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Maxham & Wing

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[For the Waterville Mail.]
GIVE ME NOW MY LYRE.

BY INCOGNITA.

"Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unheeded fire,
Laid by no skill of mine."

"Give me now my lyre!
It hath too long been slumbered and unstrung;
Too long in bitterness alone I bring,
While glows this unquenched fire."

"Give me now my lyre!
Let my pent heart have voice again to sing—
A saddened wail, a dirge-like strain I bring,
A plaint the ear may tire."

"Give me now my lyre!
Voices are calling for the touching tones
My life hath given—the melancholy moans
When hope and joy depart."

"Give me now my lyre!
Let the heart's cry be wafted on the blast;
Some sweet will echo to its call, at last—
Some notes not my desire."

"Give me now my lyre!
Some chord may reach a spirit, hungered, lone—
Bored of idols—reckless, bitter grown—
As from an angel choir."

"Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a spirit hand
Sweep o'er my heartstrings from this summer land,
Still in its restless fire!"

Boston, Jan. 21st, 1867.

[From Harper's Magazine for February.]

IN A STREET CAR.

JIM MALLORY came swinging on a half-run round the corner of State Street to catch an up town car. "A red car," his friend Saxon had told him; and there it went full speed out of sight just as he came in view of it. An east wind was blowing, and it generally is blowing in Boston, and Jim Mallory shivered, and sneezed, and drew up his coat-collar, while he anatomized the Hub of the Universe and her east winds, as a Gothamite was bound to do. Presently, what with the dust in his eyes and the well-known delightful regularity of that city, Jim got "turned round," as the country folk say, and for a few minutes couldn't tell for the life of him which was up town or which was down town.

"Confound the place!" he began, when all at once it seemed as if all the cars in the city suddenly appeared. There they were, red cars and green cars and blue cars, bearing down upon him in swift confusion. He hailed the first, and shouted where he wanted to go. The driver shook his head, and pointed backward in the most indefinite manner; and there were six cars behind him.

He hailed the second, and went through with the same humiliating experience. He hailed the third, he hailed the fourth, and all at once came to his senses at the fifth, and discovered that they were every one going the wrong way, and he himself all out of the way on the wrong street. He breathed an exclamation more emphatic than polite, and dashed through to Tremont Street just in time to catch the car he was after. Jim was a handsome fellow ordinarily, but you never would have suspected it now. To begin with, he had a cold in his head; and for

"A cold in the head
What can be said,
Uglier, stupider, more ill-bred?"

Being a blonde man, too, made it worse, as every blonde, be they man or woman can testify; for flushed and swollen eyelids and excoarated nostrils show off to most dismal advantage beside a blonde's "hair of yellow or beard of gold." And then the thin tissues, the light skin, which evinces every disarrangement! Well, besides a cold in the head, Jim Mallory was covered with dust from his head to his feet. Then, because of the cold in his head, he had drawn his coat-collar up around his ears, and because of a general uncomfortable condition, he had drawn his shoulders nearly up to his ears, and then something had happened to his hat. I don't know what it was. He didn't know what it was, or he never would have sat there right in the face of those five girls, looking like such a Guy, without trying to remedy it. It was something between a crush and a twist, which, taken together with his general muffled appearance, gave him the appearance, gave him the aspect of a forlorn and seedy old fellow at odds with himself and with the world. This was a climax for a young man who led off the German in Avenue, and who was spoken of usually by all feminine Avenue as "so distinguished!" And there sat those five girls without a suspicion of these facts in his history. Five girls as pretty as girls need to be, laughing and chattering like—well, like five girls. I don't think there is any comparison that will serve as well as that after all. There they sat, laughing and chattering, perfectly heedless of the forlorn and seedy old fellow at the end of the seat. And what heed did these girls think would be given to their chatter by these forlorn old fellows?

"How do you get your hair into such a lovely fluff?" inquired a brunette of a blonde.

