

Literature, &c.

The American Magazines
FOR SEPTEMBER.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER IN ILLNESS
"Yea, take them first, my Father; let my
dovesFold their white wings in Heaven, safe on thy
breast,

Ere I am called away!—I dare not leave

Their young hearts here—their innocent,
thoughtless hearts!

See, how the shadowy train of future ills

Comes sweeping down life's vista as I gaze!

My May, my careless, ardent-tempered May,

My frank and frolic child, in whose blue eyes

Wild joy and passionate woe alternate rise;

Whose cheek the morning in her soul illumines;

Whose little loving heart a word, a glance,

Can sway to grief or glee; who leaves her play,

And puts up her sweet mouth and dimpled arms

Each moment for a kiss, and softly asks

With her clear, flute-like voice, 'Do you love
me?'

Ah, let me stay—ah, let me still be by,

To answer her, and meet her warm caress!

For, I away, how oft in this rough world

That earnest question will be asked in vain!

How oft that eager, passionate, petted heart,

Will shrink abashed and chilled, to learn at

length

The hateful, withering lesson of distrust!

Ah! let her nestle still upon this breast,

In which each shade that dims her darling face

Is felt and answered, as the lake reflects

The clouds that cross yon smiling heaven.

And thou,

My modest Ellen—tender, thoughtful, true,

Thy soul attuned to all sweet harmonies—

My pure, proud, noble Ellen, with thy gifts

Of genius, grace, and loveliness, half hidden

'Neath the soft veil of innate modesty,

How will the world's wild discord reach thy

heart

To startle and appal! Thy generous scorn

Of all things base and mean thy quick, keen

taste,

Dainty and delicate; thy instinctive fear

Of those unworthy of a soul so pure;

Thy rare, unchildlike dignity of mien—

All, they will all bring pain to thee, my child.

And, oh! if even this grace and goodness meet

Cold looks and careless greetings, how will all

The latent evil yet undisciplined

In their young, timid souls, forgiveness find—

Forgiveness and forbearance, and soft chidings,

Which I, their mother, learned of Love to

give?

Ah, let me stay—albeit my heart is weary,

Weary and worn, tired of its own sad beat

Which finds no echo in this busy world,

Which cannot pause to answer—tired alike

Of joy and sorrow, of the day and night.

Ah, take them first, my Father, and then me!

And for their sakes—for their sweet sakes, my

Father,

Let me find rest beside them, at thy feet!"

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

From Graham's Magazine.

ELIZABETH FENWICK.

BY R. K. WILLISTON.

It was early in the year 1639 that a sorrowful group had gathered round the dying bed of a young and lovely woman, in a fine old mansion in England. She was the wife of George Fenwick, who was about to leave the fair heritage of his fathers, to lead a band of his countrymen to an asylum from religious intolerance and civil oppression, in the New World. Mary Fenwick had sustained her husband under all the discouragements attendant upon his enterprise. She had been ready for his sake, and for the sake of the sacred cause in which he had engaged, to leave all else that had been dear to her youth; and she was almost on the eve of departure to the New World, when she was summoned, by sudden and fatal illness, to the spirit-land. She feared not to die, but her heart clung to her husband and her children, and she would fain have lingered on the earth that her care might be over them. That wish was vain, for even then the hand of death was upon her, and she was bidding a last farewell to those loved ones.

'I fear not to die, my dear husband,' she said, 'for my trust is in God; but I sorrow much to leave you to go alone, with our tender children into the wilderness.'

Elizabeth, the only sister of George Fenwick, impelled by a sudden impulse, knelt by the bed-side of the departing one, and exclaimed—

'Hear me, my sister—and may it give comfort to you in your last moments—while I promise, in the sight of that Heaven which you are so soon to enter, that I will go with my orphans and your children to the land of their pilgrimage, and so far as my own care can

supply to them the place of your watchful love, shall that care be given to those beloved ones.'

A smile passed over the face of the dying one—a look of thankful emotion—and she was at rest.

