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Poetry.

The Swan-Song of Parson Avery.

1635.

When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury with his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river harbor in the shallop Watch and Wait.

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer morn,
And the newly-planted orchards dropping their fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like brown islands amidst a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reaching seaward the tided creeks between,
And hills rolled, wave-like, inland, with oaks and Walnuts green:
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eye had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead!

All day they sailed: at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky at midnight its starry lights denied,
And, far and low, the thunder of tempest prophesied.

Blotted out was all the coast-line, gone were rock and wood and sand;
Grimly anxious stood the helmsman with the tiller in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore:
"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on before
To the pleasant land of Heaven, where the sea shall be no more!"

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,
And through it all the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From the struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone of all his household the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying in the pause of wave and wind:
"All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find!

"In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy Word!
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard!
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ, our Lord!

"In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,
And let me follow up to Thee my household and my kin!
Open the sea-gate of Thy Heaven and let me enter in!"

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet prayer upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went with it to his rest.

There was wailing on the mainland from the rocks of Marblehead,
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes for prayer were read,
And long by board and hearthstone the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers out-bound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the "Rock of Avery's Fall!"

[*Atlantic Monthly.*

Selections.

How Nellie Lee was Pawned.

Have you ever pawned a watch? Don't start, reader. I know you are highly respectable, that you have a house in Gramercy Park, and a balance of several thousands at the Merchants' Bank, nevertheless you may have been placed in circumstances which rendered it necessary for you to pawn your watch. I have known men as rich and eminent as you, sneak into a temple of barter where three golden balls shown conspicuous, and, under the name of John Jones, deposite certain articles of jewelry as security for certain trifling sums of money.

I have known a clergyman pawn a diamond breast-pin on a rainy day, in order to raise enough of money to pay his cab fare. I have known a lot of literary Bohemians, in London and Paris, sup off an evening coat, or a Spanish mantle. I once pawned two Dresden china sheperdesses, and a vase of the same material, that ornamented my mantel-piece, in order to raise the money to buy the paper on which I wrote an article for Blackwood's Magazine that brought me in fifty pounds. I have been acquainted with the descendants of the Medici in London, Paris, Vienna, and now I am going to tell you the results of my acquaintance with them in New York.

There is a certain side street running across Broadway which I will, with your permission, call Chickory street. Chickory street is not its name, but as I am about to relate some private matters in connection with it, it would not be delicate or judicious if I were to be geographically correct.

In Chickory street resides a gentleman named Lazarus Levi, Esq., whose spacious old-fashioned house is the repository of various articles of property belonging to numberless enlightened but distressed citizens of the United States. The lower story of Mr. Levi's dwelling is fitted up with a glass front, very dingy and dusty, so that the several articles exposed to view in the window are but dimly seen. There are flutes, with tarnished keys, that have lain silent for years. The dust lies thick on the embouchure of each; for the lips that blew there the graduated air have shrunk into mere skin long ago, and the agile fingers that ran over the holes are now loose bones, that lie here and there, never to hang together on earth again.

You can see all sorts of things in Mr. Levi's window. California diamonds; real diamonds very rare; banjos, relics of disappointed minstrels; guns, suggestive of sporting Englishmen hard up; silver tea-pots, now black and uncheerful, hinting at terrible domestic distresses in some poor fellow's home, and making you see the thin wife stealing out at night to raise money on the family valuables to feed the children.

The interior of the shop is devoted to dry goods. The details, however, can be but dimly made out, owing to the extremely dubious light that pervades the store. Even in the broad daylight, a judicious twilight exists in Mr. Levi's. What the French call a demijour, is much affected by lovers and gentlemen who spout their watches.—Through this mysterious atmosphere one can feebly distinguish rows of shelves packed tightly with dark bundles of wearing apparel, and Biddy's gown and Patrick's Sunday coat lie there together until next month's wages come to separate them.

