

## Literature, &amp;c.

The American Magazines  
FOR MAY.

From Graham's Magazine.

## AUTUMN.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

The sun in mellow light, sleeps on the hills,  
The lazy river rolls in silence on,  
The woods keep Sabbath, till the deep-mouthed  
bay  
Of wandering fox-hounds breaks upon the  
ear;  
Or from the top of an old chestnut falls,  
The tempting nut the startled squirrel drops,  
Parting the fading leaves with pattering  
sound;  
Or on the rotten log beside the stile,  
The busy partridge beats her woodland drum,  
The frost has tipped the trees with lovelier  
tints  
Than pencil ever gave to forest scene,  
There, green and gold in various hues com-  
bine,  
Spotted with crimson where the maple  
stands,  
And when the sun upon the hoar frost shines,  
The foliage sparkles, as though crimson hung  
On every leaf, and trembled in the air.  
The eye now penetrates the half-clad trees,  
And spies the squirrel in his leafy house,  
Or marks upon the limb the wish-ton-wish,  
Who rests by day, that he may sweeter  
sing  
His song at night, beside the cottage gate.  
The thistle seed, with wing of silver down,  
Floats in the air and flashes in the sun.  
The dusky worm that feasted on the leaf  
In the green spring time, weaves his curious  
shroud,  
And fastening it by threads of minute size,  
To the tall poplar, swings himself to sleep.  
Type of the resurrection! lo he hangs  
Between the mortal and the spirit land,  
Till called by God, through nature's change-  
less laws,  
He starts a winged creature clad in light,  
With tints of morning blushing on his wings.

The fisher's boat along the river glides,  
Nor leaves a ripple in its shallow wake.  
The wild swan sports in Anicosta's wave,  
And deems his shadow his departed mate;  
The patient heron, on the wave-washed rock  
For hours stands, watching her suspecting  
prey;  
The wild goose raises heavily to join  
The gabbling cohort that is hastening on,  
High in the air to the bright summer land,  
Where the superb magnolia lifts its head,  
And scents the gale—a wilderness of flowers.  
The hardy ivy climbs the giant tree,  
To place green garlands on its withered head;  
The wild grape from the lofty walnut hangs,  
Its purple clusters tempting to the sight;  
And by the swampy brook, the sunflower  
turns  
Its golden eye in meekness towards its God;  
The deer from sylvan dell come out to drink;  
The buzzard on the dead tree patient waits,  
For the returning tide to line the shore  
With food well suited to his grovelling taste;  
And o'er the bosom of the widening stream  
The lazy fish-hawk flaps his heavy wing.

Old age and childhood, marks with curious  
eye,  
The lonely scene, and pass, with cautious  
tread,  
Down the still pathway of the dying woods.  
Now, round the mighty piles of corn they sit,  
The aged ones, the young men, and the lads,  
With here and there a son of Afric's clime,  
With eye that rolls in undiminished joy,  
And mouth that ready waits to swell the  
laugh,  
Or join the merry huskers' drinking song.  
And thus the labor of the week is done,  
While wife and daughters 'neath the farmer's  
roof,  
Spread out the festive board with viands rich,  
And tempting to the eye of one who bears  
The sweat of labor on his swarthy brow.  
Now from its yellow sheath, the ripened corn,  
In well filled ears is drawn—a pleasant sight;  
And while the village maidens pass along,  
Stopping where'er their fancy wills, to husk,  
Red ears are placed within their anxious  
palms,  
By roguish ones, who hid them for this hour,  
And as they draw the crimson emblems forth,  
Faint many a kiss is printed on the cheek  
Of rosy innocence, by lips that ne'er  
Such liberty had dared to take before.  
The clock strikes twelve, and from his cozy  
perch  
Besides the fattest pullet, lo, the cock  
Proclaims the approaching morn with shrillest  
crow!  
The corn is husked, and now they gather  
round  
The board, while lovely maidens wait to  
serve  
With ready hand the labourers of the eve.  
Now from the lips of village sire ascends  
The prayer for Heaven's rich blessing on their  
food;  
Thanks for the pouring out of plenty's horn,  
And gratitude for life and health—nay more,  
For liberty, without which all things else  
Were vain. And while he stands with stream-  
ing eye,  
And hand that palely oft has clasped in vain.  
His trembling accents fall upon the ear.  
Like distant music at the close of day.  
The service o'er the merry feast begins,

Continued from the last Gleaner.

