

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for September.
A MEMORY OF A PICTURE.

BY MARY C. NEELY.

"The memory of that picture haunts me. I never saw so perfect an impersonation of despair as in that girlish figure, so rarely beautiful, yet crouched in such utter abandonment of woe in the shadow of the sombre cedars. The picture has a fascination, a haunting spell that fills the mind with a vague and undefinable woe."

The low voice of the plaintive breeze
Hath sorrow in its sound;
The shadow of the cedar trees
Lies moveless on the ground.
All slowly ride the night hours on,
And darkness shrouds the sky,
Where, 'neath the cedar trees, alone
And desolate, sit I.

The dark face of the mournful night
Broods darkly o'er me now;
The clouds have veiled her eyes of light
In trailing o'er her brow;
The horned moon, like an elfish thing,
Peers through the misty fold;
The sullen clouds, for curtaining,
Have dimly round her rolled.

Aweary of this bitter life,
And my own sore distress,
Of all the sin, and wrong, and strife,
And utter wretchedness;
Aweary of contempt and scorn,
It is not strange that I
Should wish I never had been born,
Or that I now could die.

Oh! once the winds, that sing so free,
Had not a gayer song
Than my young heart's, in its wild glee
And innocence of wrong;
And once the fairest flower I knew
Was not more pure than I,
But now I bow my head in woe,
And wish that I might die.

I am too young, too young in years,
Too young the heart within
To be thus old in grief and tears,
In wretchedness and sin.
I should be glad, and gay, and free,
And full of frolic wild;
In all truth and simplicity,
A true and happy child.

I thought not when my mother died,
And left her child to roam
Unguided through the world so wide,
A time like this would come;
When darling not to speak her name,
Or lift my eyes on high,
I could but hide my face in shame,
And pray for strength to die.

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ALICE WARD,
OR HER COMING.

By Pauline Forsyth.

"At twenty-one, George Mowbray found himself not only 'lord of himself,' but of a handsome fortune, which, by the early death of his parents, had been accumulating for several years. Some business connected with his property called him to a small town in the south-west of England, and detained him there for two or three months. Finding but little congenial society in the place, and being fond of an out-door life, he spent most of his time in rambling about the picturesque country around. There was one spot in particular to which he frequently turned his steps, attracted by its wild beauty and perfect solitude. By the side of a stream, overhung with willows and other trees, and from whose banks on either side the ground rose in abrupt and rugged, though not lofty, precipices, there was a large rock, in which a couch as comfortable as a bed of stone could be, had been scooped out by some fantastic freak of nature. The upper part of the rock projected, so that the occupant of the couch was not only protected from the rays of the sun, but effectually concealed from the curiosity of those on the bank above.

Here George Mowbray would come, with his fishing-rod and line, and with a volume of poetry in his pocket, and while away a long summer's day, reading aloud, when he was tired of his sport, and making the air vocal with thoughts or feelings, soft, lofty, or impassioned, as the fancy of the moment demanded. Sometimes a few sandwiches, that he brought with him, sufficed for his noonday meal; but oftener his appetite demanded the more substantial refreshment he could obtain at a country inn, some two miles off.

Occasionally, he would compose verses himself, for he was in the very heyday of life and feeling; and he loved to lie and chant them to the soft summer breezes, secure from all unsympathetic listeners. He had a peculiar turn for improvising, and would sometimes amuse himself for hours with his attempts at impromptu versification, turning it to rhyme not only his

own feelings and thoughts, but incidents and stories that had made an impression upon him. The burden of most of his songs were love, and the object of them a certain Margaret, who figured in various ballads, sonnets, pieces, and even acrostics; for so low did Mr Mowbray stoop, under a variety of names, from the stately Margaret through the simple Maggie and frolicsome Madge, down to the pet name of Daisy, which seemed to be his favorite.

