

"CLAUDE MELNOTTE."

Inscribed to C. B.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, I had loved him for the glorious gleams
Of poetry that from his lip would break,
The fairy palace that he built in dreams
For the sweet shores of Corvo's lonely lake;
And those wild tempests of the heart whose flame
His young impassioned breast so fiercely burned—
Yet when I heard the romance of his name
Upon thy voice, to love him more I learned.

Softly, my friend, I've heard his radiant words
Fall from thy lip at twilight's haunted hour,
And their sweet spell has hushed my bosom's chords
Into the silence of a dream whose power
Will linger with my spirit evermore.
Ay, evermore—an earth it cannot flee,
And I will pray that to the angel shore
That wild-rising music may ascend with me.

My almost brother, though within thine eye
The darkness grows half mournful, and thy brow
Is gathering shadows—in the years gone by
Thou couldst not have entranced me more than now
And when I hear thy soft-attuned guitar
And softer voice in star-light cadence blend,
I send a tone of murmured joy afar
To thank the angels that thou art my friend.

THE FLOWER OF RHEINSTEIN.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY CORA BELL.

The remains of the ancient castle of Rheinstein still stands upon the summit of a steep rock overlooking the right bank of the Rhine. It is in perfect ruins, the wanton hand of devastation having forestalled the slower progress of time. The peasant's tale of it is the following legend, a tale of true-love crossed:

Once upon a time, centuries ago, there lived in this castle a grim Baron, a quarrelsome old robber, who, when not engaged in conflict with his neighbors, spent his time in predatory excursions in the neighboring countries with the view of replenishing his larder and cellar. Now, Baron Hugo Von Rheinstein, besides being cordially hated for being surly and savage, was possessed of a treasure, which, as he determined no one else should have a share of, had rendered him still more an object of dislike to his neighbors. He had an only child, a daughter, whose peerless beauty had rendered her the theme of every tongue; and, though kept in such strict seclusion that a glimpse of her was seldom seen, rumors of her exceeding loveliness had rendered half the noble youths in the country frantically in love with her.

Offers for the hand of the Flower of Rheinstein had poured upon the baron from all quarters, and had been obstinately rejected; if not the suitors themselves, their fathers or grandfathers having been engaged with him in some hereditary feud or quarrel impossible to heal or close up.

The fair Bertha was not particularly displeased at the summary rejection of her suitors, most of whom were a wild, lawless set of young fellows, whose highest ambition was deeds of violence, the bare recital of which filled the gentle maiden with horror; another and probably stronger reason was, that she had already disposed of her heart. Yes, she loved—alas not wisely, but too well!—a modest youth, whose rank in life was lowly, indeed, but whose stately form and ingenuous countenance marked him out as one of Nature's noblemen. Alain Ruter, the senechal or porter's son, was her page and chosen retainer since she was a merry little girl, sporting like a sprite through the dark old castle. She had grown up to womanhood; and he five years older, still attended on her without having excited the slightest suspicion in the baron's mind that he could have dared to lift his plebeian eyes to the peerless lady Bertha. It was Alain that tamed for her use the beautiful Arabian she rode on, and trained the fiery hawk that now perched with such dainty meekness on her slender wrist; it was Alain that told her such bewitching love stories of poor but adventurous youths, who had loved noble maidens beauteous as herself, and who, like the dull crystals warmed by the sun into life and vigor, had risen to fame and fortune, animated by their bright eyes.

One day Baron Hugo brought home with him a French knight, whom he introduced to his daughter as an old friend and companion at arms. Sir Guy de Courcey, a sour looking warrior like himself, was captivated at the first sight of the Flower of Rheinstein, and immediately preferred his suit to her father. Now, his fierce raids excepted, the baron was not a very bad man, for he loved and was proud of Bertha; so he demurred somewhat at the disparity of years. Anything about mutual love he did not care a fig for; his own wife had been a beautiful young creature, (some said a princess of the blood royal of France, who had wandered from her train in a hunting excursion) whom he carried off and shut up in a solitary tower until she consented to marry him. Such a man did not care much about hearts; nevertheless he might have listened to Bertha's prayers and supplications; but unluckily some of the kings of Christendom had been meditating a new crusade in the Holy Land, and young and old were arming with an enthusiasm that spread like an epidemic.

