

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

EVENING GUESTS.

In the silence of this lonely eve,
With the street-lamp pale flickering on the wall,

A spirit were to say to me—'Believe,
Thou shalt be answered. Call? Whom
should I call?

And then I were to see thee gliding in
With thy pale robes (that in long-empty
fold

Lie in my keeping)—and my fingers, thin
As thine were once—to feel in thy safe hold;

I should fall weeping on thy neck, and say
'I have so suffered since—since— But
the tears

Would cease, remembering how they count
thy day
A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then, what are these sad weeks, months,
years of mine,

To thine all-measureless infinitude?
What my whole life, when myriad lives di-
vine

May rise, each leading to a higher good?

I lose myself—I faint. Beloved—best!

Sit in thy olden, dear humanity

A little while, my head upon thy breast,

And then I will go back to Heaven with
thee.

Should I call Thee?—Ah no, I would not
call!

But if, by some invisible angel led,
Thy foot were at the door, thy face, voice—
all

Entering—Oh joy! Oh life unto the dead!

Then I, pale-smiling with a deep content,

Would give to thee the welcome long un-
known;

And 'stead of those kind accents daily sent
To cheer me, I should hear thine own—thine
own!

Thou too, like the beloved guest late gone,
Wouldst sit and clasp my feeble hand in
thine;

'Twould grieve thee to know why it grew so
wan,
Therefore I would smile on, and give no
sign.

And thou, soft-speaking in the olden voice,
Perchance with a compassionate tremble
stirred,

Wouldst change this anguished doubt to full
rejoice,
And heal my soul with each balm-dropping
word.

So—talking of things meet for such as we—
Affection, strong as life, solemn as death,
Serene as that divine eternity

Where I shall meet thee, who wert my
soul's breath.

Upon this crowned eve of many eves
Thou know'st—a third of life and all its
lore

Would climax like a breaking wave. Who
grieves

Though it should break, and cease for ever-
more?

From the London People's Journal.

THE YANKEE PEDLER.

BY COLONEL JOHNSON.

Autumn had scattered its yellow leaves
upon the passing streams; winter had chain-
ed them up in his icy fetters, and cast his
hoar winding-sheet over the face of nature;
spring had unloosed the chains, and dissolv-
ed the sheet: and now summer again clothed
the mountain and the valley with living
green, making the groves vocal with the
songs of birds. Still Major Carroll was in
thoughtful mood. He knew not how he
should meet Ralph Brown, when he should
come for his 2,600 dollars. A sprightly rap
was heard at the hall door; it was opened by
the porter; and Ralph Brown, in fine spirits,
stood before Major Carroll.

'Mornin', major—hope I see you. What,
not in the dumps, major, this magnificent
weather?' said the pedler.

'I'm glad to see you, Mr Brown,' said the
major. 'Yes, glad on many accounts—but
mortified!'

'Mortified! mister, d'ye say? Then I'll be
off with myself,' interrupted the pedler.

'To tell you frankly,' resumed the major,
'I have not a shilling of money for you.'

'Money, footer, major; I've never thought
of the trifle since I left.—Ah, Miss Laura, is
it you? most happy,' cried the pedler; and
the young lady coloured to the temples, as
she entered, and they held each other by the
hand, in expressive silence.

The pedler's horse was not left standing to
his waggon, as at the first call; two sable
grooms had the mare unharnessed at once, in
the stable, and the baggage in the hall. But
there was another appendage to the visitant
the slaves knew not how to dispose of. A
dark-eyed, keen-looking, curly-haired boy, of
some fourteen years of age, was seen sitting
upon the waggon, where Brown had left him.
Ralph opened the door.—'Frank,' said he, 'go
with the niggers, and see Naragansett has a
clean straw bed; and then navigate yourself

into the kitchen, and tell the wench to give
you some grub.'

The evening passed more merrily than usual
at the mansion; for the pedler would put
the inmates in high spirits by their anecdotes,
in spite of themselves. Laura played some
of the sweetest pieces of the new music—
tried her soft warbling voice in concert; and
she received in return the unqualified encom-
iums of her late tuner on her wonderful
improvement.

The major at length, rather awkwardly,
said that, hard as the times were, he, like a
fool, had been over-persuaded to attend the
races the next day at Charlottesville—regretted
the incivility of absence from his guest.

'Now, major,' replied Ralph, 'I ain't to be
babied in this way. I know a thing or two
about horseflesh; ain't green, major; and I
reckon you'll leave the road behind ye, so I
can come arter ye, if you're too proud to go
with me.'

'Proud, Mr Brown! I shall be too proud
of your company, if you will consent to go;
but I thought you would be too tired after
this long journey, and require rest,' replied
the major.