"Why, I roll it up into curls, and then just pass a comb through it. But yours is lovely too, I'm sure. How do you do yours?"

"Roll it on a heated hair pencil."

"Oh, but that hurts the hair so. I put mine into crimping-pins," said another.

"And still another: 'I braid mine and press it.'"

"And still another: 'Common hair-pins, I think, are the best of all. But then one looks so like a fury in any pins.'"

Then the brunette gave a little giggle.

"Oh, girls, I put my hair into pins once—those great crimping-pins Lou uses. It was one morning when it rained, and I thought I was safe from visitors. I was going to the opera in the evening with Will Hess, and I wanted to look very nice you know. Well, there I sat in the parlor, practicing my last singing-lesson, and never heard the bell nor a footstep until some one crossed the threshold. Who do you suppose it was? and the little dark head buried itself in a little Persian muff to another another giggle.

"We can't guess. Who was it?" burst out the other four voices in the greatest excitement.

Up came the head from its temporary hiding, the pretty face all a-blush, the dark eyes all a-dazzle with laughter, the frizzed hair a little the worse for the Persian muff.

"Oh, girls! it was Will Hess with Langford—Langford just home from Paris, you know!"

"What did you do?" from the chorus of four.

"Oh, I didn't die, and I couldn't run away; for there they were before me; so I made the best of it, and laughed, for it was funny, and then I snatched our George's Scotch cap from the table where he had flung it that morning, and covered up steel horns and my ugliness in a twinkling."

"Plucky, I declare!" muttered Jim Mallory, inside of his coat-collar.

"Will said I deserved a Captaincy for my coolness and strategy. Will is always making

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his bad puns, you know," concluded the fair speaker.

And then the others took up the tale, and not one but had some gleeful misadventure to relate. And in this relating what mysteries of rats and mice and waterfalls, of knots and coils and curls and crimps were not revealed to Jim Mallory, as he sat there unsuspecting in his corner! It was as good—no, it was a good deal better than a play to him. But presently the car filled, and the headless voices hushed, and the play was over. And appeared the conductor, and Jim began rummaging his pockets for scrip.

"What! No money! Where in thunder is my pocket-book?" he almost said aloud.

His pocket book was gone, probably picked when he was frantically hailing those six cars. Yes, his pocket-book was gone. But he must have some loose scrip about him, certainly! and with all the blood in his veins rushing up into his face, Jim Mallory continued his search—a fruitless search, for not a penny, even, could he find.

Here was a pretty fix for a man to be in. A stranger, too; and just then Jim caught a sight of himself in a little pocket-mirror he had turned out with other effects in his searching, and discovered what a forlorn-looking object he was, and, consequently how much more difficult and disagreeable was his position!

What upon earth was he going to do? What upon earth was he going to say? He had a quick brain, usually fertile in expedients, but the ignominious facts of the present case were too much for him. He had heretofore declared, with rather a grand manner, that a man should rule circumstances; and here were the most contemptible circumstances ruling him with a rod of iron. "If it wasn't for those five girls, now!" he thought. But he might as well have said: "If it wasn't for that conductor!" and a great deal better, for there he was slowly but steadily making his way toward the lower end of the car, with a wary eye for all whom he caught napping or negligent. And there were those five girls with their tickets fluttering in prompt readiness! All at once at this juncture he became conscious of a pair of the softest, tenderest eyes he had ever seen, fixed upon him with a look of shy commiseration. It was one of those five girls.

She was the brunette, who carried her hair over a slate-pencil, and dramatized her *disabille*. So, she had been watching him. She had seen his empty pockets, and was moved to pity thereby, spite of his forlorn and seedy appearance. He felt the blood gushing into his face again, but before he had time to know whether he was glad or sorry there was a pull at the bell, the car stopped and two or three people were waiting.