Baron Hugo caught up the martial ardor; he was getting tired of Faderland; his forays were daily becoming more dangerous than profitable, and his idle retainers more hungry, indolent and unmanageable. The French knight, who had himself amassed considerable wealth in Palestine, inflamed his imagination, too, with the vision of winning a rich territory in the soft, luxurious regions of Asia—a land, he said, where wealth and power awaited the strong hand.

Now the baron was as pugnacious as Mars, but his coffers were empty, and to equip a troop of men without money was impossible. Sir Guy arranged the matter for him, and in a secret conference, the baron agreed that if both parties returned home in safety the fair Bertha was to become the bride of Sir Guy; that knight was to supply the funds requisite for the baron's undertaking, in lieu of which the lands and castle of Rheinstein were mortgaged to him until the debt was paid, or canceled by his marriage with Bertha.

The Baron Von Rheinstein, with a stately retinue of troops, bade adieu to his daughter, commending her to the care of the Abbess of the neighboring convent, with directions to be pious and pray for their success against the infidels. He did not tell her of the wicked compact between Sir Guy and himself, or probably the Flower of Rheinstein would have withered away long before his return; as it was, she indulged in tears and lamentations enough to have changed her into a fountain when she found her beloved Alain was to accompany the baron. Sir Guy's lynx eyes had detected the attachment of the lovers, and had hinted the same to his friend.

That evening they met in the shade of the

neighboring forest, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The youth swore at her feet that, though no noble blood flowed in his veins, he would carve for himself a name that would render him worthy of her love, or leave his bones to bleach in Palestine. "Yes, dear one, by God's help thy father, were he the proudest lord that ever bore pennon, shall not refuse thee to me when I behold thee next." He kissed his crosshanded sword as he murmured these words, but the gentle Bertha threw herself into his arms in an agony of grief—how could she part from her beloved, the only protector that she had known almost from childhood. The hapless lovers gazed upon each other with tears gushing from their eyes, embraced again and again, and parted.

Two years rolled on, and no tidings reached the lady Bertha. Once only a pilgrim mentioned that a brave young esquire from the Rhinegan had saved the King of France's life, and that he dubbed him a knight upon the field. Another year rolled like a weary interval away; no more news, and the once peerless loveliness of the Flower of Rheinstein began to droop and fade away.

But suddenly the baron and Sir Guy again appeared. A few wounded soldiers and some Saracen slaves were all they had brought back of the brilliant train that had departed with them. To Bertha's tears, and poor Bruno's demand for his child, the baron gruffly answered that he had fallen in a sortie under the wall of Antioch. He had failed to conquer the splendid kingdom Sir Guy had promised him, having barely escaped with his life, with the addition of an ugly wound in the head, which made him more fierce and irascible than ever. Vain was now poor Bertha's resistance; Sir Guy insisted on the immediate fulfillment of the baron's compact, and preparations for the marriage were commenced on a scale of unexampled magnificence.

The legend says that never did the glorious sun shine more brightly and merrily on the lofty towers and frowning battlements of the castle of Rheinstein than on the morning of the bridal. The bells of the neighboring convents sent forth a joyous chime, and the timeworn walls of the old fortress echoed back the strains of merriment and music. The spacious courtyard was newly filled with armed men, Sir Guy and the baron's retainers; they were richly and even fantastically clothed; short gambizons of white cloth, with the crest of their leaders emblazoned in silver on each shoulder, with bunches of white ribbon ornamented their breastplates and basinets. They were armed with long lances, and mounted on strong horses of Flanders breed.

Apart from the motley throng was the gay bridegroom, a tall, powerful-built man, somewhat past the meridian of life. His attire, which was magnificent, was worn with the air of a man whose years sat lightly on him, and who wishes to convey that impression to others. Deeply immersed in thought, and heedless of the gay crowd around him, the French knight paced silently the only spot unoccupied by the horsemen, which was a narrow path immediately beneath the castle windows. Suddenly his steps quickened, his dark eye gleamed with a sudden fire, then wandered moodily around as if seeking someone with some unseen being. His thin, bloodless lips were firmly compressed, and a peculiar smile of mocking bitterness that played about the corners told a fearful tale of triumph and revenge.