'Rest! No rest to the wicked, major; and
when you talk of 700 miles being a long
journey, you're rather green, major.'

The next morning the host and guest were
on their way to the races, mounted on two
fleet steeds taken fresh from the major's sta-
bles. When about half way, the major turned
round, surveying the road they had come,
and exclaimed—

'What in heaven's name is that behind us?
Is it an ass or a young camel? A queerer
sprite in shape of a horse I never saw wrap-
ped up in skin.'

'Lord, major,' answered Ralph, 'you're
jokin'. That is my waggon-boy; slept with
your niggers last night. He is on my Nara-
gansett mare, that trailed the waggon up to
your door.'

The sportsmen soon stopped at an inn to
breathe their horses. As the boy and mare
came up—

'Well, said the major, 'that is a queer animal.
She is slim as a weasel and gaunt as a
greyhound; and yet to keep up at our rapid
pace is a wonderment.'

'Frank,' cried Ralph, 'leave the mare, and
saunter along the road; the major and I want
to measure her figure-head.'

The boy slunk away like a sprite, while
the major and his guest stood by the side of
Naragansett.

'Now major,' said Brown, 'a meanin' word
in your ear. I kalkilate you are but spoonies
down here south; you're not up to human
natur' and soft sawder. I can stick the leek
into the best of ye, and no mistake. That
there, major, will devour the ground like a
wild-cat. She will scale over Virgintan soil
like a swallow. Now do you bet on that
there mare to-day, or I'll for ever blot your
name out of the books of the elect.'

'Why, Mr Brown, you are mad,' replied
the major. 'Sweepstakes, Sir Charles, and
Eclipse will all be there—the high-flyers of
Virginia—and think you that weasel can cope
with them? Why look, sir, how her hips
slant off, like the roof of a Dutchman's house;
her tail sweeps the ground; neither her mane,
fore-top, nor fetter-locks have even been
trimmed.'

'Major, I say, none of your bother, now. I
warn't born a fool, I tell ye, by a tarnal sight.
Look at the cords and sinners in this here
hind leg; see how the gambel joints are bent
for runnin'; jest bring your kalkulations to
bear on this here eye, and see how the white
of it bungs out, like a peeled onion. That
there little chap kicking up the dust in the
road can put the devil in this here mare, ma-
jor; and if you dare bet agin her, it will be a
caution to you for life.'

The major was taciturn, but at length said,
'I cannot bet to-day on anything. My purse
is empty.'

'Hush, hush, mister,' cried the pedler,
'here's the spelter. Major, I never bet, nor
swear, nor drink, as teetotaller and ruling el-
der down east; but if you don't go the figure
to-day, I'll blot your name from the elect.'

As the pedler said this, he handed the major
a large packet, adding, 'Go it, major—don't
be afeard; cover the whole posse of 'em. I'll
be your purser.'

On arriving at the race-ground, it was
learned that four mile heats, and the best in
three, were the order of the day; and true
enough, Sweepstakes, Sir Charles, and Eclipse
were on the ground. The judges at the goal
had already entered the three famous horses
for the prime purse of one thousand dollars.
Besides this, the side bets, the sly bets, and
the dormant bets, were very considerable on
the respective horses, just as they happened
to be favorites with the patrician dons pre-
sent. The pedler at once entered Naragan-
ssett as a competitor for the purse, under the
name of "the Mare." When the horses ap-
peared upon the turf, Eclipse required four
men to hold him, before he could be mounted,
so eager was he to devour the ground. Sweep-
stakes was rearing and flirting in a
fearful manner. Sir Charles champed his bit
in proud disdain, measuring his step by in-
ches, as he seemed to feel his superiority as
master of the Eclipse. Off to the right stood
Naragansett, in sheep-like quiescence; and
while the other jockies wore gilt caps, and
carried gilt whips, the dark-eyed boy on the
mare was hatless, and n'er a sprig in his
hand. But when the dons came to scan the
beast, and beheld her drooping tongue, lama-
like, quiet, and long hair covering her eyes
and feet, they shouted outright, in a most ob-
streperous laugh. They thought it a joke—a
burlesque on their sport, practised by some
wag. They cried out, 'who bets on that
mare?'

'One hundred dollars, for luck sake,' replied
the major. It was covered in a moment.
Other bets were tendered against her; two to
one, two to one, five to one, and ten to one.
The major covered them all as offered; and
was astonished that it made so little impres-
sion on his pocket: twenty dollar bank notes,
fifty dollar, and one hundred dollar notes
turned up; and he saw that he held in his hand
enough to match all the money brought upon
the ground by the dons. They, too, were as-
tonished that the Major should be in funds;
and much more so, that he should bet so
wantonly on that scare-crow mare.

