuary for the shedder of blood, whence the hand of the avenger was not permitted to remove him. The excitement in which I had been living for so many weeks needed but this last misfortune to lay me upon a bed of sickness, and thankful ought I ever to be for that merciful visitation.

During the fever that attacked me, everything was done by the kind monks to relieve and comfort me, and it could not be wondered at if the desire to lead their quiet and peaceful life should present itself with peculiar recommendation to one who, like myself, had little left in

the world to regret, and much to reform and repent of. I was now told by the monks of a circumstance which had happened at the commencement of my illness, and which, in consideration of my affliction, they had kept from my knowledge. It appeared that a few hours after the fatal encounter with Savona, his brother and several of his brethren came to the convent, and violently urged that I should be delivered up to their vengeance. At the risk of their displeasure, and perhaps even of more serious consequences, the abbot refused to comply, urging the antiquity and the inviolable observance of the refuge of the church. This still further confirmed my resolution—not that I feared their vengeance, for I had become indifferent to consequences—but the desire to atone for the past, and to make my peace with the world urged me forward. I now intimated to the abbot my desire of joining their society, and mentioned the motives for so doing. He approved the resolution, at the same time advising me to quit Genoa for a season and pass the period of my novitiate at this convent. Thus was everything put in train for the accomplishment of my desire, and nothing remained for me to do but to seek a reconciliation with the relatives of Savona. Through the intercession of the abbot an interview was agreed upon, and it was arranged that on the morrow I was to repair to the house of the count's brother and there publicly sue for pardon.

You may well imagine how mortifying such a proceeding must have been to my natural disposition; and how completely I was changed thus to submit to it. Well, the hour of my trial came, and there, in the midst of a room filled with the relatives and friends of the slain, did I kneel to the brother for pardon!

It seemed a harder struggle on his part to grant than it was even on mine to seek that pardon; but his vengeance was satisfied, and raising me from my knees, he embraced me in token of forgiveness. "I am satisfied," he exclaimed, "and though you cannot repair the injury, you have done all in your power to atone for it; and now before you depart let me pray you to eat at my table."

"The vows," said I, "which I am about to make, must be the excuse if I refuse to partake of your bounty in this house; but if you will bestow a loaf of bread upon me, and suffer me to depart, I will eat it in token of your reconciliation." "Be it so then," he replied, "and peace be with you."

The loaf was given me and I departed; that very hour I set out from Genoa, and came hither on foot; that loaf served for the first meal on the road, and never did bread taste to me sweeter than did that loaf of reconciliation.

My tale is told; may it be a warning to you my son, in your days of youth to shun the vices which are productive of misery at the time, and entail upon our after years the miserable burden of remorse.

## IT SNOWS.

"It snows!" cries the school boy—"hurrah," and his shout  
Is rushing through parlor and hall,  
While swift as the wing of the swallow he's out

And his playmates have answered his call;  
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—  
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,  
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,

As he gathers his treasure of snow;  
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,  
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the imbecile—"Ah," and his breath

Comes heavy, as if clogged by a weight;  
While from the pale aspect of nature is death,  
He turns to the blaze of the grate;  
And nearer and nearer his soft cushioned chair  
Is wheeled to 'ard the life-giving flame—  
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,  
When we fear we shall die, only proves that  
we live.

"It snows!" cries the traveller—"Ho," and the word  
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;  
The wind rushes by and its howl is unheard—  
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;  
For bright through the tempest his own home  
appeared;

Ay, though leagues intervene he can see,  
There's the clear glowing hearth and the table  
prepared;  
And his wife with her babes on her knee;  
Bless'd thought! how it lightens the grief laden  
hour,  
That those we love dearest are safe from his  
power.

"It snows!" cries the belle—"Dear, how lucky," and turns  
From her mirror to see the flakes fall;  
Like the first rose of summer her dimple cheek  
burns

With musing on sleigh ride and ball;  
There are visions of conquest, of splendor and  
mirth,  
Floating over each drear winter's day;  
But the tidings of hope on the snow beaten  
earth,  
Will melt like the snow flakes away;  
Then, turn thee to knowledge, fair maiden, for  
bliss—  
The treasures of earth are all fleeting but this.

"It snows!" cries the widow—"Oh God!" and  
her sighs  
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;  
It's burdens ye'll read in her tear swollen eye,  
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care,  
'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread—  
But "He gives the young ravens their food."

