

LITERATURE.

THE FAREWELL.

We say farewell! and what a world of feeling
Is in the depth of that but trifling word!
It is as if, while outward grief concealing,
In the lone spirit's breathing 'twill be heard.
We say, Farewell!

Perhaps it may be to some hope long cherished,
Perchance to some fond dream in memory's chain,
Which in the pulse of after life hath perished,
And never, never can be felt again—
We say, farewell!

In that sad echo is the spirit wafted,
Of one we treasured, to a home above!
While the fond mother's warmest feeling's grafted
On that one record of a woman's love—
We say, farewell!

Farewell! it is the lover's saddest token,
That last fond parting with the cherish'd vow,
When the lone spirit, which is crush'd and broken,
Is adding years unto the youthful brow—
We say, farewell!

How true! but in the gush of bitter feeling,
Which must be in that sad and dreary tone,
We listen to another Voice revealing
This truth, "Be comforted, thou'rt not alone!"

Remember that earth's blessings were not given
That human love on them alone might dwell;
They were thy idols in the path to heaven,
To joys to which there shall be no "Farewell!"

TOM THORNE.

A TALE OF THE MASORCHA CLUB,
AT BUENOS AYRES.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONCLUDED.)

'But to business. To-morrow morning you must come to town; to avoid suspicion let there be a small party at the house in the evening. I return to-night. I shall busy myself to-day and to-morrow in having every penny of your capital and debts secured, transferred, or in some way rendered intangible to your persecutors, and recoverable in better times to yourself. Stop, stop—don't interrupt me. As soon as possible I will arrange my own affairs, and then, my dear sir, I shall bid adieu to this city, which is now doomed, and join you in your exile, there to claim the reward of all my exertions, in the hand of Anita. Shall it not be so?—yes or no!—time is precious, time flies.'

'It shall, Le Brun, my hand on it. Arrange my affairs as best you may. I rely upon you for everything.'
'Now then, let us proceed to the house, and talk slowly over the details.'

The gay inmates of the house were disturbed in the midst of their mirth and music by the entrance of a servant announcing that her father desired to speak to Senorita Anita.

'Daughter,' said Luis Mendoza, as she entered his presence with a smiling face, and a courteous bow to Le Brun; 'my dearest daughter, I am sorry to be the bearer of intelligence, which will throw a shade of gloom over your happy face. Are you prepared to hear of sad truths and dismal forebodings?'

'Yes, dearest father, I am prepared. We are now surrounded by our best friends, keep me no longer in dark suspense—I am prepared to hear every misfortune which I may share with you.'

'The cloud of misfortune,' interrupted Le Brun, 'now hovering over our heads, Anita, will, I predict, only prove a summer thunder storm, which may sweep everything exposed and unprotected before it, during its first burst, but pass harmless by those who have watched its approach.'

'Daughter, I have long been suspected by the government of disaffection to their cause; they are now hard pressed, and no means which terror, tyranny, avarice, or suspicion can suggest, are left untried to support their failing cause, and crush that of their rivals; and now they seek my life and fortune.'

'Merciful heaven! and what harm have you done the government, that they should single you out for a victim?'

'The question,' said Le Brun, 'is not what harm your father has done: he is guiltless of any active opposition to the government, but much may be effected for their cause by confiscation of his property, much terror may be struck into dubious adherents by—by disposing of his person. Dearest Anita, I do not wish to terrify you unnecessarily. Pray lean on your father's arm, love; you look pale and exhausted.'

'Alas, alas! this old arm, Anita, will soon be able no more to shelter and support the dear girls who now cling to it for protection. Midnight assassins prowl round the city for victims. Emboldened by impunity, higher prey will be fixed upon, and then—'

'No, no, father, you shall never suffer. I will seek the tyrant's den myself, throw myself on my knees before him, and implore him by his hopes of salvation, by

the memory of the departed wife of his bosom. I will take his daughter with me, to join our united prayers for mercy on the innocent head of a grey-haired father. We will give him your money, father, let him have your lands and houses; we have many friends in other parts, we will rid him of our presence; Mariquita, you, and I, father, will seek some other country, and save him from the crime of dishonoring grey hairs. No, father, he shall not, dare not touch you.'