The crowd and the confusion up started the little brunette, and nodding over her shoulder at her companions, made a hurried rush for the door. Jim Mallory, sitting there, saw once more those pitying brows, eyes, and then, as her garments brushed past him, he felt a little unclean hand thrusting something into his hand. His fingers closed over this "something" mechanically. For a moment he could see nothing in the hurry and confusion, but there was a near, faint scent of early violets, which suddenly vanished with a soft rustle of silk. He looked up then and she was gone. He looked down—and there in his palm was—Why, bless my soul, a car-ticket! As Jim himself exclaims whenever he tells the story, "And to follow Jim's words at this point, which will tell the story better than any body else's words: 'There had that little angel, under the disguise of crimped hair and a lot of other nonsense, taken note of my misfortune, and made her little plan of relief, which she carried out, like the strategist she was, at the very climax of my desperation, and when the stir and confusion about us would cover every movement. Wasn't it splendid, thought! How many girls do you suppose would have done that for such a miff as I looked to be that day? For I tell you, Tom—this was to Tom Saxon—that I did look something awful. What with those confounded cotton-samples from your office sticking to me, and the dust, and the cold in my head, and a smudge in my hat, I was about as seedy a specimen as you ever saw.' And Tom thought he might have been."

But out of one dilemma Jim Mallory had stepped fairly into another. As that "little angel in crimped hair and a lot of other nonsense" stepped out of the car after the performance of her impulsive action—which was really a very pretty action—something entered Jim's heart which he had no will nor wish to banish; but, as I say, it was out of one dilemma into another—"out of the frying-pan into the fire." Tom Saxon would laugh, for all the time he had a name that hundreds of girls in Boston owned. And the way he got this was at the moment of her vanishing, when the astonished four cried out in chorus:

"What's Molly getting off here for?"

In vain Jim had brought him face to face with some half a dozen Mollys of his own acquaintance. From each Jim Mallory had turned with a sigh of disappointment. Not one of them belonged to his angel in crimped hair.

It was curious how often after this Jim found it necessary to visit Boston. There was always some "business for the firm," which made it absolutely incumbent upon him to see Saxon and Co. And when he was there he fell into the habit of sauntering down Tremont Street about shopping hours. And from there to Washington Street, and into Williams and Everett's, or Childs and Jencks's. And not only there, but into trimming-stores, into jewelers' shops, into fancy-goods stalls, into cars and omnibuses, and every where where he caught the glimpse of a little figure with dark, crimped hair tucked under a morsel of lace and ribbon which ladies call a bonnet. He passed the winter in this hunt. It was worse than the search for scrip that lucky and unlucky day when he first met her; or, as Tom Saxon jeeringly said, it was like that ancient search for a needle in a hay-mow. Such a reputation as he got, too, for the most impudent starrer decorous Boston ever saw!

"I think that New York friend of yours is horrid, Tom," said not less than six girls that winter to Tom Saxon.

"Horrid! how?" asked Tom.

"Why he follows you about and stares so!" Tom looked at them. Every one had dark hair, and every one had it crimped.

"He came into a car where I was one day," said one of these girls, "and just took an inventory of my features; and then, after fidgeting about two or three minutes, he dashed out."

Tom gave such a laugh at this that the fair speaker looked at him in wonderment, and privately told an intimate friend of hers afterward that she had reason to think that Mr. Mallory was having a very bad influence upon Tom Saxon, for she had seen him "when—well—when he seemed very unlike himself, to say the least!"

If Tom could have heard this I think he would have laughed still more. As it was, his laugh was all at Jim Mallory; and Jim himself, though quite in earnest in his Quixotic search, saw the joke as readily as Tom, and with ineffable *bonhomie*, enjoyed his own absurdity.

As I say, he passed the winter in this hunt; and by spring the excitement seemed to have subsided, or, at least, to be externally overlaid by other things. Tom Saxon thought it had died out entirely until one day, as he was strolling across the Common, listening to some business suggestions of Mallory, he saw Jim give a sudden start as a little dark lady passed, with her hair *crêpe* and a gay voice, chatting volubly to her companion.

