

Literature, &c.

The American Magazines
FOR APRIL.

AUTUMN.

Continued from our last.

Gently the Sabbath breaks upon the hills,
As when the first blest Sabbath marked the
course
Of time. The golden sunbeam sleeps upon
The woods. No cloud cast o'er the scene a
shade.
The six days' labor ended, man and beast
Enjoy the season of appointed rest.
The fields are lonely, and the drowsy dells
Scarce catch the whisper of the gentle air;
And now is heard, far over hills and dale,
Up laughing valley, and through whispering
glen,
Gladdening the solitary place, and sadder
heart,
The sweet-toned Sabbath-bell. Oh, joyful
sound!
When from the Indian Isle the storm-tossed
bark,
Falls its white pinion by its cradled shore,
And the tir'd sailor, on the giddy yard,
Cent'ring the thoughts of years in one short
hour,
Looks to the land, and hears thy melting peal.
At such an hour the grateful heart pours out
Its praise, that upward soars like the blue
smoke
Rising from its bright cottage-heart to hea-
ven;
And from the deep empyrian the ear
Of holy faith an answering note receives,
To still the mourning soul, and dry its tears.
Sweet is the Sabbath to a world of care,
When spring comes blushing with her buds
and flowers;
When summer scents the rose, and fills the
grain,
When autumn crowns her horn, and binds her
sheaves,
And winter keeps his cold watch on the hills.

The wakeful cock from distant farm-yard
crows
The passing hour—the miller stops his wheel
To gather headway for the coming task—
And by the turnpike-gate the loaded team,
With bending necks, stand panting while be-
neath
The rustic shade the careless teamster waits—
With long-lashed whip, and frock of linsey-
wool,
And hat of undyed felt cocked o'er his eye—
There draining to the dregs his foaming gourd,
Stands in his brogans every inch a King.
Approach him, sage professor, as you list,
With question subtil on a point abstruse:
Or with a query as to simple things—
Physics or metaphysics, old or new,
Law, written or unwritten, good or bad,
Logic, domestic or of foreign growth,
Knowledge, too deep to know, and never
known,
Or sluggish faith, that takes a teeming age
Of miracles, to make one soul believe;
Questions political, that sage to sage
Have past for centuries on, as trants wild
Toss prickly bars, for their unthinking mates
To catch, by moonlight, in the autumnal
woods;
Talk of creation, or the Chinese wall,
Wander o'er Athen's hill or sumac knoll.
Drink at Castalia's fount or Jaspas's Spring,
And he is there to answer and confound.
Nature's philosopher! untought by schools,
Who knows, and can explain in one short
hour,
More than the wide world knew in Plato's
day.

And there the blacksmith by his anvil stands—
Well may you mark his tall and robust form,
His forehead full, where intellect may dwell,
And eye that glances like the flying sparks
When the red bar comes dazzling from the
forge.
All day his hammer works his iron will.
The resper's sickle and the crooked scythe
The ponderous tire that binds the waggon-
wheel.
And the small rivet of the school boy's toy,
Come at his bidding from the mental crude.
The patient ox
Waits for his iron shoes beside his door,
And the gay steed that bounds along the
course
Neighs merrier when he plates his hoofs with
steel;
The temple door on his stout hinges turns,
And in the vault of Mammon rests secure
The treasure guarded by his master-key.
Day after day he toils, as seldom toil
The slaves that drag their lazy length along—
Sleeping at noon that they may dance at
night—
In the plantations of the sunny South;
Yet he unnumbering bears the laborer's curse,
To share his joys and roan the golden fields,
Erect in form and intellect—a man!
But when the even comes with cooling breath,
Bringing the hour for labors sweet repose,
He clears his brow from every mark of toil,
And seeks his cottage by the village green;
There, having ate in peace his frugal meal,
He turns his mind, insatiate, to his books.
And, by the aid of Learning's golden key,
Holds sweet communion with the ages past.
Behold! the scholar now in honest pride!
Around him sleep the mystic tomes of years,
Books that the western world ne'er saw be-
fore—

The manuscripts of monks, ere printing gave
The world a channel to a sea of thought,
Where all might sail, and drink in raptures
in—

The spirit waters, sparkling from their founts.
His tongue can speak more languages than
fell
Grom Human lips at Babel's overthrow;
Nor secret thing, to mortal spirit known,
Is hidden from his penetrating eye.
Versed in the deepest mysteries of the
schools,
With memory stored with all the mind e'er
grasped,
With talents rarely willed by Heaven to one,
And sympathetic heart that beats for all,
Nor knows an outcast at its feast of love,
Burritt now lives, the wonder of mankind.
Rabbis and sage professors call him learned,
And to his humble gateway come in crowds
To hear the page of ancient lore rehearsed,
And catch the jewel thoughts that fall from
him
Who sits amid the learned a self-taught man.

