

ODE ON THE ASSASSINATION.

[A prize offered by a London paper for the best poem on the assassination of President Garfield was awarded to the author of the following poem.]

Yea, O Liberty, thy blushing face,
At the field of battle, a stately world;—
While fair Columbia weeps in dark disgrace,
And bows in sorrow over the banner buried.

No graceless tyrant is by vengeance here,
Nor need the English see me;—
Nor red缤纷的血染红了我的心;
And expiates his horrors with its life.

Not here does rage revenge misguided burn;
To free a nation from th' assassin's dart;
Or to avenge the wrongs of the people;
And tear its freedom from a despotic heart.

But where blessed Liberty as widely reigns,
And peace and plenty mark a smiling land;—
Here the man with the white record stains,
And blurs its beauty with a bloody hand.

How the elect of man and the pride
Of their race have given up their rule;
Here Virtue sinks and yields the crimson tide,
Beneath the vile unreason of a fool!

But Heaven's hand hath stayed the falling ball,
And that such death a wailing world apport,
Is Heaven's mystery and man's despair.

TERESINA'S PRIZE.

Pausilipo is a suburb of Naples, stretching along the western side of the beautiful bay, about which so much has been said and written. Along the steep banks that descend abruptly to the sea are many charming villas, facing directly on the water, and reached from the main road by zigzag paths through garden paths, with their blossoming trees of Sicilian Italy. With the deep blue water washing the rocks upon which those houses stand, and beyond the sea: the mountains behind Sorrento, Gastele, Lamare and Vico standing out in bold outline; with Vesuvius rearing his head so high and threatening to the left—there is here to be found about as fine a view of the heart of man could desire. And when the eye, as it is applied to these grand scenes, is also drawn to the road to Naples, it loses the soft greens of the figure, olive, chestnut and linden, the odors of the orange-blossoms and roses, and the varied hues of the many flowers with which nature supplies this land with so liberal a hand.

In one of the prettiest of these villas, lived an English family; and at the time the present story some tender passages were taking place between the elder son of the family, Lord Ardley, whose yacht was in harbor at Santa Lucia, whence it was his frequent custom to sail across in the dungen when the wind was favorable, both as a short cut, and to avoid the dull, jolting and evil odors along the Chiaja. The usual companion of these journeys was a lad of 18 years, a Englishman, who, some few years previously, had been cast adrift at Naples by one of those strange circumstances, and had to be taken by a brutal Captain and a drunken crew.

After many shifts and much misery, by dint of sheer honesty and industry—virtues at a considerable premium in this city—and aided by a quick intelligence, he had acquired a fair knowledge of the language, and a decent position as guide, errand or commissioner, as occasion required. His master, Lord Ardley, had taken a fancy to him, and attached him to his special service, during his stay in the neighborhood, finding him both useful and discreet.

Now it happened that adjoining the Villa Sant'Angelo was an unoccupied house, placed under the care of a gardener, named Baldelli, who occupied a small house close to the water's edge, which served for bathing apartments when the main building was tenanted. With old Baldelli lived his niece Teresina, an exceptionally beautiful girl of 18, who had rather a poor time of it, to whom the uncomfortable for her early and adventurous uncle, to whom the penitence of every soul for household necessities was an agony. Teresina was a great favorite at the villa, where she was often required to assist the ladies with her needle; and there some of her happiest days were spent, much indeed to her own advantage; for, taking an opportunity, he had taught her all her habits and modes of life, which raised her considerably above her countrywomen of the same class. Deprived early of her parents, she mixed little in the society of her own class; for Baldelli was strongly averse to anything in the nature of sultings or jinkings, as involving expense, and his miserly habits made him unpopular among his neighbors.

Teresina had been, for some time attached to Frank Lloyd, much to the displeasure of old Baldelli, who hated him very cordially for the way in which Lloyd set his face against the monstrous impositions attempted by the old man, though he frequently put little commissions in his way for flowers, fruit, poultry and the rest. Baldelli's son, was also the thorn in the sides of the family. He was at a typical term of those Neapolitan in a term of contempt used for loafers in Naples by the surrounding towns. Just a shade above the lazzaroni, who are fast disappearing, they are as idle and worthless a set of cubs as are to be found in Europe. Work is hateful to them; they would sooner flinch a shilling from his fiance at the villa, "He won't come away just yet," said the sailor to himself; so, taking a clean jump over a strip of water that separated the two basements, he clambered up to the gardener's window. He had placed his hands on the window-sill, and about to give the usual signal, when to his intense astonishment, he saw old Baldelli staggering from the opposite room, half dragging, half carrying his niece. What could it mean? Was she ill? Was it fresh air she required? He had not much time for thought, for the window, opened suddenly outward by Baldelli, had stuck with his hand, and he was in a quandary. Luigi had graduated highly in this set; but, having a notion to settle down into a less precarious mode of life, had thought that Teresina might prove a useful appendage, and, perhaps, by her cleverness and industry, supply him with means for his own particular pleasure.

