

man of my choice, honored by his own virtues only; and his innate and natural grandeur, far above loftier suitors, then had I never said to thee, 'I do love Lionel, never had brought my pride to be humbled thus, by reproach when I should have met gratitude; by insult, whence I should have looked for support. But it matters not. If I have erred, I can retrace my steps; and I have erred; sir, erred fearfully, if not fatally. I fancied you all that was high and great, all that was generous and gentle, true and tender, chivalrous and courteous. I worshipped you almost as a God; my eyes are opened, and I find you—a mere man!—and a man of no manly mould. We have both been mistaken, Lionel. You never have known me in my strength, nor I you in your weakness. Better to part now forever with warm hearts; and no unkindly feelings, than to be linked irrevocably together, and find too late, that we are uncongenial souls, and wear out years of bickering and growing coldness, and hate, perhaps before we die—

'Hate!' exclaimed Lionel, now alarmed by her earnestness, despite his wayward mood, and fearful, at length, that he has gone too far—and could you hate me Margaret?

I could do more, she replied, I told you that you know me not. I could despise, if I found you worthless.

'But I am not—I am not worthless! I who would lay down life to win honor, honor itself to win you—'

'To lay down honor were the way to loose not win me.'

'You are unjust now Margaret. You go about to put construction on my words, to warp my phrases from their meanings, to torture my thoughts into evil. You are unjust, and ungenerous and unkind. I will waste neither words, nor affections on you any longer—hate me you may, despise me if you can proud girl; but you shall not wring my heart thus. I cast you from me in your pride—I renounce you. Go, go, unkind and haughty creature, go to your gothic halls, and gaze upon your long descended portraits, cherish your little pride with the detail of bygone greatness; go and confess to your overbearing father that you have been but a degenerate daughter, to stoop even in thought so low as to a beggarly Thornhill; go, and console his wounded pride by your repentance; go and profess your willingness to be the bride of titled imbecility and noble baseness, in his chosen suitor. Go, I say, go, Margaret Clavering. Go and forget that Lionel Thornhill, whom you once swore to love forever—that Lionel Thornhill who now gives you back your oath. Go Margaret Clavering; go, and farewell for ever.'

Farewell, Lionel Thornhill.'

And with a calm demeanor and firm step but with a heart so full that she fancied it would burst at every step she made to leave him; the fair girl turned away. It was a mighty, mighty effort, and her brain reeled dizzily, and a mist darkened her eyes. 'My God,' she moaned within her heart, 'My God how I have loved this man, that he should thus deal with me; but it is better, it is better so to part, and God will give me strength to bear it.' And without looking once behind her, she walked in bitterness of spirit down that dim walk, which she had not an hour before ascended full of glad thoughts and joyous aspirations; convinced in her own mind that this was indeed, a final rupture between herself and her impetuous and reckless lover, and thoroughly determined that she would neither return or relent, unless on the exhibition of an altered and amended spirit on the part of him whom she had indeed loved with all the sincere and earnest depth of a mind as powerful as it was pure, but of whose many faults of character and temper she was already but too painfully aware.

[To be Continued.]

From Graham's Magazine.
AUTUMN.*
BY JESSE E. DOW.

The harvest moon sails up its cloudless way,
Full round and red—the farmer's evening friend,
Lengthening the hours of labour, when the hand

Finds more than it can do within the day.
How gently falls its light upon the plains,
The quiet lake, and music breathing wood;
'The wakened bird mistakes it for the dawn,
And in the bush begins her matin song.
A moment rings the solitary strain,
And then no sound is wafted to the ear,
Saw the wild whisper of the dying wind;
Or distant foot-fall of some prowling beast.

Sweet voyager of night! whose fairy bark
Sails silently around the dusky earth,
Whose silver lamp in chastened splendour
burns;

Trimmed by the hand that fashioned thee so
fair,
And sent thee forth on thy eternal way,
The nearest and the brightest to our eyes
Of Heavens innumerable host—sail on
'Thy joyous way, in beauty 'mid the stars;
And catch the song of those bright sentinels,
Who watch the outposts on the bounds of
time.