And she trusts till her dark breath adds horror to  
dread

And she lays on her last chip of wood,  
Poorsufferer, that sorrow thy God only knows,  
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.  
MRS. S. J. HALE.

## New Works.

From Ned Myers; or, a Life before the Mast.  
Written by J. Fennimore Cooper.

## THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

"As soon as we got partique, Mailet, Barret and myself, went up to town to look after our affairs, leaving the brig below. The owners gave us thirty dollars each, to begin upon. We ascertained that our landlord had received our wages from Government, and held it ready for us, sailor fashion. I also sold my share in the Venus' voyage for one hundred and twenty dollars. This gave me, in all, about five hundred dollars; which money lasted me between five and six weeks. How true is it that "sailors make their money like horses, and spend it like asses!" I cannot say this prodigal waste of my means afforded me any substantial gratification. I have experienced more real pleasure from one day passed in a way of which my conscience could approve, than from all the loose and thoughtless follies, in which I was then in the habit of indulging when on shore, of a whole life. The manner in which this hard earned gold was thrown away, may serve to warn some brother tar of the dangers that beset me, and let the reader understand the real wants of so large a body of his fellow creatures. On turning out in the morning I felt an approach to that which seamen call the "horror," and continued in this state until I had swallowed several glasses of rum. I had no appetite for breakfast, and life was sustained principally by drink. Half of the time I ate no dinner, and when I did it was almost drowned in grog. Occasionally I drove out in a coach or a gig, and generally had something extra to pay for damages. One of these cruises cost me forty dollars and I shall always think I was given a horse that sailed crab fashion, on purpose to do me out of the money. At night I generally went to the play, and felt bound to treat the landlord and his family to tickets and refreshments. We always had a coach to go in and it was a reasonable night that cost me only ten dollars. At first, I was a sort of "king among beggars"; but as the money went, Ned's importance went with it, until, one day, the virtuous landlord intimated to me that it would be well, as I happened to be sober, to overhaul our accounts. He then began to read from his books, two dollars for this, twenty dollars for that, and thirty for the other, until I was soon tired, and wanted to know how much was left. I still had fifty dollars, even according to his account of the matter; and as that might last a week with good management, I wanted to hear no more about the items."

## AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR IN DISTRESS.

"When near the chops of the channel, by a light southerly wind, we made a haul over board, that came up with us hand over hand. She went nearly two feet to our one, the barilla pressing the Sterling down into the water, and making her very dull, more especially in light airs. When the strangers got near enough we saw that he was pumping, the water running out of the scuppers in a constant stream. He was several hours in sight, the whole time pumping. This ship passed within a cable's length of us, without taking any more notice of us than if we had been a mile stone. She was an English two decker, and we could distinguish the features of her men, as they stood in the waist, apparently taking breath after their trial at the pumps. We never knew the name of this ship, but there was something proud and stately in her manner of passing us, in her dress, without so much as a hail. It is true we could do her no good, and her object, doubtless was to get into dock as soon as possible. Some thought she had been in action, and was going home to repair damages that could not be remedied at sea."

## THE SCHOONER IN A STORM.

The schooner was under her mainsail, jib, and foretop sail. The fore-sail was brailled, and the foot stopped, and the flying jib was stowed. None of the halyards were racked, nor sheets stoppered. This was a precaution we always took, on account of the craft's being so tender. We first spliced the main brace, and then got our suppers, eating between the guns, where we generally messed indeed. As all hands were pretty well tired, and soon went with our heads on shot boxes, and soon went to sleep. I was soon asleep, as sound as if lying on the bed of a king. How long my nap lasted, and what took place in the interval, I cannot say. I awoke, however, in consequence of large drops of rain falling in my face. Tom Goldsmith woke at the same moment. When I opened my eyes, it was so dark I could not see the length of the deck. I arose and spoke to Tom, telling him it was about to rain, and that I meant to go down and get a nip, and that I little meant to bring up the bottle if he wanted a taste. Tom answered, "This is nothing; we are neither pepper nor salt." One of the botmen spoke, and asked me to bring up the bottle, and give him a nip too. All this took half a minute, perhaps. I now remember to windward, I heard a strange rushing sound to windward, though I went towards the forward hatch, though it made no impression on me at the time. We had been lying between the starboard guns, which was the weather side of the vessel, and there were any weather side to it, there not being a breath of air, and no motion to the water; and I passed round to the larboard side in order to find the ladder which led up in that