Elizabeth Fenwick rose from her knees with a sense of the ruin which her vow to the dead had brought upon the cherished hopes of her youth, added to the desolation of bereavement. She turned and met the reproachful gaze of her affianced husband, and the next moment she was weeping upon his bosom. She was betrothed at a very early age, to Sir Everard Morton, with the full approval of both their parents. Indeed, their union had been a favorite project with their fathers; even in their childhood. As they grew up they sanctioned the choice of their parents by a mutual attachment, which had grown and twined around them until it seemed interwoven with their existence. Both were now fatherless—and George Fenwick had been both as parent and brother to Elizabeth. Painful as was the anticipation of parting with this dear brother, she had never for a moment thought of swerving from her engagement to Everard to accompany him, until, moved by a sudden impulse, she had made her promise to her dying sister.

The funeral of Mary Fenwick was over, and she was laid to rest in the tomb of her husband's ancestors. The heart of Elizabeth Fenwick was torn by conflicting emotions. On the one side was her affianced husband importuning her to abandon the thought of accompanying her brother into his exile. On the other was that much loved brother going forth from the land of his fathers, with his three young children, uncared for by a mother's love—mourning the loss of the wife who would have made his home happy, even though that home was but a hut in the wilderness. On the one hand was the plighted faith and the deep affection of many years—on the other, an affection unlike, but enduring as her life, and a solemn vow made to the departed. Her brother did not claim its fulfillment, but desired that her marriage should take place before his departure, as it had been first appointed. For himself, he could not now abandon the enterprise, even had his inclination prompted him to do so, for his word was pledged to lead the pilgrims to their asylum in the New World, and he was a patentee of the territory where that asylum was to be found. But vain were the remonstrances of her brother, and the importunities of Sir Everard Morton. Elizabeth felt that she might not draw back from the fulfillment of her vow and be guiltless that however painful to her heart it might be, she must not falter.

'Urge me not, dear Everard,' she said, 'from what I feel to be my duty—and forgive me that, in that moment of sorrowful excitement, I remembered not that my vow to my dying sister clashed with my plighted faith to you. But take hope, my beloved—we may yet be united in happiness in our native land. Circumstances may occur which will leave my brother free to return; and you know that we do not relinquish the right to our ancestral estate, but leave it in trust in the hands of others, to be resumed at pleasure. We may yet return to the home of our fathers.'

'There is no hope to me, Elizabeth—nothing but misery before me. If you go forth to the New World, I feel that we shall be forever separated. Perhaps, when so far distant, you may forget me for a nearer lover. There are gentlemen of noble birth and courtly bearing in your band, and among them is young Huntington, who has long loved you, though in silence, almost to idolatry. And you may embrace the faith of the Puritans, and feel your vows cancelled to one who is not of them.'

'Pain me not, by doubting my truth,' replied Elizabeth. 'Should the faith of the pilgrims become mine, it shall not separate us. I will never be the wife of another.'

Surely man loves not as woman does. Everard Morton thought not of leaving his fair inheritance that he might accompany his betrothed bride. He had loved her as one who was to adorn and beautify his prosperous fortune—not as one for whom he could give up all else, and count it happiness. Had duty called him to give up all the advantages of his lot, and go forth to the wildest and most distant land, she would have gone with him with a cheerful heart.

Amidst many prayers and blessings that pilgrim vessel was launched forth upon the ocean. Long and weary was the voyage, and with joyful hearts they attained the haven of their rest. It was a pleasant location, at the mouth of the Connecticut river; and here they immediately erected their dwellings. They were rude, indeed, compared with the mansions which many of them had left in England; but they felt that they were the homes of freedom, and they entered them with the hope that at no distant day they would give place to those more befitting to their early station. A fort had been previously erected, and to the fort and settlement were given the united names of two distinguished noblemen of their faith—the Lord Say and the Lord Brook.

George Fenwick, when wearied with the cares and perplexities of his office, he returned to his home, felt that he had cause to bless the self-sacrificing devotion of the sister who made that home pleasant and cheerful, and gathered his children in happiness around him. But when, as time passed on, he saw her cheek fading, and knew that though for his sake she strove to appear cheerful and happy, sorrow was preying at her heart, he reproached himself that he did not forbid her accompanying him, and sacrificing her hopes of individual happiness. Once only had she heard from her lover. A vessel had come, laden with accessions of emigrants and stores for the colony, and by it

she had received a letter from him. It was written in great sorrow and bitterness of spirit, and added much to her previous unhappiness. Everard was constantly present to her mind, and she mourned in secret for his wretchedness.

A year had thus passed by since she left her native land. And where, then, was Sir Everard Morton? One of the gayest of the gay cavaliers of the court of Henrietta of France, and the husband of one of the most frivolous and heartless ladies who graced the court by her beauty.