Sending in vain their rays to pierce the gloom
Of drear immensity. The lover's eye—
Whether he grasps the wreck amid the waves,
Or treads in pride the well appointed deck
Of richly freighted galleon; or is doom'd,
Like Selkirk, in his lonely isle, to dwell
More desolate because his ear had heard,
In Scottish valley, the sweet Sabbath bell;
Or chases, with the seamen of the north,
The monster whale, by Greenland's sounding
shore,

Where crystal icebergs lift their glittering
peaks;
And bathe with rainbow hues the snowy vales
Or robs the otter of his glossy coat,
Where the Oregon sings her endless hymn
To the Pacific's waters; or gathers
Birds' nests 'mid the endless summer isles,
Where waves the cocoa-nut and lofty palm
O'er crystal billows, 'mid whose coral groves
The fish of brightest tints in beauty swim—
In health or sickness, joy or sorrow, turns
Inquiringly to thee, and speaks of love—
Love that endures when strength and reason
fails.

So the poor idiot on the moonlit hill,
Patting his dog, his last and truest friend,
Looks up with eye of more than usual fire,
And 'mid his idle chattering, speaks the name
Of one who loved him best in boyhood's
dream.

Thompson, sweet village! throned upon thy
hills,
With happy homes, and spires that gleam
above

Thy sacred altars, where the fathers taught,
And generations learned the way to God—
How pleasant, with remembrance's eye, to
view

The varied landscape changing autumn
spreads
O'er sunny vales that slumber at thy feet;
Where roll the babbling brook and deeper
stream.

Winding, like threads of silver tissue, wrought
By Moorish Maidens on their robes of green.
Around thee rise a host of smiling towns,
Bearing the names of mightier ones abroad.
There Dudley, glittering on the northern sky;
Stands on her lofty height supremely fair,
While westward, Woodstock with her groves
is seen,

In rural beauty blest; and at her feet,
Wrapt in a silver cloud, sweet Pomfret vale,
Spreads its gay bosom, dear to childhood's
hour.

The iron-horse now darts with lightning
speed
Through the green valleys that my boyhood
knew,

At each turn the lovely river makes,
At the mere plashing of the wild swan's wing,
A babbling village rises from the flood;
And there the halls of labor lift their domes
At Mammon's call, and countless spindles
twirl

The snowy thread, that soon is changed to
gold;
While far around is heard the dash of wheels,
At the unceasing roar of swollen dams.
The dead leaves dance upon the river's breast.
With tufts of cotton-waste, and here and there
A golden apple, dropped by careless boy,
Floating along toward the ocean's flood.

On the grey oak the fisher-bird awaits
The speckled trout, or chaffin, tinged with
gold;
While 'neath the rock the swimmer leaves his
clothes,

And 'mid the cooling wave in gladness sports
His ivory limbs, nor heeds the near approach
Of roaming bard, or red-cheeked factory girl,
Who climbs the rustic bridge, nor casts an eye
Toward her Leander, naked in the flood.
On such fair maidens no Duennas wait,
To scare young love from answering love
away;

No convent-gates are closed to bar her will,
Nor Hotspur brothers, armed with deadly
steel,
In secret wait to guard that honor safe,
Which; but for such restraint, had long since
fled.

Beyond the swampy meadow, fringed with
flags,
The ancient forest waves its gaudy head,
O'er which the eagle takes his lonely way—
The mighty hunter of the upper air.
There, in the mossy dells, where all is still,
Save when uncertain murmurs come and go
Along the solemn arches of the wood—
Like whispers in a lonely lane at dark,
Or soothing hum of home-returning bee—
The boy, delighted, sets his secret snares,
Clearing broad paths amid the yellow leaves,
Where the cock partridge may strut in pride
At earliest dawn, and find the fatal noose;
There, when the sun is peeping o'er the hills,
Tinging the woodland sea with gorgeous hues,
He goes, with eager step and anxious eye,
Beholds the path obscured, the sapling sprung,
And, 'mid the maple boughs, his mottled prey.

The Reaper pauses in the ample field,
Where a rich harvest smiles to bless his toil,
And rests beside the oak, beneath whose shade
In ages past, the wandering Red Man slept;
There, while the sun poured down his fervent
ray,

The happy laborer seeks to quench his thirst,
With crystal water from the live-stone spring,
Or milk, from prudent housewife's ample
store—
Pure as it came from Nature's healthy fount;
And while he sits the idle hours away,
He muses o'er his country and her fame,
And dares to claim his empire as his own.

