

## Literature. &amp;c.

## THE SHADOW ON THE PILLOW.

The following Song, from the pen of Mr James Ballantine, author of "Castles in the Air," "Ilka blade o' grass," and other poetical gems, has just been published, set to music by J. Durrner. The song is founded on an incident communicated by Sir John McNeill.—"A Highland soldier had his arm so severely wounded that it was about to be amputated, when Miss Nightingale requested the operation delayed, as she thought that under careful nursing the arm might be preserved. By her unremitting care this was accomplished; and the poor soldier, on being asked what he felt towards his preserver, said that the only mode he had of giving vent to his feelings was by kissing her shadow when it fell on his pillow as she passed through the ward on her nightly visit."

Born helpless from the field of fight,  
Hewn down with wounds and scars,  
I pray'd Heaven come and help the right,  
And end the cruel wars.  
I swoon'd, I dreamt an angel band  
Bore me o'er ocean billow,  
I woke—and lo! an angel hand  
Was smoothing down my pillow.

'Twas death and life, through day and night,  
My wounds unconscious kept me  
Of all, except those eyes so bright  
That kindly watch'd and wept me;  
And over me, in yon far land,  
Had waded the weeping willow,  
Had it not been the angel hand  
That smoothed the soldier's pillow.

Oh! earth but once heard such a tale,  
So heavenly and so human,  
As that of Florence Nightingale,  
The angel type of woman.  
What marvel that a soldier tell,  
A poor but grateful fellow,  
He kissed her shadow as it fell  
At midnight on his pillow.

## NEW WORKS.

## THE MISSING LETTER.

By the Author of 'Philip and Millicent Crane.'

THE post-office at Higham was closed for the night, and its master sat drinking brandy and water in his sitting room. It was only ten o'clock, very early for him to be at home, but he had come in, saying he was not well. Mrs Grame sat by his side in a sullen state of rebellion. He had received his salary two days before, had locked it up in one of his iron safes, and had given her none. A desperate resolution was stealing over her—and the reader must justify or condemn her according to his own opinion—that as soon as her husband should sleep she would go down to the office, and take some of this money for her pressing necessities.

'Where's the sugar?' inquired Mr Grame.  
'I have no sugar for you,' she resentfully answered. 'I told you there was none for the baby to-day.'

The postmaster, in a jocular tone, for he had taken enough already, consigned his wife and child to a very far-off place, drank some brandy neat, and pulled open sideboard and cupboard in search of the sugar basin. There it stood, full of sugar. So he paid his wife another worthy compliment.

'It is not yours,' she exclaimed, 'or meant for you. My cousin Anna was here to-day, and bought it for the baby.'

He answered by dropping some into his glass. 'And what news did Anne Sterling bring?' he said, in a mocking tone, as he lighted a cigar; 'fresh praises of their new manager the thief Ledbitter?'

'It was not Ledbitter who was the thief, she told me that news,' Mrs Grame replied, in a raised, and almost an hysterical voice; for the information had had its effect upon her. 'John Ledbitter was innocent, and the crime was committed by another. I ought to have known that from the first.'

A fearful change came over Walter Grame. His face turned to a deadly whiteness, his cigar fell from his lips, his teeth chattered in his head. 'Ledbitter innocent!' he gasped forth. 'Did she say who took it? How did it come to light?'

'What is the matter with you?' cried Mrs Grame, in astonishment. 'Are you so full of hatred to John Ledbitter, that the hearing of his innocence should effect you in this manner?'

'Woman!' he retorted, in the extreme of agitation, 'I ask you how it came to light?'

'Nothing has come to light, except that Ledbitter assured and convinced my uncle of his innocence, just before his death. I wish the real criminal was discovered,' she impetuously continued, 'I, for one, would aid in persecuting him to the death. Whoever he may be, he has been hugging himself under the ruin of poor John Ledbitter.'

Mr Grame laughed, a forced laugh, and stooped to pick up his crushed cigar for he had put his foot on it when it fell burning to the carpet. 'That's his sort of innocence, is

it?' he derisively observed; 'his own assertion! Honest men want something else, Mrs Grame.'

