

Literature, &c.

The American Magazines
FOR AUGUST.From the Columbian Magazine.
GOING HOME.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"ALL seek alike one final resting place;
All are of dust, all turn to dust again."
The babe which draws unconsciously its
breath,
And day by day unconsciously doth steal
From earth and air that still increasing
strength
Which creeps so silently into each nerve,
Till he stands forth a man; that little babe,
Even in his helplessness, has met the foe;
And he grew strong no more: he laid him
down
With all his unformed powers, and mingled
dust
With his who yet in life had felt the hand
Of death within him, and the earthly coil
Long, long unloosing ere he cast it off.
He who had seen his youthful locks grow
pale,
As pales the heart when manhood's strength
had passed,
Had felt his eye grow cold, his sinews shrink,
And struggled on, though half to dust resolved,
Till Death in mercy bore away his prey.
And side by side with him, the joyous one,
Who of the dance had not yet weary grown,
Scared by a summons scarcely understood
Lay down and went to sleep. The maiden too,
She of the sunny brow and budding lip,
Whom bright flowers might envy in their
fragrant homes,
And Spring-birds claim, so passing beautiful!
Forth from the hand of the Great Artist sent
But for a little hour—she too, became
(Frail as the statue moulded from the snow,
) Naught but a thing of dust for busy feet
To trample carelessly as other clay.
That swarthy man, of stalwart, uncouth
frame,
Who beats the anvil through the live-long day,
(Loose but one cord) grows nerveless in an
hour:
And with the blossoms of the early spring
The babe that never knew its mother's voice
Dissolving lies, as frail, as pure as they.
Oh Death! stern leveler! we feel thy power,
And yet we seek it not yet. We cannot teach
Our rebel hearts the lesson thou dost bring,
Though thou dost write it on each tender leaf
Which shoots from out the mould beneath
our feet;
Though thou dost write it on each flower
that fades
To find the germ of yet another flower;
Though thou dost write it on the silent grave,
And trace it deeply on the mourner's brow,
We say 'tis true, yet do we not believe.
Philosophy her sober lesson adds,
And tells us that the earth resumes her own,
To re-arrange, perchance, with nicer skill,
Re-touch, renew, then give away again;
Reason comes whispering in the slumbering
ear,
And quick the tongue re-echoes 'True! 'tis
true!
But mark the skeptic heart turn quick away,
Fearful of listening to such chilling words,
And cast it all upon a crumbling shrine;
Mark how it clings unto the fated chain
Which keeps the spirit from its native skies;
Winding itself so closely in its coils
That it is shattered when those coils are riven,
And grows all cold and dead before the brow
Receives the spoiler's seal.

Why is it thus?
Why, why, immortal, bow to mortal things?
Why ever love the frail and perishing,
When changeless and imperishable claim
That purest emanation from the soul?
Let dust with dust commingle, if it will;
But spirit should not load itself with clay,
And droop in sorrow when the toy is lost.
The deathless to the deathless part should
cling;
Unchanging and all changeless upward rise,
And, mingling with the seraphim on high
Drink ceaseless draughts of truth and holiness
From the great Centre of all spirit life,
Who bids the pulses of the soul to beat
So that we feel the throb, though shackled
down
By three ten thousand bonds. Ay, though
the earth
Should press her all of frailty on us here,
We can but feel the God within us more—
Faint echo of the God that moves in earth.

From the same.
A TALE OF SUNBEAMS AND SHA-
DOWS.

BY BEL FORESTER.

THE present year bids fair to be the *annus mirabilis* in the history of the formerly quiet, matter-of-fact little village of Alderbrook—don't you think so, cousin Fanny? Scarcely has it had time to recover from the bustle and confusion occasioned by Ada Palmer's union with the gentle poet whom she had once so heroically resolved to "put down," when it is again thrown into a like commotion by the unexpected arrival of a strange gentleman and lady, and their still more unexpected occupancy of Sunny Dell cottage. By the bye, Fanny, a very sweet looking place is that neat cottage, with the ivy creeping so romantically up the porch; it has often struck my fancy as being the very spot where Cupid himself would delight to dwell. Well may it be called Sunny Dell, for the sunlight does steal in very softly and gently, and holly, I was almost going to say, through that grove of weeping willows that droop their light tassels to the mossy carpet beneath. I suppose every body will be on the *qui vive* for the next six weeks, making every effort to scrape acquaintance with the new-comers—that is every body but Miss Isabella Forester, who does not intend undergoing the formal ceremony of introduction. Now, Fanny, you need not open those great blue eyes so inquiringly, nor shake that saucy little head of yours with such a disapproving air, as though you think that, for once in my life, I am going to turn exclusive. I mean nothing of the kind, I assure you—but do not start and look so surprised, for I now inform you that a prior acquaintance with the mistress of Sunny Dell cottage is my motive for proposing to dispease with the forms that society has prescribed as a prelude to an intercourse between its members.

