

## Literature, &amp;c.

## The American Magazines.

From the Columbian Magazine:

## THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

BY M. C. HILL.

The sun had set, soft, fleecy clouds appeared  
In all the glory of the twilight hour;  
Like Alps on Chimborazo high appeared,  
They slowly sailed in majesty and power—  
Now rent asunder and now formed an airy  
tower.

The winds were hushed, and all was peace  
and calm,  
Each leaf was still, no ripple on the wave;  
The birds had sung to God their evening  
psalm,  
And beasts no more in crystal streams did  
lave.

And all enjoyed the fairy scene, both gay and  
grave.

The moon arose from coral depths below,  
Adding much beauty to the silent scene,  
By giving to that scene a silver glow,  
Like a sweet virgin beauty, just sixteen,  
Who gives forth purer rays to all around, I  
ween.

And on the bosom of the sleeping sea  
There lay a ship, a glorious, helpless  
thing;

And when a dying swell came stealthily,  
Methought she strove to flap her canvass  
wing,

And nod "good evening" to the moon with  
graceful wing.

And on that vessel's deck there lay a boy,  
Among all Neptune's sons were none more  
fair;

Upon his lips there was a smile of joy,  
And on his brow were jetty locks of hair—  
The last, soft, lingering breeze had placed and  
left them there.

And there he lay, the dark, deep blue below,  
And fondly gazed into the blue above,  
Where his imagination in its glow  
Pictured, far off, as far as thought could  
rove,

The Great Eternal's throne, the fountain of all  
love.

As thus he gazed into the upward deep  
A drowsiness came o'er the orphan boy;  
And guardian angels fanned him to his sleep,  
And dreamy Cupids playfully did toy,  
And whisper happy dreams, all free from sin's  
alloy.

Again he saw his home, once happy home,  
Again he stood beside his mother's knee,  
While she unclasped the old inspired tome,  
And read "let little children come to me,  
For such shall dwell with God through all  
eternity."

And thus by precept and example mild,  
She traced his course upon the chart of  
life;

Then knelt and prayed to God that her dear  
child  
Might shun all sin with which the world  
is rife—

Deceit, hypocrisy, and all unholy strife.

And he sat upon his father's knee,  
And listened eagerly, with much surprise,  
To thrilling stories of the briny sea,  
Of sea-serpents of monstrous length and  
size,

And beautiful mermaids with tear-drops in  
their eyes.

Again he heard from that fond, good old  
man,  
(Who'd been a seaman in his younger  
day,  
And yarns could spin, as most old sailors  
can.)

How, often, on the topsail yard he'd lay,  
When frenzied winds swept madly o'er the  
briny way.

And now he stood beside his sister's grave,  
And heard the deep-drawn sigh of sturdy  
men;

And saw the weeping willow mournful wave,  
In sympathy with heaving bosoms when  
They laid the damp, cold earth, where oft his  
head had lain.

His only sister dead! and he alone  
Left as the solace of his parents dear;

He felt his soul had lost its cheerful tone,  
And while thus dreaming there stole out  
a tear

Upon his cheek, the guardian angels all drew  
near.

And there consulted o'er the boy's sweet  
breath,  
Each emulous to gain the precious prize;  
When one more conscious of its virtue  
saith,  
'Ah! 'tis too pure for us poor angel's  
eyes;

Then took the gem and wafled it to the All-  
wise.

The boy dreamed on. Upon a hill  
He sat, and saw, wild rushing 'neath his  
feet,  
A swollen stream which onward, onward  
still,  
Did curl and dance to its own music  
sweet,  
And leap the jagged rocks with wild fantastic  
feet.

A sudden change, and lo the stream was  
dried,  
And sunken by the hot sun's piercing ray;  
And o'er the lazy, loitering, lagging tide,  
The boy again did jump in eager play,  
And leap from rock to rock nor heed the slip-  
pery way.

And now this dreaming youth did spread his  
sail,  
And steer his little bark to meet the  
wave,  
Which curled its lip of white foam to the  
gale,  
And broke upon the shore where sweet  
flowers lave,  
And meekly fit themselves to deck some in-  
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fant's grave.