'My noble girl,' said Le Brun, with a feeling of self-reproach at an instance of energy and decision so superior to his own, 'I admire your heroic resolution; I pay honor to the purity and elevation of your sentiment; but let me who unfortunately know too much of their villainy, assure you that the tears and prayers of youth, innocence, and beauty, would draw down the scoffs of a brutal soldiery, and would have no other effect upon their master than to set his quick wits at work how to deceive you, and hold you forth as a bait, yes, as a bribe, to reward the treachery of a foe, or retain the services of an ally.'

'Alas, that is too true, my dearest child—let me perish sooner than risk the honor of my children. Felipe Le Brun, Anita, is I believe the only man that can save us. He has influence with the government, all my floating capital is in his hands: I have long known, and placed confidence in him: it is he who has informed us of our present danger, and is prepared to assist us out of it. He has long loved you, Anita, and I believe he is not indifferent to you. I have this day promised him your hand in marriage, and given him the right, as my intended son-in-law, and the future heir of half my fortune, to secure what of my property he can on such short notice. Have I not done right, my love?'

'Stop, father, stop!' cried Anita, labouring under the utmost agitation, 'we have other friends as well as Senor Le Brun, and God knows we will need them all. What if the man who disregards the petitions of innocence for mercy and despises the rights of property and laws of justice, with respect to the old and harmless, should as suddenly turn round on the young and active, should he become afraid of its power, or jealous of its exercise? Mr. Thorne, who is bold, generous, and a foreigner, is here in the next room, let us ask his advice and assistance. What say you, Senor Le Brun?'

'Certainly, let Mr. Thorne be called for advice, if Senor Mendoza has no objections.'

'I do object, my dear child. Mr. Thorne has been the cause—unwittingly, I allow, but still he has been the cause—of hurrying on our fate. He has already,' said the old man, echoing the sentiments of Le Brun, 'rendered himself obnoxious to the whole body of Masorcheros. None, my dear child, can save our property if it be not Le Brun: if the government be resolved to push things to extremities, Le Brun is the man whom I would trust.'

'Anita,' said Le Brun earnestly, laying her hand in his, 'cheer up, brave girl—better days await us all yet. I flatter myself that I have influence with the government—how acquired it boots not now to state; that influence shall be exerted to the utmost to secure your father's interest and safety. This is a strange time, Anita, to talk of love; often—often have I longed for a more favourable opportunity. I seek not to urge my suit by my power to save your father's life—I protest against thus bargaining for your priceless affections. I am struggling to merit your affection, not to buy it. When your father's life and property are secured, I shall be in misery till I join you in your exile, and lay my fate and fortune at your feet. Say, dearest, shall we then forget all our past misfortunes, and seek for future happiness in the society of each other?'

'Say yes, my child, give him your promise.'

'When my father's life is saved by you, I will,' and she sank exhausted in her father's arms.

'Adieu, then, dearest. Adieu, Mendoza, for the present—*hasta manana*. I now hurry to town to arrange your affairs as best I may.' And Don Felipe Le Brun withdrew a happier man than he had long been, aye, and a better.

It may well be conceived that the evening which on this occasion might have passed off in a lively manner, was dull in the extreme. Every one felt embarrassed; they soon retired, and next morning they all found their way back to the city.

CHAPTER V.

On the evening succeeding to the day at the 'charca,' a small evening party—or tertulia as it is called—was held at the town residence of Luis Mendoza. Our friends Thorne and Griffin were there, two midshipmen, belonging to an English man-of-war laying in the roads, with such a sprinkling of young ladies and gentlemen as could be called on such a short notice.

Mendoza and Le Brun were closeted hard at work by themselves in an adjoining room. The daughters of the former strove to keep up an appearance of gaiety which they could not feel; even Thorne himself was more silent than was his wont, and it seemed as if the gloomy prospect of the times had its effect in diffusing a shade of sadness over the countenances of those who had met to be gay.

The midshipmen were the only parties who appeared really to enjoy themselves.

The feared their first lieutenant more than Rosas, and him they had left on board: they had come on shore in quest of amusement, and like birds in a cage, they fluttered about in full heyday of enjoyment. Happy

themselves, they conceived all around them to be the same, and at last diffused a little of their light-heartedness to others.

'Come, Mr. Thorne, we have had plenty of music and singing,' said Anita Mendoza, forcing herself to exertion: 'I make you the 'bastonero.' What say you to dancing now?'