And now it was one, two, three, and off.
Every horse on the turf took the lead of the
mare to the first quarter post. At the two
miles' point, Sweepstakes and Eclipse had
fallen behind; and to the astonishment of
the spectators, Sir Charles and the mare were
neck and neck. As they swept along in fine
style, the mare just secured her distance, and
came in at the goal half a neck ahead, as de-
clared by the judges. The other two horses
drew off the course.

'Look there,' exclaimed many voices, 'the
mare is blown—she holds down her head and
tail, and Sir Charles will take the other two
heats without effort.'

'Oh yes, yes, she is blown, cried the dons;
and they cracked up ten to one for Sir Char-
les, the best in three. The major put faith
in his neighbors. He saw the mare's head
was down—he thought her tail trembled.
He feared for Ralph's money he had so liber-
ally planked, and dared not venture more.
The challenges, ten to one, were clamorous
against him. He hesitated—ay, even trem-
bled in his shoes. Brown, who had kept aloof
from the contest, now crossed the path of the
major. He whispered in the ear of the latter
as he passed—

'Go it, major—don't be afeard—stick the
leek into 'em, with a tarnation reef. I'll back
ye. If you cow out, major, I'll blot your
name from the elect, as I told ye.'

Thus reassured, the major stood his hand.
Stacks of bank notes were piled up before
the judges; and most astonishing, as well to
the major as to his neighbors, his packet held
out like the widow's oil.

And now Sir Charles and Naragansett are
again displaying wonders—the mountains
skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs,
on either side. Sir Charles was a fine young
horse, the pride of Virginia; and when he
eclipsed Eclipse the year previous, he was
crowned with gold, and covered with scarlet.
He was the idol of the State. And now the
fate of Virginia hung in equal poise. It hung
so for two-thirds of the second heat, when
the boy on the mare touched his thumb to the
neck of his beast, and she cleared the goal,
leaving Sir Charles three lengths in the rear.

Not a shout was issued from all that im-
mense multitude. The dons were chap-fal-
len, dumfounded; they even doubted if this
were not the fantasy of a fitful dream. At
length a low murmur was raised, disputing
the first heat. Many said the horses came
in neck and neck, and they must run again to
decide the contest. The judges, however,
decided differently: they said the mare had
won the stakes. But still the discontents
were getting noisy, and cried out 'who is the
owner of this mare? Let him say whether
she may run again.'

'I own that there critter,' replied Ralph
Brown; 'and though I never bet, nor swear,
nor drink; yet jest for your amusement, gen-
tlemen, she may whip round agin; and if the
hos beats her I'll return the stakes and pay
the shot.'

All were delighted with this, and gave a
shout—'Well done the Yankee Pedlar, he's
a man after all!'

The major now in his turn winked to the
pedler, and said, 'Don't play the fool: you've
fairly won the money; and the mare now is
certainly fagged, and depend the knowing
ones sees it.'

'Keep cool, Major,' said Ralph, 'I did't
cross the Potomac for nothing. I was born
agin before these here squires had their eye-
teeth cut. They think they are cute like,
but till let the illumination into them.'

Saying this, the pedler dropped a word
in the ear of the curly pated boy, not heard by
those around. The horses started again; and
for half the course kept neck and neck as be-
fore; when young curl-head rammed his
thumb into the mare's flank, blowing out a
whistle at the same time so clear and pier-
cing, it could be heard a mile off. The mare
sprang into the air as if she had been a wild
sprite of the winds! She seemed to fly rather
than run; and even poor Sir Charles gazed
on in terror and wonderment as he ploughed
his way through the clouds of dust, far in the
wake of the flying witch. Virginia was never
so taken by surprise; and when the mare
reached the goal her competitor was fifty
yards behind.

The dons had too much chivalry to let this
pass in silence; they raised a shout of tri-
umph for the winner, freely relinquished their
claims to the stakes, and gathered round the
weasel mare in admiration of her parts. True
enough by this time the animal had got her
spirits roused: her head and tail were up;
she sprightly champed her bit; her fiery nos-
trils were widely distended; and the white of
her eye was terrible round about.

'This mare shall never go from Virginia,'
said one of the capitalists, 'if money can de-
tain her.'

'No, never,' said another; and they all
gathered round the pedler demanding his
price.

'The critter is not on sale,' replied Ralph
Brown, 'my waggon would stick fast in the
mud, I reckon, but for the help of this here
catamount.'

'Waggon?' said the dons disdainfully,
'this flying dragon never saw a waggon.'

'Good rhyme, gentlemen, good rhyme.
I'll set it to music and sing it to the critter,
as we jog along on our journey together.'

The gentleman became in earnest, and made
him several sly bids for the mare—tempting
enough.

