

Literature, &c.

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From the Columbian Magazine.

THE LAST ADVENTURE OF A
COQUETTE.

A MORE capricious coquette than the beautiful Kate Crossley never played with hapless hearts. She is now a sober matron, the wife of an elegant husband, and the mother of two beautiful children. We hate to rake up the ashes of bitter remembrances, (for believe us gentle reader, this story, though short is nevertheless true; and we know one young gentleman, at least, who will recognize the unhappy hero of it.) But we cannot pass over in silence the last episode in the unmarried state of Kate. It may be a warning to future unfortunate lovers, and afford a striking instance of that utter heartlessness which a beautiful flirt alone can feel.

Kate was an heiress, that is, a moderate fortune of two hundred thousand had been accumulated expressly for her use—for she was an only child. She had a much larger fortune however, in her face; and that evening never passed, that the threshold of her father's comfortable dwelling was not crossed by half a score of elegant beaux, all bloods, and some of them men of fortune. Kate amused herself by making these young gentlemen jealous. A beautiful flirt who can command even the small sum of two hundred thousand dollars, is a dangerous creature in the community of Philadelphia; and already, on Kate Crossley's account, had two parties, of the aforesaid young gentlemen crossed over to Camden with sanguinary intentions. Fortunately, however, we have the most vigilant police in the world, and a mayor, whose instinct is so keen, that it has been known to forewarn him of the time and place of a duel, the arrangements of which had been kept rigorously secret from all but the principals and their seconds.

By such efforts of genius on the part of our worthy mayor, had the chivalrous lovers of our heroine been spared the pain of blood-letting, and having purchased the pleasing reputation of courage, they were bound over, and thus procured the sweet privilege of frowning at each other hereafter, without the necessity of fighting for it.

Matters were progressing thus; lovers were alternately sighing, and smiling, and scowling, when the elegant Augustus Nob returned from his European tour, bringing with him, of course a foreign mustache, and a decidedly foreign accent. Nob was an only son of one of the first families. He had been left an independent fortune by his parents, (deceased,) most of which he had contrived to spend in Paris and London. This, however, was still a secret, and Nob was welcome everywhere.

But under no mahogany did Mr. Augustus Nob stretch his limbs more frequently than under the hospitable board of Mrs. Crossley. We say Mrs. Crossley, for although her husband still lived, he was only identified in the house as a piece of its plainest furniture.

Crossley had served his purposes in this world—he had made the two hundred thousand—had retired from business, and was no longer of any value. It was now Mrs. C.'s turn to play her part, which consisted in practically proving that two hundred thousand can be spent almost as fast as it can be made. Balls, soirees, and suppers, followed each other in quick succession. Morning levees were held, attended by crowds of bloods. The elegant Augustus was always present, and always dressed in the most fashionable rig. A party at the house of Mrs. Crossley and the elegant Augustus not present? Who could bear the idea? Not Mrs. C. herself, who was constantly exclaiming.

'My dear Augustus—he is the very life and soul of us; how charming, how handsome, and how fashionable; just the air that travelling always gives. How much I long to call him my dear son; and in fact Mrs. C. was leaving no stone unturned to consummate this maternal design. She was not likely to find much opposition on the part of the 'elegant' himself. Not only would the two hundred thousand have been particularly acceptable at that time, but the heart of the young gentleman, or in other words his vanity, had become greatly excited, and he felt much disposed to carry off the coquette in triumph, in spite of the agony and disappointment of at least a score of competitors.

But where is our heroine, Kate, all this time? Flirting of course, with a dozen beaux, each at one moment, thinking himself most favored, and the next spurned and despairing. Now she smiles upon Mr. Fitzrush, and compliments upon him the smallness of his foot. Fitz blushes, simpers, and appears not at all vain of his feet—in fact, stammers out that they are 'large, very large, indeed;' to which candid acknowledgement on his part, should the company appear to assent, he carelessly adds that 'they are small for a man of his size,' insinuating that it is nothing out of the way to find small men with little feet, and little credit should therefore be attached; but when a man of large dimensions is found with elegant little feet like his, the credit ought to be quadrupled or tribbled at least.

Kate, the talented Kate, understands it all; and after smiling quietly at the gentleman's silliness, she turns her stare upon another victim.

'Ah! my dear Mr. Cressy, how your eyes sparkled last night at the Opera—they looked like a basilisk's.'

