

For the Pearl.

T O —, —, —.

The flag floats aloft from the tapering spar;
And seaward the light-hearted sailor doth gaze,
As he paces the deck, and with joy sees afar
The clouds shoot along on the favouring breeze.
And soon the proud bark under weigh, I shall view:
Her moorings she'll leave ere the red Sun is gone;
And then from the shore, I will wave thee adieu,
As o'er the green surges she slowly moves on.

My bosom will seem like a wilderness then,—
Where no sweet blooming flower, or tender plant green
In the summer breeze waves, or looks up to the Sun,—
But where dark desolation and barrenness reign,
At the thought that the friend I may never see more;
For whom the first love of my youthful heart burned;
Who hath ever in mirth, or in sorrow's dark hour,
To me with a smile of tenderness turned.

And when evening goes down o'er the sea and the land;
And o'er the lone waters thou'st faded from sight:
With reluctance, I'll turn from the rude rocky strand,
With my eyes dim with tears, and sighing "good night."
And homeward with sorrowful heart I'll return,—
To the hearth which thy smile of affection did cheer:
Where, in times that are past, all my sorrows were gone,
When thy converse, like music, fell sweet on my ear.

When I'm in the gay circle, where oft we have met,—
Where life's early pleasures unsullied we've seen;
Unknown to those round me, I'll deeply regret
That thou'rt not there to enliven the scene.
And tell me, when others thy sunny smile share;
And the light of enjoyment illumines thy heart,
Wilt thou think of the friend who is sighing afar
For the joy which the smile unto him would impart?

O yes: the bright tear that so tremblingly flows
O'er the soft tints of thy beautiful cheek,—
Like a dew-drop in silence o'er the leaf of the rose
When the zephyrs of morning begin to awake—
More sweetly than words, give the wish'd for reply;
And joy, thro' the gloom that envelops my heart,
Will shine like the sunbeam, so sweet to the eye,
When the storm's sable spirits begin to depart.

When I sweetly shall think thou'lt remember me still,
Tho' on others thine eyes winning lustre may shine—
That when mirth thy virtuous bosom shall fill,
Thou'lt regret that its light is not kindled in mine.
Then over the ocean's dark solitude, blaw,
Be the wind that from heaven's deep azure vault blows,
Until safe, on old Albion's "wave-girdled" land,—
The Temple of Freedom,—thy foot shall repose.

May, 1837.

ANNELO.

For the Pearl.

LUCY CLARKSON.

A TALE OF SIMPLE LIFE.

Chapter III.—The Town.

Lucy was elated at her father thus giving his sanction to her flight from home,—by agreeing to accompany the fugitives. It was an unlooked-for incident, and she felt, what has been often experienced, that anticipated evils sometimes results in actual good:—her father's pursuit, and the probability of being overtaken by him, were, a few minutes before, the great fears of her existence,—now, she found that only for such overtaking, she would be yet a guilt-burdened fugitive, instead of one about becoming a bride under the auspices of her only parent. One or two pangs still lingered to mar her satisfaction;—her sister, her beloved but ill-used sister, was distant, unconscious of her fortunes since they parted,—and her late lover had been dismissed with a rudeness which did not become her character, which he did not deserve, and which she well knew would cause him torture, that she indeed should be the last to inflict. The only excuse for the evil, was, that it was done to prevent greater,—done in the hurry and excitement of the moment. Yet was it not the less cruel; bitterly ungrateful and ungenerous it seemed to be,—thus to plant a barbed arrow in the heart which best loved,—and all on the plea of expediency. Her husband—that-was-to-be, indeed, escaped violence, perhaps, by the act,—and she was saved some mortification,—but he, the discarded, was the poor sacrificed victim,—insulted, despised, taunted,—tortured, beyond endurance. So it is with the world,—as the sportsman shoots down the pheasant, or the wood-dove, and dyes the exquisite plumage in the heart's blood, that an idle hour may have its excitement,—so men and women sacrifice one another, for interest or pleasure, or from wayward habit. Few, comparatively, are the events over which Justice presides,—while caprice and wrong unnoticed, rule the incidents which form the destinies of the great mass of the world. These ideas were soon banished, partially, if not wholly, from Lucy's breast. Nature gave her sophistry enough to turn the edge of remorse, and the addition of animal spirits which late events inspired, helped to cast aside the cause of black thoughts. They occasionally started up, when least desired, like cynical intruders at banquets,—but a mental effort threw off the infliction, and resource was sought in a greater play of pleasurable appearances.