You little thought, dear coz, when a day since you were describing to me the appearance of the lovely Mrs Seymour of Sunny Dell cottage—you little thought then that you had spoken to me of one whom I had known and loved—neither did I. But accident has revealed the pleasing truth—for about an hour since, as I was sitting by the window impatiently awaiting your return from Mrs Rowley's, my attention was attracted by the sound of carriage wheels; and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, I saw a handsome barouche coming at full speed up the road. A lady was seated within, and though I could not see her face, from the description you had given of her dress I concluded that this could be no one else than the incomparable Mrs Seymour. Suddenly she turned her face toward me—and a very sweet looking one it was—but what was my surprise and delight at recognizing the soft and lovely features of my gentle friend Amy Leslie—or rather Amy Seymour, for she is married now—whom I thought far distant in Europe.

Would you like to hear a story, cousin Fanny? If so come hither and seat yourself beside me upon this sofa—here where you related to me the sad history of poor Edith Ray. It is the life-tale of Mrs Seymour that I am now about to relate—a story of real life yet replete with romance, which will inform you how she won that dignified and noble-looking husband of her's.

Kate and Amy Leslie were cousins, but never were kindred more widely different. Both were lovely—Kate tall and stately, with a step of queenly dignity. Amy fair-like in form, with eyes like the violet's cup, and a voice whose musical sweetness once heard was seldom forgotten. Of the two perhaps Kate was the most dazzlingly beautiful—Kate, whose face of faultless and commanding loveliness was calculated at once to strike and ensnare the beholder. But alas! Kate was a coquette. Constantly surrounded by society, courted and admired wherever she went, day after day brought new suitors to her feet, and proud of the tributes paid to her charms she employed her witchery upon them for awhile and then cast them off in scorn. Kate Leslie had never beheld the one whom in her pride she deemed worthy of her hand. She turned with a feeling of contempt from the train of admirers who daily bowed to her will—in the height of her disgust not even pausing to discriminate between them. For her own amusement Kate had become a coquette; spoiled and petted from her earliest childhood she had been accustomed to having others continually subservient to her merest caprices, and as she grew older and mixed with society she pursued the same course, heedless of the suffering her heartlessness often caused.

A different being was her cousin Amy, a gentle girl, two years the junior of Kate. As I have said before, Amy Leslie was lovely but not so strikingly beautiful as her cousin. Her's was mere the loveliness of the heart—the brightness of a soul that has never known a stain. Kate had passed her life as a dream of untroubled sweetness, and it was this ignorance of sorrow that rendered her so reckless of the wounds she inflicted on others. But Amy's had been a life of suffering. In early childhood she had been a victim to continual ill health, and this, instead of causing her to repine, had given her that meekness of spirit so lovely in all who possess it. As she became older, Amy's constitution regained strength, and she at length learned what it was to enjoy the blessing of health. Then came a sorrow that pressed heavily upon her young heart—so heavily that she almost feared it would break beneath the weight—the death of her parents. In one short month she beheld both those loved ones borne to their last resting place—the tender mother who had watched over her infant couch, and the noble father whose kind and gentle

words had ever fallen sweetly on her ear. They died!—and their sorrowing child sought a new home beneath the roof of her uncle and guardian, the father of Kate. The purity and goodness of her young cousin soon won the affection and friendship of the latter; and the proud girl found for the first time that there was one to whom she inwardly felt herself inferior.