But Selina saw that his teeth chattered still and his hand shook so as to scarcely lift the bottle, draughts from which he kept pouring into his glass. 'How very singular,' she repeated to herself.

The spirit at length told upon Mr Grame, and he sank down upon the sofa and slept, an unconscious man. Then, her lips pressed together with angry resolutions, Mrs Grame possessed herself of his keys and the key of the private office, which he always kept in his pocket, and she stole down stairs.

She stood before the iron safe, the smaller safe—his, in his father's time—and tried the keys, several of the bunch, before she came to the right one. The moment it was unlocked, the door flew open and struck her on the forehead. A large bump rose instantly: she put up her hand and felt it. At any other time she would have been half stunned with the shock: it was not heeded now.

Two cash boxes, and three small drawers were disclosed to view, and she had to try the keys again; each drawer opened with a different key. The first drawer was full of papers: in the second, as she drew it open, she saw no money, only one solitary letter, lying at the end of it. An old letter, getting yellow now; still folded, but its seal broken and its address, 'Mr Stirling, Hill House Farm, Layton, Highamshire.' A powerful curiosity excited her: she had recognised the writing of her own father: what should bring a letter of his, to her uncle, in this secret safe of Walter Grame's? As she opened the letter something fell from it, and Mrs Grame sank almost fainting on the chair.

It was the long lost letter and money, which John Ledbitter had been accused of stealing, the bank note for fifty pounds. 'Had the letter been mislaid by old Mr Grame, and overlooked to this day?' she asked, in the first bewilderment of discovery. 'Or had Walter acted the traitor's part to bring disgrace upon Ledbitter?' The latter, oh! the latter, she convulsively uttered, when reason asserted its powers; 'and I, who once so truly loved John Ledbitter, discarded him for this man!'

She made no further search for the gold—this discovery absorbed every care and thought. Securing the letter and note upon her person, she locked the safe again, sped up stairs, and shook her husband violently, pouring forth her indignant accusation. He struggled up on the sofa, and stared at her: she herself was a curious object just then, with that dark mound standing out upon her forehead, and her dangerous excitement. Then he began to shake and shiver, for he comprehended that the officers of justice were after him. The fright partially sobered him, but he was stupefied still.

'No, no,' he uttered; 'I was hard up, I was indeed, Selina. I did not know where to turn for money, and if my debts had come to the knowledge of the old man he would have disinherited me. So when this fifty pounds came, like a temptation, before me, I took it, that's the whole truth.'

'You took it!' she repeated. 'After it was given to John Ledbitter?'

'It never was given to him. As the old man dropped it into the bag some one came to the window, and my father turned to answer. It was Stone the barber. I twitched the letter out then, and the old governor closed the bag and never knew it. But I did not use it, Selina; the money's there now; I could not find an immediate opportunity of changing it away, and then there was such a hubbub stuck up that I never dared to.'

'And I could make this man my husband!' she muttered—'the father of my unhappy children! Traitor! coward! how dared you thrust yourself into the society of honest people?'

His only answer was to stagger to the table, and drink a deep draught of the spirit still on it. It revived his courage.

'Ha! ha! my old father had a dream a night or two before he died. He dreamed that Ledbitter was innocent, and charged me to make it up to him. Me! as if some inkling of the truth had penetrated to his brain. I did not like that dream: it has cowed me, since, whenever I have thought of it, and now it has come out. But there's one part, Selina, which is glorious to think of still—that I outwitted him of his bride.'

She might have done him an injury had she remained in the room longer, for her feelings were worked up to a pitch of exasperation bordering upon madness. She went up stairs, bolted herself in the room with her children, and threw herself, undressed, on the bed. Her husband did not attempt to follow her.

The next afternoon she was at Layton, entering the Hill House Farm. Near the front gate she encountered John Ledbitter. 'It is you I have come to see,' she said.

Not for years had they met, and she spoke and looked so strangely, that, but for her voice, he would scarcely have recognised her. He followed her in. Anne Sterling, who was in the parlor alone, rose from her seat in surprise and inquired if all was well in Higham.

'Examine this, Mr Ledbitter, was Mrs.

Grame's only answer, drawing from her pocket the fatal letter. 'Do you recognise it?'

