

POETRY.

FAME.

To die and leave behind
Nought of surviving fame,
Of the divine, creating mind
No trace no single name;
To know no deed, no word,
Our memory to restore,
But that when gone, there shall be heard
Of us no mention more,
Nay mock not that thou hear'st me sigh;
My Friend! this is indeed to die.

But to live on and on,
Among the great the good,
Eternal station to have won
Mid the high brotherhood;
Deep in the hearts of men
Enshrined to be;
To shine a beacon to the ken
Of far posterity—
Who would not days for ages give?
Who would not die, such life to live!

What idle words are theirs,
Who bid us bound our powers
To passing pleasures, present cares,
Brief as the fleeting hours!
So deemed not they I ween,
The great of other days,
Whose brows still wear the living green,
Whose lamps still brightly blaze;
So deemed not they, who struck the lyre
With Milton's truths, with Homer's fire.

No! from a fount divine
These restless longings come—
This hope in honor'd light to shine
Above the cold dark tomb,
Oh! when from life I part,
Let me not wholly die;
Still with sweet song to charm the heart,
Or raise with musings high,
Still live in the remember'd line—
Oh! might this glorious meed be mine.

THE REPERTORY.

From the New York Mirror
THE MUFFLED PRIEST.

The isles of the chapel, lately thronged
with many worshippers, were silent.—
The sounds of prayer which had echoed
through the grained roof, were hushed.—
The assembly which had knelt in solemn,
but erroneous, devotion, had disappeared;
and the stone image—the senseless object
of their adoration—smiled grimly in the
gloomy loneliness; as his chiselled fea-
tures displayed themselves in the temple
erected by superstitious wealth to his ser-
vice.

But one individual remained, a long robe
of sombre hue concealing his person who
leaned, as if in deep thought, against the
pedestal on which stood the deity.—He
was the deity.

A long shadow was cast on the floor, and
instantly afterward a tall gaunt figure ap-
peared at the door. A mantle of spotless
white overhung his shoulders, scarcely
concealing his broad and ample chest. The
erectness of his carriage, the dignity of his
attitude, the fire of his eye, the boldness
of his step, and the proud curl upon his lip,
proclaimed him to be a man of rank and
ambition.

A contemptuous sneer played upon his
countenance—as he cast his eyes about the
sanctuary, he glanced toward the stern
deity itself, as its deformed features seemed
to assume an expression of indignation at
the audacity of the intruder.—The stranger
then turned toward the altar on which, in a
golden vase richly studded with jewels,
burned an offering of frankincense, emitting
a pale blue smoke which rose and festooned
from pillar to pillar, disseminating its
perfume through the adjacent space. None
of these, however, seemed to produce either
awe or respect in the mind of the Roman;
for, striding past the shrine, he cried,
“Priest! dost sleep?”

The individual whom he addressed
slowly turned his head, muttered, “tis he!”
then drawing his robe more closely about
him, answered,

“No I sleep not. The priest of this deity
is not as other men, he needs no sleep.”
“Cease this folly,” cried the senator
impatiently, “well I know all tricks and
jugglers of thy craft; save thy precious
rash to dose the vulgar—reserve the lec-
tures for the fools who kneel to this thing
of stone!”

“Beware! rash man,” returned the priest,
“how, in the sanctity of his house, you
rave his vengeance; what thou thinkest
tone may possess power to strike terror to
ven thy stubborn heart.”

“Forbear this idle talk,” exclaimed the
senator.

“Idle talk!” repeated the priest, with
solemnity of manner, “obdurate as
you art, this deity, through me, can dis-
pose what would make thee tremble!”

“I would fain witness the skill of which
you vauntest,” said the senator, in a more
serious manner, for he was unconsciously
bibing a portion of the awe which per-
meated the place.

“Thou shalt be gratified,” returned the

priest; “what I now tell, thou think'st
buried in thine own bosom, unknown by
others; if I disclose it to thee, doubt not
that he who presides here can read the hearts
of all who approach him, whether to cor-
ship or to scoff.”