"Jim, I thought you had dropped that string."

Jim laughed, and sung, in a low baritone, "Her bright smile haunts me still."

And that was the last Tom heard of the subject until—well, we will not anticipate.

Winter passed, and spring had come; and with the spring, as every body knows, premonitions of cholera. All the Mallory family, mother and sisters, were in a state of worry and fuss from the first about this expected scourge. They had twenty plans in twenty ways as to where they would go, and what they would do. Cape May, and Long Branch, and Newport went by the board, because somebody had told Mrs. Mallory that the sea-coast would be unsafe. Then came all the mountain resorts. This was too far, that was too near, another place too full, etc., etc., until a queer little place, perched up among the Catskill Mountains, was decided upon.

"And it will be so nice for you, James dear, for you can get your mills twice a day," said Mrs. Mallory.

But "James dear" made no reply to this. He had other plans.

"I'm not going to sacrifice city comfort another summer for one of those mosquito haunts," he said to his partner. "And as for cholera—bah!"

And so it came about that, for the first time in the deserted house at home, and found it, as he declared, the coolest and most comfortable summer resort he had known for a long time.

I don't mean to say that he took no excursions away from the brick and mortar and marble. There was scarcely a week but found him for a day or so at one or another of the pleasant spots about New York, which were easily accessible to him by night trains or steamers.

In the mean time his mother and three sisters wrote him frantic letters from the Catskills. They offered him every inducement they could think of—plenty of room, pure air, a nice table, and "sweet pleasant society."

"The Catskills—most delightful people—are here," wrote Kate Mallory; "two charming daughters and a son. They live on our street and home, too; isn't it funny we came away there to find each other out?" And here followed an urgent entreaty to brother James to come up by Saturday night without fail and get acquainted with these delightful people. But brother James had made a partial engagement to go home with Mr. Wing, his partner, on Saturday night, and he didn't "see that he could get away from it," he wrote back to Kate.

Before Saturday night, however, Jim Mallory found it the easiest thing in the world to get away from his partial engagement with Mr. Wing. It was Tuesday when he wrote to Kate. On Wednesday morning, as he was walking down the street on the shady side, he suddenly heard a strange, shrill voice call out:

"Molly! Molly! Molly!" He laughed a little at the remembrance this called up, and turned to look in the direction of the voice.

There wasn't a soul to be seen within speaking distance. But still that voice went on: "Molly! Molly! Molly!" ending with a curious chuckle of laughter. He turned with a curious look at the pavement. This "something" was a little dark, dark head, crimped and curled, and decorated with brilliant little bows, that fluttered in the morning breeze like the pennons of his hope. He had spent a whole winter hunting for her. He had haunted Boston streets and Boston cars, and Boston shops, day in and day out, without result; and here at last he found her—here in New York, in the very heart of midsummer!

And there she stood, talking and chattering to her bird, looking more like a little angel than ever; and there below, looking up at her, stood Jim Mallory in a dazed and hopeless condition. It wasn't possible for any young woman to remain long unconscious of such a gaze as this—some attraction, magnetism, or whatever it may be, makes them "aware" at length.

And so presently the owner of the frizzed hair and the fluttering bows ceased talking to her bird, and with a little start, became conscious of the observation of Jim Mallory. And once observed by those bright eyes, no young man could have had the hardihood to have remained at his post.

But I must say Jim Mallory left his position gallantly—some might have said audaciously—but of this there was not a particle in Jim. Instead only the most reverent chivalry; and chivalry makes itself felt under any cloak. So

now when James Mallory met those bright eyes, and turned away with his hat lifted to them, I say he did gallantly, and the young lady who was the object of this gallantry was intuitive enough to think so too.