In the dun forest, far away from noise
Of travelled road, beneath the giant trees,
Whose branches form a lofty canopy
O'er a great circle cleared by willing hands,
Where the gray ash obstructs the serpent's
path,
The happy Christians pitch their tents of pray-
er.

There naught is heard but soothing woodland
sounds,
The tempered roar of distant waterfall,
The fox's sharp bark, the heathcock's cheerful
crow,
The wildcat's growl amid the deepest shade,
And the shrill scream of hunger-driven hawk,
As through the openings he pursues his pray-
er.

Amid the tents upon the highest spot,
The preachers' stand in humble form appears,
And by its side the horn with mellow note,
To give the signal meet for praise and prayer.
There all conditions come with hearts of love
Married and single, sons and daughters fair,
The emigrants from every temple land;
The Saxon, in his pride of high descent,
The Gaul, with spirit-harp of finer strings,
The Pict, ne'er weaned from his romantic
hills,

Where o'er the heather rolls the Highland
tongue.
The Swiss, whose home is where his cottage
smiles,
The light Italian, gayest of the gay,
And the coarse Hollander, who loves the
marsh,
Nor deems a heaven a home without a ditch—
The river seamen of he mighty west,
Rude in their speech, but honest as they're
rude,

The man of cities, and the pioneer,
Whose axe first let the sunlight to the woods,
When nature in her lonely beauty slept
On the wide prairie and the sylvan hill—
The beaver-trapper, from the far-off stream;
The bison hunter, from the saline lick;
And the wild Indian, in his forest dress,
All gather from their journeyings to keep,
In humble guise, a week of holier time.

And now the horn has echoed wide and shrill,
And the great congregation waits for prayer.
One takes the stand—a man not taught by
schools—
In habit plain, with hands embrown'd by toil,
Blunt in his speech, yet reverent with all.
Now, scarcely understood, he lifts his voice
In praise to God. Then as his feelings catch
The inspiration of that hallowed hour,
Sours to a pitch of eloquence sublime,
While the deep woods are vocal with his pray-
er.

His words, like rain upon the thirsty ground,
Fall on the ear of that great multitude.
Now he describes a Saviour's matchless love—
His high estate, his exile from the throne,
His mocking trial, and his felon death;
The noontide sun in darkness veils its face,
And earthquake voices fill the trembling air,
While the old dead in shrouds, through Sa-
lem's streets,

Go forth a ghostly company again,
Singing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
And making the proud Temple's arches ring,
With the glad praises of Redeeming Love.
'T is done! the mighty plan is carried out—
The last great Sacrifice for sin is o'er;
Then from the tomb he rolls the stone away,
And shows a risen Saviour and a God!
The different hearers testify his power
In different ways. The truth, like a sharp
sword,
Has cleaved its path. The flinty heart is crush-
ed,

And the great deep of sin is broken up.
The old transgressors tremble by the stand—
The young in sin repent to sin no more.
A thousand voices join in one wild prayer,
And shrieks, and groans, and shouts of joy
arise,
And Heaven keeps Sabbath o'er the autumn
woods.

The painted savage, who amid the crowd
Has stood unmoved for days, awakes to life;
His giant breast in wild commotion heaves,
His heart would speak, nor wait to reach his
lips;
He stands and vainly calls to his relief
His savage nature; but, alas! 't is gone.
Then falling on his face amid the woods
That often echoed to his war-hoop fell,
He casts his weapons at his Saviour's feet,
And lays aside his garments stained with
blood
His voice in accents of his soul now speaks,

His eyes with tears of deep contrition stream,
And from a trembling tongue in transport
breaks,
Sweet Alleluia to the king of kings!
The angel hovering o'er that forest scene,
Bears up the tidings on exulting wing,
And soon from the high pinnacles of bliss,
The Seraph harps in sweetness make re-
sponse,
Alleluia!
The thrilling song in gentle murmuring falls
Upon the anxious ear, like music heard
On the calm ocean at the midnight hour,
Speaks to the broken heart in whispers sweet,
And dies away amid the forest hum,
Alleluia!
The night has come, and one by one the lights
Go out amid the trees, and the vast multitude
Is hushed in sleep.