“Proceed, proceed,” cried the other.
“Twenty years since, Armenius, thou
wast a general, the commander of a leg-
ion—”

“Well done for the omniscience of thy
god,” cried the Roman jeeringly, “My
many triumphs have chronicled the truth of
thy remarks in the archives of the republic.
Is this thy wonder?”

“Interrupt me not,” answered the priest
calmly; “when I finish, speak what words
thou'st mind—till then, listen.—Twenty
years since when thou wert a general thou
hadst a friend—ha! start'st thou now!—
Twenty years since I too had a friend,
but I do not tremble. Thy friend loved
thee, served thee, and shared his all with
thee. Through his high influence, when
accused before the senate, thou saved thy
name, thy honor, and thy life. Although
thy junior, thou soughtest him for advice,
and using it didst bind thy brow with laurels
of victory. When surrounded by barbarians,
and the pilum, taken from one of thine
own band, was hurled at thee, his buckler
warded off the well directed blow—
but,” and his manner became more im-
pressive—his voice more melodious, “that
friend, alas! loved an Italian girl, soft, pure,
and lovely as the sky which arches over
her native land—see, thou start'st again! did
I not tell thee I would make thee tremble?
Yes, he loved the girl not with the vile
feeling which tempted thee to gaze upon
her charms, and admire her for them alone.
His fondness was for herself, her rich an-
gelic mind, more than even her dazzling
beauty.—Treachery thou strov'st to
supplant him in her affections by the splen-
dor of military rank, knowing, as he had
confided to thee, that their vows had been
exchanged. Thou found'st thy arts useless
and didst change thy love to hatred.—The
girl became thy friend's wife when thou,
falsely accusing him of crime, didst use thy
power to tear him from her arms—sell him
into bondage—confiscate his property; and
strike his name from the list of citizens.
His wife survived her miseries but a year,
while thou didst return to the capital load-
ed with the spoils of the enemy. Yet
with the red hot hand of guilt grasping thy
conscience, and even now, proud and os-
tentatious before the world, the god tells
me in thy chamber thou'rt a coward—start-
ing, in alarm, if the least noise breaks on
the midnight.”

“Who art thou that dost know all this?”
cried the Roman, in evident alarm.

“I am the priest,” answered the other,
“of the deity who can unnerve even the
Roman senator!”

A paleness overspread the face of Arme-
nius, as he looked first on the graven
image and then on his oracle, but; by a vio-
lent exertion, resuming his wonted careles-
sness of demeanor, he said,

“Well, if it is so, let it rest—though 'tis
all false, as thou hast said, yet here is a
purse; I present it to thy god or thee; I
suppose it's the same thing—I will to-mor-
row add another. He may be all thou'st
represented him, but I believe neither in
stocks nor in stones—however, I have an
object; but first, priest canst thou keep a
secret?”

“Why ask, have I not formerly done so
for thee?”

“'Tis true! but this is of more impor-
tance.”

“So shall my lips be surer guarded.”

“Priest, I am rich!”

“Thy gift to me has proved it.”

“I am bountiful!”

“Yonder jewelled vase attests it.”

“Well, then, I will trust thee; serve me
well and I will erect a sanctuary to thy
deity the proudest in Rome.”

“My ears are open and my heart
prepared to meet thy words,” said the
priest.

“'Tis this,” continued Armenius. “The
proud Augustus, our new censor, is about
to make himself prince of the senate, and
I would thwart him. I have no line of
noble ancestors on whom to base my
claims; it is superstition that must aid me;
that thou canst command. Thy temple
is the resort of the rich and the poor of
the city—of the high and the low; by thy
aid and that of yonder stone, my desires
may be accomplished, if thou wilt, and I
succeed in my designs, I swear to keep my
promise.”

