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THE MUSES' BOWER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HOPE.

BY SCHILLER.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But 'the better' 's forever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life Hope leads in—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy,
Tho' the best of its charms may with youth begin
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave. Man planeth—HOPE!

And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
With a fool for its dull begetter,
There's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud,
"Ye were born to possess the Better!"
And that voice of the Heart, O ye may believe,
Will never the hope of the soul deceive!

ON THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

BY JOHN Q. ADAMS.

Sure, to the mansions of the blest,
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel brighter than the rest
The spotless spirit's flight attends.

On wings of ecstacy they rise
Beyond where worlds material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

There, at the Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

The unextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,
The more it lingers upon earth.

Closed in this dark abode of clay,
The stream of glory faintly burns,
Nor unobscured the lucid ray
To its own native fount returns.

But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death
Which speeds an infant to the tomb—

No passion fierce, no low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God the living fire
Returns, unsullied, as it came.

[From the New Haven (Conn.) Herall.

AUTUMN.

Swift on the wings of ceaseless Time
Pass by our fleeting years,
Our life is full of joy and crime,
A train of smiles and tears.
The bloom of Summer soon is past
And melts before sad Autumn's blast;
The waving beauty of her trees
Falls, faded by the chilling breeze.

Soon Autumn dies away, but hark!
Cold Winter hastens on;
She wraps the world in mantle dark
And laughs with blighting scorn.
Thus life's bright Summer soon shall end
And with it Autumn's sadness blend;
Then Winter comes—and all that's gay
Within the tomb soon moulds away.

Summer returns as Time flows round;
Blithe birds with warbling strain;
All earth seems glad, and sweetly sound
Voices of life again.
But ne'er can mortal life return—
No more the heart with gladness burn,
When Death's cold wintry hand is laid
On all where hope her dwelling made.

Good Hint.—The celebrated Dr. Abernethy said: 'I tell you honestly, what I think is the whole cause of the complicated maladies of the human frame; it is their gormandizing, and stuffing, stimulating the digestive organs to excess, thereby creating irritation. The state of their minds is another grand cause—the fretting and discontenting themselves about that which cannot be helped—passions of all kinds—malignant passions and worldly cares pressing upon the mind, disturb the central action, and do a great deal of harm.'

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

THE GUERILLAS OF LEON.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

"The spur has lanced his charger's sides,
Away! away! for life he rides."—*The Giaour.*
"This leap through flame into the future."
Sardanapalus.

The regiment of French Hussars to which Eugene Daverny was attached was pursuing its march far from the spot where its brief halt had taken place, when that young officer emerged, alone, from the forest forming the boundary of the principal road from the north of the province of Leon to Valladolid. It was towards the close of a magnificent day, early in the evently year which witnessed the liberation of the Peninssla from the sway of France, and at the same when Marmont was making the most desperate efforts to collect a force sufficient to save Ciudad Rodrigo from the grasp of Wellington, whose iron hand was wrenching fortress after fortress from the possession of King Joseph. Daverny's regiment had been suddenly ordered southwards, and so hasty was its progress, that although the relaxed discipline of the French armies permitted, and frequently sanctioned the straggling of parties of marauders all along the line of march, for the purpose of plunder, few upon the present occasion dared to avail themselves of their liberty, so far as to risk for the chance of pillage, the probability of their being abandoned by their comrades to the terrible vengence of the Guerillas,—who hung upon the traces of the column, and found ofi recurring opportunities of avenging upon a Frenchman the outrages and atrocities perpetrated upon Spain by the soldiery of France. The disappearance of Eugene Daverny, which took place where the troops halted for their brief refreshment, had therefore excited as much surprise as regret, and although the peremptory orders under which the regiment was hurrying on, precluded all delay, often through the remainder of the day did his comrades turn in their saddles and strain their eyes along the winding road, or gaze into the thick woods around it, in the hope of discovering the young officer on his return. But it was not until night had nearly fallen that Eugene Daverny dashed into the remembered road, though unfortunately several leagues behind his regiment.