At the little border town of Zoar, Lucy was married to Reynall. Experiencing feelings tinged with some astonishment and sadness, at the unexpected rush of late incidents, she put off the graces, and attractions, and light-heartedness of maidenhood,—and entered, as a wife, on a new stage of existence. Marked, most interesting, and serious, is the step, to all who think aright,—and the flow of natural tears which coursed down her fair cheek, as she prepared for her bridal in the small chamber of the village inn, expressed the anxiety, and apprehension, and strangeness, with which old duties and cares were given up, and new undertaken. She felt, indeed, the zone which bound her past existence, give way to the touch of circumstances,—and she eyed the dim future, timidly-hopeful, but altogether uncertain, how it would compensate for the loss of old endearments.

Months rolled over the sons and daughters of men, and brought changes greater than those of the seasons to many a heart.

The scene was no longer that of prairie, or forest, or barren,—a small, lofty chamber, in the rear of a house in B—, looked out on a little well-like yard, which was surrounded by high gloomy looking walls, formed of the sides of other buildings. Some attic windows peered over the inclosure, and one or two which admitted light to stair-case or lobby,—but they only made the loneliness animated, and gave no cheerfulness to the confined scene. The windows of several stores opened into this area, but these were now closed, and their blank shutters looked like the rigid eyelids of the dead, reminding of activity and life, but now typical of silence and cold abstraction. Down this artificial gulph, the beams of a declining January sun, softly and yet coldly streamed, enlightening up, but scarcely enlivening, some parts of the walls, and throwing other parts into deep shade. In the small chamber, before mentioned, Lucy sat, and looked out, and up, wistfully, seemingly attracted by the evening beams. As her eye rested on the blank walls, and anon glanced over the small portion of cloudy sky which was visible above, she appeared to be filled with thoughts, or feelings, in accordance with the dull scene. Lines of sad expression deepened over her face, while she gazed;—as the shadows crept slowly up the enclosing walls, and the fading hues of the winter evening prematurely tinted surrounding objects.

Did she contrast that narrow gloomy scene—neither the work of nature nor of refining art, but of clumsy necessity and convenience—with the broad fragrant prairie,—which was bounded only by the distant forest, and the solitary shining river, and the skyey horizon? Did she contrast her life of simplicity and innocent enjoyment there,—with the artificial shackles of the city, and the whisperings of remorse, and the yearnings after the sister of her youth? Did she sigh for those days of leaves and flowers and streams and maidenly endearments, now made doubly delightful by the dim town and its cares,—and its apparent neglect, also. Yes,—the novelty had worn away,—the few gleams of society which business admitted had passed,—the enjoyments of domestic life had rather palled on her husband, and he seemed strongly attracted again by the recreations of his bachelor's days,—while the whole world seemed to have forgotten the girl from the prairie whom he had made his wife. Too true proved the saying of Maria, that Reynall had the characteristics of fickleness,—too true the remark, that changes against old habits, and not founded on good principles, slide deceptively and mockingly from the erring mind,—too true the almost denunciation of Osburn, that when sorrow came, as come it would, she would think of her harsh treatment of him; of him who would have had her to bless his cottage, and with whom she might continue to enjoy the blessings of simplicity, sincerity and rural love.

The deepening shades of night, found the young wife still in her narrow chamber, her cheek flushed, and her bright eye glistening through a briny suffusion. "This will not do," said she half audibly,—"it is not correct, I have more to be thankful for, than to lament over,—and I will not be conquered by these trifling annoyances." Her natural vivacity came to her assistance, and having banished the traces of care from her blue eyes and ivory brow, she summoned Julia, to relieve the dullness of the evening by the little attentions which now claimed her service. The tea-table was laid, but the single cup, and the slender refreshments, did not promise the social cheer which so usually attends that peculiarly social meal.

"Well, Julia, are you tired of the Town yet?"

"I have scarcely seen it yet, Ma'am."

"Would you give it for the prairie again, Julia, or do you really prefer its narrow streets and dull houses, to the sweet walks and trees of the Farm?"

"I like the town's gaiety and life, though I am almost frightened at the poverty and wretchedness that I'm told is in it; but somehow, take it altogether, one can be more cheerful here, and I am willing to stay."

"What does Eben say?"