A change! he saw his mother's slender  
form,  
So still, and cold and pale, he knew not  
why;

Alas! he knew not death was in the storm,  
And in the clear and blue and pleasant  
sky,

He knew not that each breath he drew to  
death did hie.

Another change! For there his father lay  
A cold and stiffened corpse; and faces  
strange

Were wet with tears, while one good man  
did pray;

Yet o'er the father's face there came no  
change.

Poor boy! the world was all before him  
where to range.

The feelings of his dream were changed,  
and now,  
He grappled with misfortune and its  
woes;

And as he dreamed the sweat stood on his  
brow—  
His bosom heaved with agonizing throes

He groaned aloud—awoke—and thus my  
dream shall close.

From the Columbian Magazine.

## THE PICTURE FRAME.

A TRADITIONAL SKETCH.

By Mrs. E. F. Ellett.

—'Much better

She had never known pomp; though it be  
temporal,  
Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance pang-  
ing

As soul and body's covering.'—King Hen-  
ry VIII.

'Da chi di mi fido guardo mi Dio—  
Da chi non mi fido guardo io.'—Inscrip-  
tion in the Piombi.

I WELL remember an evening in ———,  
at the house of Baron Wahlen, who had in-  
vited a number of his friends to look at a pic-  
ture he had bought a short time before at an  
auction. In his opinion it was the work of  
some great master.

'But how came the work of a celebrated  
master to be sold at auction?' asked one of  
the guests incredulously. 'Such originals are  
generally sought after; and then the price so  
moderate. You would be uncommonly fortu-  
nate in such a case, dear Baron.'

'Let us see it before we judge,' cried An-  
selmo, another of the company, and himself a  
painter of no small celebrity.

It was not long before the picture was  
brought in by two of the servants and placed  
in the most favourable light.

All eyes were instantly fastened upon it, and  
various were the exclamations of astonishment  
and admiration. Only the baron and the  
painter were silent. It was the portrait of a  
young woman magnificently dressed. The  
velvet folds of her robe, and the jewels that  
gleamed in her hair and upon her snowy arms,  
were painted with such rare skill that one  
could scarcely believe them not real; but the  
chief triumph of the artist was in the face and  
breathing form. The rich masses of brown  
hair fell like silken waves over a superb neck;  
the forehead was high and expressive of intel-  
lect; the eyes were large, of that dark, rich

gray that seems to change with every shade  
of emotion or thought, and had a certain lan-  
guor united with their brilliancy that made  
them almost melancholy. The complexion was  
exquisitely fair, but pale; the mouth finely  
chiselled and small, while the full red lips,  
slightly parted with a smile, gave an expres-  
sion of tenderness and feeling almost impassio-  
nate to the countenance, which redeemed the  
somewhat severe contour of the noble brow.

The air and carriage of the head was full of  
indiscribable majesty and dignity. About the  
whole face there was something touching to  
the sympathies, at the same time that its  
beauty and grace and the soul that shone in  
those features enchanted the spectator. One  
felt instinctively that she who was before  
them had suffered, or was destined to suffer.

The calmness of those glorious eyes, the vol-  
uptuous sweetness of that lovely mouth, the  
appealing, almost imploring expression, all  
showed, that youthful as she was, she had yet  
drunk deeply of the cup offered to humanity.

Perhaps it was this intuitive perception, even  
more than the rare and radiant beauty of the  
countenance, that fettered the beholder as by  
a spell and filled him while he gazed upon it,  
with a feeling too intense for unmingled plea-  
sure.

The baron first broke silence. 'Has there  
ever lived in the world a wonder like this?' he  
exclaimed, after drawing a deep breath.

'The picture,' said Anselmo, 'is undoubtedly  
the work of a German master, and as much as  
three hundred years old; yet it has few or  
none of the defects of that school, I should  
say it was a masterpiece of Holbein.'

'But how came it here?' asked the Baro-  
ness Blandine, Wahlen's sister.

'Holbein's paintings,' observed one of the  
guests, 'are the ornament of the galleries of  
connoisseurs; yet this has been sent nameless  
to an auction.'

'That fate sometimes befalls pictures of the  
highest merit,' said Anselmo, carelessly.

