

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

WHO ARE THE GREAT OF EARTH?

Who are the mighty? sing,
The chiefs of old renown,
On some red field won the victor's crown
Of tears and triumphing?
The Northmen bold, who first o'er stormy seas,
Sent down the "raven" banner on the breeze?
Not these—Oh, no not these!

Who are the great of earth?
The mighty hunters? kings of ancient line,
For ages traced, half fable, half divine,
Whose stone-wrought lions guard in heathen
pride
Their tomb-like palaces? where now we read,
They lived and reigned, and died!
Who spoke, and millions rushed to toil and
bleed?
Not these—not these, indeed!

Who are the mighty? they!
The builders of Egyptian pyramids?
The unknown kings, on whose stone-coffin
lids,
Strange forms are scrolled? or men, whose awful
sway
Wrought the rock, temple reared the cromlech
gray.
Whose smoke and fire, and incense darkened
day.
Not they—Oh, no—not they!

Who are the great of earth?
Mark where your prophet stands,
The load star needle trembles in his hand,
O'er western seas he finds for mind a throne—
Or he on whose wrapt sight new wonders
shone.
Where heavenward turned, his glass made
worlds his own?
Not he—not those alone!

We are the mighty? see,
Where art's a wizard; where the marble rife
With grace and beauty quickens into life—
Of where, as danger's waves beat wild and free,
Some 'glorious arm' like Moses' parts the sea,
That a vexed people yet redeemed may be—
The statesman? sage—is't he?

Oh, no—not these the noblest triumphs prove,
Go, where forgiveness, turning like the dove,
Alights o'er life's dark flood on some lone
heart—
Where men to men, truth, justice, peace in-
part,
As best interpreters of god-like love—
Where all life's noblest charities have birth
There dwell the great, the kings of peerless
worth,
They shall subdue the earth!

From the Boston Journal.

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

"Let it be strange, aye, and sad withal."

"Ah, Walter! this you? Pleasant evening
to lie on the grass. Dreaming? Watching
for fairies? Or waiting for that strange night-
ingale of yours to sing you into ecstasy from her
window?"

"You have a wonderful fluency at guessing!
Can't a man lie on the grass of a fine evening
without watching for nightingales?"

"Oh certainly, though one's choice of position
in regard to a certain locality, may suggest a
thought. Come, confess now!"

"There's nothing to confess!"

"Have you seen her lately?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Nonsense! you know well enough—Lin-
netta."

"No!"

"Rather gruff, by Jove! Well, as you don't
seem to be in a communicative mood to-night,
I'll walk on. Perhaps you would rather talk
with the moon yonder. They call her the lo-
ver's friend, though for my part I should pre-
fer one a trifle nearer and less chilly. Good
night to you!"

"Confound myself and him to," said Walter
to himself, as his friend passed on. "Why need
he have come along just at this time? I hate
to treat him so shabbily, and yet I wouldn't
have had him stay for his friendship twice over.
Yet why should I care? A dozen others must
hear her singing every night, with as good right
as I do, except for the exquisite delight I have
in it. It seems as if her soul took wings in her
voice, wings for heaven through the twilight,
after the long day. It must seem long indeed
now in this fine June weather, to be compelled
to sit in the house all day, with no one but that
old minastrophe of a father for company.—
Wretch! Why does he keep her so imprisoned,
as if it were a wrong to have her beauty
admired? I wonder much if she has anything
heart left for singing. She has not to-night,
it seems. What can be the reason? How
can I leave till I have heard her?"

The moon was just setting, and the shadows
under the trees along the wide village street
grew darker every moment. Walter leaned
thoughtfully against the bole of an old Linden,
with arms folded, and his clear frank brows
contracted with an earnest frown. Looking
closely, one might have detected a shade of

disappointment and perplexity in his face,
though he would have laughed at the imputa-
tion, as he did at himself a few moments after
as he rose from the ground to return to his
lodgings. 'The nightingale wont sing for me
this evening,' said he, 'I must go home and
dream of the songs she has sung me on other
nights. But hark!—what's that?'