The priest consented; when the two,

having consulted measures for the further-
ance of their scheme, the aspiring senator
withdrew; while the priest, drawing aside
a veil, entered an inner apartment, and
the shades of night enveloped the capital of
the world.

The multitudinous noises of the gay me-
tropolis had subsided—the twilight had
passed away, and the moon shone bright-
ly in the cloudless firmament—'twas mid-
night.

Each pillar reared its graceful capital
distinct in the silvery flood which illumined
the earth with nearly the brilliancy of
sunshine, save where its rays were caught
and reflected back by the pale marble
which rose in tasteful intercolumnation,
around the princely mansion of Arme-
nius.

One object only gave animation to the
scene, and even he appeared scarcely liv-
ing, for in the darkness of a deep shadow
he stood as if transfixed and made no mo-
tion; save now and then the hand, which
was laid upon his breast, would contract,
as if with nervous action.

Another figure is added to the scene—
she glides on tip-toe, and rapidly flies to
meet the youth; she throws herself into
his arms—his lips meet hers—the sudden
transport of delight—the impassioned em-
brace declares them to be lovers.

Stealing noiselessly into the deeper
shade of an adjacent wall, they are con-
cealed from every eye save that of Him
who cannot look upon such love, so pure,
so fervid, and so disinterested, but with
pity on the sad fate which separated them.

“Agricola, love,” whispered the maid,
“have I lingered too long from thee? thou
wilt forgive me; it was to avoid detection
that I hurried.”

The youth seized her tapering fin-
gers in his own and pressed them to his
bosom.

“No, love,” he cried, pressing her
hands to his lips, and bathing them in the
sea of agony which was rushing from his
eyes. “No, alas, thou hadst not lingered
long enough: would that thou hadst never
come!”

“Say not so, Agricola. Wherefore
dost thou weep thus?” she inquired, soothe-
ingly.

“Because,” he replied, “this is the last
time that we meet, Sylvia, and may I not
consecrate it by a tear as one of fond re-
membrance?”

“The fast, Agricola!” sobbed the tender
girl. “Oh name it not, we never will part
again.”

“Alas! what wouldst thou?”

“Live with thee; die with thee; Sylvia
would be thy wife.”

“No, no!” exclaimed the youth, as a
pang of grief darted through his soul, “no
Sylvia, it may not be!”

“Then,” said she reprovingly, “thou
dost not love me, or thou wouldst not cast
me off.”

“Love you!” cried he, “it is that I love
well, too—”

“Then why not listen to my prayer?”

“Alas! it is that I love too deeply.”

“No,” cried the girl, “no, Agricola,
dost thou love like me; like me, adore!
thou wouldst cast aside these fears.”

“Fears!” repeated the youth, dropping
his hand and flashing a fire from his eye,
which illuminated the space about them,
“fears, Sylvia! thou dost not know me,
to me fear is a stranger. 'Tis not that
which influences me; but recollect, girl—
Agricola is a slave!”

The momentary sternness which he had
assumed did not, however, damp the ar-
dour of the girl; it seemed to render him
still dearer to her. She placed her fragile
arm about his manly neck, and in a tone of
gentle reproach. “Rebuke me not my love,
she said, “thou knowest Agricola is a slave
Sylvia would share bondage with him.
Her love should make his slavery sweeter
far than freedom.”

“Desist, I pray thee,” responded the
youth, encircling her waist with his arm,
with respectful tenderness, and softening
his tone, “remembering your father is a Ro-
man!”

“I know it well,” she answered, eagerly
“yet still I love thee!”

“I know it, Sylvia; alas, too well; but
were I to wed thee, it would draw his in-
dignation on us both. For myself I care
not; but for thee—the gods know, sooner
would I give my head to the executioner
than those bright eyes should lower before
the frown of an angry father. Sylvia, it

must not be;” and clasping his hands in
agony, he added, “let me remain a slave,
though the worthy daughter of a Ro-
man.”