'*Mon Dieu!*' was his exclamation; 'I am again at the place where we halted, and I thought myself miles further. A curse on these forest paths for their strong family likeness! *Eh Bien*, we will see whether my spurs prove more serviceable than my eyes.'

And suiting the action to the word, he struck the rowels deep, and gallopped off at full speed for the traces of his comrades.

'Now have I played the fool once more,' soliloquized he; 'and have, with great dexterity and neatness, involved myself in a net out of which I very much doubt my getting. First, when I join the column, I shall be severely rebuked for loitering: next, I shall ruin my horse; and finally, my fear of which considerably alleviates my other apprehensions, I expect to be shot by some outlying guerilla before I can come up with the ranks at all. Three pleasant points for contemplation.'

He drew rein as he reached the foot of a steep hill, over which the road went, and up which he allowed his charger to pace slowly. Looking to the summit, the young Frenchman thought he discerned a figure crouching, but watching him. His first instinct was to draw and cock a pistol, and to spur forwards.—The horse started at the stroke of the steel, and in all probability saved the rider's life by the motion, for a flash from the dark nook in which the figure was shrouded, followed by the report of a carbine, told Daverny that the guerillas were around him. He heard the erring bullet whistle behind him, and levelling his own weapon, he fired, apparently with effect, for as he dashed to the spot, a man was seen to stagger backwards among the forest trees, in the shade of which he was instantly lost. The Frenchman, aware that his safety was in flight, gave his horse the rein, and shot along the now descending road with headlong speed. A mile thus rapidly traversed, he began to hope he had distanced his enemies; but he continued to urge forward his charger at full gallop, until he came to a part of the road where it narrowed to the width of a few feet only. The animal seemed to hesitate at entering the pass; but the fiery rider, with spur, stroke, and voice, forced him on. With an angry neigh the charger bounded forward, as if to clear some unseen obstacle, and the next moment dropped upon earth with the hideous cry a horse utters only in his extreme agony. As Daverny went down with his charger, he saw the fatal article by which the animal had been sacrificed. Two long & sharp scythe blades had been fastened into the massive trunks of two opposite trees, in such a position as that the lower blade would come in contact with the legs of an advancing horse, and the higher one would transfix the rider. The noble animal on which Eugene rode had seen the former obstacle, and in leaping to avoid it, had a second time saved his master's life, at the expense of his own. He lay writhing in the death-struggle, with a wide and deep gash in his ample breast and glossy shoulder, from which the life-blood was flowing in torrents.

As Eugene extricated himself from the fallen horse he felt that his chance was now slight indeed. His heavy boots were not among the least obstacles to his effecting the long march which must intervene between him and his regiment, and bitterly did he curse the foolish impulse which had that day drawn him from its ranks. He felt the painful conviction that every moment was encreasing the distance between himself and his comrades, and must continue to increase it, let him add what speed he could to his step. It was now dark, and the probability of his pressing into the service of France the horse of some wandering peasant was diminished to hopelessness. But he was young and active, and his natural high spirits forbade his abandoning himself to despair.

'After all,' he said, 'the darkness is as much in my favor as in that of the enemy, and in the morning, fresh troops will be up. If I could conceal myself until then, I might manage. I hope I have killed that rascally brigand, in any event.

He stooped to take his pistol from the saddle of his slaughtered horse, which, exhausted with torture and loss of blood, was now motionless.

'Poor Pius!' he said, 'when we rode on the great coronation day, and I afterwards christened you in a bumper to the health of your godfather the Pope, who came all the way from Rome to give a crown to Napoleon and a name to you, we did not think to part in this manner. But I will revenge you before long.'

'Revenge your beast now, if you will Frenchman!' said a loud and mocking voice, in tolerable French; and as Eugene looked up, he saw himself surrounded by at least a dozen guerillas. He now gave himself up for lost.

