deaf to each splendid overture. Several Christians, also, offered to lay their titles and riches at her feet; but here Manasseh angrily interposed, since from principle, as well as inclination, he bitterly loathed the followers of one whom his nation stigmatizes as the false Messiah. Yes, the Jew would have acted, if possible a sterner part than a Virginius—he would have strangled his beloved and lovely child, ere seen her poluted by an union with a Christian.

Shakspeare's wherry glided on, and in a few minutes having entered the deep shadow of the arch, he landed on the wide projecting starling. Jessy's sleeping apartment was far above, but the girl, unknown to her father, had the key of a lower chamber, which opened upon a small balcony; and thence, by means of a short ladder she let herself down into the arms of the enamoured poet.

Shakspeare resigned his scull to his young attendant who knew his duty too well to listen to the conversation of the lovers. The beautiful Jewess was wrapt in a velvet mantle, bordered with miniver. Her large, dark, passionate eyes were now raised to the heavens, spangled with stars and now fixed in melting tenderness on him who sat by her side. And thus they glided on—soft light above, murmuring waters around—conversing in tremulous whispers, and experiencing in those stolen moments of reciprocated affection, all the bliss that man is capable of wringing from the fleeting hours of this fevered existence.

We shall not detail at length the conversation which passed between Shakspeare and his Jessy. Thus nightly had they met, and breathed their vows of faith, and, in each other's presence had forgotten the world, and its cold restrictions. Jessy only trembled lest her father should discover her amour; for rarely a day passed without Manasseh's bitterly reviling, and heaping curses upon the Christians.

'If thou dost love me,' said Shakspeare pressing the maiden's hand, 'thou wilt never again enter the habitation of one, who, harsh, bigoted, and cruel, is unworthy to call the daughter. Jessy! dear one, fond one, true one! flee with me, this night; I will protect thee against a thousand fathers. This bosom shall be thy home; and in return, thy love shall be my paradise.'

'Not yet,' said the girl timidly; 'I will pray to him—I will strive to bend his will—and perhaps, perhaps, he will relent. Moreover harsh though, though he be, I love my father, and would not desert him in his old years.'

'Sweet one, distress not thyself—be true to thy vow—continue to love me, as I worship thee, and whatever betide I shall be happy.'

The moon had nearly set, and a deep gloom was falling over the river. Jessy was anxious to return, and the wherry shot back to the bridge. As they approached, Shakspeare perceived the figure of a man standing on the broad starling beneath the Jew's residence.

'It is only a waterman, love, there, he is gone, he has sprung, I doubt not, into his boat.'

Jessy trembled, but the man had indeed disappeared around the buttress, giving them reason to believe that he was no other than the individual named. The beautiful Jewess was lifted by Shakspeare out of the wherry, the stair was damped by the splashing of the rising tide, and he threw his rich doublet on the wood work for the girl to step on.

'Farewell love, forget me not,' whispered the poet of Avon, kissing Jessy's forehead, but at that moment Shakspeare started, for he felt his arm seized and compressed, as in a vice, by a sinewy hand; while words like the following were hissed in his ear.

'Christian dog! hell hound! have I found thee?'

Shakspeare, by a violent effort, flung the human viper from him, and as the setting moon shed a glimmering ray on the granite arch, he recognised the father of his Jessy. His first impulse was to draw his sword, but he instantly placed a rein on his inclination. The Hebrew, was so convulsed by the passions which raged within him, that for some minutes he was unable to address his trembling daughter or her lover, the former, taking advantage of the silence of her father, fell on her knees before him, and conjured him to restrain his anger. But the Jew waved his hand, while his fury at length burst forth in words.

'Begone! thou disgrace of thy tribe! thou reproach of thy father! or I shall slay thee!'

The girl, shuddering, and overawed, crept up to the little balcony, and in a few minutes disappeared. The Jew seemed suddenly to have formed a resolution, his eyes, in the darkness of the night, burned like coals of fire; he muttered incoherent words, and snatching from his gaberdine a long dagger, dashed forward exclaiming:

'Unbeliever, contemner of the law of Moses! oppressor of our race! it will be no crime to send thee, now, to that hell whither thou wouldst but go at last.'

The dagger grazed Shakspeare's breast but the next moment he had snatched it from the infuriated Hebrew's hand.

'Old man, I woo thy daughter honourably.'

'Son of Belial! even thine honourable love would be infamy! but my dagger is gone, can I have no revenge?'