Then joy runs riot round the sacred chair  
And dignified propriety is gay  
As gipsy maiden with her silver bells,  
Tinkling around her heels, at length the  
dawn  
Recalls the joyous throng to other scenes,  
And soon the last gay visitor has bade  
His warm good by—and the old house is  
still.  
Left all alone in calm security,  
Straight in his oaken chair of antique form,  
Within his hall the farmer sits and sleeps,  
While the fierce house dog watches at his  
feet.  
Sweet hour of plenteous ease when care puts  
off  
His wrinkled brow, and charity and love,  
The fairest sisters of the heavenly train,  
Go hand in hand along the faded walks,  
And sit at evening by the cottage door,  
There the old soldier, covered o'er with  
scars,  
Limped along unnoticed by the crowd,  
Whose liberties were purchased with his  
blood,  
Finds 'neath the whispering elms before the  
door  
A welcome seat; and there the little ones,  
Called from their play by Towser's watchful  
growl,  
And the patched dress that glory gives her  
sons,  
Gather round their sire with mute surprise,  
And list to tales of other days, when war  
With iron feet, swept thundering o'er the  
glade,  
And rears his bloody altar on the hills.  
And while they listen, lo, the soldier's face,  
Grows less terrific, and his tattered dress  
No longer seems to hide a vagrant's form.  
With stealthy look and silent step they seek  
The festive board, and silently return;  
Then, while he wipes from his dim eye a  
tear,  
They fill the old man's pack with generous  
food,  
Proffer the goblet full to his parched lips,  
And play at 'hide and seek' around his  
chair  
The heart of power may coldly beat when  
they  
Who fought for freedom in her darkest hour,  
In age and penury, appear to claim  
The boon a monarch never yet refused;  
But by the hearth stone of his native land,  
Where liberal thoughts and generous feelings  
dwell,  
The valiant soldier ne'er shall find a churl  
To bid him trudge, a rude unwelcome guest.

On Salem's hill the Hebrew's reign is o'er,  
The silver trump of jubilee is still,  
Timbrel and harp and soft toned dulcimer  
Have ceased their strains on Sharon's rosy  
vale;  
The scattered tribes in earth's remotest  
bounds  
Wander like sheep upon the mountain side,  
And Israel mourns her empire and her God.  
The fisher solitary, dries his net  
On the green rock, amid the silver wave,  
Where, robed in purple, sat imperial Tyre.  
And through the autumn day beholds no sail,  
To catch the scented breeze from Cyprus  
Isle.  
The hills of Jude crowned with ruins gray,  
Lift their brown summits to the deep blue  
air,  
And cast their cooling shadows on the sea.  
Hushed is the shepherd's lute, the reaper's  
shout,  
The bleat of flocks, and patriarch's song of  
praise,  
The Harvester of years has o'er them past,  
And hung his reaping hook in Joseph's tomb.

But though the tramp of jubilee is still,  
And Israel's host in triumph meet no more,  
By Jacob's well or Siloa's sacred brook;  
Yet in the Western world where Freedom  
rears  
Her banner o'er the altar of her God,  
And all religions meet in peaceful mood,  
At autumn's close, the wanderer's returned  
To distant homes to keep thanksgiving day.  
Such was the custom of the pilgrim band,  
When first they trod that wild and wintry  
shore.  
And such th' observance of her sterling sons,  
Who, scattered o'er the freeman's heritage,  
Remember their bold ancestry with pride,  
And where they tread, make new England's  
bloom.

The days grew shorter, and the nights with  
frost  
Creep shivering o'er the landscape's fading  
green.  
The village stage comes in on later hour,  
From city town, and distant boarding school,  
Bringing a host of merry hearts, who seek  
The joys of childhood by their native hearths;  
And as it pauses at the welcome door  
The inmates rush uncovered to the stile,  
And there 'mid kisses long and loud is heard  
The mother's anxious inquiry for health,  
The boisterous brother's rude, though hearty  
hail  
And happy father's well timed welcome  
home.  
What joys what transports centre in the hour,  
While the old mansion rings with childlike  
mirth.

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## MARGARET'S WELL:

A TALE OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

Nor was this resolve on her part in any de-  
gree the result of any idle coquetry, or weak

unworthy desire to try her lover's patience,  
or exert her influence over him. It was rather  
the consequence of a perception which had  
been long gaining upon her, that the spirit of  
Lionel, although heightened and ambitious of  
good and high ends, and full of noble aspirati-  
ons, was yet altogether deficient in stability  
and self-reliance; that his character was mar-  
red by a sort of jealous irritability and impa-  
tience, and that he was in no small danger of  
becoming in the end that most unhappy and  
unamiable of beings, a self-doubter, and a  
doubter of all around him.

It had been well perhaps, for her, had noth-  
ing occurred to break her resolution, but so it  
was not, not so was it like to be; for the quar-  
rels of lovers are proverbially of brief dura-  
tion, and the temper of Lionel was as placible as  
it was easily excited.

Margaret Clavering had not, therefore, gone  
twenty paces on her homeward path ere a  
fleet foot sounded behind her, an arm was  
thrown about her slender waist, and her re-  
pentant lover was at her feet.