'I take you at your word,' he said, levelling his undischarged pistol at the speaker, and firing, with one of those rapid aims which in other days had won him so much fame at his military school. The Spaniard fell instantly; the bullet had lodged in his brain, carrying away an eye in his course.

The Frenchman laughed scornfully, as he was seized and disarmed in the attempt to draw his sword. His captors bound his arms, and leaving their slain companion where he had fallen, hurried away Daverny into the forest. Reckless and audacious to the last, he repeatedly addressed them in alternate Spanish and French sentences, occasionally varied with heartfelt malediction in both languages; but he could obtain no reply. As they proceeded, he was reduced to the necessity of monologue or of silence, and as he was a Frenchman, his selection was soon made.

'*Diable!* this is a night-rehearsal of Don Giovanni, with a slight exaggeration of the seizure by the demons; only that it is I who am unhorsed instead of the Commandant, and Donna Anna is no donna at all, but only a peasant girl.

As he spoke the last words, his eye fell upon the face of a young Spaniard, who was one of his guard, and Eugene's hardihood was almost staggered by the expression of deadly hate with which the guerilla was regarding him.

'That savage looks unhappy in his mind; is it possible that I can have——the thought is charming, my revenge is not yet over, I am a petard sent by Providence for the express castigation of rebellious Spain—to day I explode, killing one guerilla, as I hope, and another, as I am sure, and causing great uncomfortableness to a third respectable savage touching his mistress. *Vive la France!*'

The party had now reached a cottage, built, as it appeared to the Frenchman, in a cleared space in the very heart of the forest. Here they halted, and one of the guerillas knocked loudly. The door opened, and a woman, bearing a light, by which some remains of great beauty could be discerned in her care worn face, demanded their errand. The reply was given in a *patois* which baffled Eugene. He determined however, to have a word.

'A woman!' he said—'nay, allow me to speak,' Wherever meet a woman, I am always fortunate, besides—do not prevent me—I think I observe in her a relation—a distant one—an aunt—at least a great aunt, who disappeared from among us one Christmas, and whose loss plunged six families into tears and black; it is most distressing and unnatural that you will not allow me to embrace her. Figure to yourselves, if it should be she, what must be the state of our affectionate hearts, and do not deny us this consolation. *Diable!* these savages have no feeling,' he added, as he found unavailing the energetic chatter, with which, as a last resource, he had, half in jest, sought to delay his captors. The woman retired, and presently reappeared with several torches, which she distributed among the party, and then lighted from her own lamp. The sudden glare falling upon the disordered but splendid uniform of the prisoner, the gaudy dresses of the Guerillas, and upon the dark green foliage around, contributed to render picturesque in the extreme a scene, none of the actors in which had then leisure to regard its effect. A few words passed between the female, and a powerful, thick set man, who seemed to take the lead, and the eyes of the former settled upon the Frenchman, with an expression of pity, which he was not slow to notice.

'There!' he exclaimed in his best Spanish, 'the ties of nature had only stretched, not cracked, and a benign aunt, or grandmother, whichever she may be, smiles upon an affectionate nephew, or grandson, and is about to clasp him to her bosom, and ask him to supper. Monsters, will you arrest such a consummation?'

The appeal was in vain; the woman, with a melancholy smile, closed the door of her cottage, and the party proceeded. It now occurred to Eugene that they might by possibility be near some road, or perhaps some place where French troops might have halted to bivouac. With this idea he at once began to shout loudly, and to uplift a variety of *chansons*, all tending to the great glory of France, and the extreme hoarseness of Eugene Daverny. His companions did not interfere, but allowed him to exhaust himself, from which circumstances the unfortunate officer concluded that he was far from all aid.

'Where in the world are we going?' was his next ejaculation.

Apparently he was understood, for the young Spaniard whom he had noticed as looking so revengefully upon him came up close to his side, and said in good French—

'Are you well prepared to die?'

'I am better prepared to sup,' was the reply.

'The clock of your life has run down,' said the Spaniard.