The sudden ceasing of the joyous chimes from the abbey bell roused the bridegroom from his reverie; he started, and hastily composing his features, crossed the courtyard. At the postern gate stood one of the Moors, holding the reins of a richly caparisoned war horse; beside him a handsome page was busily engaged in fastening a plume in the head of a Spanish jennet, whose velvet trappings, as they swept the ground, literally dazzled the eyes, the whole surface being covered with a frost-work of pearl.

Sir Guy bent low to the latter and whispered some words; the boy doffed his cap, and with a gesture of respect disappeared into the castle; he returned almost immediately, and spoke some words in a low voice; with a hasty exclamation the knight again strode along the pavement.

The impatience of Sir Guy had gradually communicated to the company. One by one the cavaliers checked the prancing and curvetting of their mettled steeds, and gathered into groups, while some of the elder knights, with grave tones and frowning brows ill-concealing the smile upon their lips, were vainly reproving the reckless gibes and witty conceits which their junior companions unparaphrased lavished upon the tardy movements of the bridal party.

At this moment the appearance of Hugo Von Rheinstein himself put a stop to the heedless gossip of the cavaliers.

"In good sooth, valiant friend," said the old baron, gruffly, "an' you were as sick of women's freaks as I am, you would not be in such a hurry to wed one. I can make no better speed with you witless maiden, if you were to make a king of me. She heeds not this gallant show," and the old Baron looked proudly around the court-yard, "nor the rare garments, nor resplendent jewels, that thou hast bestowed on her. The foolish pet has spent the morning in tears; but a skillful leech has administered to her a sleeping potion, which, he says, will, when she awakens, make her dutiful and obedient to our will."

De Courcey bit his lip.

"God grant it may," said he, in a stifled voice, "for by the rood, Sir Baron, this is but sorry news to bring an impatient bridegroom. Mayhap," said he, in the tone of one who catches at some sudden hope, "some idle fire-women have alarmed their lady by the mention of yonder knaves. Maidens are timid, and love not at such a time as this the rude gaze of armed men. I will dismiss the noisy varlets, and with those brave knights and gallant gentlemen patiently await the wakening of the lady Bertha."

"It needs not," said Von Rheinstein, proudly. "Bertha is of a war-like race, and from her childhood the clang and clash of steel has ever sounded in her ears as lightly as her lute."

"She is the fitter for a soldier's bride," exclaimed Sir Guy, with a haughty smile. "But stay, Sir Hugo; while you present my loving duty to your daughter, tell her to beware how she casts you and honor thus recklessly away—to take heed the day come not when she shall lament it bitterly but in vain."

With a countenance black as midnight the French knight strode on—and luckily, for an oath had sprung to fierce old Hugo's lips, and his ready hand had already touched his sword—an action which had not passed unnoticed by the gay assemblage.

The Baron Von Rheinstein re-entered his castle. He passed into a lofty hall, elaborately carved with the armorial bearings of the Von Rheinsteins, and ascended a winding staircase. He paused at the top, and entered a small turret chamber, whose only recommendation as an abode for beauty was the prospect its narrow casements presented of the lovely Rhine and its verdant valleys. On the floor, which

was strewn with rushes, several costly articles of female apparel lay scattered. The baron approached a couch at the upper end of the room, and drawing aside a curtain, gazed long and anxiously. The Flower of Rheinstein lay before him—a fair young girl still, but the ripe lip, the rounded cheek, the first delicate bloom and freshness of early youth had fled. In the unconscious gracefulness of sleep her head rested on her white upturned arm; her golden hair had escaped from under a chaplet of white roses, and far and wide it streamed in rich profusion on her neck and shoulders; her cheek was flushed, her long silken lashes wet as if with recent tears, and o'er that sad, sweet face there flitted a bland, unearthly smile.

"Gertrude," said the baron to a tire-maiden that sat beside her, "fetch thy lute. The leech said it would wake yet soothe her."