When Amy was about seventeen, just three years after the death of her parents, a cousin of her's and of Kate Leslie's also, who had been to the South for the last three or four years, returned to his native city and took up his abode with his only relatives, the Leslies. Edgar Seymour was a noble young man. Handsome, wealthy and talented, he might have been deemed a fitting match for the fairest of earth's daughters; but till he looked upon his cousins he had never beheld a female who claimed an interest in his heart. The exceeding beauty of both Kate and Amy at once elicited his admiration; but Seymour cared not alone for personal appearance, he was also in search of a soul in the woman to whom he should give his heart. All the witchery that Kate knew so well how to make use of was exercised upon her cousin Edgar, but for once she found her powers of no apparent avail; he never appeared to be conscious of the pains taken to win his attentions; and Kate found it impossible to discover whether her charms had produced the desired effect. In his heart Seymour thought Kate very beautiful and Amy quite her equal; yet if the truth must be told he did think often of his elder cousin than of the younger, for Kate's manners were so very captivating, while Amy was always shy, timid and reserved. The seeming indifference with which her cousin regarded her gave Kate Leslie many an hour of uneasiness, for she found that there was a wide difference between Seymour and her own circle of admirers; and though she had only esteemed him at first, esteem gradually ripened into a warmer feeling.

Kate Leslie would have been a noble creature had it not been for the fond indulgence of her parents. Nature had not destined her for a coquette but education had made her such; and though she sometimes thought that her course was a wrong one, yet took she no steps toward reformation. In her cousin's presence alone Kate never dared to trifle. Though utterly unconscious of the amount of pain she often inflicted on the hearts of others she was quite sure Seymour would never seek to win the heart of a coquette; for though he did not appear to care for her at present, she had no doubt of eventually being able to bring him to her feet. Kate was naturally of an affectionate disposition, as was plainly seen from the tenderness and love that she ever bestowed upon her cousin Amy. She would give any thing to save the latter from a moment's pain, and deemed no sacrifice too great, that could make Amy happy.

Amy Leslie had as yet mixed little with the world: she knew nothing of Kate's actions in society and thought her cousin as good as she was beautiful. I will not at present attempt to portray Amy's feelings toward her cousin Edgar for she did not know what they were herself. She was only conscious of feeling unusually shy when he was near; and as yet there had been but little intercourse between the two. Amy was apparently so retiring in manner, she so seldom ventured to join in conversation, and her form was of such a slight delicate mould, that Seymour began to regard her as merely a lovely child.

One afternoon Edgar Seymour was seated in the parlor engaged in deep meditation, and the subject of his thoughts was Kate, his cousin. He felt that she was fast gaining an ascendancy over his heart, and was determined ere many more days had passed to learn his fate from her own sweet lips. Suddenly his reverie was interrupted by the sound of voices in the adjoining room and he immediately recognized those of his cousins. They were evidently engaged in earnest conversation, and deeming them aware of his close proximity Seymour still remained where he was. Amy, it appeared had just returned from a visit to a lady whose only son was dying. The young man had once been a frequent visitor at the Leslies, but Kate had exercised her powers upon him—and alas! they proved fatal to his peace. He offered his hand, but his suit was treated so lightly that stung to the soul his sensitive mind never recovered the effects of the blow it had received. All this was related with many tears by his mother to Amy Leslie, who then learned what she had never known before, that her cousin was a coquette.

As Amy now repeated all that she had heard to Kate, the latter seemed much affected, and burning tears streamed from her eyes as she solemnly declared that she had never before been aware of her power to inflict so lasting a sting. But when Amy urged her to do all in her power to repair the wrong by complying with the wish of the dying youth, who begged one interview with her ere he expired. Kate shrank from the thought, asserting that the memory of such an interview would forever prey upon her mind, and that the thing was impossible.

For the first time in her life Amy Leslie now now reproached her cousin; and the voice of the ever gentle girl was strangely stern as she represented in no measured terms the misery and fearful consequences which inevitable follow the course of the coquette, adding that the memory of her error should rather prey upon her mind, than the recollection of a visit which was the only means of atoning to the injured.

Kate listened very calmly while her cousin spoke, but as she concluded her eyes flashed

haughtily upon the young girl, and she exclaimed in a passionate tone—"Amy! Amy! and do you dare speak thus to me? Do you deem yourself so perfect that you should show no leniency to the faults of others?" For an instant Amy's soft eyes rested sorrowfully upon the speaker's face, and then bursting into tears she rushed hastily from the room. Kate stood for a moment motionless; then, as if some sudden remembrance had crossed her brain, she moved quickly toward the door and in another instant had left the apartment.