'I should like to wind it up again,' returned Eugene, 'with the aid of some of your partridges and sherry, the former of which, I do not say it to flatter you, are best praised in being pronounced worthy of the latter.'

'Nor will you find a soldier's tomb,' continued the other, regardless of Daverny's jesting answers.

'I will not complain of the omission, if I find an officer's truckle bed,' replied Eugene.

'You laugh Frenchman, but you are approaching your last home.'

'A Frenchman generally thinks lightly of home,' said the young officer, determined not to show symptoms of fear.

'We believe it,' said the Spaniard, fiercely, 'by the clamness with which he violates the homes of others.'

'You believe us without hearts, too,' demanded Eugene, endeavoring to sustain the dialogue.

'I am in doubt,' said the guerilla; 'but,' he added, meaningly as his hand fell upon his knife, 'we shall presently settle *that* question.'

Daverny shuddered, for the tales which were told in the French camps concerning the wild and horrible fury which the guerillas manifested towards their enemies, had gradually shaped themselves into an impression that the atrocities of the invaders had converted the children of the soil from mere foes into actual fiends. He made no answer, but waited till the Spaniard should speak. After a short pause, the latter said—

'You were well entertained this day, Frenchman?'

'What know you of my movements?' asked Eugene, in surprise.

'Last year,' said the Spaniard, in a calmer voice than he had yet employed, 'not far from this very spot, stood a cottage in which dwelt a mother and her daughter. The daughter was beautiful, and when the campaign was closing, a young Frenchman found means to tell her so and much more. It was shame that a Spanish girl should listen even to the words of the foe; but her mother was old, and her brother—yes, I was away. The campaign ended, and the Frenchman bore to his quarters a lock of raven hair as a trophy of his victory. I think you wear it even now about you.'

'You,' said Eugene—you the brother of Anna.'

'I was her brother this morning,' said the guerilla, in the same quiet voice. 'Listen. As soon as the shame you had wrought was known, my old mother died. Well, I returned when winter came, and I heard it all. I did not strangle my sister, for kneeling at my feet, she uttered one word, which gave me much comfort to struggle with my disgrace. She said that you would return.'

'She trusted my vow, and I have kept it,' said Eugene.

'Hear me,' said the guerilla. 'She said you would return to part from her no more. This day you have kept a part of your promise; but it remains for you to fulfil the rest. The miserable girl———'

'She is an angel,' interrupted Daverny,

'She is so now,' said the guerilla; 'unless her guilt in listening to your vows have condemned her at the bar which she has this day sought.'

'Wretch!' shouted Eugene, 'what mean you? Am I speaking to the murderer of his sister?'

'At sunset,' said the Spaniard, 'your heart was pressed to hears as you parted. I watched you and having accomplished all I wished in making your person known to me, why needed I spare her life longer? The next pressure to the false one's bosom was mine—was this;'

He drew his knife from its sheath, and exhibited it to the horrified gaze of the Frenchman. But there were no revolting evidences of the crime upon its glittering blade; on the contary, it was bright and unsullied. The Spaniard understood the searching glance of Eugene, and added—

'You doubt, even now. Look around you.'

Daverny obeyed, and instantly discovered that he had been led bach by his captors to the very cottage, to visit which he had left his regiment in the morning—the cottage of the beautiful Spaniard.—His heart sank within him, as he recognized the window at which they had, a few hours before exchanged their last embrace. The thatched cot itself stood upon a slight eminence, and, surrounded on three sides by the forest, it had its fourth open to the country, over which it could be seen for a considerable distance. The haste with which Eugene was conducted to the door prevented his observing that a number of peasants had collected around, and that looks of gratified hate were cast upon him by all present.

As Daverny was led to the door, the guerilla with whom he had spoken drew his knife and severed the bonds which had confined the young Frenchman's arms. He then opened the door, and said—

'Enter, for the first time with the owner's will and for the last time you will need a bidding.'