The girl arose, took her lute, and seating herself on a low tressel at her mistress's feet, after a slight prelude, began a little lay of touching sweetness. Again that wild, fitful smile played upon the lady's features—her lips moved, but no sound escaped—her eye-lids were slowly elevated; the deep blue eyes rested on the figure of the baron—she started wildly from the couch and pressed her small, white hands over her forehead, as if to recall her scattered thoughts from that dread lethargy. The baron made a quick, impatient sign. Her maidens thronged around her. They clasped Sir Guy's choicest gift—a zone of rubies—round her slender waist, then flung a silken mantle over her exquisitely molded shoulders—a veil of filmy gauze descended to her feet. Mute, motionless, the passive victim stood beneath their hands—a slight, convulsive shudder alone betrayed her inward agony as, seizing her unresisting hand, the baron led her to the hall.

A low murmur of admiration ran along the castle yard. Knight and esquire bent to their saddle-bows in mute devotion to the Flower of Rheinstein. Statue like that queenly form stood, gazing with a vague mournfulness around her, as if seeking for some fond, familiar face. In vain the baron pressed her hand and muttered in her ear. He then raised his plumed casque and bowed respectfully to the armed throng. At the same moment De Courcey approached, leading the white palfrey; and with a suave smile upon his grim visage, he lifted the fair Bertha on it; then, seizing the silken rein, he bounded on his own charger, and waving his hand, the brilliant suite of knights and men-at-arms formed around, and slowly followed by the swarthy Saracens, the cavalcade issued from the castle-yard.

On the borders of the old forest, that surrounded the castle Von Rheinstein, stood the Abbey of St. Ethold. It had originally been built and endowed in atonement for some wild deed by Raulph, first Baron Von Rheinstein; but none of his successors happening to excel either in piety or wealth, they gradually monopolized the revenue appointed for its support, and though still used as the last resting-place of the race of Von Rheinstein, the ancient order of monks had long been dispersed, and the moldering walls and dilapidated arches were fast crumbling into dust.

Leaning against one of the broken columns, in the interior of the chapel, stood a man of tall and graceful figure, but of such delicate proportions as to convey an idea of ill health. He was in full armor, which looked rather soiled and travel-stained, wore neither crest nor badge, and from an appearance of mental and bodily exhaustion the stranger seemed to have journeyed long and hurriedly. The visor of his helmet was up, and displayed the noble countenance of a young man about three or four-and-twenty, but so careworn and ghastly, that it seemed Death had already set his seal upon it. The stranger's sunken eyes wandered round the sculptured walls, stored with hygone splendors of the Von Rheinsteins—it paused not on the proud record of deeds his own had equaled; his gaze fell upon a few garlands of fresh pulled flowers, which the nuns of the neighboring convent had industriously hung around the walls. At this moment the clattering of hoofs, mingled with the hum of many voices, was borne on his ear. A faint glow tinged the pale cheek of the youth; he started from his recumbent posture, and drawing up his slight form to its full height, he approached a small opening, cut in the solid masonry. The priest's white garments fluttered past him. There came a gallant company. Onward they swept, with nodding plumes, and glittering spears. The stranger saw none, heeded none—his whole faculty of vision seemed to have fixed on one hated form. A knight rode slowly by, apparently in deep converse with a fair and fragile being who rode beside him, and now his drooping plume has almost touched her palfrey's neck—he has raised her unresisting hand, and pressed it to his lips. A groan burst from the stranger—he clasped his mailed hand over his brow, as if to repress the maddening agony of some painful thought.

The bridal procession advanced towards the altar—a breathless silence fell around. The Flower of Rheinstein and Sir Guy de Courcey knelt before the sacred shrine; the aged priest unclasped an illuminated missal, the glancing sunbeams now streaming in all their glory, lit up the brilliant page, and a face to which the long fasts and painful vigils of an ascetic life had imparted a chastened and spiritual expression without blunting the gentle feelings of a common humanity, or subduing the natural warmth of a kindly heart, for there was a pitying softness in his mild blue eye as it glanced upon that fair young girl to the bold dark man beside her, and a tremulous faintness in his voice as he pronounced the benediction.

Suddenly a clash of arms was heard; all started to their feet, and, fearful of treachery, knights and squires looked enquiringly around. An armed knight advanced from an obscure part of the chapel, and approached De Courcey.

