

LITERATURE.

SONG.

So mournfully she gazed on him
As if her heart would break;
Her silence more upbraided him
Than all her tongue might speak!

So mournfully she gazed on him,
Yet answer made she none;—
But tears that could not be repressed,
Fell slowly, one by one.

"I hoped," she said—but what she hoped
In blushes died away;
"I thought," she said—but what she thought
Her tears might only say!

She could do nought but gaze on him,
For answer she had none;
But tears that could not be repressed,
Fell slowly, one by one.

Alas! that life should be so short—
So short, and yet so sad:
Alas! that we so late are taught
To prize the time we had!

The silent sorrow of that hour
Will haunt his daily track;
And oft he'll wish when lost the power,
He'd called that weeper back.

TOM THORNE.

A TALE OF THE MASORCHA CLUB,
AT BUENOS AYRES.

CHAPTER IV.

A scamper into the camp of Buenos Ayres, is one of the greatest treats that the citizens of that town can enjoy. True, there is nothing to interest you in the scenery, nothing to admire in the goodness of the roads, and nothing to guide you in your journey but trees; still there is an indefinable charm in galloping with a good horse and a lively companion over the boundless green plain.

With 'the blue above' and 'the green below' you rove free and unconfined—the fresh balmy air revivifying the blood which the rapid and easy motion sends thrilling through the whole frame. You feel etherealized. Without bounds to your progress or your prospects, away you go. No trace of art here to mar the simplicity of nature. The Arabs never were and never will be slaves, and now you are the Arabs of the plain—hurrah! hurrah!

Tom Thorne and Richard Griffin appeared to consider themselves as Arabs of the plain, calculating from the rapidity with which they were scampering over the ground, clearing their way through herds of oxen, sheep, and horses, with long whips and loud huzzas.

"Where in the name of Nimrod, are we tearing to, Thorne?" said Griffin after a pause. "Sure we are outstripping the wind; for a moment ago it was in our face, and now it is on our back."

"We are going to Mendoza's countryhouse," said Thorne, "to have some bantering with the ladies after our canter, and to let that awkward scrape of last night blow over, and be laughed at before I get back. You have never been in the camp before?" inquired Thorne.

"Never."

"Then you have a great pleasure before you. A few days in the camp refreshes one like a month's sea-bathing. The air is so fresh, and everything wears such a simple holiday aspect that it almost makes you forget that you are a sinner, and throw off bad habits rise, with the lark, drink milk, marry a wife, and become a patriarch."

"Well done Thorne! and so it may yet."

"Then you can ride and dance, without getting weary, drink, without getting seedy, and eat innumerable beef steaks for breakfast, without mustard; nay, you may even relish water without brandy, and sleep without cigars."

"Love and beef, Thorne, versus cigars and brandy. You alternate between town and country, till you resemble a rich rowley powley pudding, solids and sweets, revolving round and round each hour, making a most delicious 'tout ensemble.'"

While our friends thus talk and canter to the place of their destination, let us take the liberty of introducing ourselves.

The house of Louis Mendoza was situated on a rising ground on the banks of the 'River,' of which it commanded a beautiful prospect. There was a large garden attached to it, adorned with the flowers which the country produced, most of them at that season, in the full bloom and vigour of spring. Fruit trees, both of the northern and southern hemispheres, from the tropic and temperate zones, diffused sweet perfume from their blossoms; and vines, peaches, and orange trees were already decked with the budding promise of a rich harvest.

Summer-houses were there, woven into shape with creepers and ever-greens. Birds of the tropics, in large aviaries, nearly visible from being formed of green-painted wire, lent the splendor of their plumage to enrich a scene which the songsters of the air delighted to enliven with their music.

Beware of that garden, Tom Thorne, in the evening, when your heart is soft. Ride not with the ladies over that velvet lawn when the flush of the morning's sun is reflected from their lovely faces, Tom Thorne. You are lost to the bachelor world for ever, Tom, if you be seduced to wander through these lovely woods with the ringlets of Anita Mendoza playing round your manly shoulder; and as for the summer-houses, if ever you enter them let it be with a book or a cigar only; mind that Tom, mind that.