"Why he says that he does not want ever to go out of sight of a house again,—and you know what that is, for a person born and reared in the back-woods as he was. But he was called idle there, because the work did not suit him, he was intended for the town Ma'am,—he already has begun to save some money as a

groom, and dealer in horses,—and hopes, soon, it may be, to keep a tavern and stabling, and get me to assist him to mind it, what do you think of that, Ma'am?"

"Think it very reasonable, Julia,—no wonder you are so partial to the town,—you reckon its convenience, also, no doubt, for educating children, and all that."

"Why yes, perhaps so, how could we, poor folk, get little ones brought up, except like ourselves, on the borders of a prairie? But here, I'm told, people no better than ourselves, have made ladies, and gentlemen of their children. We may look forward, I hope, as well as others."

"Yes, and may find, that you do not add to their happiness or your own, by making them poor gentlemen and ladies, and teaching them to despise their parents. But those are all distant matters at worst, and there is no use in damping present prospects, by croakings of the future,—you will have, in your way, a long course of fondling, and rearing, and hopes and brilliant anticipations,—and, if the evil day come, it may find you ripe, and ready to fall from the tree, without a pang, at the first blast of the heart's winter. You have no former friends or scenes to languish for, Julia."

"No indeed, and if I had, I do not see that I would take the trouble,—why should I,—the past is past, the time to come is what we have to look for. I recollect nothing but hardship of my early life, until I entered your father's house, and the less I think of old times the pleasanter,—I owe them but little. Eben and I, supposing that we are wed, will be the whole world to each other, and will start ready to fight for a living against the whole world. We hope to have our own fireside yet, and plenty at it, then why should we be down-hearted?"

The conversation was not in unison with Lucy's feelings,—the mind, sore with disappointment, and gloomy anticipation, and with severed sympathies, has little in common with that which turns gladly from past scenes, enjoys the present, and is almost swallowed up in the promises of the future. Julia retired, and her young mistress again held solitary watch, and sad communings with her own heart. Rally as she would, seek for relief in what she would, still half defined images of sorrow rose to her imagination,—still the frequent, involuntary, sigh, escaped her lips,—and mental effort alone restrained her tears. The night wore away, silence reigned,—if noise still animated the streets it did not come to her apartment, and she appeared as if the only waking object in B—.

All was profoundly still, and all seemed at rest, except that little world in the human breast, which is an epitome of the great world of existence,—and which has its memories, and passions, and anticipations, and sympathies, to crowd its sphere, and to either dignify or degrade, delight or torture, as circumstance give cause. From brooding over "the thick coming fancies" of this miniature world, Lucy was startled by a loud rapping, which, after the intense silence, seemed to shake the house to its foundations. Who could the visitor be, at that most untimely hour? Advanced as the night was, sad experience told it was too early for the return of the master of the little household,—perhaps it was only the senseless freak of some practical joker, who, "filled with insolence and wine," thought any absurdity food for laughter, and never recked what sick or sad wretch his insulting attempts at merriment might disturb. Julia's approaching footsteps dissipated conjectures, and the good-natured girl, with excited looks, threw open the chamber door and presented a letter to her anxious mistress. The knock then, was that of the Post-man, that welcome visitant to all, except the unfortunates who have no kind correspondents, and who only expect dunning epistles by "the Mail." What "words that breathe, and thoughts that burn" that official's most unsentimental looking bag contains,—what heart-essences, potent as medicinals, or mayhap, poisons, to the hearts for which they are directed!

A glance at the superscription told Lucy who the writer was,—and fervent kisses were bestowed on that little packet, which, to a stranger would be so innocent of all such influence. The handwriting was Maria's,—the loved companion of childhood,—the amiable confidant of riper years,—the beloved sister whose value was so enhanced by absence; the packet was from home,—from the prairie cottage,—that scene of innocent delights,—of paternal affection,—of long past sorrow which was sanctified by virtue, and of recent enjoyments unalloyed by any tinge of regret or remorse. Lucy's fervour, her animation, her countenance lighted up by glad sympathies, and her buoyant form, while she gazed on the thrice welcome memento, made a most striking contrast to the languor and sadness which so recently oppressed her. Such is the influence of the imagination, aided by the affections. But who can tell the intelligence enclosed in that small envelope? May not evil and sorrow be its burthen, as probably as happy themes? It is also the first since the flight from home,—and how may that more prudent sister have viewed that breach of family propriety, of sisterly confidence? With a palpitating heart, and a nervous hand, the well-known seal was broken, and the epistle spread to the anxious gazer.

It was one of peace and love. Reproaches were so modified, and so accompanied by expressions of affectionate respect, that