It was a woman's scream, from the Linden
trees just beyond Linnetta's home. The
voice sounded strangely and thrillingly in Wal-
ter's ears, and in a moment he was springing
forward to ascertain the trouble. Nearing the
spot he heard the footsteps of some one run-
ning away, and on the grass by the side of the
road lay the form of a woman. Walter raised
her delicately, for she had swooned, and
turning her face towards the faint western light,
felt a sharp thrill in his veins as he now perceiv-
ed who it was. He spoke her name in a half
whisper, and gently laid back the hair that had
fallen over her face. But finding her quite un-
conscious, he lost no time in bearing her to her
father's house, where the door was opened by
an old domestic, who almost fainted with terror
to see her mistress brought home in such a con-
dition. Walter sent her in haste for water,
while he laid Linnetta on a sofa, loosened her
bonnet strings, and threw up a window to let
in the fresh air. A few drops of the cool
water on her face soon revived her, and she
looked up amazed and startled.

"Ah thank you, thank you, sir for your kind-
ness; I am quite well again. But, for heaven's
sake, leave me at once, before he returns—my
father I mean. Ah should he come!"

She spoke so earnestly that Walter, though a
little surprised, bade her good evening at once,
and with a low bow turned to leave. As he
turned, his eye caught a glimpse of a picture of
Adolph Werner an old college friend of his,
hanging in a black frame above the piano.—
Surprised, he made an involuntary pause for an
instant, and at the same time heard the sound
of footsteps in the passage, and Doctor Wei-
man, Linnetta's father, entered the room. Lin-
netta made an effort to speak, but could not
from weakness, and the Doctor eyeing Walter
demanded why he was there. Taken by sur-
prise by this unneighborly greeting, Walter
began a rather confused reply, when the Doc-
tor ordered him to leave forthwith, at the same
time making way for him and pointing to the
door. Indignant and yet unable to reply, Wal-
ter with another bow Linnetta, made his exit
through the door, in a state of feeling which
can be more easily conceived than expressed.
Involuntarily he returned homeward by the
Linden walk where he had found Linnetta, and
seeing something white on the grass, stooped
and picked it up. It was a handkerchief, and
probably hers; he thought so at least, and plac-
ed it daintily inside his vest and next his
heart, and that same foolish and excitable organ
seemed to imagine it something very proper to
make quite a stir about, and worked itself into
very nervous action under it. On reaching his
lodgings, he drew it forth and began to examine
it delicately and reverently, as a lover (by sweet
permission) takes his lady's hand. It was
small and of the finest material, and in one cor-
ner he found, worked with exquisite skill, the
initials L. M. Walter looked twice and again
before he would believe his own eyes. 'L.
M.'; he repeated slowly, 'it ought to be L.
W. What new mystery is here? Were my
previous suspicions correct, that she is not his
daughter; and if so, then what is her relation
to him? There was, of course, no probable
answer to either question, only a thousand con-
jectures, one no better than another, and all
tending to produce greater bewilderment, and
a thousand other suspicions. We need not
trouble ourselves with any of them. Finally
Walter himself grew weary of them, and throw-
ing himself on his bed, sought the benign ben-
ediction of sleep. But sleep came burdened
with dreams, and threw them in a strange jumble,
and all at once, into his brain. Linnetta,
the Doctor, Werner, now singly, now together,
passed over and over again through his visions,
and when morning came, he awoke as much ex-
hausted as if he had spent the night in toil.

"Do you know who has been in to ask
for you?" inquired his landlady when she
brought his coffee.

"Why no! how should I?"

"It was Doctor Weiman!" replied the good
woman, in a voice which indicated great sur-
prise on her part, and perhaps expectation of
as great in Walter, which was natural enough,
for the Doctor had never stepped inside a
neighbor's house since coming to the village, a
year before.

"What could he possibly want?" inquired
Walter.

"He wanted to know if he could see you a
few minutes this morning, and I have promised
to send him word."

Surprised and overjoyed at this unexpected
request, Walter gave orders to have him come
at his earliest convenience, and meanwhile bus-
ied himself with conjecture as to the probable
cause of his visit. Was it to apologize, or to
ask a further explanation of the matter? But
the Doctor soon put an end to surmises, by ap-
pearing himself. He was dressed in black.
His figure was tall, erect and well-proportioned,
and his hair, though very thick, was perfectly
white, as if turned by sorrow instead of years.

Holding out his hand, which was warmly grasped
by Walter's, he said he had come to ask
pardon for his unneighborly conduct on the
previous evening.

"Oh, pray sir, think no more of it!" said
Walter in his own frank way, offering him a
seat on the sofa and drawing up a chair for him-
self. "The pleasure and honor of your call
are more than sufficient to make me forget
it."