By the confidential and touching revelations thus made to the regardless earth, air, and water around, it appeared that, true as Mr Mowbray asserted his love to be, it had so far run very smoothly along its course. Margaret had smiled upon him, friends had been propitious, and, if no disaster intervened, which he implored fate in a most pathetic manner to avert, a few months would witness the fulfilment of his wishes. The thought struck him one day that a poem somewhat after the style of 'The King's Quhair,' might be made, describing his first meeting and subsequent love for his 'elected one.' He was engaged upon it for several days, and was reading it for about the twentieth and last time, when he was interrupted by a stifled shriek. At the same time, something fell from the rock over his head into the swiftly flowing stream beneath him.

He involuntarily stretched out his hand to grasp the object, and succeeded in breaking its fall somewhat. He pulled it quickly from the water, and a little girl, pale and trembling, with curls dripping and matted around her face, stood before him, gazing upon him with widely open blue eyes, from which all expression but that of terror had fled.

"Please don't tell," said she at last, in a tone of the most urgent entreaty.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mr Mowbray, taking no notice of her request.

"No; but don't tell any one."

"Why, whom shall I tell? What is your name?"

"Kitty Jones."

"Well, Kitty, how did you happen to fall into the water in such a surprising way?"

The child began to cry; but Mr Mowbray had a gentle, encouraging manner, and he gradually soothed her and induced her to answer his question. Her replies were given timidly and reluctantly; but from them he gathered that she had been in the habit for some time of watching for him, and, as soon as she heard his voice in reading or recitation, of creeping close to the edge of the overhanging rock, where, sheltered by the bushes and brakes around, she could hear him while herself perfectly concealed. She had been so much interested by the story he was telling about the pretty lady, she said, that she leaned far over the rock to watch him while he told it, and so lost her balance.

Mr Mowbray felt a great many twinges on hearing that his wild flights of fancy had such an unwearied auditor. He was glad that she was a simple, ignorant, child, as yet incapable of ridicule or criticism; on the contrary, Kitty evidently looked upon him as a superior being. Her reiterated entreaties that he would not tell led to other inquiries, during which Mr Mowbray learned that she lived in a lonely place about half a mile from there, with a man and woman whom she called uncle and aunt—a Mr Davis and his wife. Mr Mowbray had met Mr Davis, or 'old Andrew,' as he was generally called, in his fishing excursions, and had learned that he was a person of doubtful character, who had moved into this country within the last five years; and as he was rarely known to work, and had no ostensible means of support, he was generally suspected of maintaining himself by unlawful means. Most of the petty robberies and thefts of the country around were ascribed to him, and he was a general object of terror to all the children about.

Mr Mowbray did not wonder that the slender, delicate little girl who stood trembling before him should dread that old Andrew or his surly wife should know of her adventure, especially as she told him that they had forbidden her to go beyond certain limits, or to hold converse in any way with any person. If she was ever addressed, she was not to reply, but to hasten home under the penalty of a severe beating. And, by her shrinking terror as she told this, it was evident that a beating was not an unknown horror to her.

He promised her that he would not reveal her involuntary visit to him, and urged her to run home and change her wet frock. She turned away with meek acquiescence; and unable to continue his poem just then, Mr Mowbray took up his fishing-rod. Two hours after, on his way home, turning suddenly round a projection of the bank, Mr Mowbray came again upon Kitty. She was sitting in the sun, trying evidently to remove all traces of her late adventure from her clothes. His compassion was aroused by her uncomplaining patience and suffering.

He extorted from her the further confession that she was afraid to go home till night; that her aunt often beat her for nothing, and would certainly not allow a wet frock to go unpunished; that she had had no dinner; that she often had none. She ended by saying that she was not at all hungry, which was contradicted by the evident satisfaction with which she received the few sandwiches Mr Mowbray had to give her.

"You say you like to hear me read, Kitty?" asked he.

"Very much. Better than anything in the world."

"Then you can come every morning while I am here and listen to me. You look like a very quiet little girl," said Mr Mowbray, for his pity was of an active, not a passive kind.

Kitty's eye brightened.

"But if Aunt Phebe should find it out!" said she, with a sudden misgiving.

