

LITERATURE.

ODE—AUTUMN.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless, like silence listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;
Shaking his languid locks, all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet with golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer? With the sun
Opening the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds? Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noonday.
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer? In the West,
Blushing their last to the sunny hours,
Where the mild eve by sudden Night is prest,
Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer—the green prime—
The many, many, leaves all twinkling? Three
On the mossed elm; three on the naked lime
Trembling—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryad's Immortality?
Gone into mournful cyprus and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy winter through
In the smooth holly's eternity.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimmed their garner with ripe grain,
And honey bees have stored
The sweets of summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells
Among the sunless shadows of the plain;

Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love rosary,
While all the withered world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned Past,
In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, gray upon the gray.

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershad'd
Under the languid downfall of her hair;
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care:
There is enough of withered everywhere
To make her bower—and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died—whose doom
Is Beauty's—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light;
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of chilly dropping from her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

THE LAST ADVENTURE OF A COQUETTE.

A more capricious coquette than the beautiful Kate Crossley never played with hapless hearts. She is now a sober matron, the wife of an elegant husband, and the mother of two beautiful children. We hate to rake up the ashes of bitter remembrances; (for, believe us, gentle reader, this story, though short, is nevertheless true; and we know one young gentleman at least who will recognize the unhappy hero of it.) But we cannot pass over in silence the last episode in the unmarried life of Kate. It may be a warning to future unfortunate lovers, and offered a striking instance of that utter heartlessness which a beautiful flirt alone can feel.

Kate was an heiress, that is, a moderate fortune of two hundred thousand had been accumulated expressly for her use—for she was an only child. She had a much larger fortune, however, in her face; and that evening never passed, that the threshold of her father's dwelling was not crossed by half a score of elegant beaux, all bloods, and some of them men of fortune. Kate amused herself by making these young gentlemen jealous. A beautiful flirt, who can command even the small sum of two hundred thousand dollars, is a dangerous creature in the community of Philadelphia; and already on Kate Crossley's account had two parties of the aforesaid young gentlemen crossed over to Camden with sanguinary intentions. Fortunately, however, we have the most vigilant police in the world, and a mayor, whose instinct is so keen, that it has been known to forewarn him of the time and place of a duel, the arrangements of which had been kept religiously secret from all but the principals and their seconds.

By such efforts of genius on the part of our worthy mayor, had the chivalrous lovers of our heroine been spared the pain of blood-letting, and having purchased the pleasing reputation of courage, they were bound

over, and thus procured the sweet privilege of frowning at each other hereafter without the necessity of fighting for it.

Matters were progressing thus; lovers were alternately sighing, and smiling, and scowling, when the elegant Augustus Nob returned from his European tour, bringing with him, of course, a foreign mustache, and a decidedly foreign accent. Nob was an only son of one of the first families. He had been left an independent fortune by his parents, (deceased,) most of which he had contrived to spend in Paris and London. This, however, was still a secret, and Nob was welcome everywhere.

But under no mahogany did Mr. Augustus Nob stretch his limbs more frequently than under the hospitable board of Mrs. Crossley. We say Mrs. Crossley, for although her good husband still lived, he was only identified in the house as a piece of its plainest furniture.

Crossley had served his purpose in this world—he had made the two hundred thousand—had retired from business, and was no longer of any value. It was now Mrs. C.'s turn to play her part, which consisted in practically proving that two hundred thousand can be spent almost as fast as it can be made. Balls, soirees, and suppers, followed each other in quick succession. Morning levees were held, attended by crowds of bloods. The elegant Augustus was always present, and always dressed in the most fashionable rig. A party at the house of Mrs. Crossley and the elegant Augustus not present? Who could bear the idea? Not Mrs. C. herself, who was constantly exclaiming,

'My dear Augustus—he is the very life and soul of us; how charming, how handsome, and how fashionable; just the air that traveling gives. How much I long to call him my dear son,' and in fact Mrs. C. was leaving no stone unturned to consummate this maternal design. She was not likely to find much opposition on the part of the 'elegant' himself. Not only would the two hundred thousand have been particularly acceptable at that time, but the heart of the young gentleman, or, in other words, his vanity, had become greatly excited, and he felt much disposed to carry off the coquette in triumph, in spite of the agony and disappointment of at least a score of competitors.