He awoke then at a stroke of fortune, which beth Teresina, gave rise to the trouble of which this story tells. Like many wiser and better people than herself, she occasionally dreamed dreams, and often threw away her small savings in the public lotteries upon some lucky number which was to make her fortune. One day, however, she was the winner of 500. It is needless to say with what alacrity she presented herself at the *banco di lotto*, and her disappointment on finding it was impossible to pay the money over to her. She was too young. She must bring her parents with her. With a heavy heart she returned to Pausilipo, no longer thinking of the joyful surprise that lay in store for her darling Frank, when she should place this in his hands, and tell him to take her with him; but with a presentiment of some misfortune that must arise from her uncle's greed or her cousin's envy. But she had been taught a courage and independence from her association with the English, which determined her to make a stand for her rights.

"Cheat! What do you do so late?" growled her uncle as she entered the house.

"I have been to the *banco di lotto*, my father!"

"Lotto! What have you to do with lotto? O, little devil! it is not enough that you should beggar me by giving me your name and beggar me in passes, but you range plying lots of 'em while Luigi sleeps all day, and drinks beer with a Prince! Curse you both!"

"But I have gained, my father. And it was not with your money, but some that I earned from the English ladies."

"Gained! Humph! Nine or ten lira for your trents centesimi, I suppose?"

"I have won twelve thousand five hundred lire."

Old Baldelli dropped his hands to his side, fell back in his chair, and, with open mouth and staring eyes, he seemed to have lost all power of utterance.

"It is true, Uncle Baldelli, and you are glad of my fortune are you not?"

"Twelve thousand! Why, we shall be rich, my little Teresina. But where is the money? Let me look at it, let me feel it," and his lean fingers trembled with excitement.

"I have not yet received it. They said you must apply for it. But here is the ticket."

Old Baldelli seemed lost in thought. "Yes, yes; I will apply for it," he said, "and then what gay doings shall we have! And you shall have the brightest silk scarf in Naples, and a silver necklace worth 40 francs, if I can't get it cheaper. And when you marry?"

"But I am not going to marry Luigi."

"Ah, but that is what you have planned."

"And we will buy the little orchard on the hill above, and your old uncle shall do all the work, and Luigi shall play at *moro* and go to the theater, and the little Teresina shall look after the house and be as extravagant as she pleases." And the old man chuckled over this pleasant arrangement. But Teresina's spirit rose at this.

"I will never marry Luigi, Uncle Baldelli, for I have pledged myself to him."

Her uncle looked black at this; but any care about his niece's marriage was at present absorbed in thoughts about the money. He saw no connection between the two at the time, he took it for granted that what was hers was his, and if she would not have Luigi—well, it was very desirable, certainly, but Luigi must look to himself.

"And you will take 50 francs for yourself, Uncle, for, though my father Baldelli, left you sufficient for my support, I would not appear ungrateful. For the rest, I wish it to be given to my future husband."

Baldelli stopped in the middle of some calculations he was making, looked fixedly for a few moments at his niece, and over his face came a look that frightened her.

"I will, too, you know not what you say! Will you sacrifice your family to this secured fairfaced foreigner?"

"The foreigner loves me. My family's kindness is but small."

At this moment a servant from the Villa Sant'Angelo appeared to request Teresina's presence at the house.

"Say no word of this to the English people," was her uncle's injunction as she left.

"I will say no word, but I will do as I have said; and there was a determination in her voice that there was no mistaking.

Baldelli sat for a long time, never moving but to make a gesture of anger, or to utter an oath. Presently he went to a cupboard, took from it a bottle of wine that had laid there many a month, and drank it at a draught. And then, as the unaccustomed fumes mounted to his brain—for he rarely took stimulants—and, accordingly, he was brought before the head of the police to answer for himself.

In the meantime Teresina, having recovered consciousness, was gradually brought to by the assistance of the steward. On being questioned by Lord Ardley, she gave a truthful account of the events of the previous night, but said that, from the time she retired to her room, her mind was a complete blank. She related with some blushing and hesitation her conversation with her uncle about the lottery-ticket, not forgetting his unaccustomed liberality in giving her wine to drink to her good health.

"Pretty clear, my Lord, I think," said Lloyd.

"Very likely. Horrid old villain! But what's to be done now?"

"With your permission, sir, I will go into Naples and see what is going on."

"By all means, Lloyd. And look here, I am going to be married in a few days; if you can do anything to help me to that pleasant home of hers, I've no doubt she will make an excellent attendant on Lady Ardley in our coming cruise about the Greek islands."

"Many thanks, my Lord."

On going ashore, Teresina, having recovered consciousness, was gradually brought to by the assistance of the steward. On being questioned by Lord Ardley, she gave a truthful account of the events of the previous night, but said that, from the time she retired to her room, her mind was a complete blank. She related with some blushing and hesitation her conversation with her uncle about the lottery-ticket, not forgetting his unaccustomed liberality in giving her wine to drink to her good health.

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