“Cruel as thou art I still will love thee,”
she whispered through his ears; “none but
thee I live or care for. My father's
wrath I heed not, so that I possess thee; I
care—”

“Hist,” said her lover, as he carefully
leaned toward the spot they had just quit-
ted, “when last we met I heard a noise like
that which just struck upon mine ear—
Sylvia, away!”

“Never,” cried the girl, filled with love's
desperation, and clinging more closely to
him, “never, till thou'st promised. I will
die with thee Agricola, but will not loose
thee!”

A faint noise resembling a foot-fall broke
on the silence. As Agricola strove to dis-
engage himself from the virgin, who twined
her arms wildly about his neck.

“Begone, Sylvia I beseech!”

“Till you promise never!” she articulated,
nearly choked with emotion.

Again the noise was heard—if they were
discovered ruin would befall the idol of his
heart, and he be degraded by the lash. A
moment more; it would be too late; he put
his lips to her ear—

“I promise.”

In the next instant the light form of the
maid was lost among the columns, and her
lover, looking hastily about saw the shad-
ow, evidently that of a man, cast on the
pavement near him, but so instantaneous
was the disappearance that it had vanished
ere he was fully aware of the reality. He
kneeled and placed his ear on the stones, but
all was silent—save the short beatings of
his heart.

The immovable features of the pagan
idol were dimly visible in the breaking day
that stole through the portico of his temple,
while equally inflexible; the priest sat at
its feet, his face hid in the ample folds of
his mantle, presenting only the undefined
outlines of a man.

As the gray haze of morning yielded to
the strengthening dawn, the senator, with
a deep frown settled on his brow, walked
in and saluted the priest who rose to re-
ceive him:

“Why here, and so early?” demanded the
latter. “I could effect nothing in the short
period since we parted yesterday.”

“'Tis not for that I sought thee,” an-
swered the visitor.

“Then why this visit?” returned the
priest.

“For vengeance!”

“Thou shalt have it,” replied the priest,
gathering his robe about him.”

“Thou knowest not what I mean, foolish
priest.”

“Still thou shalt have vengeance;” and a
dry cough, like a death rattle, sounded in
the throat of the priest—it might have been
a laugh.

“Silence,” said the senator, sternly lay-
ing his clenched hand upon the altar, “the
new made laws have deprived us of our
innate right to punish our slaves with death
—yet I have a slave must die!”

An involuntary shudder passed over the
heathen priest, but he pulled his robe more
closely about him and the start passed un-
observed. Armenius continued.

“I have a niece, my brother's daughter.
She lives with me, my adopted child.—
This slave has dared to love her. I could
let that pass, but she, the daughter of a
freeman son of Rome, forgetting her birth,
returns his passion. I heard her swear it to
him at the last midnight.—That seals his
doom, and the slave shall die! Were it
not that suspicion resting on me might blight
my brilliant hopes, this hand had done the
deed; but I am unused to tricks, I leave it
to thee; thy trade is craftiness, and thou
canst lull suspicion. That's but my fee,”
he said casting a bag of gold upon the altar,
“my reward shall make thee rich!”

“'Tis well muttered the priest, “how call-
est thou the slave?” “Agricola.”

The sudden start and half word which
escaped the priest, caught the other's atten-
tion.

“Why startest thou?” he demanded.

“I started!” answered the priest, recover-
ing himself, and stretching forth an arm
much withered and shrunken, “because
this hand was never dipped in blood.”

“A wise priest,” said the senator, scorn-
fully, “I see thy object; well, be it so,” and
he threw another purse upon the altar.

“Thy words must be my law; said the
priest in a low tone—but, away! the peo-
ple come to worship.”

The senator cast a searching glance on
the muffled face of the priest, he drew his
robe about him, and casting a disdainful
look on the throng which now commenced
kneeling about the image, left the chapel.

When the worshippers had concluded
their devotions they retired, and soon the
priest was left alone with one person who
still knelt at the altar. The priest having
carefully fastened the doors, the devotee
rose, and, casting aside the gray mantle
which disguised him, exhibited the fine
form of Agricola the slave.

