

## Literature, &amp;c.

The American Magazines  
FOR JUNE.

From Graham's Magazine.

## SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ALL within and without me

Feel a melancholy thrill,  
And the darkness hangs about me,  
Oh, how still!To my feet the river glideth,  
Through the shadow, sullen, dark,  
On the stream the white moon rideth  
Like a bark:And the linden leans above me,  
Till I think some things there be  
In this dreary world that love me,  
Even me.Gentle flowers are springing near me,  
Shedding sweetest breath around;  
Countless voices rise to cheer me  
From the ground:And the love-bird comes—I hear it,  
In the tall and windy pine,  
Pour the sadness of its spirit  
Into mine;There it swings and sings above me,  
Till I think some things there be  
In this dreary world that love me,  
Even me.Now the moon hath floated to me,  
On the stream I see it sway  
Swinging boat-like as 'twould woo me  
Far away:And the stars bend from the azure,  
I could reach them where I lie,  
And they whisper all the pleasure  
Of the sky:There they hang and smile above me,  
Till I think some things there be  
In the very heavens that love me,  
Even me.Now when flows the tide of even,  
Like a solemn river, slow,  
Gentle eyes akin to heaven  
On me glow;Loving eyes that tell their story,  
Speaking to my heart of hearts;  
But I sigh, 'a thing of glory  
Soon departs.'Yet when Mary fades above me,  
I must think that there will be  
One thing more in heaven to love me,  
Even me.

From the same.

## PRIDE AND PIQUE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

'I CAN endure this state of things no longer,' said Harry Austin to himself, as he closed the door of his office behind him, and proceeded up the street, with the firm step of one who has taken a decided resolution, and intends carrying it speedily into effect.

The day was a lovely one, the streets were crowded with the gay and the fashionable, but Harry, intent upon his own thoughts, scarcely saw the smiles and bows with which many a blooming face greeted him as he passed, and a short walk brought him to the house it was his object to reach.

'Miss Harcourt is at home, sir,' said the servant, and in a moment Harry entered the handsome parlor where the beautiful Georgiana Harcourt was engaged with some other morning visitors. A casual observer could not have told by her reception of the gentleman whether his presence was acceptable or not. It was quiet and well bred—nothing more—though Harry detected the slight blush and the quickened breathing with which she continued the conversation his entrance had interrupted, and this more than made amends to him for the very small part he was called upon to take in it. He sat, therefore, little heeding the common-places which were poured forth thick and fast by the different members of the circle, and gazed silently upon the lovely face of the daughter of the master of the house, until the rest had paid their parting compliments, and the lovers—for such they were, at last alone.

But it was not only to a lover's eye that Georgiana Harcourt was beautiful. As she stood in the centre of the room, bowing to her departing guests, her tall and commanding form reflected at full length in the mirror behind her, and the rich glow cast by the crimson curtains adding a still deeper hue to the coloring on her cheek, her large dark eyes sparkling with animation, and her lovely mouth wreathed with smiles, you could not wonder at the exclamation that involuntarily broke from the lips of a rival belle—addressed to one she was intent on captivating—'Is she not a glorious creature?'

'Yes,' was the answer; 'a glorious creature, indeed—but too proud, too imperious looking, for my ideas of female loveliness—too much of the Juno about her—ah! Miss Grey?'

But we must return to the lovers, who by this time were seated side by side upon the sofa, Georgiana's face still bright with happiness—that of her lover clouded with anxiety.

'Georgiana,' he said, 'I have come to make a last effort to induce you to consent that I should speak with your father. I have yielded too long already to your wishes in keeping our engagement secret. It is equally repugnant both to my principles and to my feelings to be acting the part you impose upon me—that of a clandestine lover, who can snatch but a stolen interview, and day after day is obliged to behold the smiles that are his only, lavished upon every one rather than himself.'

'Ah, Harry, you are jealous this morning, I know you are,' said Georgiana, laughing,—'and of such a person too! Only be quiet now, that is a good boy, and I will promise not to flirt with Mr Bostwick for a month at least.' She added then more gravely—'Can't you see I only do it for a blind?'