Five minutes more and all was forgiven and  
forgotten; and, arm-in-arm, the young and  
beautiful pair sauntered back to the edge of  
the deep tank, and there seated beneath the  
shade of the gigantic elms, sat till the even-  
ing had closed in dark around them, weaving  
a tissue of gay prospects for the future, ex-  
changing protestations of eternal faith, and  
consoling and confirming each the other with  
promises of perfect confidence, and resolute  
endurance of whatever should befall them.

Before they parted, neither of the two en-  
tertained a doubt that Lionel's career under the  
banner of his lawful monarch, displayed, alas!  
in civil war against his own rebellious subjects,  
and the glories which he would achieve with  
his good sword, would reconcile Sir Hugh,  
in due season, to the comparatively obscure  
birth and lowly fortunes of his daughter's su-  
itor, and that time alone and constancy were  
needed to insure to both ultimate and eternal  
happiness. Rings were exchanged, and locks  
of dark and golden hair, and it was under-  
stood between them, in case of any sudden  
need, or perilous emergency, at sight of his  
ring returned to him by a trusty messenger,  
Lionel Thornhill should return hither with all  
speed of horse and man, and look to meet his  
faithful mistress—faithful through life and un-  
to death, by that same tank, on whose green  
edge they parted. They parted, with many  
a tear, and many a fond embrace. They  
parted! When shall they meet again, and  
how?

A year had passed since Margaret and her  
lover had parted; and a year of incessant  
strife and warfare throughout England; a year  
of suffering and sorrow and trial to the fair  
young girl, such as she never endured before,  
since the days of her joyous childhood. The  
war, which had raged at first so fiercely in the  
western counties, had now, by the partial  
success of the royal arms, swept inland; and  
the royal host lay at Oxford where the court  
was assembled, and where the royal parlia-  
ment, for there were now two parliaments in  
the distracted kingdom, held their sittings.  
Tidings were, it is true, in those days carried  
to and fro with difficulty; split up as the whole  
country was by borough towns and hamlets,  
by the castles of the great and the cottages of  
the poor, between the two contending factions  
still, in spite of this, those who were interest-  
ed in fortunes of the contending armies, or in  
the fate of friends or relatives engaged on ei-  
ther side, contrived to ascertain which way  
the tide of events was setting, and which  
host on every stricken field, the more the no-  
bler victims had gone down before the mer-  
ciless surge of civil war.

On the latter point, unhappily the tale for  
the most part ran one way, for while the par-  
liamentarians, even in their most gallant and  
disastrous routs, lost only a few low-born fanatics,  
pimple nosed serving men, as Oliver  
himself has set down the bulk of the rebel  
forces, small shopkeepers or broken farmers; the  
king's army, even in its most glorious victo-  
ries, had to deplore the fall of the good, the  
great, the far-descended and the noble; so  
that for one man of quality and parts and edu-  
cation, who had gone down on the rebel side,  
twenty of higher rank, and equal merit, probi-  
tly, and valor, had been lost to the king's sup-  
porters.

It may be easily imagined, therefore, what  
must have been the constant agony of Marga-  
ret, as day after day brought tidings of some  
desperate skirmish or well-fought pitched bat-  
tle, or some fierce onslaught, or slow famished  
leaguer; while weeks, perhaps, nay, months,  
elapsed before the names of those who had  
fallen were clearly ascertained to relieve the  
breasts of the happy from anguish for a while,  
and to plunge their hapless neighbors in that  
only sorrow for which there is no earthly  
medicine.

Thus far, that last stroke had been spared  
to Margaret; nay, hitherto from all that she  
had learned of her lover's career in arms, she  
had derived unmixed satisfaction, and had  
been led at first to form sanguine hopes of the  
accomplishment of all her wishes.

From his first action to the last of which the  
tidings had arrived at Clavering-in-the-Hollow,  
he had distinguished himself by his spirit, his  
coolness and judgment in the council-chamber,  
and his fiery impetuous ardor on the battle-field.  
From a captain in Colonel Bagot's regiment of  
horse he had risen so rapidly, as to be given  
the command of that regiment, on the appoint-  
ment of that gallant officer who raised it to be  
governor of Litchfield.

For a while, as Sir Hugh Clavering noted  
the encomiums passed on the conduct of the

young man, whom he had, indeed, loved until  
he discovered what he considered his presump-  
tion, in aspiring to his daughter's hand, he had  
expressed some pleasure; for he was of a ge-  
nerous and noble temper, although stern, un-  
yielding, and exacting, and had even, on the  
occasion of his promotion, declared at the sup-  
per table, when the news reached him, not  
without something of self-gratulation at his  
own prescient sagacity, that he had always  
foreseen that Lionel Thornhill would do great  
things, and rise to honor, should opportunity  
be vouchsafed, and fortune favor him.