"But I do not forget it so easily," responded
the Doctor. "My daughter and I owe you
many thanks for your timely assistance last eve-
ning. Contrary to her usual custom, she had
left me in the meadows, to come home by her-
self, and was frightened by a rude fellow; you
know the rest. Will you do us the pleasure
of dining with us to-day? My daughter de-
sires an opportunity to thank you personally."

Walter was not the man to refuse such an
invitation. The Doctor left in a few moments,
after making him promise to be punctual, and
he passed the forenoon in a sort of half day
dream. He had never seen Linnetta, except
at a distance, till the previous evening, when
her beauty had made a deep impression on his
heart. Yet he had been long in love with her.
Her father and she had come into the village a
few months before, taken a pleasant cottage,
one retired a little from the street and with no
very close neighbors, where they had lived in
complete seclusion, they were rarely seen out
by day, preferring to walk at evening, and the
villagers, who dislike unsocial people, soon be-
gan to hint that the Doctor was no better than
he should be, and that Linnetta was probably
not his daughter. Some thought he kept her
shut up for jealousy, or because she was heir
to property which he wanted to get for himself.
It was Walter's good fortune (as he called it)
to catch a glimpse of her face once or twice
from a little distance, and its angelic purity and
sweetness took him at once and forever. He
longed for an opportunity to speak with her,
and we have seen how he used to listen for her
singing; for every night the village could hear
her sweet, clear voice in the twilight air. But
he affected great indifference, though it was
plainly to be seen how matters stood with him.
And now this invitation to dine with her, to
speak with her—hear her speak, and perhaps
take her hand—it was almost too happy for
belief.

But the one o'clock came, and Walter was as
punctual as old Time himself, who had scarce-
ly shaken out the last sands of the expired hour,
when he rang at the Doctor's. The Doctor
himself ushered him into the quiet little par-
lor, whence he had been so summarily dismiss-
ed the night before, and then excused himself
for a few moments. Walter, not sorry to be
left alone, immediately looked for his friend's
portrait—it was gone! Another picture hung
in its place. Turning to see if it had not been
removed to another part of the wall, his eye
rested on a portrait of a lady whose resem-
blance to his friend startled him like a shock.
While he was still examining it the Doctor and
Linnetta entered, and after a few words, all
three passed into the dining room and sat down
to a simple but elegant repast, enlivened with
delicate Rhenish wine.

After dinner the conversation flowed easily
for a while upon common topics, and gradually
fell upon matters of art and literature, and Wal-
ter soon discovered that his friends had not only
reached the highest steps of polite culture, but
were deeply informed on all affairs of practical
and scientific interest. They were reserved
about themselves, and avoided every allusion
to their past history. But Linnetta was most
at ease when at her piano, which she touched
with exquisite feeling and skill, and seemed
not displeased with Walter's warm compliments.
It was late in the afternoon when he said good
bye, and left with pressing invitations to repeat
his visit.

He did so, and to some purpose. Every visit
served to deepen his love for Linnetta. But
he observed, with great perplexity, that she
seemed gradually to draw within herself and to
be more reserved in his presence than at first.
Often he did not see her when he called.—
True, with a lover's fancy, he would try to
construe all into good tokens; but often his
heart misgave him, and at last, unable longer
to restrain himself, he asked the Doctor to walk
with him one morning, and in that walk told
him that he loved Linnetta, and though he
knew himself worthy of her only by reason of
his great love, yet, if her father would permit
and she accord, he would give his life to her hap-
piness.

Doctor Weiman looked sadly at him, and tak-
ing his hand, said: "Walter, my friend, there
is one whose consent goes before mine, which
you cannot obtain."

"Linnetta's?" gasped Walter, turning very
pale.

"No, but that of one who relents not for love
or tears—it is Death's."

Walter covered his face, and wept, his strong
frame trembling in every fibre. The Doctor
forebore to speak too soon.

"Come, Walter," said he at length, "control
yourself and be manly now. Sit down
with me on the grass, and hear what I have to
tell you."