'This gentleman's eyes were of a very dull green color, and looked more like a cat's than a basilisk's, but not 'seeing them as others saw them,' he replied that 'he could not help it—the music always excited him so.'

'Ah! the Music, Mr. Cressy; but perhaps—'

She was prevented from finishing her reply by the announcement of a gentleman who had just made his appearance in a doorway, and who was no less a personage than the elegant Augustus Nob.

To say that Mr. Augustus Nob was a small fish in this party, would be to speak what was not true; on the other hand he was a big fish—in fact the biggest in the kettle. Any one who had witnessed the sensation produced by his announcement, would have judged so. The coquette broke off in the middle of her satire, and running toward the door, conducted him to the seat nearest to her own, where, after an elegant bow he seated himself—a full grown lion. During the continuance of this welcome reception, various pantomimic gestures were exhibited by different members of the company. There was a general uneasy shifting of chairs—dark looks were shot towards the 'elegant,' and conciliatory, and even friendly glances were exchanged among the beaux, who, forgetting for the moment their mutual jealousies, concentrated their united envy upon their common rival. If Cressy's eyes never sparkled before, they certainly did upon this occasion; and the right leg of Fitzrush was flung violently over the left knee, where it continued to oscillate with an occasional nervous twitching of the toes, expressive of a hardly repressed desire on the part of its owner to try the force of those little feet on the flavored 'elegant's' handsome person. It was all in vain, however, Nob was evidently the successful lover, for he sat close to the graceful creature—that is, closer than any other—and chatted to her of balls and operas; and, confident of his position, he did not care a fig for the envy and jealousy which on all sides surrounded him.

And Kate showered all her attentions upon Nob, and Nob triumphed over his rivals.

Matters progressed thus for several weeks, Nob still paying marked attentions to the coquette, whose chief delight seemed to be, not only to torment her host of other lovers, but occasionally the 'elegant' himself.

Augustus, however still continued first in favour, and from the attentions which he received from the hands of Mrs. Crossley, it was conjectured by the family friends that a marriage with her daughter was not far distant. The less aspiring of Kate's former lovers had long since 'hailed their wind,' and only a few, among whom were Fitzrush and Cressy, still continued to hang on despairingly to what was evidently a forlorn hope.

Nob openly boasted that he had run them all out of the field, and was heard triumphantly to assert that he was breaking the heart of the 'dear creature,' and that he would be under the positive necessity of healing it at the hymenial altar. 'He was very young to marry—quite a child—but then to keep the dear sylph in suspense—oh! it would be bawlawous—positively bawlawous!'

It is not to be supposed that the cunning, the talented Kate was ignorant of these boasts on the part of the elegant Nob. No—no, Kate knew everything; and among other things she knew Mr. Augustus Nob thoroughly; and she resolved on taking most exquisite vengeance on him.

Spring—delightful spring has returned—and all nature looks as sweet as the lips of a lovely woman. The trees upon our side-walks, and in our beautiful squares, are once more covered with green and shady foliage, and from the windows of high houses hang handsome cages, from which these warbling prisoners—the mock bird and the toupial, and the linnet and canary bird, send forth their dulcet notes, filling the streets with music and melody.

Fashionable ladies are beginning to make their appearance in the streets, unattended by gentlemen, as it is the shopping hour, the gentlemen would be only in the way. From the door of an elegant mansion, in the upper part of Chestnut Street issues a graceful and beautiful girl, who is proceeding down the street towards the basier part of the city. She does not loiter nor look in at the shop windows, as ladies generally do at this hour, but walks nimbly along as though she came forth upon some preconceived errand. As she nears that part of Chestnut street which is in the neighborhood of the state house, she lessens her gait and walks more leisurely. She is heard to soliloquize—

'In truth, it is as much as my courage nay, even my reputation is worth to enter the studio of my sweet painter thus alone; but what can I do since the dear fellow has been banished from our house by the aristocratic notions of my mother? Well I shall risk all for him, as he would for me, I know. How happy it will make him to hear my errand. Only to think that I am forced to an elopement or marry the ninny whom my mother has chosen for me. But I shall elope—I shall—Henry has so often proposed it—how happy he shall be to hear me consent; but I shall do it in my own way—that is fixed. Henry will laugh when I tell him of my plans; some one may be with him at this moment, and deprive me of the pleasure of conversing with him; 'till then it is all written, and I can see him so gain.'