Thrusting Eugene forward into the house, the Spaniard closed the door, and the young officer was left in total darkness. He knew the cottage well, but in the agitation of the moment he missed his footing, stumbled, and fell. In desperation he exclaimed—

'For heaven's sake, give me a light!'

The answer was given in the voice of the brother.

'Pardon, Frenchman!—the omission shall be speedily repaired.

The unfortunate Daverny listened as he knelt in the darkness, and heard heavy footsteps around the house, as of men bringing and depositing loads. This continued for some minutes, when he again heard the same voice, but apparently deadened by passing through some thick substance.

'Farewell, Eugene Daverny! to which was added what sounded like a signal.

The horrible idea that he was incarcerated to be starved to death, flashed upon the mind of the young Frenchman, and he started to his feet, while drops of anguish stood upon his brow. But that idea was almost instantly dissipated. A sudden crackling rapidly increased around the cottage and almost immediately became a roar. The atmosphere within grew more and more oppressive, and smoke found its way through the crevices.—Eugene stood stupified, but recovering for a moment, rushed to the door. At first it resisted his agonized efforts, but giving away, a flood of red light burst upon him, and flames, the intensity of which drove him back, leaped into the apartment. As the wretched Eugene turned to avoid them, he saw, lying on a couch before him, a sight which added to the horrors of his doom. It was the corpse of the murdered Anna, who had died that day by the hand of her brother. By the glowing light which now broke in on all sides, as the fire mounted the cottage, and revelled in the thatch of the roof, Eugene gazed for the last time upon the beautiful face and form, which, a few hours before, had rested in his arms in all the glow of life and love. He could gaze no longer, for the heat now became intolerable, and the ill-fated Daverny sank insensible upon the ground at the foot of the couch as the blazing roof fell in upon the living and upon *the* dead.

That funeral pyre was seen for miles, a wonder alike to peasant and invader, but the dreadful secret of its kindling was rigorously preserved until long after the great English Lord had driven the last French soldier from the soil of Spain.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT—THE OAK.—We pause at the foot of the great oak, & survey its majestic height and its wide reaching branches.—We count on its trunk the many years that it has been rearing its head against the mighty storms that have in vain spent their force upon its gnarled boughs. We dig about its roots to find out the secret of its deep hold upon the earth, and we discover that time, instead of weakening its grasp, gives a firmer grip. This noble tree is a fit emblem of our matchless republic. It protects all that comes within its range, and stands upright in every peril. It has no Upas poison lurking about its fibres, and therefore all may rest safely beneath its branches. 'Tis the tree of Liberty, that points its head to heaven, in adoration of its high source, and stretches out its leafy arms for protection to the hardy sons of freedom all the world over.

BRITAIN AND US.—They know as little about America, over the water, as we know of them. Some time ago one of the English papers announced that 'Gov. Porter, of the State of Baltimore, had issued his proclamation confirming the election of Gen. Harrison as President of Ohio.' More recently one of those luminous journals stated that the town of Rhode Island had been disturbed by a rebellion, in consequence of which two or three hundred rebels were publicly executed.

'It is a terrible thought,' says Cooper, in his 'Two Admirals,' 'at an hour like this, to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read that not an oath is uttered that does not continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide spreading current of sound—not a prayer lisped, that its record is not also to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will.'

Let temperance and sobriety be among the first lessons you instil into the minds of your sons, that when they shall have grown up to manhood, you may point to them, and proudly exclaim with the mother of Gracchii, '*these* are my jewels.'

Pickled Eggs.—An old woman down east, pickled eggs in this manner: she first boils the eggs hard, then divests them of the shell, and puts them into jars, pouring upon them scalding vinegar saturated with ginger, garlic, whole pepper and alspice.

It is first rate and no mistake, and the way it takes with cold meat is a perfect luxury in the winter months.—*Ex. paper.*

In the reigns of the first kings Edward, of England, those monarchs always slept on straw beds, which were then the greatest luxury.

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