"Oh, I'll take care of your aunt Phebe. She shall not be angry with you. I have a charm in my pocket which will make her quite amiable. I have never known it fail with any aunt Phebe yet."

Kitty evidently did not understand him.

"If I can come, I will," said she; "but you will not tell?"

"Oh no, of course not." And Mr Mowbray went lightly on his way.

For the next three weeks Mr Mowbray went regularly to the same spot where he was sure to find the child watching for him. There was something painfully touching in the sad, wistful little face, over which a smile seldom fitted. She had a staid, quiet, old-womanish way that amused Mr Mowbray, and he was especially pleased by a certain supervision that, with all her shyness, she assumed over him, watching that he did not go too near the water or wet his feet, or allow the sun to shine upon his uncovered head, or leave his book and papers behind him, and especially that he should take his full share of the substantial lunch he was careful to take with him. On all these points she had a positive, decided way of expressing herself that admitted of no debate.

Often Mr Mowbray would leave his little companion for a solitary ramble; but, on his return, he never failed to see her straining her blue eyes to catch the first glimpse of him. This went on for three weeks; then, suddenly, she disappeared, and Mr Mowbray looked for her in vain. The idea occurred to him that she might be ill, and he resolved to make some inquiries after her, for she had interested him exceedingly. He soon found Mrs. Davis's dwelling, a dilapidated cottage, and, when the woman herself came to the door in answer to his knock, he did not wonder that Kitty stood in such mortal dread of her, for he had seldom seen a person with a more repulsive countenance. Her manners, too, were very forbidding; and, when she discovered the object of his visit, she almost closed the door in his face, saying, as she walked abruptly away, that "the girl was very well, and that she needed no assistance in taking care of her." As Mr Mowbray turned to depart, after this repulse, the woman thrust her head out of an open window to say that "the idle good-for-nothing was playing some where among the trees near."

That this was not true, Mr Mowbray convinced himself by a strict search. Besides, he was morally certain that, if Kitty had been at liberty she would not have left him so unceremoniously. Before this he had some vague plans for making the child's position a pleasant one, by proposing to send her, at his expense, to the village school or something of that sort; but now, stimulated by this opposition, he determined not to leave the village in which he was until he had penetrated the mystery with regard to Kitty's movements.

Not having seen anything of her for a week, he again sought old Andrew's cottage. Receiving no answer to his knock for admission, he pushed open the door which stood a little ajar, and entered the kitchen; there was no person to be seen. He called loudly for Kitty, and at last distinguished a faint sound in replying. Guided by this, he found his way to the cellar, which was bolted on the outside. He opened the door, and the little pale face of Kitty was lifted up towards his out of the darkness.

Mr Mowbray could not induce her to venture out of her dungeon. She was in too great terror of Aunt Phebe to take such a step. But he learned that their meetings had been discovered; that for ten days Kitty had been confined in that miserable place, from which she was not to be released until his departure. Many other things the little girl told him of the severity with which she was treated, begging him all the while to go away, for they had threatened to kill her if she spoke with him again.

At last he yielded to her request, and, drawing the bolt and closing the outer door, so that Mrs Davis might not suspect his visit, he returned to the village. But it was only to consult the proper authorities about the legal means of rescuing the child from the hands of such miscreants. He had great difficulty in doing this, for Andrew Davis and his wife resisted with the most unaccountable obstinacy the attempts that were made to relieve them from the charge of the little girl to whom they acted so barbarously. First they claimed a right to her as their niece. But it was proved that Mrs. Davis had several times denied the relationship with the utmost bitterness. Then they brought forward an indenture by which Kitty Jones was legally bound to them until she was eighteen. It was decided that, by their cruelty, they had forfeited all claim upon her in that way; and at last Mr Mowbray having justice, mercy, and a heavy purse on his side, gained his point, and the little girl was given up to his charge, as, in order to hasten the course of justice, he had promised that he would be answerable that she should not come upon the parish.