You may be sure that as he went he was not so dazed but that he sent a keen glance toward the door which shut in his little dark-eyed lady. But there was only the number 2767—no betraying door-plate gave him further clue. This was enough, however, for the present. More than enough you would have said if you had watched him that morning. Wing, who was the sedate father of a family, catching the look in his eyes, asked him, with grim humor, if he had lately come into the possession of his Spanish estates.

Mallory laughed his genial, jovial laugh, and confessed that he had had direct news of them.

Fate, which had been so elusive with him for the last six months, now seemed to smile invitingly, for that very night as he paced slowly up the street, humming to himself "Her bright smile haunts me still," there from the doorway beamed the very smile he was singing of—but—

—but—who the deuce was that—that black-bearded, Italian-faced individual who sat so composedly on the second step? What if Jim saw his Spanish estates disappearing in a blue mist at this?

The next moment the mist cleared. "Mr. Langford, when do you return?" the lady asked of the black-bearded.

Jim never heard the answer. What did he care when he returned? he was only "Mr. Langford" to her.

The next sentence brought the blue mist back a little.

"Will says he should like to spend every winter in Paris."

Will? who was this Will? what relation did he bear, confound him, to the dark-eyed little party? Then he recalled the Will Hess of her gay misadventure. So here he was again. Suppose now this Will Hess had long ago taken possession of his Spanish castle? Suppose—but hark, what name is that? Can he believe his ears when Langford says: "Miss Caledon?"

Miss Caledon? Kate's Miss Caledon? Yes, clearly, Kate's Miss Caledon, for presently she remarks about the Kauterskill, and something else, which explains her presence in New York for last week. Kate's Miss Caledon! Was there ever any thing like it?

"What an idiot I've been!" he soliloquized. "Rushing all over Boston, when if I had my eyes open I dare say I might have met her a dozen times on Broadway. Visiting at the Hub with those four girls, I suppose, when I saw her."

Which conclusion of Jim's was the most accurate he ascertained when he called upon Molly Caledon the next morning. "Yes, he actually called upon her, upon the strength of Kate's last letter."

To Molly Caledon this call seemed by no means hasty or singular, for after the manner of young women, she and Kate Mallory had become bosom friends in these last six weeks, and what so natural as "dear Kate's" brother calling upon her when she was in town? I think Kate herself would have been no little astonished if she could have listened to Jim's free reference to her letter; and I think she might have been doubtful whether she had ever written that letter. Certain it is that Miss Caledon received the impression by this sketchy reference of Jim's, that it was at Kate's information of her presence, and at her suggestion that he ventured to call. And as I have said before, what could seem more natural than this call? And what more natural than Mr. Mallory's returning with her to the Mountains? And what more natural than that on this journey these two should progress very rapidly in their acquaintance with such a mutual foundation of intimacy and interest as "dear Kate?" As for "dear Kate," she had the wit and tact to keep her astonishment within proper bounds, but whenever she found Jim alone didn't he have to take it?

"I can't imagine how you can be contented to stay here Jim?" she would say; "and I can't imagine how Mr. Wing can do without you so long."

But Jim could imagine, and so I think after a time could little Molly Caledon. And so I think after a time could every member of the house; and it wasn't very difficult to prophesy the denouement either, in the estimation of these on-lookers. But to Jim it seemed much more difficult, for Molly Caledon was far too bright to carry her heart on her sleeve, and a spice of feminine coquetry helped her to play a game of hide and seek.

But there came a day when she had to give it up, and acknowledge herself found; if not caught. It was the day Will Hess and Langford came. "Now or never!" thought Jim Mallory, as he watched her greeting with the aforesaid gentlemen. "Now or never!" I think Molly must have had a suspicion of his design, for with a queer, coquettish perversity she put him off, first with croquet, and then with a very animated discussion with Langford, and so on, through a list of employments and occupations that continually necessitated a third party.