The baron made no reply, but sought a  
place in the room for his new purchase.

'This is the best place, brother,' said Blan-  
dine; 'but indeed I do not like to see so  
beautiful a work in such an ugly old fashioned  
frame.'

The baron seemed to entertain too much re-  
verence for his picture even to separate it from  
its old frame; but most of the company took  
part with the lady; and the painter decided  
the question by observing that so fine a pic-  
ture deserves a suitable frame, and that he  
knew that the baron had a splendid one em-  
pty.

By order of the young baroness, therefore,  
the new frame was brought, and by an accla-  
mation pronounced to suit the picture exactly.

Anselmo undertook to remove the picture from  
the old one. As he did so, he perceived a  
narrow drawer in the inside of the frame,  
which with some difficulty was opened.

All the company were curious to know what  
was concealed in the drawer, nor was their  
wonder satisfied, when the baron drew from it  
several yellow sheets covered with manu-  
script.

The manuscript was much faded and defa-  
ced, and in some places totally illegible. Yet  
it was not difficult to arrange the sheets in  
order; and at the earnest entreaty of the guests,  
who seated themselves around the table, Wahlen  
read to them a part of the contents. The  
beginning he was obliged to omit by reason  
that the greater portion of the writing was en-  
tirely obliterated. One of the fragments ran  
thus:—

'At last I am in possession of the treasure  
for which I have for years so passionately longed.  
It is no lifeless image for me and mine! It  
shall have the most honorable place in my  
house, and I will utter to the picture day after  
day, what I never dared express, by word or  
look, to the living original. It shall descend  
as an inheritance to my son, and he shall  
swear to me never to have it touched by another  
pencil. His heir shall claim it as the most  
sacred property of the P——s, to be  
kept as long as the name and race exist. It  
shall receive their records also; for each pos-  
sessor shall write down the feelings to which  
his own sight of the portrait has given rise,  
and the events of his life through which it has  
accompanied him, as the faithful sharer of his  
fortunes.'

Another passage was as follows.—

'I was once so highly favoured of fortune,  
of noble rank, descended of ancient lineage,  
honoured by my sovereign—yet now, what  
avail me all these distinctions? What fearful  
events have shaken my sands of life! Yet  
this—this solace in misfortunes—remains to  
me!'

A large portion of the manuscript had been  
occupied with an account of the writer's fam-  
ily and the deeds and glory of his ancestors.

But so much of it was defaced that it could  
not be read; and only by a word here and  
there could it be gathered that he belonged to  
the proudest of England's aristocracy, and was  
of a family in preference at the court of Henry  
the Eighth. The account of the writer's youth  
was also nearly obliterated; but it appeared  
that he had been for years page to the English  
monarch and stood high in his favour. At the  
royal command he had wedded a rich heiress,  
who had died soon after the marriage. He  
was the favourite attendant on the king, and  
particularly assisted his taste in the selection  
of paintings, in which it was Henry's fancy for  
a while to be an enthusiast.

'One day,' so ran the narrative, the king  
sent for me to accompany him to Holbein's  
room. The painter was engaged on the por-  
trait of a lady who was then sitting to him.  
She saluted us as we entered, and smiled when

she saw the king. Never had I seen so beau-  
tiful, so noble a countenance. I stood as if  
fascinated, forgetting to return her salutation  
while I met the glance of those dark, speak-  
ing eyes, that penetrated my inmost soul.  
Happily, my embarrassment was unperceived  
by his Majesty, who was earnestly comparing  
the picture with the lovely original. But I  
knew by the rich colour that came into her  
cheeks that she saw my feelings. Holbein  
listened with symptoms of impatience to the  
king's criticism on his work. After a few mi-  
nutes, I observed him endeavouring to wipe  
out a spot of red that had fallen from his care-  
less pencil on the neck of the portrait.

His majesty saw what he was doing, and so  
did the lady; and the same train of thought  
seemed suggested in the mind of both, for a  
dark flush rose to Henry's brow, and I thought  
the fair girl's cheek grew deadly pale.

'That will do for today, Master Holbein,'  
said his majesty; and, probably in allusion to  
his carelessness added, 'You are sometimes  
rough my good fellow, but a marvellous paint-  
er. Come Kate, my belle; you shall give him  
another sitting to-morrow.'

