

a frightful wound appeared, and though inflicted upon one who felt not the edge of the knife, still it called forth a terrible feeling of suspense. But a short time had been occupied by the young operator, when, removing a piece of the skull of a circular form, the brain, with its thousand vessels distended with blood, showed plainly through its covering membrane. Her father had walked about the cabin, not daring to look in the direction in which his child was lying. After various attempts to speak, he turned, saw the blood necessarily lost, trickling down her livid cheek, and covering, in its course, the loose locks that had been spared. 'Is she alive? do not answer me—still I must ask—Ellen, Ellen.'

Expressions like these escaped from his lips, in tones of heart-sinking despair. No attention was paid to him by the operator, who was proceeding to the last stages of his task, with as firm a hand and determined heart, as if the instruments were acting upon marble. A moment's pause for reflection and consultation, had enabled him to decide upon an important point. Applying a lever to the depressed portion of the skull, it was with some difficulty raised, and signs of returning consciousness were evident. She moved her hands, raised them to her head. The eye of the sufferer resumed its natural office, and from her lips came the words of transport—'Father! I am safe!' The transition from apparent death to life, so sudden, was like the charms of the magician's art. Overcome by the change, her father sank into a chair, and was not disturbed 'till the proper dressings were applied, and the operation pronounced complete. The party were soon after landed at the town where I intended spending some days, and with the young surgeon, I assisted in her removal to the carriage. For days he attended her constantly, and her complete recovery was the result. "Is there not something romantic in this?"

"No, it's what might be called an interesting case, and its equal may be found in any of your published lectures by distinguished professors of surgery."

"Well, it's an odd way to be introduced to a wife. You'll allow that, I suppose."

"Why, yes, one would hardly suppose that cutting a hole in the cranium of a young lady was the way to win her heart."

"It was in this case, at any rate. The fair-haired lady I introduced you to yesterday, the wife of my friend —, who, you know, is no doctor, was the heroine of my romance.

I had the story from the M. D. who was present on the occasion. And her father has given him, with her, a fortune. That lock of hair you saw braided in the brooch you so much admired in his bosom, was the one cut from Ellen's head, previous to the operation, and which he prizes beyond the jewels that encompass it. Now what say you to the romance of our profession?"

"Say," yawned the junior M. D., "why that such things don't happen every day. Why is not your friend one of us?"

"He is, in all but the name, possessing the qualities necessary to excel in the practice of the healing art, an honor to society, delighting to do good, enjoying the felicity of domestic life with a companion won from the grave, by the knowledge of a splendid science, and the courageous exercise of its principles. Is not his reward the continuation of a true romance?"



For The Amaranth.

PIETRO DELLA TEMPESTA.

The Storm Painter.

HE sits upon a rude worn cliff, that stands  
Like a grim giant, steadfast and unmoved,  
Above the fretful dash of the wild sea;—  
A strange, unusual child—a young face,  
Majestic in its beauty, but impress'd  
With that which fill'd the gazer's heart with  
fear—  
Yet knew not why: perchance there lurk'd a  
spell

Within the depths of those foreboding eyes—  
Or the dark meshes of his raven curls  
Look'd elf-like, as the wind from off his brow  
Parted their thick shade. Upon the pale cheek  
No sunny beam ere played, and the young lip  
Was far too stern and scornful for his years,  
Wearing an air of dread unearthly thought;—  
And over all a mien of loneliness,  
Bespoke a want of fellowship with man.  
He listened to the deep and hollow roar  
Of the waves breaking on the rocks beneath,  
Shaking their base;—he look'd upon the sky,  
Where creeping from its verge a mist-wing'd  
cloud

Was slowly blotting out its tranquil blue;  
And heard the muffled messenger that speeds  
Before the storm, muttering its rude sighs:  
While through his waking heart the life-stream  
rush'd,  
Warm'd with the wild joy that fill'd his soul;  
And his eye gather'd up its wand'ring rays;