'But I do not see the use of having any blind, any subterfuge, in such an affair as this. Why not let all be fair and open? Your father surely can have no reasonable objections to our engagement. My family is good, my character is unexceptionable, and though not rich, I surely have as fair prospects as most young men.'

'Harry, you do not know my father! His whole soul is set upon wealth—his whole life has been devoted to its pursuit, and his whole heart is set upon my marrying one as wealthy as himself.'

'In other words, Mr Bostwick,' Georgiana was silent. 'And knowing this you second his intentions, as you did last night,' said Harry, gravely, 'and if true to me, would wilfully blight the happiness of another? Oh, Georgiana, you almost madden me!'

Georgiana clapped her hands and laughed heartily. 'Oh, what an actor you would make, playing the jealous lover to such perfection! I blight Mr Bostwick's happiness! No, no, Harry—his happiness could only be blighted by setting fire to his houses, devastating his farms, or depreciating his stocks. You are indeed paying me a compliment in supposing I could work such a wonder as that.'

'Dear Georgiana, let us be serious—and Henry took her hand, and with his whole soul beaming in his handsome face, said, 'Listen to me, my beloved. For the four months that have passed since we plighted our faith at Newport, I have yielded implicitly to your will. With all my reverence for truth, I have been acting falsely—with all my abhorrence of deceit, I have stooped to meanness and subterfuge—and what is worse even than that, have seen you debase your noble nature by the same disguises. And to what end? The truth must out at last—years must pass before I can hope for wealth—are we to go on plunging deeper and deeper into the tortuous paths we are now treading, the great business of our lives being to conceal the feelings in which we glory, and to deceive those we are bound to honor? I can scarcely look your parents in the face without a feeling of conscious guilt, knowing as I do that I have stolen their daughter's heart, while they still believe it free and unfettered. I can endure this state of things no longer, and this day I have determined I will tell your father all.'

'And without my consent!' said Georgiana, her face blushing with indignation.

'Nay, dearest, I hope with your free consent and co-operation. Your father loves you, and if you tell him, as you have so often told me, Georgiana, that your whole heart is mine, he cannot be so cruel as to separate us.'

'But he can—he will.'

'What then is to be done? Disgrace ourselves by an elopement, without even an effort to gain your father's favor? Commence our wedded life by trampling on our highest duties? No, Georgiana, be that far from either of us. I have acted weakly enough in this matter, but wickedly I will not act, so help me Heaven!'

'Trust all to time and secrecy,' said Georgiana.

'Better trust all to time, and truth?' replied her lover. 'Even supposing your father to frown at first, he might gradually be won over to look upon my suit with favor. I cannot think so unworthily either of him or myself as to suppose that impossible.'

'I assure you again it is impossible, and insist upon your silence.'

'Insist! Georgiana—after I have sold you the misery it inflicts upon me?'

'Yes, I insist on it,' said Georgiana angrily, and did you love me half as much as you say, you would bear much more for my sake. I am a better judge in this case than you can be, and no power on earth will induce me to yield my wishes to such ridiculous scruples.'

'Georgiana!' exclaimed her lover, in a tone that might have softened a heart less imperious than her own—'My abhorrence of falsehood a ridiculous scruple? Oh! how have I mistake you!'

'We have each mistaken the other, it appears,' said the lady haughtily, 'and the sooner our mistakes are rectified the better for us both. I am no weak girl to be led wherever a hot-headed, domineering man chooses to take me; and your affection is worth but little if you are willing to sacrifice nothing to it.'

'Oh, Georgiana! I cannot sacrifice truth and honor even to you! Blinded by my mad, my idolatrous passion for you, I have suffered it to lead me—'

'Nay,' interrupted Georgiana, now highly irritated, 'do not mock me with your professions of passion—sincere affection is proved by

deeds, not by words. Say, rather, I love you, but I love my own way better. Or, perhaps, you love still better than all, the rich portion my father will bestow on his obedient daughter—and would scarce be content to marry me without it—it is well I understand you at last,' and the proud beauty burst into a flood of angry tears.

'Do you really mean what you say, Georgiana!' said her lover, pale with agitation—'Has it indeed come to this? do you really doubt my affection, proved, God knows, by the most blind submission that ever man paid to the caprice of woman, and now believe me mercenary?'

