

MISCELLANY.

THE MAID OF TORO.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the
dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewildered in sorrow,
Sor-ly sighed to the breezes and wept to the
flood:
"O saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly
bending,
Sweet virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"

All distant and faint were the sounds of the
battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes
they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's
dead rattle,
And the chace's wild clamor came loading the
gale.
Breathless she gazed on the woodland so
dreary—
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide marked his footsteps so
weary,
Cleft was his helmet and sad was his mien.
"O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are fly-
ing!
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!
Deadly cold on yon heath the brave Henry is
lying;
And fast through the wood land approaches the
foe!
Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumbed
with despair;
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of
Toro,
Forever he set to the Brave and the Fair!

PRIZE TALES.

EVERARD GRAHAM.

Written for the New York *Amateur*,
BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, OF PHILADELPHIA.
"Take back the bowl—take back the bowl—
Reserve it for polluted lips—
I would not bow a stainless soul,
Beneath its dark and foul eclipse!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THERE are evils in the earth, upon which the eloquence of the Orator, the lyre of the Poet, and the deep and overwrought touches of the pencil and pen, have dwelt almost in vain. In their description, the wealth of language is turned into penury;—the darkest dream of anguish and distress, but faintly shadows forth the stern and moving reality. The strong and emphatic language of Holy Writ; the burning words of David and Solomon, are almost impotent when they are employed in painting the awful horrors of infidel unbelief, and that destruction of the body and soul which follows in the train of Protean Drunkenness. They are more dire than the fabled Furies; the abysses they open, are fiercer than Cocytus or Plegathon;—their grasp is more powerful than the serpents of Laocoön;—The burthens which they impart are more wearisome than the stone of Sisyphus or the wheel of Ixion; and their ascendancy is unbroken, until the understanding is bewildered, and the clouded eye becomes tearless; until the heart becomes as adamant, and the spirit is goaded and restless beneath the dominion of Remorse; till the ear tingles with the adder-bisses of coward Conscience, and the unnerved bosom writhes in the emotions of regret which pierce like a scorpion's sting.

Infidelity and Intemperance go hand in hand. They bid the spirit of youth bow down at an unholy shrine; and the sweetest affections, the dearest hopes and fondest visions of earth are offered up as incense to the mysterious divinity of Unbelief.—This is no ideal picture; the wide world is full of the afflictions that are summoned up like clouds around the devious pathway of the Blasphemer and the Drunkard.—The red wine brightens ably in the goblet; the shadowy illusions of the sceptic come but for a little season with a soothing unction to his mind; but anon there steals to the one, the wormwood dregs of bitter regret; to the other, the clouds which obscure the sunshine of hope; which spread a mournful curtain over the beautiful scenes of human existence, & create unutterable forebodings of that undiscovered country beyond the land of Death.

I have little hope that the Tale which I am about to relate, will cause any to release the delusions which they have grasped; but I am never without hope. I would that my pen were dipped in the empyreal fire of heaven, that I might show the light which they reject who turn from the word of inspiration. I would I might gather upon canvass, the darkness of the midnight cloud, and the fierce lightning of the tempest; I would form a panorama of terrors, which should shadow forth to the mad votary of Bacchus, and the victim of Unbelief, the abyss of destruction upon which they are rushing; which should say to them, "Turn ye at my reproof, and heed not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

It was a stormy evening in January, 18—, when my friend EVERARD GRAHAM and myself, were seated by our comfortable grate, in the seminary of G—. The coal was reddening behind the bars of its prison; and the cheerfulness of our little room was enhanced by the storm without. We had

but lately come up from recitations and prayers in the chapel; and had for some time been seated in silence, each indulging in our respective thoughts. The snow came patterning gently against the windows; and by way of beguiling the time, I arose and breathed upon a pane, and wrote thereon my humble initials.—Without, the scene was troublous and uninviting. The wide stretching inland was obscure by the thick wing of the wintry tempest; the wild anthem of the night-wind was loud and dissonant; and I soon found that the shadows of the scene around me, were gathering over my mind. My thoughts went forth amidst the curtain-ed skies of Evening; and mighty ideas of infinity and boundless space—the mystery of the air—the distance whence the little motes of snow had fallen;—& was absorbed in meditation.

I was roused from my reverie by the entrance of a lad bearing a letter. I stepped forward;—it was for my friend. His large hazel eye was lit up pleasantly, and a kindly smile of unwonted delight passed over his brow and cheek. He had for some days been moody and restless;—and I marked his emotions of pleasure with a lively enjoyment, to which an instant before I was a stranger.

"This is the most lucky moment to receive a letter that I ever experienced," said Graham, indulging in that laugh which comes from the heart.

"You see," said he, "that it is from a woman;—the *prima mulieris* of my affections. But I believe her; she is not a woman; in the general acceptance of the term—she is an angel."