But where is our heroine, Kate, all this time? Flirting, of course, with a dozen beaux, each at one moment thinking himself most favored, and the next spurned, and despairing. Now she smiles upon Mr. Fitz-rush, and compliments him upon the smallness of his foot. Fitz blushes, simpers, and appears not at all vain of his feet—in fact, stammers out that they are 'large, very large, indeed,' to which candid acknowledgment on his part, should the company appear to assent, he carelessly adds that 'they are small for a man of his size,' insinuating that it is nothing out of the way to find small men with little feet, and little credit should therefore be attached, but when a man of large dimensions is found with elegant little feet like his, the credit ought to be quadrupled or tripled at least.

Kate, the talented Kate, understands it all, and after smiling quietly at the gentleman's silliness, she turns her satire upon another victim.

'Ah! my dear Mr. Cressy, how your eyes sparkled last night at the Opera—they looked like a basilisk's.'

This gentleman's eyes were of a very dull green color, and looked more like a cat's than a basilisk's, but not 'seeing them as others saw them,' he replied that 'he could not help it—the music always excited him so.'

'Ah! the music, Mr. Cressy; but perhaps—'

She was prevented from finishing her reply by the announcement of a gentleman who had just made his appearance in the doorway; and who was no less a personage than the elegant Augustus Nob.

To say that Mr. Augustus Nob was a small fish in this party, would be to speak what was not true; on the other hand, he was a big fish—in fact the biggest in the kettle. Any one who had witnessed the sensation produced by this announcement, would have judged so. The coquette broke off in the middle of her satire, and running towards the door, conducted him to the seat nearest to her own, where, after an elegant bow, he seated himself—a full grown lion. During the continuance of this welcome reception, various pantomimic gestures were exhibited by different members of the company. There was a general uneasiness, shifting of chairs—dark looks were shot toward the 'elegant,' and conciliatory, and even friendly glances were exchanged among the beaux, who, forgetting for the moment their mutual jealousies, concentrated their united envy upon their common rival. If Cressy's eyes never sparkled before, they certainly did upon this occasion; and the right leg of Fitz-rush was flung violently over the left knee, where it continued to oscillate with an occasional nervous twitching of the toes, expressive of a hardly repressed desire on the part of its owner to try the force of those little feet on the favored 'elegant's' handsome person. It was all in vain, however, Nob was evidently the successful lover, for he sat close to the graceful creature—that is, closer than any other—and chatted to her of balls and operas; and, confident of his position, he did not care a fig for the envy and jealousy which on all sides surrounded him.

And Kate showed all her attentions upon Nob, and Nob triumphed over his rivals.

Matters progressed thus for several weeks, Nob still paying marked attentions to the coquette, whose chief delight seemed to be, not only to torment her best of other lovers, but occasionally the 'elegant' himself.

Augustus, however, still continued first in favor, and from the attentions he received at the hands of Mrs. Crossley, it was conjectured by the family friends that a marriage with her daughter was not far distant. The less aspiring of Kate's former lovers had long since 'hailed their wind,' and only a few, among whom were Fitz-rush and Cressy, still continued to hang on despairingly to what was evidently a forlorn hope.

Nob openly boasted that he had run them all out of the field, and was heard triumphantly to assert that he was breaking the heart of the 'dear creataw,' and that he 'would be under the positive necessity of healing it at the hymeneal altar.' 'He was very young to marry—quite a child—but then to keep the dear sylph in suspense—oh! it would be bawbawous—positively bawbawous!'