The mail had just come in, and as he read his letter from Wing with this item at the close: "One of us will probably go to Paris next year," a bit of strategy suddenly proposed itself to him, which he forthwith acted upon. Walking straight by the group wherein Miss Caledon stood talking animatedly with Langford he glanced up from his letter with the most absorbed air and inquired of the landlord when the next train left.

"Oh, are you going to New York, Mr. Mallory?" asked Molly, with great *sang-froid*. "And if you are, will you undertake a mission for me?" and Molly came forward from the group at this.

Then she saw his serious preoccupied business face.

"No bad news, Mr. Mallory?"

"Oh no, not in the least; only my partner writes that one of us must go to Paris; and I suppose that one will be your humble servant. How many commissions shall I execute for you there, Miss Caledon?" looking straight into the pretty face before him. There was a quiver of the eyelids—a quiver of the lips, and a sudden forgetfulness of the hide and seek game altogether; and Jim knew that he had won.

"Come into the garden, Molly," he said in a lower tone. "I've something else to tell you."

They went into the garden, and so absorbing was the story that he had to tell that he forgot all about the "next train" until Molly, as she heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive, looked up slyly into his face and said: "How about the cars, Mr. Mallory? I think you've lost them!"

Jim laughed. "But I've found something better than the cars, Molly." And then he laughed still more. And then he told her that other story of the cars where he first met and fell in love with her.

"And you don't mean to say that you were that old codger in the corner?" asked Molly in amazement.

"I do, Miss Molly."

"My! but didn't we girls go on?"

"I should think you did. I found out all your hair dressing secrets—all about the crimping and frizzing, you know—and say, Molly, do you 'do' your curls now over a slate-pencil? and do you ever get caught in your hair-pins by such young gentlemen as Hess and Langford now?"

"My goodness did I go on like that?"

"Just like that; and I thought the story in the end of the Scotch-cap was rather a plucky climax. And when I listened to it, and saw what a gay little bird of Paradise you were, I had no idea that such a tender heart lurked beneath."

Molly laughed a little and blushed a little as she said: "Well, I don't know how any one could have seen another in such a horrid dilemma without doing something to help them out of it. I remember, though, how scared I felt as I jumped up, for you know, I knew I should feel silly enough, and I knew it would be terribly embarrassing all round."

"Yes, and in that way I learned your Christian name; and for all those four girls wondered what Molly was getting off there for."

"And that was why you stopped under my window, Sir, was it, when my bird called Molly?"

"Oh, you saw me at once, did you, Miss Molly?"

"I saw you lift your hat to me, Sir," answered Miss Caledon rather confusedly.

"And, Molly, my girl!" returned Jim Mallory, now dropping his gay tone, "I shall lift my hat always to the angel in your nature I discovered that day in the street car."

A MOTHER'S WAIL.

BY HENRY TIMMONS.

My babe! my babe! my only babe!
Where art thou now? I somewhere in the sky
An angel holds thee in his radiant arms,
I challenge him to clasp thy tender form
With half the fervor of a mother's love!

My babe! my babe! my only babe!
Behold the babe is gone! the mother remains!
My lamp is fluted from its niche—ah, me!
Earth drinks the fragrance from me, and I am left
Forever and forever in the dark!

My babe! my babe! my own and only babe!
Where art thou now? I somewhere in the sky
An angel holds thee in his radiant arms,
I challenge him to clasp thy tender form
With half the fervor of a mother's love!

Forgive me, Lord! forgive my reckless grief
Forgive me that this rebel, selfish heart
Would almost make me jealous for my child,
Though 'twere the angel's hand that led him,
So many such, I have, ah! had but one!

Oh, yet once more, my babe, to hear thy cry!
Oh, yet once more, my babe, to see thy smile!
Oh, yet once more to feel against my breast
Thy cool, soft hands that warm, wet, eager mouth,
With the sweet sharpness of its budding pearls!

But it must never, never more be mine
To mark the growing meaning in thine eyes,
To watch the soul unfolding leaf by leaf,
Or catch, with ever fresh surprise and joy,
Thy dawning recognition of the world.