HENRY WILLIS, MINIATURE PAINTER.

'Yes this is the sweet fellow's place—no one

observes me enter.' So saying the graceful girl entered a large hall, the door of which stood open, and passing up a flight of steps, she tapped gently with her small gloved fingers upon the door of the chamber, upon which was repeated in gold letters, the same words which were exhibited in front of the building.

HENRY WILLIS, MINIATURE PAINTER.

In a moment the door opened disclosing within the studio of an artist, the artist himself, a fine looking youth, with dark hair, and slight mustache, and dressed in his painter's blouse, while in the back ground could be seen a prim, stiff old lady in high cap and curls, steadily and rightly sitting for her portrait.

A sight of the new comer and the artist's countenance became very bright with love and pleasure, and the exclamation 'dearest,' that almost involuntarily escaped him, told that they were no strangers to each other. The young lady on the other hand, perceiving the sinner through the half-open door, glided back a step or two, so as to be unperceived by the latter, and taking from her reticule a folded paper, she held it out to the painter, accompanying the act with these words—'a message for you, Henry; it would have been pleasanter perhaps, to have delivered it verbally, but you see I have been prepared for any emergency.' So saying she delivered the paper—receiving a kiss upon her little gloved hand—smiled—said, 'good morning,' and gracefully glided back into the street.

The artist re-entered the studio—formed some excuse to dismiss the stiff old lady, and was soon buried with beaming face, and beating heart, in the contents of the paper he had just received.

He arose from his perch like a man/mad, mad from the excess of joy—mad from love, and hastily striding up and down his small studio, he exclaimed, 'Yes dearest, heart! anything, anything you wish shall be done. One week, and she shall be mine; and such a mischievous trick—but the fool deserves it, richly deserves it, for aspiring to the hand of one so immeasurably his superior Ninny! he little knew how deeply she has loved, sweet girl! How she has deceived them—father, mother friends—all! how sweet and how powerful is first love.'

Kate Crossley had often been heard to say, that whenever she married there would be an elopement. She either had a presentiment that such would be her fate, or she despised the modern, unromantic fashion of marrying and giving in marriage, that she was resolved that it should be. Consequently, when the elegant Augustus Nob, on the first day of May, 1842, knelt before her in the most fashionable manner, and made a most fashionable declaration, quite confident of being accepted—who could have refused. He was accepted, with the proviso that it should be an elopement.

'All right!' soliloquized Augustus, as he closed the half-door behind him; 'all right, and very simple! old lady decidedly in my favour—reconciliation easy—carriage and four—private clergy—two days in a hotel—sent for, and vewy romantic, too!'

It was a dark night—a very dark night for the month of May—and a very cold one, too; and under the shadow of some trees that grew upon the sidewalk in the upper part of Chestnut street, making the spot still darker, might be seen an elegant carriage and horses drawn up to the curb-stone.

The driver was on the box, enveloped in a great coat, and at a short distance from the carriage, and leaning against a tree, might be seen the figure of a young man, fashionably and elegantly attired. He wore a cloth cloak, loosely hanging from his shoulders, and he was evidently waiting for some one to arrive and enter the carriage with him. There were no passers by, however, to conjecture his motives and actions, as it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and the streets were quiet. He repeatedly took out a splendid watch and seemed impatiently waiting for some fixed hour. Presently the great bell upon the state-house tolled two. A light footstep was now heard in the distance, and a moment afterwards a graceful woman came tripping along, and approached the carriage. The young man who had been leaning against the tree, immediately recognised the figure, and stretched out his hand to conduct her to the carriage. We will conceal the names of the lovers no longer—they were Augustus Nob and Kate Crossley.

'My dear Kate,' said he, 'I have been waiting for you half an hour—how vewy cold it is.'

'No no—on such an errand as ours! But dear Augustus,' said Kate changing her manner, 'we must be married by the Rev. Mr. C—, the good old man has been like a father to me, and I could not think of any one else; he has promised me, and is now expecting us.'

'Oh vewy well,' replied the lover, 'you are sure he expects us?'

'Yes, I will give directions to the driver.' So saying she whispered a word in the ear of the driver, who seemed perfectly to understand her, and entered her carriage followed by Augustus.

The driver immediately gave the whip to his horses, and turning down Chestnut street, entered a cross street, and drove northward towards the district of the Northern Liberties.