Anita Mendoza might be sixteen or seventeen, Mariquita, eighteen or nineteen; both were beautiful, and possessed all the accomplishments and graces of the country.

The contour of the features of Mariquita might be more regularly beautiful than that of Anita. She was more of a blonde, too; her eye was beautiful and bright, her figure graceful and elegant, but still it would strike you that you had seen others as fair and bright. She was a beauty, and of that there can be no doubt; but a beauty too much resembling the style of her sister, to bear a favourable contrast with her, and yet not sufficiently distinct to establish a separate and independent claim.

But how shall we describe Anita Mendoza? She was the mistress of grace and elegance, for they followed her every step, and attended her every movement; you were a slave at her mercy, the moment you saw that dark liquid eye, whether it beamed in kindness, flashed in railery, or sparkled with delight, from under its long, dark, dangerous eyelashes.

To be in the presence of Anita Mendoza was to be in an enchanted circle. When that eye was upon you, your own identity was lost; your soul was lit up by the beams that flashed from that magic eye, and rays of love or envy, mirth or folly, were reflected back to the source from whence they sprang. Let none despise the theory of animal magnetism; beside Anita Mendoza your heart throbbed, your pulse played, and your soul thought in unison with hers.

Such were your feelings when under the influence of the syren, but only then, for well you knew that that eye flashed or melted, and that smile played, and that lip pouted, as brightly and perfectly for others, one and all, as for your own dear envious self.

Beside her she was your queen and empress; away, she was a little mix, a sweet little flirt. To sum up, in dancing she was a fairy, in singing a cherub, and far or near an enchanting bewitching creature.

Luis Mendoza, the father of these ladies, was a rare old Spaniard. He had travelled a good deal in Europe, especially in England, where he had acquired not only some knowledge of the language, but a predilection for its convivial habits; and brandy and water had more charms for him in a cool evening, than 'matte' or 'eau sucree.'

He had early lost his helpmate, and freed from this check on his convivial habits, it required little encouragement on his part to keep his house constantly full of 'bons vivants' to assist him at the duties of the table, and gallants to amuse his daughters at the sala; and more of his gallant and 'bon vivants' were to be found among the Anglo Saxons than among the natives.

Thus were Mariquita and Anita Mendoza accustomed from their earliest years to the language of adulation; and from having the duties of a household thus early thrust upon each, there was less of maidenly reserve, a little of maidenly coquetry, with a dash of more masculine character, than in other circumstances would have been becoming at such tender years.

The ladies were seated alone in an elegantly fitted up sala, the elder busy with her needle at some fancy work, and the other idly and listlessly hurrying her soft white, little dimpled fingers over the keys of a rich toned piano—to a well known air in South America, the words of which imply that the singer never, never, never will get married—

'No no no no quiero,
No quiero casarme
Es mejor, es mejor,
Ser soltera
Siempre paseandera
Del mundo
Del mundo gozar.
Amantes amantes
Constantes se encuentran
Muy pocos al dia
Con cara tan fresca
Como una violeta
Y con ojos tan
Brillantes a mi gusto.'

"Well, Mariquita," said the young lady, throwing aside the music, "I admire the patience you can bestow upon that endless sampler, when you must feel as tired and as exhausted as I am."

"Of course, Anita, after that ball, sampler work is rather tame and tedious; but what shall we do?"

"I am afraid we shall have nobody out here to-day," said Anita with a kind of suppressed yawn.

"I see how it is, Anita; you are wearying already for even a languid compliment to those flashing eyes."

"Depend upon it, Mariquita, that my eyes could stand no comparison to your lips with any man of taste."

"How did you relish Bruin's hugs last night?" retorted the other.

"Oh, the dear Bruin, I could not forbear hugging him now in return, were he here to enliven us. And 'gracias a Dios,' here he is!"

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the portly person and beaming face of Tom Thorne stood before them.

"Welcome, welcome! Mr. Thorne," said Mariquita. "Anita has just been stating that Mr. Bruin's attentions last night were so very pressing that she considers herself indebted to him a hug in return."