With the quickness of thought, he mounted to the balcony that projected over the starling, and drew the ladder by which he ascended after him, Shakspeare although he divined not what the Hebrew's motive might be, waited the result of his action with extreme anxiety. Presently he heard a faint cry like a supplication for mercy; then a shriek broke on the stillness of the night, the father and daughter appeared at the topmost window which overlooked the Thames. Jessy's sleeping room was there, and it was fully apparent now what the incensed and maddened Jew meditated doing. Shakspeare shouted to him to desist, and began in frantic haste to climb to the balcony.

'Curses on thee, and thy paramour!' exclaimed the Hebrew, dragging forward his struggling child; 'thou shalt not live to bring this disgrace on my name.'

It was over. The unnatural and atrocious deed had been committed. The Jew's flashing eyes marked his child sink into the rushing waters far beneath; a fiendish exultation lit up his countenance, and he smoothed his beard—and laughed. Shakspeare was thrilled with horror at what he witnessed; he plunged into the stream to the rescue of her, the beautiful, the guiltless one. He dived where she sank, but the tide was flowing so rapidly that the current had carried her through the arch. She floated now at a distance—sank again—the agonized swimmer at length reached her, and succeeded in placing her in his boat.

'Jessy! my own Jessy!' cried Shakspeare, straining the beautiful girl to his heart, and imprinting kisses on her cold lips. Her dark eyes were closed, her fair arms dropped lifeless, and her long wet tresses enveloped her as with a veil. What to the lover now was vengeance on the destroyer?—he thought only of the destroyed.

In desperation, he conveyed her to the house of a medical man on the Bankside; but every effort to effect resuscitation proved unavailing. The light of life was quenched the late warm heart would throb with passion no more; and the sweet flower which bloomed on the arid soil of a desert was plucked by death, in the spring time of its brightness and fragrance.

The bard of Avon knelt at the tomb of the once lovely Jessy. His poetic fancy heard her gentle voice in every passing wind; and that the flowers that decked her turf seemed to breathe the perfume of her sigh. In after time, when grief for her whom he had loved soltened into a hallowed worship, he embalmed her memory in imperishable verse. Yes, the Jessy of Old London Bridge—and let none harshly gainsay our assertion—is the sweet Jessica in the 'Merchant of Venice,' and her diabolical father is the avaricious, unrelenting Shylock.

FAME.—Young men, while you read the sublime conceptions of the greatest poets ever in existence, and are fired with ambition to arrive at equal excellence, do you read the account of their lives, and see the depths of poverty and disgrace, contempt and slander, jails and stocks, neglect and hatred, through which they struggle to gain their enviable eminence? Read their lives, and you will find that with a few memorable exceptions, almost every one of them has died in misery and want; or, struggling boldly against the current of human injustice, have gone on unmindful of the vituperations thrown out against them and their works. they have gained the prize, so coveted, of fame and applause; but it is the fame and applause of an after age—While they lived their works were read and gave pleasure to thousands, who never thought of the authors, nor asked if they were starving with hunger, or freezing with cold in some miserable garret. What was it to them whence they derived their enjoyment. The only question was how they should get it, as they got all their other comforts and blessings, pleasures and enjoyments, without feeling the slightest gratitude to the great Giver of all things.

How many thousands of poets have wasted their lives in fruitless attempts to gain fame and popular favour, have written almost innumerable works and have at last sunk with all they have done into everlasting oblivion! Did they not feel as sensitively as you? Were they not more mad after fame? And yet where are they? No doubt many of them had as great qualifications for poets, as any of those who were more successful in gaining public applause. Merit does not always receive its reward in this world and the light of genius is often obscured and at last put out by neglect. While we pursue the works of those men now dead, whose lessons of wisdom made us better, whose beautiful thoughts refine our feelings, whose bright imaginations form a world of beauty in which we delight to dwell, is it not a sad, sad thing to know that while living they were the subjects of the envious revilings of those around them,—that they were often imprisoned,—that their reputations were blighted, and they were often obliged to seek a pittance of dread from door to door?

Look now at the thousands throughout this vast country who are wasting the midnight oil,—wasting their lives,—lavishing upon the world the best and gentlest feelings and perceptions of their natures in poetical imaginations and all for what? How did Willis rise to his present fame? Through a world of envy and slander ridicule and derision. How did a Woodworth,—who but now was consigned to the grave.—how did he live?—While many a heart was thrilled with the feeling and melody of the 'old oaken bucket,' he who could conceive and write it was likely to starve for want of the means of subsistence! Who thought of him!—how many ever heard his name or knew that he was the author of that beautiful effusion? Is that fame, which consigns one to misery and starvation, while they who are rolling in wealth and satiated with its luxuries sigh, weep and sob, in the ecstacies produced by the melody he executed? Is that to poet? Oh gratitude, thou art but a name?—*Scio Her.*

JESSY.