The carriage drew up before the door of a handsome house in the upper part of the city, and the driver dismounting from his box,

opened the door, let down the steps, and handed the lady to the pavement. Nob thought he saw the driver kiss his bride's little white-gloved hand as she stepped upon the curbstone; but it was so dark he could not be sure of this. He was sure however he was the most officious driver he had ever seen; and from the slight glimpse that he caught of the fellow's face, by the light of a street lamp, he saw that he wore a mustache, and was withal a very handsome young man.

It was no time however to study physiognomy, or resent imaginary results. The door of the house was quietly opened by some one within, and Nob and his beautiful bride entered, and were shown into the drawing room. The servant desired Kate to follow her to a dressing room, that she might take off her bonnet, and intimated to Mr. Nob that the Rev. Mr. C— would wait upon him in a minute.

Now it was a very strange thing that, the same driver, who kissed Kate's little hand—for he actually had kissed it—instead of staying by his horses, as every good driver should do, gave them up to another, and walked into the house close after the bride and bridegroom. It was also strange that the bride kept the elegant Mr. Augustus Nob impatiently waiting in that front parlour for at least twenty minutes; but the strangest thing of all was, that when she did make her appearance, she had her bonnet, as when last he saw her, and was leaning on the arm of a handsome young gentleman wearing mustaches and white kid gloves, whom the stupid Augustus at once recognised as the impertinent driver and whom the reader may recognize as Henry Willis, the artist. Mr. Willis politely thanked Mr. Nob for having kindly attended his wife thither and assisted him in bringing the affair to a happy termination, and added, that as he had driven the party thither, he hoped that Mr. Nob, would condescend to reciprocate and take the box on their return. Nob however having got the sack in so cruel a fashion, felt no inclination to take the box, and in a few moments he was among the missing. He was never again seen in the city of Brotherly Love.

The young artist and his beautiful bride entered the carriage and drove to James's Hotel, where they remained until sent for by Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, which happy event occurred a day or two after. Whoever should see the modest and matronly Kate now, with her two beautiful children, would hardly credit the story that she had ever been a coquette. This, however, was positively her last adventure.

From the Repository.

JULIUS CESAR.

BY REV. B. F. TEFT.

The name of Julius Cesar is immortal. He was undoubtedly the greatest general of antiquity, and taken as a whole, the greatest man. Compared with Alexander, his military genius would not seem to rank so high as that of Philip's warlike son. But the difference between them in their different circumstances.

Alexander had everything prepared to hand by his father. Cesar began his career himself. Alexander inherited a powerful kingdom. Cesar was the heir to a moderate private fortune. Alexander conquered Greece after she had suffered thirteen years' civil war, and her power was almost extinct. Cesar subdued Rome at a time when her strength and wealth were at their summit. Alexander had no party at home to oppose him. When Cesar commenced, the senate and the entire military power of Rome declared him an outlaw, and his enemies set a price upon his head. Alexander met no adversary, particularly after he left Greece, entitled to any credit as a commander, and the people he subdued, were reduced to the lowest degree of weakness by their inordinate wealth, idleness and luxury. With a prodigious army he overran Persia, which, a few years before, Clearchus, the Spartan general, thought he could do with only ten thousand men. But Cesar, on the contrary, fought against Roman legions, the bravest disciplined troops in the world; they were commanded by Pompey, a man universally regarded at the beginning of the war, as the ablest general of his age; and, more than all, the troops of Pompey outnumbered Cesar's during a great part of the time, nearly as five to one.

Alexander, as he advanced, left no enemies behind him, since, in conquering a country, he became at once master of the whole of his and swelled his own army by adding that of his subdued enemies. Cesar, on the other hand, engaged in a civil war, never knew who were his real friends, and wherever he went, he was certain to be surrounded by his foes. Alexander, elated by his success, had not the strength of mind to moderate his passions, but giving way to pride and luxury, died in the beginning of his days. Cesar, continued to the last degree, rigidly correct in all his appetites, and governing himself by laws more strict than those imposed upon his soldiers, preserved health and life, and kept steadily on the grand career of his ambition. Alexander, in fine, by a kind of magic, reared a lofty kingdom, which, like the visions of magic, fell in a moment to the ground. Cesar built up an empire on a solid foundation, whose existence and glory constituted, for a century, the history of the civilized world.

Julius Cesar loses nothing as a general: by being compared with modern commanders. Napoleon gained nearly all his victories and honors by secrecy and celebrity. No one knew