"Guy de Courcey," said a voice that sounded faint and hollow within the closed visor of his helmet, but grew hurried and impassioned as he proceeded—"I come here to do battle in behalf of one whom you have most foully wronged. Traitor—renegade—false and dishonored knight, I forbid thy marriage rites, until thou hast met me in mortal combat, on foot or on horse-back, by lance, sword or any other weapon. There lies my gage!" and the iron gauntlet of the stranger rang upon the stone pavement.

A mortal paleness for a moment overspread the countenance of the French knight. He started to his feet and looked wildly at the figure before him, but recovering himself with a powerful effort, he exclaimed in tone of cutting irony—

"And who art thou discourteous churl, that thus dares to malign a spotless name? Mayhap some bower-knight or low born adventurer, about to run a tilt in honor of his maiden spurs; and yet, good faith noble gentleman, we perceive that neither crest, cognizance nor lady's favor wears thy proxy champion for another's wrongs. Pity to let such martial ardor cool—although, by holy rood! (said he, turning to the lady Bertha,) such loveliness as this might well plead our rejection of a nobler cause. It shall never be said that love's

light fetters so bound the heart of Guy de Courcey; and now, fair lady, grace with your presence but the field, and under favor of your bright eyes, and this good lance, I trust to do such service as will again lead me a willing captive to your feet."

He spoke to vacant ears, the lady had started from that death-like stupor into which she had sunk since her first waking from the effects of the sleeping-draught. The stranger's voice had fallen like long forgotten music on her ear; the icy chain that bound her spirit broke, and memory poured its gushing tide along. Once more she was a happy girl, and rambled with her beloved Alain through the verdant woods and leafy bowers of Rheinstein. She raised her large blue eyes and gazed wistfully on the figure of the stranger.

The lists were quickly formed, and an elevated seat arranged for the lady Bertha, for even the most timid of the fair sex were bound to preside at those deadly contests, as well as those lighter jousts and tournaments, which, generally undertaken in honor of their charms, formed the principal amusement of the chivalry of the age.

Whilst the preparations for the combat were completing, knights and squires crowded round the stranger. Their proffers of assistance and profuse inquiries were repelled with grave and chilling courtesy. At length the signal was given, and with couched lance the challenger rode into the lists. De Courcey spurred forward to meet him. At the first onslaught, both lances shivered to the grip. Fresh weapons were placed in their hands. Again the lance of the stranger was shattered on the breastplate of his opponent. All eyes were now fixed on De Courcey, when suddenly the stranger was observed to reel faintly in his saddle. For a moment he rose slowly in his stirrups, and aimed a few random blows with a broken stump that remained in his hand, then sinking backward, his arms fell powerless by his side.

Four squires instantly entered the arena, and advanced to his assistance. They lifted him out of the saddle, and placing him on the greensward, hastily unlaced his helmet. A quantity of raven hair clustered round a pale, death-like countenance, whose extreme youth and beauty at once attracted the sympathy and curiosity of the bystanders. Some pressed quickly forward, and undoing the armor, began to chafe the limbs of the stranger, but, alas! in vain—the vital spark was extinct. The gallant youth had fought in the last agonies of death. The worn and emaciated appearance of the stranger's body gave loose to conjecture, until the marks of fetters on the arms and wrists solved the enigma. The knight had escaped from Palestine, and the well known rigor with which the Saracens treated the unfortunate captives who refused to abjure their faith and country, flashed on the remembrance of all present.

"Escaped from the Moors," exclaimed a young knight. "'Tis Alain Ruter, of Rheinstein," murmured he, as he bent over the woe countenance. "Yes, gentlemen, it is Alain Ruter, who, for his noble deeds in Palestine, was knighted by the hand of the great Louis himself."

"'Tis Alain Ruter," was echoed from lip to lip. A hurried step was now heard advancing. All moved back with respectful sympathy, as the form of the old senechal of Rheinstein tottered into the circle.

"Who speaks of my Alain, gallant gentlemen?" said he, in a low, husky voice. "Say, has my boy returned? He is not dead, then?" He uttered a wild, bitter cry, as he threw himself on the body; the long, gray hair mingled with the raven curls, as he pressed the cold, inanimate clay to his breast. "Oh! he is not dead, sir; my boy, my Alain will awake. Ye could not have coldly murdered one so brave and good. They say old hearts are callous; but oh! they have not felt the pangs of madness burning in their brain, long, sleepless nights and days of agony, the aching, yearning sorrow with which a father mourns for his child."