Mr. Levi is my friend. I have occasionally mercantile transactions with him; for I am a literary man, and it sometimes happens that I need five dollars. On these occasions I travel round my room, as M. Xavier de Maistre may be supposed to have done, in search of some appropriate token of esteem, to convey to Mr. Levi, in order to induce him to advance the required sum. In this choice it is necessary to exercise discrimination. For instance, I know that it will never do to present my stamped velvet waistcoat three times running. And that if I were to take my little French clock to Mr. Levi too frequently, the article would pall upon him, and my credit be impaired.—Variety is necessary to persons of Mr. Levi's position. Continual partridge destroys their appetite. They are epicures, and must be fed with novelties.

Accordingly one day, having need of the traditional five dollars to meet the expenses of a forthcoming literary soiree at my room, I after some deliberation, determined to present my Indian chess-board to Mr. Levi, as a token of affection, and work upon his feelings so far as to induce him to present me with the longed V. The chess-board was ivory inlaid. The men were delightfully Oriental, being carved all over. I had great faith in the article, as it had never before been under Mr. Levi's charge.

I waited until evening. It was a lovely evening for pawning. A thick fog, damp and threatening rain, hung over the trees, so that there were but few passengers abroad. Chickory street was almost deserted.

I rang at Mr. Levi's private door. It was a privilege I had earned, both by the constancy of my friendship and the usually valuable nature of my presents. A delightful Hebrew serving-girl, with a nose massive as Egyptian architecture, opened the door and admitted me to Mr. Levi's private parlor. In a few moments that estimable gentleman entered.

"Ah! Mister Papillote," he said, holding out his hand, "how do you do? Come again, eh? Well, what is it this evening?"

"A little matter I want you to arrange for me," I replied, unrolling my silk handkerchief from the chess-board. "I want five dollars on this for a few days."

"Hum! On my word, Mr. Papillote, I'm sorry to see a gentleman like you coming here so often. It's really too bad."

Levi, as I said before, took an interest in me, and sometimes talked to me like a father.

"My good Levi," I answered, laughingly, "don't take any serious trouble on my account: I'm all right. You know the best of us will get into difficulties occasionally. By the way, would you like to go to the opera to-morrow night!"

The Jew's eyes glistened. They love music, those Jews.

"Have you got tickets?"

"Here are two. Can you let me have the money?"

"Well, really, Mr. Papillote, chess is not a valuable property just at present. It comes hard on the intellect, sir."

"But this is an Indian chess-board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarcool, and was taken from the royal table by an uncle of mine in the Albicore Fencibles, who was at the siege of Gundarcool. It is a historical chess-board, Mr. Levi. Do you play chess?"

"Not exactly, sir. But I came very near learning it once."

"You know that a pawn is inseparably connected with the game, I suppose?"

"I have heard something of the kind, sir."

"Completely in your line of business, you see."

Mr. Levi stared. My joke was completely lost upon him. It was a very mild joke, certainly, but then, could a better have been expected from a man who was begging for five dollars?

"I'm sorry you don't play," I hastened to continue, covering my jocular feature with some other remark. "I should like to have a game with you. That chees-board, I assure you, is worth thirty dollars if it is worth a penny. Think of the association."

Heaven forgive me, but the Rajah was a creation of the moment. I had been made a present of the chess-board by a sailor who had voyaged to Calcutta; but one must be a little deceitful now and then in this wicked world.

"Well, I'll let you have the money," said Mr. Levi, "though we're rather short to-day. A great deal of business doing just now, Mr. Papillote;" and, laying the Rajah's property on the table, he disappeared into the office to make out the duplicate.

"A great deal of business doing!" That meant, when translated, a great deal of misery wandering about the street; a great many homes gloomy for want of petty sums of money; a great many poor students moaning over their valuable books, sacrificed to keeping life enough in them to read those that were left; a great many drunkards, craving for their accustomed poison, and getting it at the cost of necessaries; a great many mothers shivering in blanketless beds that the little ones might not starve. This was the terrible kind of business that was doing.

I was reflecting on all this when I heard the parlor door open, and a light step fall softly on the carpet. Thinking it was Levi returning with the money, I did not raise my head. Presently a voice—ah, how unlike Levi's buttery Jewish accents!—startled me from my reverie.

"I can play at chess," it said very softly.