One short year had wrought this change! After accompanying the Fenwicks to the place of their embarkation, and watching the receding vessel until it was no longer discernible, he returned with a heavy heart to his estate. After a few sad and weary months spent upon it, he felt that he could endure its loneliness no longer, and sought the court of his sovereign, that he might find relief in its society. In mingling in the festive throng, he had heard—what was meant for other ears than his own—himself alluded to as the deserted bridegroom, and a feeling of resentment for the first time arose in his heart against Elizabeth.

There was one lady of the court who, charmed by the graces of his person—for in gallant bearing and personal endowments he excelled—and still more by the reputation of his large estate, resolved that, could her attractions win him, he should not long be a 'deserted bridegroom.' Gifted with uncommon beauty, and with every fascination of manner, she succeeded, and became his bride.

And was Elizabeth Fenwick forgotten? No! Her form arose before him even at the altar where he was plighting his vows to another. The thought of her was with him continually, and when he learned ere long the frivolity, the heartlessness, the utter disregard of his wishes by her he called his wife, he felt that Elizabeth was indeed avenged.

Lagging as were the voyages of those days, the tidings of Everard's marriage came fleetly enough to the heart from which they were to crush out all youthfulness, and hope, and buoyancy forever. So trusting had been the nature of Elizabeth, that a moment's doubt of his constancy had never found place in her mind. It came to her like a thunder shock—that she was forgotten, and forgotten for one who in moral worth, and mental endowments, and in all save the fleeting charm of personal beauty, was infinitely her inferior. She felt that her own happiness had perished, but she the more earnestly sought the happiness of those around her. No casual observer, who witnessed her in the cheerful performance of every duty, would have suspected the desolation of heart which that apparent cheerfulness concealed. But the solitude of her chamber, and the silence of the night-watches, witnessed the tearful agony that was covered from the world. Her brother, in the bitterness of his self-reproach, expressed his sorrow that he had suffered her to accompany him, but she assured him she thought it far better to be undeceived than still to have loved and trusted unworthily, and requested him never to name the subject to her again. Her engagement had been publicly known in England, and, as many of the colonists were from the same section, it was consequently known to them. When the marriage of Sir Everard Morton became known in the colony, Edward Huntington hoped that the affection he had so long cherished might not be in vain. His principles were too honorable to allow him to speak of affection to the affianced bride of another, but he now hoped that as Elizabeth was freed by Morton's perfidy from her faith to him, she might in time return the regard that he had so long secretly cherished for her, and become his wife. But his hopes were fallacious. Elizabeth knew that he was indeed more worthy of her affections than he upon whom their wealth had been lavished, but she could neither love again, nor give her hand in a heartless marriage.

More than ten years had passed by since the settlement of the colonists at Saybrook—years of mingled trial and prosperity. And changes great and strange had those years made in their native land. The sovereign whose oppression had driven them forth had perished upon the scaffold, and his gay and beautiful queen had found an asylum in another land. It was not long after these events that a stranger arrived at Saybrook, accompanied by a daughter of some seven or eight years. The stranger was Sir Everard Morton. He had borne no part in the civil strife that had convulsed his country, but had remained in retirement upon his own estate. He disapproved too much of the oppressive acts of his sovereign to take up arms in his defence, and still was withheld by feelings of personal attachment from raising his hand against him. His wife had mourned unceasingly for the lost gayeties of the court, where her world had centred, and with her he had never known domestic happiness. She had been some time dead, and he had come to seek to win the hand, and the affections, which he had once so recklessly cast from him. He found Elizabeth changed from the glad and buoyant being to whom his faith was plighted long years ago in England—changed, indeed, but as he thought far more lovely. Her fair face had lost the bloom which it then wore, but in its place was an expression of deep and holy interest, which in the light-hearted days of her early youth it had never known. She received him with kindness, as one whom she had known in her native land, but without emotion. He spoke of the hopes that had led him thither, and entreated her forgiveness of the past.

She replied, 'I have long since forgiven you, Everard, but think not to again awaken my affections, or to win me to a loveless marriage. I once loved you with all the trusting devotion

of an ardent and enthusiastic nature—you cast that affection from you and became the husband of another. All the pride of my heart was roused to conceal my anguish, and to conquer the misplaced attachment that had caused it. I folded my wrongs and sufferings within my own heart. I at last overcame all regard, and affection for one whom to love longer were a crime, but in the conflict my whole nature has changed—I can never love again.'