“Father,” said he, “I crave thy blessings.”

“Thou hast been ever kind to Agricola; but
he is poor, and all that he can return he
now presents to thee, the love that springs
from his heart.”

“'Tis all I ask,” cried the priest, casting
aside his mantle and embracing him, “the
love of the good is the greatest treasure.
But, my son, thou hast failed in confidence
to me, and dangers beset thy path ranged
thicker than the pikes of the Macedonian.”

Agricola blushed and sank his head upon
his breast.

“It is true,” he replied, “that I have not
told thee all—but now—”

“Mind it not now—I know all;” the
youth glanced incredulously into his face,
when the priest taking his hand, contin-
ued, “yes all—thou lovest thy master's a-
dopted daughter, and she returns thy love.
Is it not so?”

“Alas! alas! too rightly hast thou said,”
answered the young man despondingly.

“Say not alas!” cried the priest, his eyes
brightening with delight, “she shall be thy
wife!”

“My wife!” repeated Agricola, retiring
a few paces, regarding the other with aston-
ishment, “and I a slave!”

“Fear not if thou wouldst be happy obey
me. At midnight fly hither with thy bride
and I will unite thee.”

“But, remember,” said the youth, tor-
tured with many conflicting emotions, “the
populace will slay thee if thou dost unite
a slave to a free-born girl!”

“Leave that to me. Obey my instruc-
tions. Now away! return at midnight.”

At the same hour as on the previous
morning Armenius repeated his visit, but
the priest met him at the altar, and, as he
was about to speak, said in a bolder tone
than he had hitherto used.

“The deity has again spoken of thee!”

“Hast thou punished the slave?” de-
manded Armenius eagerly.

“First must I relate the words of the god
I serve, then to my question?”

“Be speedy with thy fooleries!” said
Armenius haughtily, “I have weighty busi-
ness to-day, and a few moments to spare.”

“Last night,” said the priest, “the god
spoke to his servant, and said, the friend
Atticus, whom Armenius exiled, yet lives!
Start not, senator of Rome—Atticus yet
lives and in disguise has returned to Rome,
found proof of thy baseness, and received
honors from Augustus. He has learned, too,
that before her death his wife was deliv-
ered of a child—that thou didst seize the
infant, and didst bring him up as thy slave,
that thou mightest feast thy hellish hate in
seeing the son of thy rival eat with thy
bondsmen.”

“Hast thou ended?” asked the auditor.

“I have,” answered the priest.

“Then know thy god or thou speakest
false, for of a surity I know that Atticus is
long since dead. Now answer me, hast
thou slain the slave?”

“To satisfy myself how faithfully I have
executed my commission,” said the priest,
“raise yonder veil and behold his body.”

The senator strode in his direction point-
ed out, and drawing aside the curtain beheld
Agricola, with Sylvia in his arms. He re-
coiled at first, but in an instant exclaiming,
“Wretch thou hast deceived me!” un-
sheathed a jewel-hilted dagger from beneath
his robe, and was bounding forward, when
the priest caught his arm.

“Hold, murderer!” he cried “nor dare
to shed a freeman's blood!”

“He is not free. He is my slave,” cried
the senator, striving to free himself from
the priest, who held him with an iron grasp,
while he exclaimed, “'Tis false—he is my
son,” then casting aside his robe, he dis-
covered his person decked in full senatorial
costume, while he added, “and I am At-
ticus, a Roman Senator,” then wresting the
dagger from his hand, he threw him from
him with gigantic strength, crying, “thy
treason has reached the ears of Augustus.
Guards, seize the traitor!”

As if by magic the chapel filled with le-
gionaries, who, tearing his robes from the
crest-fallen Armenius, conducted him to a
neighboring prison; while the new senator,
restored to all his power and estates, with
Agricola and his lovely bride, were escorted
triumphantly to the palace of Augustus.