Not at first did he understand; but when a shadowing of what he was burst upon him, he was much agitated. 'Am I to understand this has been lost—mislaid—all these years?' he inquired. And it was a natural question, seeing the note intact.

'Mislaid?' burst forth Mrs Grame, giving way to her pent-up excitement. 'It was stolen, Mr Ledbitter—fished from the bag before it went into your charge. And the thief—thief and coward—trembled at his act when he had done it, and dared not use the money. He has kept it since from the light of day. Look at it Anne.'

'And this was—?'

'Walter Grame. To you I will not screen him, though I am his wretched wife. To the world it may appear as was your first thought now—if you, Mr Ledbitter, will show mercy where none has been shown you. I would not ask it but for his innocent children. I have not seen him since last night. He is nowhere to be found. Everything is in confusion at home, and the letters this morning had to be sorted by a postman.'

'Where is he?' uttered Anne.

'I know not; unless this discovery has so worked upon his fears that he means to abandon his home and his country. I pray it may be so; I shall be more tranquil without him.'

'You are not going? You will surely stay for some refreshment,' reiterated Miss Sterling, as Mrs Grame was about to leave, in the same abrupt manner that she had entered.

'I cannot remain, Anne, I must go back to Higham; and for refreshment, I could not swallow it. A friend of mine drove me over in his gig, and is waiting for me at the gate. You will explain things to my aunt. I have only one more word to say, and that is to you, Mr Ledbitter. Will you—will you—?'

John Ledbitter took her hands in his, looking down compassionately upon her, for her emotion was so great as to stop her utterance, and the corners of her mouth twitched convulsively.

'Will you forgive me!—it is that I wanted to say,' she panted—'forgive my false heart for judging you as others did? In our last interview—here, in this house—you said if we ever met again, it should be under different auspices. The auspices are different.'

What he answered, as he led her to the gig, was known to themselves alone. Her tears were flowing fast, and her hand was clasped in his. It may be, that in that brief moment, a trace of his once passionate tenderness for her was recalled to his heart. Anne Sterling was watching them from the window, but she never asked a question about it, then or afterwards.

It was rare news for Higham. Walter Grame, what with his unfortunate debts and his unfortunate habits, had found himself unable to make head against the storm, and had started off, poor fellow, and had taken ship for America; and in the search which followed, his wife had come upon the missing letter and money, amongst some old valueless papers. In what unaccountable manner it could have been mislaid, was useless to inquire now, since old Mr Grame was dead and gone; but that no fraud was committed by any one, was proved by the money being safe. So reasoned the town, as they pressed into the post-office to curiously handle the missing letter and note.

But John Ledbitter? Higham went very red with shame when they remembered him. How on earth could he be recompensed for all he had endured? Three parts of the city rich and poor, flocked over to Layton in one day; some in carriages, some in gigs, some on horseback, some in vans, and the rest on Shank's pony. Old Mrs Sterling, when she saw the arrival of these masses, from her bedroom window, screamed out to Molly and Martha, believing the people must see a fire on the farm, and were coming to put it out. John Ledbitter's hands were nearly shaken off; and many a bold voice, at other times, was not ashamed of its own emotion, as it pleaded for forgiveness and renewed friendship. Everybody was for doing something; some were for drawing John into Higham in triumph, and then charring him round the town, as they did the city members; a few thought of asking the King to knight him, and John's brothers—who had got on in the world—whispered that the money to set him up in any farm he choose to fix on in the country, was at his command. John good-humoredly thanked them all, and towards evening the last visitor was got rid of. He then turned to Miss Sterling.

'They have been speaking of a recompense, he said to her, in a low tone: 'there is only one thing that would be such to me; and that is not in their power to give. It is in yours, Anne.'

Miss Sterling's eyes fell beneath his, and a rich conscious colour rose to her cheeks, there was the same expression on her face that John Ledbitter had never seen but once before, many years ago, before he had declared his love for Selina Cleere. He had thought then—in his

vanity—that it betrayed a liking for him; and he thought it—not in his vanity—again now.