The lady looked up in his face with a  
sweet smile of childish simplicity and confi-  
dence, and suffered him to lead her from the  
apartment.

This was my first sight of Chatharine How-  
ard, the betrothed bride of the king. I had  
heard much of her beauty; but nothing could  
equal the reality. How meet was that lovely  
brow to wear a crown!

'The picture was finished; the royal mar-  
riage took place; I saw her now every day,  
the illustrious lady of the realm, whom it was  
my duty as well as my pride to serve. I saw her  
in her hours of retirement and her queenly  
state; I observed her girlish delight in the  
pompe and splendour that surrounded her; I  
saw her amidst the royal pageants, the cynosure  
of all eyes, in the pride of her princely power  
and glorious beauty, and my heart swelled  
within me as I thought what portentous cloud  
might soon overshadow so bright a morning of  
happiness.'

'She was more deeply beloved than any  
one of her predecessors, who had basked in the  
fleeting sunshine of the monarch's favor. He  
as never weary of heaping upon her tokens  
of his affection; she had no wish ungratified.  
From the height on which she stood, smiling  
on the crowd that worshipped below, could a  
shadow be seen upon that queenly brow? Yet  
I—who watched her daily with eyes that wish-  
ed to look on none but her—with the ardent  
anxiety of a devoted heart, I saw that pleasure  
sometimes palled, and that in the midst of her  
gayety she had moments of disquiet and melan-  
choly. Whence could this be? Why should  
she, a creature formed for love and joy, be ever  
touched with sadness!

'One day, many months after the marriage,  
I went into Holbein's room. He had a picture  
on the frame over which he threw a cloth as I  
entered, though not before I could perceive it  
was a portrait of the queen. The master ap-  
peared disturbed at my presence. I put an  
end to his anxiety by observing that he might  
trust me for the faithful preservation of the se-  
cret I perceived it was his wish to keep.

'You have a noble heart!' he answered, as  
he grasped my offered hand.

'Some indifferent conversation about the  
picture led to discourse of her majesty, and I  
did not scruple to confide to the worthy artist  
the thoughts that had troubled me respecting  
her, her frequent moods of abstraction and in-  
tervals of deep melancholy and my wonder  
whence her unhappiness could proceed. Hol-  
bein always spoke rather abruptly, for though  
an excellent man, he was unskilled in the pol-  
ished conventionalists of society, and these in-  
him were dispensed with, on account of his  
being a foreigner. He listened attentively to  
all I said, and merely answered:—

'It may be as you think; but beware, my  
lord, how you communicate your observations  
to others. The illustrious lady might suffer  
thereby.'

'How!' I exclaimed involuntarily; 'is not  
the king yet cured of his malady?'

'The malady is of the most inveterate and  
insidious kind,' replied Holbein. 'Jealousy  
scorns the leech's art. The worst symptom,  
too, is that the afflicted seeketh ever causes  
for his pain. Thus it is with his majesty; and I  
fear me, he will soon find what he seeks.'

'What do you mean?' cried I, breathless-  
ly.

'Is it unknown to you, then, what is the  
talk of the whole court?'

'I am not ignorant that rumours are afloat  
respecting some secret matter before the privy  
council. This has been ever since the festival  
of All Saints was celebrated at Hampton  
Court, when a package was placed by Cran-  
mer in the hands of the king, at mass, which  
seems to have greatly disturbed him. But  
surely—his majesty would not give heed to any  
calumnies against Queen Katherine!'

'The artist shook his head. 'I fear me  
the matter has gone further than we wot of,'  
he said, mournfully. 'Another strange thing  
is come to my hearing. It is said that when  
she goes out, she is often closely followed by  
a young man unknown to all the court, who  
appears desirous of speech with her.'

'And the queen—'

'Oh that she could be warned—that she  
could be entreated, to shun the mysterious  
stranger; to guard her own words and looks;  
to avoid the glances watched by so many en-  
vious eyes! But alas! I have no access in  
private to her majesty. Even the king has  
for a long time refrained from a visit to me,  
and has not commanded my attendance.'

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