And there, amid the grass, the children play
Around the sun-burnt maidens, as they twine
The bands to bind the golden armfuls tight,
And leave the bristling sheafs, with plenty
crowned,
Standing in beauty on the fresh-reap'd hill.
The groaning waggon gathers up the grain
From autumn fields. The yellow sheafs are
piled
In ponderous heaps, while one well skilled
builds up
The toppling lead, and when 't is finished sits

On its sere top, crowned with the ripened
grain—
The Autumn's King! And as the reaper's hale
And rosy children shout for joy, he sings,
With mellow voice, the song of Harvest Home.
The sickle gleams no more amid the fields;
The cradled hills are open to the feet
Of want's poor gleaners and the hunter band;
And there the quail walks with her piping
brood
Amid the stubble, teaching them to fly.

Amid the orchard; bending 'neath the load
That fair Pomona from her lap has strewn,
The busy husbandmen commence their tasks.
The red-cheeked apple, and the greening pale,
The golden-pipkin, and the blue pearmain,
Baldwin and russet, all are toppled down,
And to the air a balmy fragrance give.
And there, the urchins playing all the while,
Select the choicest fruit for future use.

When the long winter night creeps o'er the
hill,
And autumn's golden brow is wrapped in
gloom.
The cider-press, beneath the farm-house
shade,
Now creaks, as round old Dobbin takes his
way,

While from the massive vat the liquid pours,
And in abundant casks ferments and foams.
Hail, generous drink! fair Newark's honest
boast,
The laborer's beverage in a northern clime,
Where freedom first, in deadly strife was born
And where her last scarred-follower shall die,
If death to such e'er come.

Oh! have I sighed for thee in spicy clime,
Where hung the clustering grape from every
bough,
And where the nectar of the gods was free
As Crotton-water in old Gotham's Park.

Untainted with the liquid sin that flows
From the destroyer's still, thy spirit lifts
The thirsty soul from earth—but not too high,
Nor leaves at morn a flush upon the brow.

An apple caused the first of earth to sin;
But thou, well made, and freed from earthly
taint,
Raisest the weary spirit to its tone,
And givest to labor's cheek the glow of health

Now, in the rosy morn, the spotted hounds
Before the mounted Huntsmen hie away.
O'er fields and meadows, onward see them go,
Scaling the walls, and trampling down the
corn.

And now they penetrate the forest shade,
And from the sylvan dell, and wood-capt hill,
The deep mouthed bay with wild halloo is
heard.
Swelling in cadence to the hunter's horn,
In her retreat, amid the deepest shade,
Where the long grass is tender, and ne'er
fails,

The red-deer hears, and starts, and lists again,
Till louder still the chase's wild music sounds,
Then down the hill-side to the lake that
spreads
Its broad unruffled bosom to the morn,
She takes her course; while on her haunches
come
The bellowing pack, like gaunt and hungry
wolves.

Now she has gained the stunted alder's shade,
That line the margin of the waters clear,
And turning quickly round the wave worn
hill,
That towers abruptly o'er the narrow beach,
Dips her light hoofs in the unconscious wave,
And seeks the mountain-pass with lightning
speed.

Hid from their sight, the scent in water lost,
The eager pack plunge headlong in the flood;
But soon recalled to duty, 'long the shore
They scour, till one more practiced than the
rest,
Stops where the chase her sylvan pathway
took,

And bellowing widely; follows in her track,
With the whole party thundering at his heels.
The wily deer too long has got the start,
And now from distant hill-side sees the foe
Come panting up the dell with weary limb.
A moment only does she look, then turns
And glides in silence down the other side;
And when the Huntsmen gain the lofty height,
The deer is far away—the chase is o'er.

Oh! who can sing the glories of the woods,
When Indian Summer, like a death-smile,
rests
On autumn's sallow cheek too soon to fade.

In ages past, when thou didst gently come,
'With nights of frost, and noons of sultry heat,
When skies were blue as highly tempered
steel,
And rivers clear as crystal, and the mist
Upon the mountains hung its silver veil;
When o'er the grass a fairy net-work spread,
And naught was green except the mountain
pine,
The willow, and the bullrush by the brook—
Our fathers feared—for then amid the wilds,
Called by the wampum-belt of varied hue,
The Indian warriors built their council-fire,
And in the war-dance with hellish rite;
Till morning broke upon the dusky woods.
Then, at the hour when mortals soundest slept,
And nature was at rest, they sallied forth
Armed with the hatchet and the scalping-
knife,
And trusty rifle, whose report was death.
The sleeping father woke to hear the cry
Of butchered wife, and infant rudely torn
From her clasped arms, to feel the war-club's
power.