Unfortunately, however, poor Margaret, de-  
lighted at hearing her lover's praises flowing  
from that unaccustomed tongue, had displayed  
her emotion and her joy so visible in her flush-  
ed cheeks, clasped hands, and sparkling eyes,  
that the stern old baronet at once perceived his  
error—an error into which he would not have  
fallen, had he not been well assured, from the  
unconscious manner and absolute tranquility  
of his sweet child, that absence, and time,  
joined to the knowledge of his determination,  
had eradicated all the traces of her misplaced  
and, as hoped, transient passion from the  
maiden's breast.

Once satisfied that such was not the deci-  
sive, energetic obstinacy, which was his prin-  
cipal characteristic, he had resolved to compel  
her at once to a union which he had long de-  
sired to bring about, but which was so repug-  
nant to his daughter, whom in spite of his se-  
verity he loved more dearly than anything  
else on earth, although he had often given her  
to understand that it must be at some future  
time, he had yet so continually delayed, and  
so entirely forbore to press it, that she had  
begun to regard it rather in the light of an old  
story adhered to from pertinacity, but in truth  
signifying nothing, than as a real peril, imme-  
diate, and threatening her happiness.

Now, however, changing his plans on the  
instant, he constantly invited the suitor of his  
choice to Clavering, though still without speak-  
ing on the subject at all to Margaret; encour-  
aged him to persist in his attentions, in spite  
of the coldness, and sometimes of the aggres-  
sive impertinence of the overwrought maiden,  
and directed the servants to treat Sir Andrew  
Acton in all respects as the future husband of  
his daughter, and as their future master.

Margaret was not slow to perceive the mean-  
ing of these machinations, yet she hoped still,  
although they wrought upon her spirit fearfully,  
wrought even upon her health, and dimmed  
the resplendence of her dazzling beauty,  
that by patience and self-control, and the  
calm endurance of a noble mind, she should  
be enabled to protract matters at least until  
something should fall out which might give  
her an advantage over her persecutors, in the  
deep and wily game they were playing against  
her.

Thus time wore onward, until the latter  
days of autumn, the autumn of 1644, were fast  
approaching. The dark woods of Clavering-in-  
the-Hollow had changed their deep garb of  
summer greenery for the sere and melan-  
choly russet; the dead leaves came whirling  
slowly down through the still and misty atmos-  
phere, and lay in thick decaying masses, red  
and rank, over the steamy grass. The solita-  
ry, fish-ponds were veiled by the white vapors  
which hung over them even at noonday; and a  
faint moldering, earthy odor, reminding those  
who perceived it of the scent of a burial-vault,  
dwelt heavily among the deep moist wood-  
lands, and rendered those wild wood-paths,  
which were so cool and attractive in the bud-  
ding days of early spring-time, and the fierce  
heats of summer, loathsome and almost insalub-  
rious.

Even in the open lawns and trim terraced  
gardens which surrounded the old hall, the  
faint and sickly sunshine fell but for a few  
hours at mid-day, and then with a melancholy  
and as it would seem reluctant lustre.

A gloomy place, and solitary at the best,  
in such a season, was Clavering-in-the-Hollow,  
but now it was doubly so, from the total ab-  
sence of all animation, all sound, or show of  
human life within its precincts. Old age,  
and fast growing infirmities had long since de-  
barred Sir Hugh from his once loved field-  
sports; sons he had none nor nephews, nor  
kindred, except his once fair daughter; and  
thence it was, that no baying of the merry fox-  
hound was ever heard in those deep glades  
and tangled dingles; no ringing report of the  
birding-piece or the carbine awoke the echoes  
of the bare downs above; no merry cavalades  
of gorgeous cavaliers and merry ladies, with fal-  
con on fist, and spaniel at heel, were ever seen  
sweeping over those solitary lawns, and filling  
those lonely places with sounds and sights of  
beauty.

Sir Hugh mused ever by the hearth, or pon-  
dered over some huge tome of heraldry, or told  
old legends of his youth, sternly and briefly,  
and with none of the garrulity of complacent  
old age, to the dull ears of Sir Andrew, who,  
now almost the constant inmate of the Hall,  
listened unmoved and stolid to tales intended  
for the most part to urge him on to some-  
thing of action or exertion; too indolent and  
listless for field sports, too dull and unintellect-  
ual to take delight in books or paintings, he  
would lounge away half the morning playing  
at shovel-board, his right hand against his  
left; or setting the terriers and mastiffs by the  
ears, or quaffing mighty tankards of toast and  
ale, until the dinner hour should subject poor  
Margaret to the petty persecution of his  
unmeaning speeches, his simpering smiles,  
and his impertinent assumptions, which she  
affected not to understand, which she affected  
not to perceive, and treated with indifference,  
unless absolutely thrust upon her, and then  
with cool contempt.