'Well, I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen,
fair play's a jewel; and if I must part with
this screamer, it's to be done by way of auc-
tion.' Thus saying, and holding the mare the
pedler mounted the platform erected for the
judges, and raising his rattle, cried, 'Who
bids? I put up this here critter for sale—the
flying witch of Narragansett. She's a real
buster, gentlemen.—An immortal sprite
wrapped up in a mare's skin—d'ye ye see the
white of her eye as I call her by name? Once
twice; who bids?—1000 dollars, say I for
myself; just a going, going, gone! And
so I've knocked her down to myself at half
price.'

'That's not fair,' cried many voices, 'we've
not had a chance.'

'Quick is my word, gentlemen—can't bu-
mor your slow motions. If you want the
critter, bid away in earnest. Now, gentlemen,
she's up agin; who bids? Once, twice—jest
a-goin.'

'1,250 dollars.'

'Thank ye. This critter's sire was a cata-
mount, and her dam the witch of Endor! 1,
250 dollars; jest a-goin', gentlemen; once,
twice, thr-e!'

'1,500 dollars.'

'Thank ye. Ay, gentlemen, ye are jest
beginning to sense the virtues of this here
buster. 1,500 once, 1,500 twice!'

'2,000 dollars.'

'Thank ye, thank ye. Can't dally; 2,000
once, 2,000 twice; going, going, three times.
Gone at 2,000 dollars; cheap as pulsey. Now
mister, jest stump the speltre and the mare's
yourn.'

The bank notes were paid over to the ped-
ler, and the pockets of the major were cram-
med with the winnings; and both together
were on their way home before it was dinner
time.

Seated at the tea table in the evening the
mass of bank notes was disgorged from the
major's ample pockets. On counting them
they amounted to thousands more than I dare
state, for fear of gaining no credit with those
ignorant of the deep gaming in Virginia.
The amount was so great that even Laura
looked on with with astonishment, never
having seen so much money in the mansion
before. The amount was ascertained; and
the major placed the huge pile before the ped-
ler, saying—

'I congratulate you, Mr Brown, on win-
ning more money to-day, than I have ever
known to have been won at a horse race be-
fore.'

Ralph opened both eyes and mouth in great
astonishment, exclaiming, 'I win, did ye say,
mister? Not a rap. I never made a bet in
my life.'

'All the same,' replied the Major, 'the mo-
ney is yours, every farthing of it. I had not
a shilling in my purse to hazard. The risk
was yours, Mr Brown, and yours the good
fortune.'

'Away with your nonsense, major,' cried
Ralph; 'don't poke fun at me. I've a con-
science against bets. You know, too, Major,
that besides other sorts of business I do a lit-
tle in the religious way down east; and the
mothers in Israel of Vermont State and New
Hampshire, would be shocked to know I had
so fallen from grace, as to step upon a race-
ground, much more to hear I had pocket-
ed the speltre. No, no, major, not I. Now,
I'll jest tell ye, squire, the kink of this mat-
ter: I've known this here Naragansett mare
from colthood up; I've seen her caperin' over
the paster of an old Rhode Island farmer for
four summers past. When I see her last May
I thought of you, major, and the loss of back-
er last year, and said to myself, 'Now, I'll
jest give a friend a lift, and grease the wheels
of my waggon a little in the same spec.' I
bought the mare for seventy five dollars, and
put her to school for her education on Long
Island. They know a thing or two, major,
on Long Island about horse-flesh. When
they'd tried her, they wanted to coax me out
of her for five hundred dollars. I told them
she was for a friend of mine down south, and
couldn't be traded. That there curly pated
joker you see'd thummin' the critter is a very
devil with a hoss, major; have ye ever
berd of him?—tis Frank Durly, that beats
all the riders in creation. He can make that
mare jump straight out of her skin. Now I
only make believes about the waggon, major.
The mare came at short stages from Long Is-
land tied to my cart tail, while old Roan I
left three miles from here drew the waggon
and luggage. I only jest put her in the morn-
in' I came here; and three miles slow drivin'
didn't stiffen her.'

At length the major returned the packet of
notes lent him in the morning for his bets;
squared the account of 2600 dollars the pedler
had against him; and placed the balance of the
money—a huge lot—in his bureau. The
pedler now announced that he should be off
the next morning, as he had a great quantity
of rare goods to dispose of among the plan-
ters. The major's remonstrance against this
movement was unavailing; and Laura turned
as pale as ashes at the announcement.
The bales of rich goods were removed from
the hall to the pedler's sleeping room, and the
key of his door being placed in his hand, he
bade the major and daughter good night, in-
tending to be off before they were up in the
morning. His money he deposited in one of
the bales.

He slept soundly for the night, well satis-
fied with his day's labor. On awakening in