Sir Everard Morton left the presence of Elizabeth a disappointed and remorseful man, but never in their happy youth had she been dear to him as in that bitter hour. He still lingered in Saybrook, that he might be near her, (and as he had long since embraced the faith for which they were exiles, he was welcomed by the colonists as a brother,) and when, not many months after, he was laid low by a fatal illness, he committed his child to Elizabeth in full confidence that she would tenderly care for his welfare. Her hand wiped the death damps from his brow, and his last look was upon her.

Time passed on, and youth had faded from the fair sad face of Elizabeth Fenwick. The children of her adoption had grown up around her to manhood and womanhood. One great sorrow had fallen upon them. The loved brother and father was no more.

He had been led by business to return to England. His sister declined accompanying him, preferring to remain in their home with her young charge. She had no longer any wish to return to the land to which her heart had turned with such yearning during the first year of her residence in America. Mr Fenwick died in England, and was laid beside the wife of his youth in the tomb of his ancestors.

The young Clara Morton had grown up with all her mother's remarkable beauty. Under the careful training of Elizabeth she had been prepared for what her mother was not—to make her home happy amidst the sober realities of life. Her mother had loved only its gala days and pageantry. And did Elizabeth love this child of her adoption no better than if she had been the child of a stranger committed to her care? Her own heart answered yes. And this affection was returned as by the love of a child to a mother. A broad domain was Clara's inheritance in her native land, but she had no wish to return to it while that return would separate her from her adopted mother. Ere her foster mother passed away from the earth, Clara became the wife of young Edward Fenwick. Elizabeth had long looked forward hopefully to the grave as the bourne where her weary heart would find rest, and from which she should pass to the happiness for which her soul thirsted. She was laid in it ere the meridian of her life was hardly passed by, and there were many, very many, who there mourned a beloved and devoted friend in ELIZABETH FENWICK.

From the New York American Review.

PAUL JONES.

REVIEW OF HIS LIFE BY T. J. HEADLEY.

Mr. Mackenzie, in the work before us, has given a full and interesting account of the life of Paul Jones. * * * The life of the man who first hoisted the American flag on the ocean, and bore it triumphantly over the waves, should be within the reach of every citizen.

John Paul was born July 6, 1747, in Kirkcubright, Leith, Scotland, and was the son of a poor gardener, on the estate of Arbigland. The name of Jones was entirely assumed, the 'for what purpose is not stated; it was probably affixed to render him unknown to his friends in Scotland, who might regard him as a traitor if they knew he was fighting against his country. At all events, he rendered his new name immortal, and the real name, John Paul, is sunk in that of Paul Jones. By a large class of men Paul Jones is regarded as a sort of Freebooter turned patriot—an adventurer to whom the American war was a Godsend, in that it kept him from being a pirate. But nothing can be farther from the truth. He was an adventurer, it is true, as all men are who are compelled to make their own fortunes in the world, and had all the boldness and rashness which are necessary to success in military life. Born by the sea shore where the tide heaves up the Solway—living on a promontory whose abrupt sides allowed vessels to approach almost against the shore—surrounded by romantic scenery, and with the words of sea-faring men constantly ringing in his ear, he naturally, at an early age abandoned his employment as gardener, and became a sailor. Independent of the associations in which he was placed, leading to such a course of life, he was of that poetic, romantic temperament which always builds gorgeous structures in the future. No boy, with a fancy like that of Paul Jones, could be content to live the hum-drum life of a gardener's son. To him this great world presents too wide a field, and opens too many avenues to fame, to be lightly abandoned, and he launches forth with a strong arm and a resolute spirit to hew his way among his fellows.

Paul was but twelve or fourteen years of age when he was received as a sailor on board the ship Friendship, bound to Rappahannock, Virginia. Thus early were his footsteps directed towards our shores, and his whole future career shaped by it. The young sailor, by his skill and industry, was soon promoted to the rank of third mate, second mate, first mate, supercargo, and finally captain. Thus he continued roaming the sea till he was twenty-six years of age, when a brother of his, a Virginia planter, having died intestate, without children, he took charge of the estate for the family, and spent two years on land.

In 1775, when the American Revolution broke out, the young Scotchman commenced—