Three different shadows of thyself, my babe,
Change with each other while I weep. The first,
The sweetest, yet not the least fraught with pain,
Clings like my living boy around my neck,
Or purrs and murmurs softly at my feet.

Another is a little mound of earth—
That comes the ofttest, darling! In my dreams
I see it heaped by the midnight rain,
Or chilled beneath the moon. Ah! what a couch
For that which I have shielded from a breath
That would not stir the violets on thy grave!

The third, my precious babe! the third, O Lord!
Is a fair cherub face beyond the stars,
Wearing the robes of a mystic bliss,
Or clutching the fragrant flame, and I am left
To hush my sighs, and break the cloudy bars
That hide my light, lest I should know I kneel!

—Scott's Magazine.

"LIVING UP TO WHAT THEY PREACH."—"I would give ten thousand pounds for a character," said the disolute Col. Charteris, immediately adding, lest he should be suspected of a good motive, "because I could make twenty thousand by it." Setting aside the higher motive, leaving out of sight the solemn words, "Beware of covetousness, which is idolatry," and reasoning only from self-interest, may we not prove that the man who is too eager to save money, defeats his own plans?

"Did you bring over any butter?" asked Mr. Condit, of one of the farmers who had called in to offer his farm produce.

"Yes, twenty pounds of nice, sweet butter; but it's all sold, all in one lot, too."

"What d'ye get for it?"

Honest Mr. Miles hesitated, smiled, then broke out: "Honestly, I tuk more'n the goin' price for't. Never did sich a thing afore, and so I've felt kinder mean about it ever since; but Mr. Professor Philbrick, he out and hailed me when I first come inter the village. I showed him my butter, and he tasted on't, and looked at it, and then tasted on't. Well, I waited till he got his mind made up, but I kep'ter thinkin' 'You've got the name o' bein' a dreadful close customer, but you can't have my butter two cents a pound less'n its' wuth.' So when he asked the price, I said, 'twenty-two cents,' a calculation to fall a cent at a time, but he took it right up, without a word. I wuz beat; paid for the hull lot without dickerin' at all. Ef every body does as I did, he don't make no money by being close fisted."

"Not a cent," gravely assented his listener, "Common folks like us know it don't pay for us to be too savin', but when ye come to these learned characters, professors and so, that ought to be a pattern to us, why ef they knew it, they'd put money in their pockets by jest livin' up to what they preach."

[Watchman and Reflector.]

A CHARMING ROMANCE ENDED.

Historical criticism is remorseless in sapping faith in the beautiful legends handed down from an early age. The stories about early Rome, once the delight of classical students, have lost authority and credence since the days of Niebuhr, Arthur, and the knights of the Round Table, and the Paladins of Charlemagne, have only a mythical fame. And how American tradition is in danger of losing its most romantic incident, one associated with the memory of some of the best families of Virginia.

The *North American Review*, in an article on Charles Deane's historical researches, shows that the beautiful story of Pocahontas and Capt. John Smith rests on a very shadowy authority. His captivity, during which her heroic interposition occurred, was in the first year of the settlement of Jamestown, but in his narrative, published soon after its release, and in that of another director of the company, which appeared about the same time, no mention is made of Pocahontas, or of her rescue through her agency. He returned to England a year or so later, and had no more connection with the colony. While in England he published two more works on the history of the colony, in which no allusion is made to the generous act of the Indian girl. Several other documents, from men in the office, and therefore familiar with all important occurrences, are equally silent.

But in 1616 Pocahontas visited England with her husband, Mr. Rolfe, and received great attention from the royal family and from the higher circles. An evident sensation was created, and it became a desirable thing for Capt. Smith, who was then under a cloud, to link his name, if possible, with hers. A massacre of the settlers, in 1622, by the Indians, awakened a great interest in England, and in 1624 Smith published a *General History of Virginia*, in which, among