Georgiana vouchsafed no reply, but sat sobbing in the corner of the sofa. Harry rose and stood before her. 'Unsay those cruel words—Unsay those cruel words—do you believe me the hear less mercenary being you describe? Must we indeed part thus?' Still no answer, and Harry, after a few more vain entreaties that she would break her stubborn silence, rushed madly from the house.

A few moments afterward, Georgiana ran up to her chamber, where she used such successful efforts to remove the traces of her tears, that by the time she was called to join the family at dinner, she was as calm and cheerful as though nothing had occurred to agitate her.

Georgiana Harcourt was a spoiled beauty, vain, passionate, and impatient of control. Her mother, a weak woman, had indulged her to the utmost point to which her power of indulgence extended—but that power was a limited one. Mr Harcourt, from whom his daughter inherited her pride and wilfulness, was absolute master in his own house, and nothing but the most perfect subservience to his will could ensue domestic harmony. His wife, early taught the hard lesson of a blind submission had in some degree indemnified herself for this sacrifice of what—let the champions of the sex say what they may—every woman dearly loves, by striving to compass her ends by the less honorable, but in this case more successful means, of cunning and double dealing; and frequently, while to the worthy husband all seemed smoothly sailing under his own guidance, his wife, by taking advantage of an under current, landed him exactly where she wished. But it was only in small matters that this was ventured upon. Mrs Harcourt's mind was a small one, and in little triumphs her soul delighted. Her daughter, with more intellect than herself, a stronger will and more irritable temper, worked with the same weapons most successfully upon both parents, and had thus ensured to herself a liberty of action few would believe possessed by the daughter of the stern, uncompromising, opinionated Mr Harcourt.

Still Georgiana held her father greatly in awe. She knew that he loved her but it was in his own way; his love was not in the least demonstrative, nor would it lead him to sacrifice one cherished notion to her happiness. But he was proud of her—of her beauty, her talents, of the admiration she excited, and last though not least, of the prospect through her of adding to the wealth it was the great object of his life to amass for his descendant. Three other children between the eldest of whom and Georgiana there was a considerable difference in age, confined Mrs Harcourt a good deal to her nursery, and Georgiana had therefore been able for several months to receive the visits of her lover, to whom she had engaged herself during her absence from parental surveillance, at an hour when she knew the occupations of both would prevent their observing upon their frequency.

Ever since this engagement had been contracted, Harry Austin, to whom, as we have seen, the very thought of pursuing a devious path was abhorrent, had been urging upon the woman whose beauty and apparent worth had gained his warmest affections, the necessity of revealing its existence to her parents. But this step Georgiana could not be induced to take. She knew her father had set his heart upon a wealthier suitor; she knew, too, that this was a matter in which her mother fully sympathized with him, and even if she had not, it was one in which she would not dare to oppose his will; she had therefore drawn her lover on day after day, hoping, hoping, as she said, that something might turn up that would be more favorable to his suit. What this 'something' was Harry vainly essayed to discover. With the exception of a very small patrimony, he was entirely dependent upon his own talents and industry for his support. He had no rich relations who could possibly die and leave him a fortune, and he saw no other end to his clandestine courtship than in the open and manly avowal of his wishes to Mr Harcourt, whom he knew to be a strictly honorable man, and one whose prejudices against him, if such existed, might be hoped in time to overcome.

In addition to his other trials, Harry had the almost nightly misery of beholding the object of his affection receiving the devotion of others, while he was prevented paying her more than the commonest civilities, and while he, who, though noble, was like most strong characters rather impetuous, was gnashing his teeth with jealousy, and suffering a species of martyrdom that instead of glory brought humiliation as its reward, she was really enjoying the adulation that was offered her, and doing her best to attract it.

We can scarcely say to what Georgiana looked forward as the termination of her engagement. She had a vague idea that she could in some way get round her father, but how she had scarcely thought. Then there was something so delightful in carrying on a secret affair; indeed, a clandestine marriage would not in any degree have disturbed her ideas of filial duty, and the horror expressed by

Harry at the thought of it, had been no slight mortification to her vanity. She also loved dearly to feel her power. To see a strong man restive under a galling chain her will had imposed on him was a real satisfaction to her—and fully determined always to govern him, she had no idea it should be speedily relaxed. She therefore had made up her mind that their engagement should continue a secret one, and by obstinately adhering to her first intention, hoped to reduce Harry to obedience. There was in consequence, though much real anger at his opposition to her, some "method in her madness;" she did not regret their altercation in the least, and convinced that the next day would bring him penitent to her feet, she gave herself up to her usual occupations and enjoyments.