'A fair challenge! Gentlemen, chose your partners for a quadrille. Miss Anita, will you favour me with your hand. Gentlemen, please hand round refreshments to the ladies to give them a little life before we begin. Griffin, the pleasure of a glass of wine with you. Here my young captains, you come and wet your moustaches. 'Vive la bagatelle.' Now then, gentlemen.'

Thus rattled on Tom Thorne, seeking to rouse up the flagging spirits of the company; but he himself had seldom been in worse spirits—he scarce knew how.

'I have strange forebodings this night,' said Tom Thorne to Anita Mendoza, as he stood beside her during an interval in the dance. 'I see both you and your sisters are dull too; your father and Le Brun are as busy as if this were to be the last night of their existence. Anita, I suspect that man—I wish to God your father would trust some foreigner—one native is not better than another, that is, not more secure.'

'Por dios! tell me, Mr. Thorne, what do you suspect in Mr. Le Brun? Tell me at once; tell me without reserve—it may not be too late yet?'

'I suspect him of being more intimate with the authorities than an honest man can be.'

'He allows he has influence with them, Mr. Thorne; my father has the utmost confidence in him—their interests are bound up together; may he not honestly exert what influence he has for my father's safety?'

'How can he have influence with them, except he lends himself to their schemes and plots? Even were he honest in his intentions to secure Mendoza's interests—and God forbid that he be not—who can say that his influence will outweigh the value of Mendoza's doubloons and lands?'

'Mr. Thorne,' said Anita, during another interval of the dance, 'I know that Senor Le Brun will now use every effort in his power to secure my father and his interests. Have you—I beg you—I beg you most earnestly to answer me distinctly and at once, for we have not one moment to spare—have you any positive knowledge of Le Brun's acting a dishonorable part, of his being a spy in fact?'

'I have not.'

'Is he suspected of being so in the town?'

'As far as I know he is not.'

'What are your reasons, then, for suspecting him, in respect to my father?'

'I met him in close and secret communication with the notorious —'

'My dear Mr. Thorne, excuse me, I have heard all that explained by my father. His confidence must go further with me than the suspicion of another, even if that other be—Oh, Mr. Thorne, you can scarcely fancy how much I am relieved, how much I am indebted to you for your frankness: but I must trust Le Brun. And now, as the dance is finished—which, by the way,' said she with a smile, 'you appear to have forgotten—I shall feel obliged to you for a glass of wine, for indeed I feel very faint.'

In spite of every exertion of our hero, the small party went off very stiffly, and at an early hour the whole party had disappeared except the two midshipmen, Thorne and Griffin; when Le Brun and Mendoza entered the 'sala' with the air of men who had just escaped from a long, troublesome and anxious job, and rub their hands with delight at having finished it.

'Come, Le Brun,' said Mendoza, 'after our long 'sederunt,' let us have a glass of the best the girls can give us. Ha, Thorne, how are you? wherever you are there is sure to be champagne—so champagne be it.'

But Le Brun declined, and bidding an affectionate adieu to the ladies, and making a formal bow to Thorne, he withdrew.

'Hang me, if I like that man!' said Thorne.

'I never knew a man who flinched from his liquor stand by his friend, and I shall make a point of telling him so,' said Griffin, following up Thorne's resentment.

'That may be the case in Ireland, friend, but cannot apply here,' said Mendoza. 'But come, we can finish a bottle of champagne without any assistance. I leave you to-morrow, Thorne,' he said in a whisper: 'the blood-hounds are on the 'qui vive,' but you will see me double them.'

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when a rap was heard at the door. A servant entered, pale and trembling, to inform his master that two of the 'friends of liberty' were at the door, and wished to speak to the Patron.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at their feet, the whole party could not have stood more aghast. Of the object of their visit at twelve o'clock at night, there could be no mistake. The ladies threw themselves upon their father, and wept aloud; protesting with tears and sobs that they should never tear him from them.

'Thorne, Griffin, young gentlemen, you will defend my father, will you not! They shall tear us in pieces, before they separate us,' sobbed Anita, frantically. The midshipmen, in their enthusiasm, drew their swords. Thorne produced two small pistols from a great coat pocket; but Griffin—he was the most collected of the whole.