I glanced at the letter as he extended it to me;—and the direction was really most beautiful. The blue surface of the epistle seemed to have just passed from beneath the hands of the copper-plate printer. "You see," said Graham, "that it is beautiful; now let me read it; and as you are my confident, I will show you the Alpha and Omega of it." He broke the seal; it began with "Dearest Everard," and closed with "Forever yours."

EMILE BARTON.

"You are not entitled to further freedom," said my friend: "Now, go mediate, and let my greedy eyes devour up her discourse; or, seeing your curiosity is awakened, I will give you her picture, 'for you to look upon,' as the Primer hath it."

He drew from his bosom a miniature, suspended by a gold chain: "There," said he, is one half of my heart. It is the most beautiful half by far; and I dare be sworn, the most innocent. Now if you admire it, let your admiration be unspeakable; for I shall not be at home, during the next half hour to any body. To save inquiries, however, I will say a word or two to you respecting her. She is my intended: I first knew her at the Saratoga cotillions;—her father is an Englishman; but her mother is one of our cislantic daughters of Eve. It is the long lapse of time since I have heard from the dear girl, that has given me the blues so late."

I took the miniature; and never shall I forget the unsullied and perfect beauty that then dawned upon me. The stainless brow was shaded with rich clusters and braids of hair, of the colour of gold in shadow; the eye was mild and blue; but about the sweet lips, that seemed the balmy prison gates of delicious kisses, and the dimpled and rose-leaf cheek, there played such a pure and sanctified smile, that the picture seemed to be instinct with the life of heaven. I was dumb with exquisite admiration;—and I seemed to be surrounded by the perfect presence of Venus. Little did I imagine, as I gazed upon that delicately moulded face, that the clouds of early sorrow would so soon overshadow the fair brow; that the white-robed bosom would so soon yearn with the pangs of unrequited affection; that the azure eye and matchless cheek would be dimmed and stained with tears shed in secret;—that they would be deluged with the bitter waters of a bursting heart! But let me not anticipate.

Half an hour passed without a word having been spoken by either of us. The reflections which the picture had conjured up, kept me silent; and Graham read and re-read his letter, without noticing my pleasurable reverie. At length he said—"Well, you seem half-intoxicated; are you dizzy with rapture? I assure you, if you feel any sensation from that little counterfeit, how could you gaze on the original? You would become an enthusiast and a worshipper at first sight, as I did. But I am too jocose for so sacred a theme; and my pleasure is already damped by the reflection, that my *spirituelle* has, ere this, left America, in the packet of the 16th, for England. A vast estate has fallen to her father, there; and he, with his whole family, have repaired from Barton Hill to Ludgate Hill, or some other hill of London. Cruel girl! She was too affectionate to endure the emotions of a farewell, and wrote me late, in consequence. She has quoted Scripture to

me in her epistle;—something odd for her; but it is certainly expressive. She is not aware that I eschew the whole of that Book which she holds so sacred. But we will not jar each other on that topic.—I shall see her by June, in the British metropolis! I might as well make my couch on that ardent grate, as to remain where she is not."

I returned to him the treasure he had shown me; and if I indulged in unmingled encomium upon its pervading loveliness, I trust it was not undeserved or hypocritical. The eye of my friend glistened with gratification.

"There is never a sweet without its biter," he said, "often when that beloved girl and I have walked along the vernal shore of the lake which stretches along by the mansions of her father, as I gazed upon her speaking eye and sunless brow, I have thought myself utterly unworthy of her affection. She is too full of ethereal purity for my guilt-tainted soul. You know, what she does not, that I am a sceptic. Her docile and elastic spirit is full of praise to God when she looks upon his works. Often has she spoke to me of the mercies of heaven, in making us so supremely happy in our love; and like all her sex, her woman's heart seems to forbode evil from the transitory nature of the things of this world. How many times, as we have reposed beneath the trellised vines of her father's garden, have I pressed her to my throbbing bosom, and kissed away the tears which sensibility had drawn to her cheek! But I am half-moralizing! It is a sombre theme, with all its delight; and I'll give it up for something more exhilarating.—Do you love Borgundy?"

As he made this interrogation, he went to his closet, and drew forth a bottle of the *material* therefrom; he cut the wax from its top, and drawing the long cork from a *locum tenus* which it had held while in the south of France, he then tilted upon the Atlantic, he filled a glass and presenting it to me, filled another for himself. I refused his offer to renew my draught, and soon after retired.

When I awoke in the morning, the room was full of the smoke of the lamp; and Graham had not been in bed. The wine had disappeared from the bottle, and the lamp was upset upon the miniature which he had laid upon the table, and it was broken. Graham was stupefied with wine, and his face looked feverish and sick.—The loss of his miniature was a source of deep regret;—and he lamented it as a fearful omen for the future.