Over the hum of young, eager voices that pressed consoling around old Bruno, there rose a scream of such thrilling misery, as never issued but from the very depths of a broken heart. There was a pause of anxious suspense; all looked fearfully to where the lady Bertha sat. A group of figures had congregated round the spot. There was a flutter of a thin white robe, as the dark mass opened for a moment. A knight came slowly forward. He knelt and reverently laid the fair form of the ill-fated Bertha by the side of her lover. Her deep blue eyes were closed as if in a profound and happy sleep—her gentle spirit had fled forever.

Mourning by every youth and maiden in the Rhinegan, the Flower of Rheinstein was laid in her ancestral vault, and by her side, his shattered weapons crossed upon his breast, they laid the young crusader.

Stout Baron Hugo would have turned monk, but he was too much attached to the wine-cup, so he resumed his old way of life, and was knocked on the head in one of his predatory excursions.

Sir Guy disappeared without enforcing his claim on the lands of Rheinstein, but years after, a weary palmer brought tidings to the neighboring monastery of shameful discomfiture experienced by the Christian host, for foremost in each sally, and still bearing the pennon of the Cross, a knight of St. John led on the Paynim ranks. The holy man crossed himself as the name of Sir Guy de Courcey passed his lips.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

There is no end to the complaints which we hear uttered against the hard fate, the numberless sorrows to which the human race is exposed in this world. We are told that this world is a vale of tears, a dark, gloomy wilderness, a vast thornfield, and the travelers through it are exposed to all sorts of trials and troubles.

Now if these complaints are true, or even believed to be true, we should in reason expect that people would refrain from adding to the general inconvenience and troubles of life by manufacturing new and additional ones. Yet, as a matter of daily experience, we find that a large proportion of men, and women too, are constantly and zealously engaged in inventing troubles and imagining evils which have no shadow of reality, but with which the inventors contrive to plague and worry themselves as much as they possibly could with the most substantial.

It would be ludicrous, if it were not profoundly melancholy, to notice the perverse ingenuity and industry with which many people pursue this business of tormenting themselves with imaginary sufferings. In spite of all that Providence lavishes upon them, they will be miserable, and you cannot persuade them out of it. How strange a being man is, and how certain it is that he is his own worst enemy. In nine cases out of ten, we have no doubt, could we sift out the grounds upon which people are miserable, we should find that the real troubles bore a very small proportion to the imagined ones. How long shall we keep up this folly? Why not be satisfied with grumbling over the actual ills of life, rather than tax our imaginations to create a new batch every day.

AN EXCELLENT MOTTO.—Fear no man, and do justice to all men.

NOISE.

"Now learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise."

Man is naturally a noisy animal. To make a noise is the only lesson in which nature herself has instructed him, and he is master of the art before he is even conscious of existence. High and low, good and bad, attain nearly the same proficiency in it. Man's inclination to make noise assumes the authority of a passion at his birth, and it prevails in every modification of humanity. It is equipollent in a state of nature, and in the capricious communities of artificial life. It is the appetite which fashion has not at any time repealed, and hitherto it has been safe even from the freaks of a fine lady. Philosophers, seeing the force of the passion, have been beating about for an explanation; one of them says that our love of noise proceeds from an instinctive aversion to our own thoughts, and that, if every wish we form could be analyzed, they would be traced, without exception, to that source. There may be reason in this; melancholy is the natural ally of meditation—joy, on the contrary, is made up of noise; it thunders forth in a cannonade of laughter, and exercises the neighborhood round of pale cogitation and her penive train. It would be impossible, and even if otherwise, it would be useless, to number up the proofs of the force of this passion over the human heart. Even when "the senses are steeped in forgetfulness," we do involuntary homage to the goddess of noise, and like the Wogultzo, that worship their idols by howling, acknowledge her supremacy in the most sonorous accents. The whole business of life is to make a noise in the world. The statesman sacrifices to it his health, and, not seldom, something that ought to be dearer. The professional man builds all his hopes on making a noise. It is the only point, we believe, in which opposing parties agree, and "the American public" may thank the force of this passion over mankind, or they might go whistle for a Congress.