[To be continued.]

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE RED KING.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHEN.

Continued from our last.

NORTHUMBERLAND flung up one hand the
moment it was unshackled, and shouted to his
wife not to yield—not to unliak a chain of the
impregnable gate—but his voice was choked
back by a rude buffet from the king, and she
could not tell whether that arm had been up-
lifted in entreaty or command. The red ty-
rant was honorable! He would wait ten mi-
nutes—full ten minutes—no longer. The her-
ald proclaimed that five were already gone.

She turned to the lieutenant. "In five mi-
nutes they will begin! See! see! they are
already tearing him from the horse! Down—
down! all of you! When did five minutes
suffice for the lowering of yon bridge? she
cried, choking with agony.

The lieutenant hesitated. He was of the
old Saxon blood and hesitated even while his
lord was in the hands of those Norman tortu-
rers. But she passed him by, pointing with
her hand toward the portcullis. "Follow me
—they shall not tear out his eyes! Follow
me!"

She ran wildly toward the portal, crying to
the men as she passed through them. "On, on!
Let down the draw-bridge they are murdering
your lord." But she reached the portcullis first
She seized the massive and rusted chains
with her delicate hands. Fifty stout
soldiers came to her aid, headed by the lieuten-
ant, but she never let go her hold upon
those chains till the portcullis groaning as it
might seem with horror at the act, and the
draw-bridge fell. The moment its massive tim-
bers touched the opposite supports, King Rufus
spurred his horse till it plunged fiercely upon
the bridge. His officers followed, lords and
captains pell mell into the devoted fortress.
In their midst was Flambard with their captive
earl.

The countess stood motionless and white,
leaning against an arch of the massive portal.
The couvre chef, twisted with the guard chains
and torn from her head, clung in fragments
to the portcullis far up in the air. Drops of
blood were on her arm and bosom, for the
iron had grazed them in several places, and
the drapery of her robe was soiled with dust.
"Conduct your lady into the citadel, the
scene is too rude for her," cried King Rufus,
as his eyes fell upon the noble young crea-
ture, and he checked his horse to gaze more
fully upon her exquisite loveliness.

Matilda arose from the supporting arch, she
gathered her super-unic over her bosom and
moving toward Ralph Flambard, passed be-
tween his chafing horse and stationed herself
beside the wounded charger of her husband.
Her trembling hand sought his. She lifted
those large deprecating eyes, full of humble
tenderness, to his face and made a mournful
effort to smile.

His look met hers; but oh, how sadly. "My
poor Matilda," he said, "your tenderness has
ruined us all."

"Will no one conduct this lady in?" thun-
dered King Rufus, chafed by the scene.

"I will pass into my husband's castle thus,
it so please you," said the countess, clinging to
the soiled gauntlet upon her husband's right
hand. "The fittest escort for an English ma-
tron is her husband; I will have no other."

"We shall see," muttered Rufus, glancing at
Ralph Flambard and pointing with his sword
toward the donjon-keep. "The traitor earl
rests yonder," he said; "see that the lady is
cared for; and the tyrant rode on.

More troops were constantly filling the
draw-bridge, but Ralph Flambard commanded
a halt, while some of his nearest followers
came up at his signal and seized upon Nor-
thumberland.

Pale and breathless, but resolved in her de-
termination to stay with the earl, Matilda
clung to him.

"They shall not separate us; I gave up the
castle of his ancestors that you might suffer
together," she cried, pleading passionately, first
with the cold and sneering Flambard, then
with the soldiers that strove to tear her from
the earl. "Let me go with him! Let me
go with him; I will not be plucked from his
hold!"

"Let her go with me; see you not that she
will die if you persist in this?" pleaded the earl,
forcing his proud nature to entreat a boon of
the low-born favorite, as his wife was guard-
ed close to his heart by an arm that nothing
but torture could have conquered. "Leave
this noble woman to me, I am content; let
your king take the rest. Ten strong castles
and nearly three hundred rich manors, freely
rendered up, should win me this sweet com-
panionship."

"Nay, if I mistake not, the king would
sooner leave them all in your rebel keeping

than this fair dame," said Flambard, with a
cold sneer; "besides, the dungeons of your
tower must be far too dark and dreary for so
much beauty to be couched in. King Rufus
is seldom so cruel to his captives as that.
The lady will have most gentle care, I war-
rant thee, Sir Earl.

The earl turned and looked his tormenter
eternally in the face. There was something in
the man's voice that made his proud blood
curdle.