Three months from that morning Graham sailed for England. His education was by no means complete; but he was the idol of an indulgent & wealthy father; who had long favoured his determination of making the tour of Europe. If I ever parted from a friend with regret, it was from EVERARD GRAHAM. He had his faults; but mangre them all, I loved him. We vowed mutual and abiding friendship, and a constant correspondence; and as my design of visiting England was well known and approved by my parents, I hesitated not to pledge myself to meet him in the British metropolis, as soon as my minority should have expired.

Two years after, during which time I had not heard a word from my friend, I was in London. I will not attempt to describe my feelings as our majestic vessel glided up the Thames. It was a beautiful day in September, when I first saw at a distance a great cloud of smoke which overhung the British capitol. Oddly enough, the weather was clear; and the yellow sun lit up the countless sails that were passing to and fro, with a singular beauty. In a short space, I found myself in Pick-Street, in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Bridge and Temple Bar; anon, I was mingling with the restless crowd that moved along Fleet-street to Ludgate Hill. I soon saw St. Paul's—that mighty edifice, whose towering dome looks down upon the riches and poverty—the happiness and misery of nearly two millions of immortal souls.

I pass over the pleasure and the newness of enjoyment, with which I looked upon the wonders of London, after my letters of introduction had been delivered and my check had been honoured by my banker. It was to me a kind of epoch, when I first saw the *pave* of Regent-street Quadrant, and when I walked up Great Russell-street to Drury Lane Theatre.—The inquiries I had made among my friends for Graham, however, had all proved nearly ineffectual. He had brought introductory letters to some of them, and was known as a lounger at the New-England Coffee-House, previous to his leaving London for the Continent.

I was one day returning to my Hotel, after a visit to the famous Abbey of Westminster, when the thought struck me that I would return on the river. I accordingly chartered a small boat near Westminster-Stairs requesting to be "set down" at Waterloo Bridge. Through the dulness of my Gondolier, who seemed a half-intoxicated, song-singing varlet, I was taken even past

Blackfriars, and left at the foot of an obscure lane, leading into Thames-street, whose lamps, already lighted, were twinkling in the distance. The first large and heavy drops of an approaching thunder shower incited me to haste; and the vivid flashes of lightning that ever and anon darted athwart the gloom, were "spurs to prick the sides of my intent." I hurried on; but the storm had already burst above me; and in a moment of hesitation, I paused and knocked at the low door of an obscure and dingy dwelling, whence the only light issued that I had witnessed, since I left my tuneful Arion of the Thames.

It was opened by a bloated, fierce looking female, who in a gruff voice, asked me what I wanted? A loud peal of thunder drowned my reply. I pointed without; and the action seemed to content her. She marshalled me into a low back-room, requesting me to step lightly as I entered. I followed her on tip-toe, and seated myself on a broken bench, by the dying embers of a flickering fire.

The apartment presented a cheerless picture of poverty and desolation. One or two mutilated chairs stood near a scantily-furnished table in the centre of the room. In one corner, on a low mat, lay a poor emaciated form, apparently groaning in a troubled sleep. I drew near, and as the woman re-entered with a lamp, I was struck with astonishment. The face was pale, but interesting; the eye-lids were of a dark purple, and the cheek hollow. Pressing his lips as if to nerve him to some imaginary conflict, he opened his eyes full upon me, as the light shone over his ivory pallet. Never shall I forget that look! The blood rushed rapidly to his high forehead—it retreated again to his heart and left him a deadly pale. He reached forth his hand, and in faltering accents pronounced my name. I looked for a moment: he pronounced the name of EVERARD GRAHAM. My head grew dizzy—my sight failed me, and I was insensible.

When I recovered, my once high-souled and honourable friend was a life-corps before me. The struggle had been too powerful for him to endure, and life had ceased its mighty influence; it made enquiries of the unseemly being under whose roof I had taken shelter; and learned that he had for the past two months, been an inmate of her miserable dwelling. His last half crown had been paid her the day before; and there remained no effects to compensate her for her attentions, if he had lived longer.—There was only a packet in his hat, she said; and that she had made him a solemn promise to take to the London Post Office. She took down the hat, and handed me the packet. It was sealed with black, and bore my direction, with a line to the overseer of the London Post Office, requesting it to be sent to America. Finding my efforts ineffectual to persuade the woman that the packet bore my name, I purchased it from her at the price of a guinea; and leaving her a sufficient sum to defray the funeral obsequies of Graham, and promising to call early the next day, I departed on the cessation of the storm.