It is not to be supposed that the cunning, the talented Kate, was ignorant of these boasts on the part of the elegant Nob. No—no—Kate knew every thing, and among other things she knew Mr. Augustus Nob thoroughly; and she resolved on taking most exquisite vengeance upon him.

Spring—delightful spring has returned—and all nature looks as sweet as the lips of a lovely woman. The trees upon our side-walks, and in our beautiful squares, are once more covered with green and shady foliage, and from the windows of high houses hang handsome cages, from which those warbling prisoners—the mock-bird, and the troupial, and the linnet and canary bird, send forth their dulcet notes, filling the street with music and melody.

Fashionable ladies are beginning to make their appearance in the streets, unattended by gentlemen, as it is the shopping hour, and gentlemen would be only in the way. From the door of an elegant mansion, in the upper part of Chestnut street issues a graceful and beautiful girl, who is proceeding down the street towards the busier part of the city. She does not loiter nor look in at the shopwindows, as ladies generally do at this hour, but walks nimbly along as though she came forth upon some preconceived errand. As she nears that part of Chestnut street which is in the neighborhood of the State House she lessens her gait, and walks more leisurely. She is heard to soliloquize—

'In truth, it is as much as my courage, nay even my reputation is worth, to enter the studio of my sweet painter thus alone; but what can I do, since the dear fellow had been banished from our house by the aristocratic notions of my mother? Well, I shall risk all for him, as he would for me, I know. How happy it will make him to hear my errand. Only to think that I am forced to an elopement, or marry that ninny whom my mother has chosen for me. But I shall elope—I shall. Henry has so often proposed it—how happy he shall be to hear me consent; but I shall do it in my own way—that is fixed. Henry will laugh when I tell him of my plans. Some one may be with him at this moment, and deprive me of the pleasure of conversing with him; but then it is all written here, and I can see him soon again, 'Henry Willis, Miniature Painter.' Yes! this is the sweet fellow's place—no one observes me enter.' So saying the graceful girl entered a large hall, the door of which stood open, and passing up a flight of steps, she tapped gently with her small gloved fingers upon the door of a chamber, upon which was repeated, in gold letters, the same words that were exhibited in front of the building—

'Henry Willis, Miniature Painter.' In a moment the door opened, disclosing within the studio of an artist, the artist himself, a fine looking youth, with dark hair and light mustache, and dressed in his painter's blouse, while in the back-ground could be seen a prim, stiff old lady in high cap and curls, steadily and rigidly sitting for her portrait.

At sight of the new comer the artist's countenance became bright with love and pleasure, and the exclamation 'dearest!' that almost involuntarily escaped him, told that they were no strangers to each other. The young lady, on the other hand, perceiving the sinner through the half-opened door, glided back a step or two, so as to be unperceived by the latter, and taking from her reticule a folded paper, she held it out to the painter, accompanying the act with these words—'A message for you, Henry; it would have been pleasanter, perhaps, to have delivered it verbally, but you see I have been prepared for any emergency.' So saying, she delivered the paper, received a kiss upon her little gloved hand, smiled, said "good morning!" and gracefully glided back into the street.

The artist re-entered his studio—found some excuse to dismiss the stiff old lady, and was soon buried with beaming face and beating heart, in the contents of the paper he had just received.

He rose from his perusal like a man mad—mad from excess of joy—mad from love; and hastily striding up and down his small studio, he exclaimed, 'Yes, dearest heart! any thing, any thing you wish shall be done. One week and she shall be mine; and such a mischievous trick—but the fool deserves it, richly deserves it, for aspiring to the hand of one so immeasurably his superior. Ninny! he little knew how deeply she has loved, sweet girl! How she has deceived them—father, mother, friends, all! How sweet and how powerful is first love!'

Kate Crossley had often been heard to say, that whenever she married, there would be an elopement. She either had a presentiment that such would be her fate,