Mastering himself by a strong effort, Wal-
ter sat down beside his friend, who seemed

about to give him his full confidence. After
a little thoughtful pause, the Doctor began as
follows:

"Walter, I am the unhappiest man alive!
After leaving the University—for here my mis-
fortunes begin—I lived for a while in a little
retired village, undecided whether to take an
office under government, or to purchase a little
estate with my patrimony, on which I could
leisurely pursue my favorite studies. In that
village I became acquainted with a beautiful
girl; you have seen her portrait in my house.
I will not prolong my story; we loved and were
betrothed. But Lenny's father was a stern,
hard old man, who had lived long enough to
forget his days of love, and he forbade us to
see each other, unless I took immediate steps
to procure some employment, and calling my
scheme wild and boyish. For Lenny's sake I
gave it up and prepared to visit the Capital, in
order to obtain an office under government.—
The evening before I set out, she and I renewed
our promises and vows: we had already ex-
changed pictures, and putting her's next my
heart, I said it should lie there till we met again.
We parted with trembling hearts, and eyes
that dared not meet, for innocence had fled be-
fore passion.

It was not many weeks before Lenny wrote
me a pressing letter to return. I was living
with an uncle, through whose influence I hoped
to obtain a place. To him I revealed all, and
avowed my determination to return immedi-
ately and save Lenny from shame. But alas! he
was a mere worldly man, and artfully and in-
sidiously contrived to instil suspicious and hate-
ful thoughts into my heart. At the same time
he drew me into gay society and a whirl of
pleasures and business, which for a few months
completely blinded me, and drew my thoughts
from Lenny. Suddenly my uncle died, and I
found myself heir to all his wealth. Happy?
In a private drawer of his cabinet, I discovered
several letters from Lenny to me, so piteous,
so entreating, so full of love, and refusing to
believe that I had deserted her, that for a few
days I was on the verge of insanity from re-
morse and agony. Recovering, I posted back
to the village where she lived, to find her
grave. Her child—our child—had been tak-
en by a distant relative, of whom I could ob-
tain no trace.

I remained unmarried. A few years since, I
accepted a position in the State Treasury.—
Among my associates was a gentleman
by the name of Manheim; modest, re-
tiring, but accomplished, and well received in
society. I loved him, for he drew me back
from melancholy by his genial wit and the plea-
sant views he took of life. But he had one
serious fault; he was fond of play, though he
had never yet played beyond his means. He
had a daughter a very beautiful girl, betroth-
ed to a young advocate in one of the little pro-
vinces. Many a pleasant evening have we
passed together in his quiet little parlor, while
she played and sang for us. But it was sad
when I came to part to know that he would
follow in a few minutes leaving her alone, to
spend the rest of the evening until late in gam-
bling. One evening as he walked with me
from the house, he surprised me with the in-
telligence that his future son-in-law was to
visit him, and at the same time he asked if I
could lend him a small sum of money for a
few days. I looked earnestly in his face; my
friend seemed to read my thoughts, for he sud-
denly turned haughtily away with a cold good
night, and would not stay to listen to me. Fol-
lowing him at a little distance, I saw him enter
the saloon where all the famous players used
to congregate at night.

Manheim's guest came, but I was too busy
to visit him immediately. I felt anxious for
my friend; suspicious, too, and kept a careful
watch over his movements; but after a lapse
of several days, during which nothing had oc-
curred to raise a doubt of his integrity, I began
to feel that I was acting an ungenerous part,
and one night after giving the matter full con-
sideration, resolved to lend him the amount he
had requested. On my way to the Treasury
next morning, I met my friend's daughter, who
pretended to be quite angry with me for not
calling on her betrothed, adding that he thought
very much of my friendship.

"But he has never seen me," said I.

"Never seen you?" exclaimed she, blushing
and letting her eyes fall, and instantly raising
them again to mine. "He was mistaken, then
for he thought he had. But he and my father
both left town last evening by the latest train,
as you probably know already."

My heart smote me at these words. Bidding
her good morning, I hastened to the Treasury;
and found the clerks in great consternation—
Manheim, in short, had absconded with his
young friend, taking with him more than ten
thousand dollars. All search for them proved
unavailing. But among the papers of the young
advocate was found a baptismal register, re-
vealing his birth and parentage. He was my own
son.

And now let me finish quickly. I took Lin-
netta, my friend's daughter, the deserted one,
to my own home and heart. We left the city,
and came to this retired village, hoping to live
in perfect seclusion, and to forget, if possible,
what we had suffered. Alas, my friend, the
arrow had gone to Linnetta's heart; day by day