One look he gave, and on his silvery head

The hatchet fell, and loosed the flood of life,
Then sinking down in death's cold senseless
sleep,
Added fresh fuel to the crackling flames
That spread around his lonely sylvan cot,
And lit, with hateful glare, the moaning
woods.

Next morn the wandering hunter marked the
waste,
And found amid the ashes, human bones,
An axe, a child's steel rattle, and a lock
Of woman's golden hair, still wet with blood.

* Continued from the Gleaner of May 18.

From the New York Literary World.

"THEY HEARD HIS VOICE."

A scene of novel and peculiar interest occurred at the May meeting of the New York Historical Society. A learned paper upon the ancient trails and territorial boundaries of the far-famed Iroquois, had enlisted the attention of the members so deeply, that the usual hour for adjournment was nearly forgotten. When the reader at length closed his dissertation, a member of the society rose and stated that there was a veritable Iroquois of the full blood present; and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the Society would perhaps be gratified to hear any remarks he might be willing to offer upon the paper just read. The President, the Hon. Luther Bradish, warmly welcomed the suggestion, and an Indian, with all the characteristics of his race strongly printed upon his frontispiece, glided from under the shadow of the bookcases and planted himself upon the floor. The Redman smiled, and bowed with graceful self-possession at the round of applause which greeted him; and with remarkable address he touched upon point after point of the discourse which had just been read, in language at once choice and forcible, and delivered with just that degree of hesitation which would characterize a speaker who was translating his thoughts. At last he came to a sentence in which his white predecessor upon the floor, had said, 'The Iroquois had left no monuments.' His response to this was a most animated burst of eloquence; and from that moment, his speech having now a direct purpose, became one of the most touching and dignified appeals we ever listened to; invoking the Society to interpose between those who survived of his people, and the influences which were at work to expel them from the remnant of their ancient posterity in this State. He said—

'The honourable gentleman has told you that the Iroquois have no monuments. Did he not previously prove that the land of Ganago-or-o, or the 'Empire state,' as you love to call it, was once laced by our trails from Albany to Buffalo—trails worn so deep by the feet of the Iroquois that they became your own roads of travel as your possessions gradually eat into those of my people. Your roads still traverse those same lines of communication, and bind one part of the 'Long House' to another. The land of Gayo-no-o—the empire state—then is our monument, and we wish its soil to rest above our bones, when we shall be no more. We shall not long occupy much room in the living; we shall occupy still less when we are gone; a single tree of the thousands which sheltered our forefathers—one old elm under which the representatives of the tribes were wont to meet—will cover us all; but we would have our bodies twined in death among its roots, on the very soil whence it grew. Perhaps it will last longer from being fertilized with their decay.'

The deep and respectful silence with which these words were listened to, was broken the next moment by a peal of laughter from the audience, at some grotesque touches of irony; while sarcasm and eloquent invective on the next instant called out an involuntary murmur of plaudits, as the Iroquois speaker, proclaiming himself 'a native American,' commended his white brethren for their alacrity in helping 'The Pole, the Greek, and the Inhabitants of the British Islands,' and recorded his approval of philanthropy generally, provided the original owners of the soil they lived on were not excluded from its wide embrace. He thought it well, too, that the books of white men might occasionally allow, that an Indian had some feeling for his wife or his son, for the wife of his bosom, and for the land of his birth. His gesticulations in this part speech were singularly characteristic, and added much to its effect. Turning then to the president he said—

'I have been told that the first object of this society is to preserve the history of New York. You, all of you, know, that alike in its wars and treaties the Iroquois, long before the Revolution, formed a part of that history; that they were then one in council with you, and were taught to believe themselves one in interest. In your last war with England,—your red brother—your elder brother—still came up to help you, as of old on the Canada frontier. Have we the first holders of this prosperous region no longer a share in your history? Glad were your forefathers to sit down upon the threshold of the 'Long house;' rich did they count themselves in getting mere sweepings from its door. Had our forefathers spurned you from it when the French were thundering at the opposite end, to get a passage through and drive you into the sea, whatever might have been the fate of other Indians, the Iroquois might still have been a nation; and I—instead of pleading hear for the privilege of lingering within your borders—I—might have had—a country!'

As the Iroquois thus spoke, his dark features were compressed from strong internal agitation; a big tear gathered in his eye long