On reaching my Hotel, I dismissed my valet from my room, and throwing myself on a sofa, I opened the packet, and devoured its contents. It was smoky and mutilated; but I overcame the interlineations, and read as follows:—

LONDON, October, 18—,

"To you, my dearly-cherished friend, now that all hope of seeing you has passed away forever, may I now confide the secrets of the last two years of my awful life. I shudder to look back upon them; but there is no alternative. If this faintly-writ ten record should ever reach you, let it be to you the beacon of a mighty warning. I am dying in a foreign land, surrounded by many to whom I might apply for relief, were I not a midnight murderer, shunning the day & an irreclaimable sot. The weight of my crimes has recoiled back upon my heart, with a keen and undying retribution. I have sown the winds of intemperance and unbelief—I am reaping the whirlwinds of unutterable monition. The fires of agonizing remorse are burning in my blood; the monitor voice of a struggling conscience is thundersing in my ears, and I experience the unkindled pangs of a mental hell. Oh, God! with what direful punishment have my iniquities overwhelmed me! But I must go.

You know the secret of my early love. You know the embarkation of Emile Barton for England, and that I followed her soon. Oh, that I could describe to you the Eden of happiness, that dawned upon me the first summer I spent in England. We were married; and Time went by with his wings glittering in the pearls of hope, and his brow clothed in sunshine. We made a delightful tour on the Continent, and returned with joyful hearts to our metropolitan home; and a lovely daughter was at last the pledge of our affection. But in an evil hour, I surrendered myself to the demon of Drunkenness, and he bound my bosom in fetters of iron. I became a frequenter of the *Hells*, in

St. James'; a tippler of Johnston's spirits, at the Surry Theatre, and a stranger to my home. I wasted all my patrimony, and the splendid estate of my kind Emile, in one short week, at the gaming-table. I reviled the Scriptures in her presence; I neglected our darling child;—in short, I became a madman.

I returned home one night and found the Baillifs at my threshold. Our mansion in town was sold, and we rented a pleasant cottage in Hampstead. Here, if I would not have been more remorseless than the grave, I should have paused upon my dark career. But I was too much depraved. I became more and more estranged from the angel of my youth; I repulsed her overflowing affection, and saw her fading away under the influence of my cruelty. She had renounced fashionable life for my sake, and it had been our intention to return to America, whither her parents had already gone, expecting us soon to follow.

Let me be brief. As I opened, one moonlit evening, the little gate that led up to our Hampstead residence, I saw my Emile leaning upon the shoulder of a young man, apparently weeping. A hellish suspicion that she had dishonoured me, rushed upon my brain; and stealthily approaching, I drew a stiletto from my bosom and stabbed her to the heart. She turned and fixed upon me a look of alternate surprise, reproach, and forgiveness—shrieked, and fell lifeless at my feet.—It was her BROTHER.

I cannot long proceed. Since that fatal hour, I have been scorched with the lightnings of reproachful thought; I have been a scathed and skulking fugitive in the house of a miserable fish-woman. I have quaffed deeply of the delirious cup of intoxication; I have found its dregs to be gall and wormwood. My health is wasted—my hopes are dead;—and the earth seems yawning to clasp me to its icy bosom. Would that I were dead! Would to God, that I could find that annihilation in which I once believed, but for which I have long ceased to hope! Twice have I swallowed poison; the potent drug has lain harmless within me; and God still bids me live and suffer. My wife is buried in a quiet church-yard at Hampstead; and my weakness has at last prevented me from indulging the mournful office of weeping at midnight over her peaceful grave. My child still lives; and is the fair and sunny image of her sainted mother. If she ever visits America, and this should reach you, do not—oh! do not acquaint her with the unhappy fate of her parents; of that father who was a wretch,—of that spotless mother who loved me 'not wisely, but too well.' I can—"

Here the MSS. ended. I give it to the reader as I received it. The next day the remains of Graham were interred in the Potter's Field of one of the Alms-houses, in Kingsland Road.

The little daughter of my lost friend, is with the parents of her mother, in America. She is a counterfeit of her that bore her;—and like her mother in her youth beloved by all, and caressed with enthusiasm. She is the only light thrown upon the sombre history of her mother's sorrow, and her father's guilt.

Unruly Sheep. A grave deacon, up the river, had set out from home to purchase some sheep. Not readily meeting with the article, he travelled on, inquiring of one and another, whom he saw, if they knew of any body who had any sheep to sell? He at last came to a man who recommended him to Mr. Poundtext, a neighbor of his, who he said had a large flock, that he would be glad to dispose of at almost any price, as he understood they were so unruly there was no keeping them in order. On this the deacon went, & called upon Mr. Poundtext. "Is your name Poundtext?" said he. "Yes, sir." "I understand, Mr. Poundtext, you have a flock of sheep." "Well, sir, what of them?" "Why I heard they were so unruly that you would be glad to dispose of them." "I should, indeed, for that matter; but some rogue has probably imposed upon you—I am not a farmer, but the clergyman of this town." "O Lord!" exclaimed the deacon, "a clergyman, are ye? Then keep your sheep, keep your sheep, Mr. Poundtext, they will never do for me."—N. Y. Constellation.

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