"Caitiff, I understand you!" he said, while
his lips grew white and trembled, in defiance
of a stern effort to subdue the sickening sensa-
tions that crept through every nerve in his
body.

Flambard answered with a cold and mean-
ing smile that stung Northumberland to the
very heart's core. A moment the two stood
face to face gazing upon each other; Flam-
bard still maintaining his fiendish smile, and
the captive earl searching the caitiff's black
heart through his features with eyes that seem-
ed to burn where their glance fell.

At length he bent down and whispered a
word to the countess. She started and lifted
her eyes to his with a look of new and bewil-
dering fear. She did not quite seem to under-
stand him. Again Northumberland bent his
head and murmured in her ear. It must have
been something very painful, for her face,
neck and hands, before so deathly white, were
suffused with sudden crimson, and, drawing
back her head, she looked with an expression
of terrible doubt into his eyes. They were
bent upon her, surcharged with unutterable
meaning. A shudder ran through her frame,
sharp and visible.

"No, no! it cannot be. The fiend! the
fiend! But no! no! They will let me stay
with you. They will—they will!"

She turned her eyes upon Ralph Flambard;
those eyes so large, so black, so splendid in
their expression of tenderness and terror. She
slid from the arms of her husband and fell up-
on her knees—that noble patrician wife—be-
fore Ralph Flambard.

"Rise, sweet lady," he said, in a silky voice,
and with the same doubtful smile. "Rise, I
beseech you."

"Not till you promise that I may share his
dungeon," she said. "I will not rise till then?"

"Who could deny so much beauty its slight-
est wish?" said the parasite; and his voice
grew still more gentle. He stooped down to
raise the lady from her kneeling posture. Joy
that she had prevailed gave her animation and
she stood up slightly supported by his arm.
Quick as thought he girded her around the waist
and, with a sudden turn, cast her into the arms
of two soldiers who stood near.

"Take her to the citadel!"
Before the words left his lips a blow from
Northumberland's gauntleted hand sent the
villain to the earth, and springing toward the
men he seized the nearest fiercely by the
shoulder.

"One word I will speak; one single word
with her, though an army stood behind us," he
said.

The man seemed to have some touch of
human sympathy. He cast a timid glance at
the favorite, who lay within the gateway,
quite immovable, and said, hurriedly, "Be
quick, then—a word can do no harm."

Northumberland bent over his half senseless
wife. Her arms were prisoned and she could
only struggle faintly to cast them about his
neck, but in vain.

"Matilda, do you understand—are your fac-
ulties all awake?" She turned her eyes full
upon him and answered in a feeble whisper,

"Yes!"

He looked at her fixedly—almost fiercely
and yet with tenderness.

"In our chamber, beneath the golden cruci-
fix is a poniard," he said with a slow distinct
enunciation.

Her eyes brightened, she met his glance
with one resolute and full of holy purpose.
"I will seek for it there!"

He bent down and kissed her lips. The
men made no opposition; but that instant
Ralph Flambard, recovering from the stunning
effects of his fall, and struggling up to one el-
bow, called fiercely for them to move on.
They obeyed, and Northumberland was alone
in the midst of his enemies. They guarded
him to the donjon-keep, and when Ralph
Flambard had seen the last bolt drawn upon
his captive he turned away, faint with the blow
he had received, and pale with fiendish rage.

The Norman king and his followers carou-
sed in Bamborough castle that night. There
was a vaulted hall in the citadel, and beneath
its frowning arches, rendered savage and gla-
ring by a hundred torches, they held wassail
till mirth became fierce riot. The noise of
their revel, the shout, the coarse jest and the
coarser song reached the unhappy countess
where she was kneeling, more dead than alive,
before the crucifix in her chamber. She
closed her eyes and shuddering pressed her
trembling hands upon each side of her
head in a vain effort to shut out those horrid
sounds they died away at last, but not till the
wine had done its work and silenced them in
brutal slumber. Then the Red King arose and
passed through the slumbering herd; jesting
coarsely at their weakness in withstanding the
wine no better. He was never thus overcome;
wine only served to fire his base nature and
rendered all that was evil in him still more
evil. He spoke to Ralph Flambard, who was
cool and perfectly self-possessed; for Ralph
drank nothing but water. This was half the
secret of his great influence. With his facul-
ties ever about him it was not singular that he
attained ascendancy in a court where excess
of all kinds impaired the intellect and slowly
corroded the most powerful minds.

"Ah, Ralph," said the king, "now that
there is none left to pledge their sovereign