But the next day passed, and the day following, still Harry came not. Georgiana began to be a little uneasy. On the third day he passed her in the street with a distant bow. He looked wretchedly, however, and this gave his haughty mistress no slight satisfaction. Confident in the power of her charms, she had not the least fear of losing him, but that she should yield, or make the smallest advance toward a reconciliation, was unthought of. Though she had wounded his feelings in the point most sensitive to a lover and a man of honor, it was his business to sue for pardon, and Georgiana had in her own mind determined upon the time and place that was to witness her triumph.

There was in a day or two to be a large party at the house of one of Harry's intimate friends. Though he had not appeared in company since, there he must certainly be, and Georgiana, who really longed for a renewal of their intercourse looked forward to the party with the greatest impatience. A few hours before it was time to commence her toilet, she threw herself on the sofa before the fire in her chamber, and gave herself up to the happy recollections of the past and hopes for the future. The beautiful dress in which she was to appear was laid across the bed, her maid had arranged on her dressing-table the flowers, laces and jewels that were to adorn her hair, neck and arms, and the young beauty, even lovelier than ever in her careless dishabille, had thrown one fair hand across her brow, and was occupied in weaving a golden web of future happiness in the busy loom of her own fantasy.

She thought of Harry—of the deep and ardent passion with which she had inspired him; of the noble, generous nature which must make the happiness of all connected with him; of his talents and acquirements that necessarily must work their way to independence, if not to wealth. And with a sigh over his present poverty, and another over his strong self-will, she jumped over the difficulties in their path, and pictured herself the presiding genius of his home, the wife that shared his inmost thoughts and feelings, his comforter in the hour of sorrow, and his sympathizing friend in that of joy—until tears of happiness bedewed her cheek, and she felt that at that moment she could sacrifice any thing for his sake. Just then the door opened and her maid ran in breathless with delight—

'Oh, Miss Georgy! the most magnificent bouquet! Not one like it the whole blessed winter!—eight camellias, besides roses and minny-nets—and—and I don't know what besides,' and she laid the costly offering before her happy mistress.

In an instant she decided that it came from Harry, and though much more gorgeous and expensive than those he was in the habit of sending, she saw in this an indication of his anxiety to atone for the offence he had given her. She was lost in admiration of its beauty, and had just decided that one of the splendid white camellias might be withdrawn without injuring the symmetry of the arrangement, to adorn her dark hair—when in a moment of silence, during which she was indulging some very tender thoughts of the donor, the maid suddenly exclaimed that she had dropped the card the boy had given her—and leaving the room, returned directly and placed it Georgiana's hand, who read 'For Miss Harcourt, with Mr Bostwick's compliments.'

The revulsion of feeling was too great for Georgiana's temper. Her eyes flashed, and with an exclamation of deep disgust, she flung both card and flowers into the fire that was blazing before her. The maid wrung her hands in despair and tried to save them from the flames, but Georgiana prevented her, and stood enjoying their destruction until they were entirely consumed. Soon afterward she commenced the labors of the toilet. The maid sighed deeply as she placed the artificial flowers in the hair that was to have been adorned by the camellia; and after she had arranged every fold of her costly dress, and placed the rich handkerchief and fan in Georgiana's hand, she ventured to sigh forth—

'Now if you had but the flowers, Miss Georgy, you would be the completest dressed lady there!'

'I would not have carried them for the world,' said Georgiana, and with a triumphant glance at her beautiful face in the mirror, she was soon in the carriage.

Her eye wandered restlessly round the brilliant assemblage as she entered the room on her father's arm, but no Harry met her view. At last, after working her way through the folding-door, she saw him standing in close conversation with a gentleman, so much engrossed by it in fact that it was some time before he perceived her, and then he merely bowed and continued his conversation. Georgiana felt much provoked, and at that moment Mr Bostwick joining her, she bestowed on him one of her most bewitching smiles, said she was just beginning