I looked up, suddenly. A little fairy creature, about sixteen years old, with long, fair hair, and large, beautiful blue eyes, stood just within the door staring at me, like some timid bird at him who wanders in lonely woods, half fearing to approach, yet longing to come nearer.

"And who on earth are you?" I asked, abruptly; and as I spoke I saw at a glance that the bood of the children of Israel; did not run in their clear, blue veins.

"I'm Nellie Lee, sir," replied the apparition, "and I'm in pawn."

"In what?" I exclaimed, under the impression that I must have been deceived in the absurd statement I had just heard.

"In pawn, sir," she repeated as simply as if she was saying that she was in bed.

"And who put you into pawn, in the name of all the Medici may I ask?" I said, scarcely able to keep my counteaance.

"Father pawned me for money to buy paints," answered this extraordinary deposit, "and I'm so lonesome—oh! you can't think!"

"What is your respectable parent, may I inquire?"

"He is an artist, sir, and he has just got an order, sir, and he wanted money for the canvas and the paints to finish the picture. He paints beautiful pictures; indeed he does!"

She seemed so very anxious about my not doubting her father's ability that I smiled a sort of assent, as if I were perfectly convinced of his rare talents, and was intimately acquainted with the merit of every one of his productions.

"Where do they keep you?" I asked, half jestingly, for the whole affair seemed so like a vaudeville, that I expected every moment to hear some unseen audience applauding the performance. "Do they put you in the safe with the jewelry, or lay you in on the shelves with the gowns and the coats?"

"No, sir, I live up stairs with Mr. Levi. Father will come, though, in a few days, with the money and redeem me."

All this as seriously as if it was the commonest thing in the world for distressed fathers to pawn their children, and keep the duplicates in their waistcoat pockets."

"Have you ever been in pawn before, Miss Nellie Lee?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Father painted the 'Seven Sleepers of Ephesus' with what he got on me last fall."

"This was really more than I could stand, and I lay back on the old hair-bottomed sofa and roared with laughter. The deposit stood before me with a grave and patient demeanor, neither surprised at my merriment nor apparently thinking that there was anything at all singular in her position."

"You say that you play chess," I said, at last checking my merriment by a great effort, out of respect for the fair face and beautiful eyes that I saw before me.—"Would you like to play a game?"

"Oh, yes," answered the deposit, "I should like it very much. You can't think—"

We sat down to play chess. I do not know how long we were at it; but this I know, that if the entrance of Mr. Levi had not disturbed us, it would have continued probably to the present day. There was a first move. Then a long conversation, during which the blue eyes seemed to be intently studying the black eyes. Then another move. Then more conversation, until at last the rival forces on the Rajah's ivory battle-field got into such a state of confusion that I believe Herr Harwitz would have become a lunatic at the first glance he cast upon them.

As for me, I thought of nothing but the simple, beautiful young creature who sat opposite to me, and, in spite of myself, visions of such a being moving about my lonely chambers, making the gloom gay, and causing the bachelor's barren life to bloom like the dry rod of the high priest.

In the midst of all this in came Mr. Levi with my five dollars and the duplicate for the chess-board. He seemed rather astonished at the quiet intimacy which had been so suddenly established between myself and his deposit.

"Mr. Levi," said I to him, "I had no idea that you lent money on this species of personal security. I have a rich old uncle, who won't die and leave me my share of his property, that I would be very glad to raise something on. How much will you give me on him? He's in an excellent state of preservation, and has served in the last war!"

"Oh!" he replied, laughing without paying any attention to my proposed avuncular exchange. "Nellie Lee is a captial girl, and it's sometimes as well that she should be away from her father. He—" and here he made an expressive pantomime suggestive of rum. I looked at Nellie. Her large eyes were filling with tears.

"Don't be angry with me, Nelle," continued the pawnbroker, kindly. "You know that he has very bad habits or you would not be here. My wife is very fond of her, Mr. Papillote; for that matter her father adores her, and as he never will finish any of his pictures without the spur of some terrible necessity, we contrive to get him to put Nellie in what he calls pawn, and then he is sure to work to get the money to redeem her.—Nellie, child, don't cry."