A TALE OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

By M. Mitchell.

The Thames, three centuries ago, had characteristics essentially different from those that distinguish it at the present day. Gone are the palaces and gardens which, from Whitefairs to Westminster, adorned its banks; the six oared, canopied barge has given place to the smoky steamboat; the waterman's occupation, by the erection of so many bridges, like Othello's, 'is gone;' the spirit of Romance has fairly vanished from the now impure, gascous, and, 'tortured stream;' in a word, every thing has succumbed to the march of triumphant utility.

Things were not always so. As still, on the waters that wash the marble palaces of sea-born Venice, music nightly sounds, and love breathes his sigh; so, in the good old times that shall never come again, did the gallant gliding over the unpolluted stream, woo his mistress. Love assignations were made there. The high and the noble did not consider it derogatory to their dignity to touch the guitar; and woman's silver voice was heard, making yet more smooth the unvexed and transparent bosom of 'gentle Father Thames.'

The moon shed a flood of light upon the single bridge which, spanning the noble river, bore on its granite shoulders a hundred houses; long shadows were cast eastward; the tide, rushing through the arches, created a slumberous sound; the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, where Shakspeare personated his own immortal creations, he had closed its doors; when an individual who had lately stood within the walls of that temple of Thespis proceeded to the nearest stairs, and springing into his wherry, rowed leisurely out into the stream.

The gallant whom we are about to describe, though on terms of familiar greeting with Essex, Raleigh, and the choice wits of the day, did not belong to the aristocratratic class; yet, on his person and bearing, nature's nobility was stamped: that lofty forehead spoke of intellectual superiority, the eye, though subdued, and somewhat downcast through the mind's obstraction, had that searching glance which can read men's souls; the brows were drawn from their natural arch almost to straight lines; and gave to his phisiognimy an expression of sterness, which, however, was redeemed by the humour that lurked around the thin-lipped handsome mouth, his jetty beard was short and peaked; a conical hat with a single feather, adorned his head; his doublet was slashed, and of the finest broadcloth; his ruffles were of rich Flanders lace; and the hilt of his straight sword—a present from the Queen—was set with rubies. And this was the deer-stalker of Stratford-on-Avon—this was Shakspeare.

The great dramatist was now in the summer of his days, and (if we may be allowed the metaphor) the aloe of his renown had begun to put forth those leaves, the beauty and freshness of which have endured for three centuries.—Genius, as regards its adoration of the sex, is sometimes content to feed on dreams of ideal beauty. But at this period of his life, the bard of Avon, it would seem, was not satisfied with worshiping a phantasy. Petrarch and his platonics offered nothing suited to his temperament, and he yielded to the passions that enthral ordinary men. Love for an object, warm, breathing, living, had kindled its fires in his heart. Gold seemed the creatures of his plastic fancy to this lovely incarnation of all his poetic dreamings—this sweet palpable shrine of the immortal spirit; and to pour forth his love vows, and to press the lily hand of his sweet Jessy, did Shakspeare, on the night in question, urge his wherry down the Thames.

Jessy was a daughter of the despised people who regard Abraham as their great progenitor. Her father was an usurer and jeweller, and hung out his sign on the Old London Bridge.—It was just above the third arch from the city side, ere the Dutchman Morris had erected his waterworks, that old Manasseh dwelt. There were but two things in the world dear unto him—his money, and his daughter. From her extreme loveliness, Jessy had obtained the sobriquet of the 'Beauty of London Bridge.'—Many of the illustrious of her tribe had sought her hand in marriage; but Jessy was

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Nov. 3, 1842.

Lost.

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ANGUS McAFEE.

St. John, Sept. 14, 1842.

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January 27.

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From the Boston Chronicle, January 16.

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The greater number of the contrebutors, already known with favour to the public, will continue to enrich and enliven the pages of the Garland; and the improvement of its external appearance, as well as its, more extensive circulation, will naturally call new competitors into the field, and the Publishers, being no longer in fear of inability to redeem their promises, unhesitatingly pledge themselves, that no effort shall be, on their part, wanting, to call forth whatever there is of talent in the country, and to develope, the literary resources, of the Province."

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☞*The assistance and influence of friends of Literature in the Province are respectfully solicited, to extend the circulation of the Garland.*
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