He was not quite in such a dilemma at this stage of the proceedings as the man who won the elephant in a raffle; but he was very much perplexed to know what he should do with the child. His own wishes would have prompted him to have her brought up as a lady, for which sphere he could not help fancying she had a natural adaptation; but he recalled a sage maxim that he had heard often repeated by some whom he respected as older and wiser than himself, to the effect that "it was a very unwise thing to raise any one above the position to which they were by their birth entitled." He had often been accused of being enthusiastic and injudicious when his feelings were interested. He determined now to show himself very discreet, indeed. She had been evidently indentured as a servant; she should be trained for one. So Mr Mowbray placed her under the care of a respectable but poor woman, she promised to be very kind to her, and bring her up carefully for her destined position; a small yearly allowance from Mr Mowbray more than repaying her for her trouble.

Pleased with having settled matters so well, he took leave of Kitty, resisting with great difficulty her earnest pleading to be allowed to go with him. Apart from her love for him, which had become very strong, she had a constant dread of falling again into the hands of old Andrew and his wife, and no arguments could evince her of the folly of her fears. It was with the submission of despair that she at last unclasped her slender fingers from his arm and allowed him to depart.

Four months had passed away, and Mr Mowbray's wedding-day was now but six months off. He was in the midst of preparations for that event, and for the long tour that was to follow it, when he received the intelligence that Kitty had disappeared. As Mr. Davis and his wife had left the country at the same time, there was little doubt but that the child was again in their possession. For a few days, Mr Mowbray contented himself with writing letters and offering a large reward for Kitty's recovery; but, these producing no effect, he resolved to carry on the search himself. For he was a man of a most persevering nature. He had seldom been known to give up or to fail in an undertaking.

Mr Mowbray was then in London, where Margaret Ward the lady to whom he was engaged, resided. After a consultation with her in which she promised to find a home for Kitty, if he should recover her, he set out upon his search. On arriving at the village where he had left Kitty, he found the people generally interested in recovering the child, but quite at a loss as to the course he should pursue. Each one had a suggestion to make or a plan to propose, but none could give him the least clue that would be of any real assistance to him. He was obliged to rely entirely on his own sagacity, and the indications by which he was guided were so faint and doubtful, that he hardly knew himself whether they were not the creations of his wishes and imagination rather than the work of reality.

After wandering a day or two among the hills and valleys of Wales, he came upon the little girl suddenly, more by chance it seemed than by his own good judgment. He did not recognize her at first, for her curls had been cut off, her fair skin stained brown, and her dress changed. But her delight, almost painful in its intensity, and her large blue eyes, soon convinced him that she was the child for whom he was seeking. Within an hour they were on their way to London. As soon as they arrived there, before going to his own residence, Mr Mowbray sought Miss Ward and placed Kitty in her charge. It was well he did this; for, rapidly as they had come to London, old Andrew was there before them, and Mr Mowbray, as he alighted at his own door, saw the old man loitering near, trying to conceal himself from observation as he watched eagerly, evidently expecting to see another person follow Mr Mowbray.

(To be continued.)

From Bentley's Miscellany.
OMAR PACHA.

In a work so difficult as the regeneration of an entire nation he had many fellow-labourers. Amongst them the first undoubtedly was an eminent man, whose talents as a diplomatist London and Paris have had occasion to notice, and whom they have since been able to appreciate as a statesman: we mean Reschid Pacha. We call him a companion, and not the chief of the enterprise: for Reschid Pacha, indeed, tried to transplant European civilization to the empire, though by measures which would have had no immediate utility without the activity of Omer Pacha. The principal merit of a reformer and of a reform does not always depend on the generality and comprehensiveness of the plan: the most applicable is always the best. Even measures themselves most practical become inefficient when they are left to the arbitrary and unruly proceedings of those entrusted with their application. The Turkish *sevaine* sheltered thousands of abuses from the eyes of the central government. The people of the provinces, above all, suffered by and were indignant at them; foreign intrigue fomented their resentment; and, unable to make their representations reach the chiefs of the state, they broke into rebellion, and compelled the government to