I went up to the poor child, and took her hand gently in my own.

"Nellie Lee," I said, "you love your father very much."

She nodded her head, and shook off a tear or two that fell upon her hand.

"It is but right you should do so. But you are in a strange position here. Your father is not fit to be your guardian, and you will not always meet with pawnbrokers as kind as Mr. Levi. Now what you ought to do is to intrust yourself to the care of some man who is young and strong, and who, with your fair face and good influence to stimulate him, will work for you day and night, and love you as dearly as ever your father did."

She shook her head gently, and still the tears fell.

"You think such an one cannot be found. You are wrong. If you could bring yourself to accept his protection; if you could persuade yourself that a love suddenly born can be as vigorous and lasting as one that takes years to mature, you never would repent of it; I swear it."

"And where is there such an one?" demanded Levi, with a mingled incredulity and curiosity twinkling in his black Jewish eyes.

"Here!" I answered. "I want but such an object as this to become industrious. I have abilities, if I turn them to account, of that I am convinced; and, after all, if the worst should come, nothing under heaven can keep me from inheriting a portion of my uncle's estate. If Nellie Lee will take me for her husband, I call God to witness that I will cherish and love her until death."

The little heart shook no longer, and I felt a slight pressure from the small hand in mine. It may have been a tremor, however.

"Her father would never consent," said Levi, reflectively.

"Never," echoed Nellie, in a low murmur: "he loves me so."

I could have said, "What love is this that puts its idol into a pawnbroker's shop?" but I dared not insult the pure heart beside me, and I remained silent. There was a long pause. No one seemed to know what to say, and Nellie's hand still remained in mine. Then we all heard a sudden, violent ring at the hall-door bell. Levi started and left the room, and still Nellie and I remained silent.

In a few seconds Levi re-entered, pale and agitated. He stopped on the threshold, and, leaning against the edge of the door, he said:

"I am glad of it. She has no guardian now but you."

"My father!" and with a shriek Nellie slipped from me, and flew toward the Jew.

"Poor child!" he said, laying his hand reverently on her head, as if misfortune had rendered her sacred; "it is so. He has left you alone."

There was a wild burst of grief in that dingy pawnbroking parlor, and poor little Nellie Lee sobbed, and fluttered like a bird vainly beating against the iron wires of its cage. The old artist was dead; the wretched man, unable to resist temptation, had expended the money he had obtained from Levi in drink, and was found by the police in Washington Park stretched dead on one of the walks. He had killed himself with rum.

For many hours my poor child was distracted with her sorrow; and good Mrs. Levi came down stairs, adorned with unredeemed jewelry, and the black-eyed thick lipped, Miss Esther, her daughter, was also there, smelling of patchouli, and Levi himself was continually coming in and out of the shop with bottles of Cologne for the child's temples, and vinaigrettes to hold to her nose.—They were all so kind and so gentle to my little Nellie in this her great sorrow, that I made a vow on the spot never to speak ill of a pawnbroker again as long as I lived.

But in time the tempest wore itself away. Nellie came at last to listen to the few words of consolation I cared to utter; for I am an unbeliever in verbal anodynes; and late that evening I might have been seen sitting on the old hair-bottomed sofa with a fair, round face somewhat flushed by weeping, nestling on my bosom, while Mr. Levi and Miss Esther sat by the fire and occasionally looked around to admire us.

Need I go much further? Need I describe the quiet wedding at St. Thomas', where I vowed to be a true husband to Nellie Lee? It would not interest you very much; for there were no orange blossoms, or bridesmaids, and no reception and German cotillion afterwards.

But I may as well inform you that all I predicted has come to pass. I am now industrious and independent. Nellie is the dearest wife that ever wore a ring; and when I visit Mr. Levi, which I do often for old friendship's sake, I walk boldy into his house; and have no pecuniary object in so doing.

On an inlaid-table in my drawing-room stands an ivory chess-board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarcool, and was taken from the royal table by a relative of mine in the Albicore Fencibles, after the siege of that place. In short, it is the very identical chess-board which led to my finding Nellie Lee in pawn.