Every strong excitement impels us to make noise. Savages go to battle with loud shouts and outcries. The armies of civilized nations do the same, partly with the view of striking terror in their enemies, and artificial noise is employed to keep up the courage of the soldiers. The Bohemian warrior (Zisca) who left his skin for a drum, saying that the enemy would fly at the sound of it, is a good authority in favor of the virtues of noise. Cato the Elder boasted that he had gained more victories by the throats of his army than by their swords, and Caesar mentions the shouts of his regiments as one of the things that rendered them superior to the troops of Pompey. Military men admit that the noise of the artillery does as much towards the victory as the shots themselves, and a certain captain was wont to call the mouth of a great gun *hell-mouth*, and said that he who trembled not when one of them thundered, feared neither God nor the devil.

Guilt has a great antipathy to noise. Confessions of crimes have been extorted ere now by a sudden shock of noise. When Macbeth has effected the bloody deed, the least sound fills him with alarms. The knocking from without petrifies him with fear. "How is't with me," he says, "when every noise appals me?" When Lear hears the tempest rattling over his head, he, in the most natural manner, exclaims—

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee unwhipped justice,
Unwhipped of justice.

We cannot better conclude than by correcting a popular error respecting the comparative ages of Noise and Silence. The notion that Silence is the eldest has been insidiously countenanced by Pope, in his Address to Silence, in imitation of Rochester, the following lines making her out to be senior to the creation:

Thine was the sway ere Heaven was formed, or earth,
Ere fruitful thought conceived creation's birth,
Or midwife word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.
Milton, however, settles the matter otherwise, in his description of the appearance before creation:

Illimitable ocean's deepest bound,
—Where oldest Night,
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

ON THE CHOICE OF PROFESSIONS.

"Consult the genius of the place in all."

Upon the choice of his profession or trade a man's fortune in life materially depends; prosperity and comfort may be said to hang on the decision; and, by thwarting a peculiar bias, or evild preference, we may crush ambition, nullify genius, and substitute heartless labor and profitless exertion for energy, eminence, and fame. Few are gifted with universal talents, and few, perhaps, are able to pursue the particular study or occupation best adapted to their bodily and mental abilities. Powers and capacities may exist unknown even to their possessor, which, if circumstances had brought into notice, might have changed the whole current of his life, and altered and improved his destiny. When by some favoring chance a man discovers the peculiar bent of his genius, and when by a happy fate he is enabled to follow its direction, the foundation is laid for future eminence, though much subsequent exertion and continued perseverance will be requisite to raise the superstructure. To produce this exertion the spur of ambition is useful, but still more effectual is the sharper prick of poverty. When a nobleman showed a picture he had painted to Poussin, and asked his opinion of it, the artist replied, "If you were but poor, my Lord, you would become a fine painter."

MOST COMMON ABODE OF HAPPINESS.

Most true it is that happiness most frequently takes up her abode in the middle ranks of life. The mind of man is so constituted as to take more pleasure in anticipating a future good than in enjoying a present one: ease is ten times sweeter when gained by our own exertions; rest is never truly delightful till purchased by previous labor; what we procure for ourselves seems more precious than any inherited possessions; and the little acquisitions and inducements for which we work and for which we indolence, are pleasanter amusements in pursuit, and greater blessings in enjoyment, than all the luxury and splendor to which the rich and noble are familiarized from their birth, and which spring not in the remotest degree from their own merit or exertions.

CHECK ANGER!

We prefer a quick temper—"quick mad and quick over"—to a sullen one; but to anger of any description it is dangerous to yield, and therefore to all we say, "Check your Anger." Pause before you put into execution the deeds which it prompts. Reflection is often a sure antidote for that poison of the heart. The wisdom of the wise men who govern nations concurs in acknowledging the benefits of deliberation, even when the honor, liberty and existence of nations is involved: hence the coldness and courtesy and tedium of negotiations between Powers, who, though they hotly hate each other, still strive to maintain the ascendancy of reason over passion.