'Anne,' he tenderly whispered, drawing her to him, 'that dreadful misfortune, which, when it overwhelmed me, seemed far worse than death, was sent for one wise purpose: perhaps for others though we may not yet see it. But for that, I should have linked my fate with your cousin, and neglected you—most worthy, and now long best-loved. Will you forgive my early blindness—which I have lately wondered at—or will you shrink from bearing the name of one, who has been branded through the country as a felon?'

Closer and closer he drew her to him and she suffered herself to remain there nestling in his arms. No words escaped her, but she was inwardly resolving in her new happiness—a glimpse of which had recently hovered on her spirit—that her love and care should make up to him for the past.

'Hooray!' shouted old Molly, when she heard the news, 'we shan't give up the farm now, for Mr John will take it on his own hand. Dear missis, I shall say my prayers to-night with a thankful heart.'

## A GIPSY DANCE IN ANDALUSIA.

SHE stood like a falcon about to soar; and you held your breath, lest loud respiration should alarm her. Her eye, haughty, fierce, and penetrating, seemed to look upon the crowd as subjects of her sport or alternate scorn. No glance could withstand her. The pupil of her eye comprised all its visible parts, save when the long heavy lashes lifted up, and you detected the blue transparency of the ball within, like the azure of heaven, momentarily revealed through breaking clouds. There was a mysterious fascination in these dark orbs which you could not forego, though you felt its terror. Her dress was calculated to display all the danger of her voluptuous figure. Her coal-black hair, falling in undulating folds upon her neck, was surrounded by a Macraas handkerchief of brightest hues, which relieved its glossy transparency; and a dark velvet bodice, with a row of silver buttons in front, half-revealed, half-concealed the swell of her bosom. Her round and delicate waist was circled with a faga, or sash, of richest silk, and varied colours; while the tunic, though reaching below the knee, permitted the eye to determine the elaborate sculpture of the limbs it covered. The slender and polished ankle developed into faultless symmetry above, and terminated in a delicate foot below. Her face was oval, and her cheeks had that peachy blossom so rarely found even where youth and beauty meet. But her teeth! that feature so seldom beautiful, and so irresistible in perfection! Hers were regular, dazzlingly white, and of the purest elephant's bone. The proudest empress would have envied her their possession, and exchanged for them the costliest jewels of her crown. She drank in for a few moments the flattering incense of admiration, more eloquent in its speechlessness—and then addressed herself to her task. She was to dance the "Ole" the favourite of a Spanish audience, and for which she had (what they call in Paris) *une specialite*—an unrivalled inimitable talent. Its representation is prohibited on the public stage, and therefore it was only on occasions like this the intense passion of the Andalusians for it could be gratified. What constitutes its chief alarm is the combination of motions, haughty, and voluptuous, at the same time defiant and alluring beyond imagination; passion awakened by disdain, stimulated by coquetry, maddened by desire—the riot of the senses. It is the mysterious expression of the gestures—the indefinable action of the features; the sound of the governed respiration, and the radiating and intoxicating perfume which beauty involves in motion. It is, in fine, the union of all the sensual powers from liquid eyes, dewy lips, ardent gestures, and voluptuous motion, that reaches, penetrates, frenzies every soul! It is not such dances they get up for the stage; dances taught by rule, and performed by art; a dance of legs and arms, soulless and inexpressive. No! this dance was a poem, a painting, a melody. It filled the soul, it pleased the eye, it intoxicated the heart.—Sketches in Spain.

## HAMBURG.

HAMBURG is a free city in the duchy of Holstein, and consists, like Edinburgh, of the new and old towns, both nearly of an equal size, which, together with the unlimited extent of country around, form an independent republic. It is situated on the rivers Elbe and Alster, and the latter, before it enters the town by sluices, forms a fine basin. Hamburg is well fortified, and on the ramparts are handsome walks planted with rows of trees. The town from its situation, has all possible advantages for foreign trade and domestic commerce, particularly from its communication by the Elbe with the principal navigable rivers of Germany, and hence it is one of the most prosperous commercial cities in the world, though like all such marts, not conspicuous for manufactures. Hamburg can boast of a celebrated college, an arsenal, a bank, and exchange, a theatre, in which Jenny Lind has twitted her nightingale notes—also a famous wooden bridge, which extends nearly three miles over a marsh and