Astonished and bewildered, Seymour had listened to all this. Kate Leslie's character was fully unveiled; he had ever despised a coquette, and as such she was henceforth to be cast from his heart. But Amy—little, gentle, timid Amy—how was he surprised at hearing that child-like girl avowing the sentiments of a true woman! Seymour trembled for himself when he thought of the snare into which he had been fast falling. A few days more and Kate would doubtless have riveted him also in her chains and perhaps cast him off as she had done others. Then Seymour's meditations turned upon his younger cousin, and he thought for the first time what a noble woman she would become with such sentiments as she had just avowed. He remembered how the words of Kate had wounded the sensitive girl and a feeling of indignation toward the coquette together with a strange tenderness for Amy rose at once in his bosom. He did not know that Kate Leslie was at that moment at her gentle cousin's feet beseeching forgiveness and promising to do as she wished.

With heart-thrilling delight Kate had lately observed her gradually increasing influence over Edgar Seymour, but from the hour of the foregoing scene she was conscious that his usual coldness of manner had returned, though she little imagined the cause.

One morning about a week after the event I have just related, Seymour was walking in a retired street, when a boy accosted him and in piteous terms besought him to come and see his mother who was very ill—perhaps dying. Obeying the impulses of his heart the young man followed the child, and as they walked along learned that his parent had been ill for many days with the small pox, that the physician refused to come as he received no remuneration, and that the family were destitute of both food for themselves and medicine for their sick mother. There was that in the boy's appearance that bespoke better days, and Seymour's sympathy was much excited, while he also felt perfectly safe in going to a house where they had so dangerous and infectious a disease, having had it himself some years before, though it had not, as is usual, disfigured his face. It was a dilapidated, miserable-looking tenement to which the boy led him, and following his young companion up a narrow flight of stairs they entered a small room upon the second floor. All within bespoke extreme poverty. Several pale and squalid looking children were playing about, and upon a low couch in one corner of the room lay a woman who, from time to time, gave utterance to low moans, as though in the greatest agony. But what is it directs the eye of the astonished Seymour toward that couch? Kneeling in prayer, her small hands clasped tightly together and her eyes raised devoutly toward heaven, is a fair young girl, who appeared like an angel of light in that cheerless apartment.

At length the prayer is concluded; and as she rises from her prostrate position Seymour springs hastily forward and seizes her hand.

"Amy! dearest Amy!" he exclaimed, and his tones were full of anguish, "You must not stay here! Do you not know the danger you are incurring—that the loss of your own sweet life may be the result of this imprudence!"

But in vain did he urge her to leave her charge; she would only consent on condition of his immediately seeking a nurse for the sick woman, while she insisted upon remaining till one was found. With an anxious heart Edgar Seymour went forth on his errand and ere half an hour had elapsed he returned with the desired attendant. Then a carriage was immediately procured, for after all that had transpired he deemed it prudent for Amy to avoid exposure to the air; and with his sweet and—shall I say it?—loved cousin close beside him, Seymour was for a few seconds perfectly happy. But then came the thought that perhaps even at that moment that fatal disease was spreading through her veins; and as he raised his eyes eagerly and tenderly to her face and marked with rapidly increasing anxiety how the colour went and came to that fair cheek, deeming it a sure symptom of the fatal complaint, when in reality it was caused by the earnest scrutiny with which he regarded her.

A week passed away—a week of anxiety to Edgar Seymour—but Amy still retained her usual health. The hand of an overruling Providence had mercifully averted the blow; and during that week also, the poor woman, who had excited the sympathy of Seymour and his cousin, was through care and tender nursing declared convalescent.

Some weeks afterward Amy and her cousin Kate attended a large party given by a gay and fashionable friend. Both looked extremely lovely that night. Kate was attired in a robe of black velvet, the sleeves drawn back and fastened with a sparkling jewel so as to display the white and beautifully rounded arms. Her hair was gathered up in luxuriant braids and adorned with a spray of delicate blossoms that peeped forth coquettishly from their dark and glossy resting place. Amy wore a simple dress of embroidered muslin. Her bright ringlets, hair fell like a cloud of sunlight over her shoul-