"Miss Anita shall find Mr. Bruin a very pressing creditor for the liquidation of that debt," said our hero, advancing towards her; and in the full playfulness of their character, both girls seized the gratified bachelor by the hands as if he had been an overgrown playmate.

At this moment Griffin presented himself, and the ladies hastily, but without agitation, assumed the attitude of polite and attentive hostesses.

"Permit me, ladies," said Thorne, "to introduce my friend, Mr. Griffin, who I have no doubt regrets not being yet entitled to the frank and warm reception extended to old friends in the 'Camp' of Buenos Ayres."

"We are happy to see you in the 'Camp,' Mr. Griffin," replied the elder sister, with great courtesy. "We have been longing for some company all day, and consider ourselves very fortunate in being favored with a visit from Mr. Thorne, and any friend of his."

"I consider myself fortunate in being introduced to you by Mr. Thorne at a time when our company promises to be agreeable to you."

"I hope you are accustomed to our long and rather fatiguing rides in the Camp."

"I assure you I am amply repaid already, miss, for the fatigue we have undergone, by the beauty and richness of everything I see near and around me," said Griffin, giving a kind of circuitous bow.

"As you are accustomed to the beauty and freshness of the scenery," said Mariquita with an arch smile, "may I offer you a glass of your favorite champaign, Mr. Thorne?"

"You are very kind, Senorita, to be so attentive to my favorite tastes. A glass of champaign will be very refreshing after the ride."

"Or shall it be your favorite brandy and water?" edged in the little wicked Anita, with a twinkle in the eye, which took away every vestige of satire, that the question might otherwise have implied, when addressed to our hero.

"The brandy and water will be fully as good, miss Anita," replied Tom, "if you would brisk it up with a few sparkles from those eyes of yours."

"A truce to such baubles of fancy," said Mariquita. "Which shall it be, gentlemen?"

"Mr. Thorne or I would be happy with either," said Griffin; "but pray let it be champaign, and then we hope that you will partake."

"Bravo, bravo, Griffin, champaign let it be."

"Pray ladies, is not the 'patron' here?"

"Oh yes!" replied Anita, "but he is not likely to be back till late, he is taking a ride over the chacra with Senor Le Brun."

An involuntary start escaped Thorne at the mention of that name.

"What ails you, Mr. Thorne?" said Anita.

"Nothing, Anita, nothing. Why I have had the pleasure of meeting him this morning already. But I see we have interrupted your amusements at the piano, which I trust will be renewed after our refreshment."

That start was not lost upon Anita, though she affected not to notice it.

Refreshments, music and gay conversation passed off the time most pleasantly until the arrival of Louis Mendoza and his companion.

And now let us leave the merry party to enjoy themselves, and sally out to introduce ourselves to the old gentleman and his companion.

Felipe Le Brun was a Creole, of about six or eight and twenty; his father a Jerseyman, his mother a native of Buenos Ayres. He was what may be called a respectable merchant broker, who bought and sold for others as well as for himself.

His knowledge of most European languages, his activity, intelligence and business habits, were great advantages to him as a broker, and as such he was extensively employed.

Luis Mendoza was, in every respect, a different character from Le Brun: the one social to a fault, the other temperate to a degree. Frankness, honesty, stout good heartedness, and aversion to business were the characteristics of Mendoza.

Le Brun was one of the new school men of business—sharp, acute and active. Mendoza was an extensive landed proprietor, and Le Brun was the agent through whom all his sales of produce was effected. It was under Le Brun's guidance that Mendoza entered into those investments in which he delighted to believe that he was growing rich; and so he was, as long as Le Brun's speculations were successful also.

A more careful man of business might perhaps have had some doubts as to whether or not Le Brun was not trading on Mendoza's capital. This however was enough to satisfy the old man, that whenever his accounts were presented to him, they were always very flattering, especially in the perspective, and that when he wanted money he could have it to any amount from Le Brun, who was thus in a manner both his agent and his banker; and why should he not be? since it was all but arranged that he should be his son-in-law.

Le Brun had long paid court to Anita Mendoza; and a more accomplished suitor there was not to be found within the range of the city. Polite, attentive, and gal-