The Barber of Nuremberg.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The large clock on the town house of Nuremberg struck the hour of ten as the barber of the University, after scraping the chins of a dozen students, was preparing to retire to rest, when suddenly the door of the shop opened, and a man of short stature, but robust frame, quickly stepped toward him. The appearance and language of the personage, whom the barber never remembered to have seen before in his shop, indicated a jovial fellow, and a man free from all care. His costume was rather singular. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, an old-fashioned coat, and gray breeches, fastened with copper buckles. His hair, curling, and black as the raven's wing, fell upon his shoulders; his moustaches were long and thick, and his beard had at least five day's growth. He bowed in a free and familiar manner upon entering the shop, and unceremoniously seated himself in the arm chair that received the barber's customers.

The barber gazed with astonishment upon the stranger, and could not recover from his surprise at such familiarity. The other, without noticing in the slightest the astonishment of the barber, passed and repassed his hand over his heavy beard. At length he said:

"Can you shave me?"

"Sir?" said the barber, with as much assurance as if he had not understood him.

"I ask you if you can shave me?" replied the other in a loud voice. "Have I come for anything else but that?" And again he commenced stroking his beard complacently.

The barber was a tall, spare man, furnished with legs somewhat resembling spindles; he might have been about fifty years of age, and courage, even in his youth, had never been the most brilliant trait in his character. Still, he had too much personal dignity—he, the barber patronized by the professors of the University—to allow himself to be defied with impunity by a stranger, in his own house. His anger was stronger than the sensation of fear he experienced, and he listened to the question of his insolent visitor with an assurance unusual to him.

"You ask me, sir, if I can shave you," said he, continuing to whet a razor which he was holding in his hand when the stranger entered. "I do not see any obstacle why I should not, notwithstanding the late hour of the evening. I can," continued he, jestingly, "shave any man who has never had any beard on his chin. You would not be more difficult to shave than any other person, although your beard has some resemblance to the hair of a hedge hog, or any other animal of that kind."

"Ah, very well; you will shave me then?" replied the other, seating himself comfortably in the arm-chair, unfastening his cravat, and extending his large limbs, placing himself in the position of a man who is to be shaved, and rubbed and stroked his beard and chin with evident satisfaction.

The barber placed his spectacles upon his long nose, and gazed upon the stranger with a malicious and ironical air. Finally he broke the silence:

"I say, sir, that I can shave everybody but—"

"But what?" said the other, discontentedly.

"But you I will not," replied the barber. And he began to whet his razor as before, without paying more attention to the new comer, who appeared perfectly astonished at the language, and regarded the barber with surprise, mingled with curiosity.

But curiosity soon gave way to anger, which was evident by the distention of his breast and nostrils, and by the passion which suddenly burned in his countenance. By degrees his cheeks swelled out until they had almost acquired the size and roundness of an enormous pumpkin.

"Not shave me!" said he, suddenly ejecting from his lungs and cheeks the quantity of air which filled them. This explosion of wind was terrible. The barber trembled like a leaf, and had not strength to utter a single word. "Not shave me!" cried the stranger, and silence continued to reign.—"Not shave me!" repeated the little man a third time, louder still, springing from his seat with an extraordinary bound, considering his corpulence.

The barber was alarmed, not without reason; for the other placed himself before him, with arms akimbo and flashing eyes, in the most hostile attitude. The barber laid his strop and razor upon the mantel-piece, hardly knowing what he did.

"Do you wish to insult me in my own house?" murmured he, with all the courage he could call to his aid.

"Blood and thunder! Who spoke of insulting you? I wished to be shaved. What is there in that so uncommon?"

"I do not shave after ten o'clock," replied the barber; "besides, I work only for the professors and students of the university. I have been strictly forbidden by the Reverend Doctor Heligen Anhelat and the academical senate to exercise my ingenuity upon the face or head of all others."

"Doctor Heligen Anhelat!" repeated the other, with a smile of contempt. "And what dunce can he be?"

"He is the provost of the university, and the professor of moral philosophy," replied the barber, greatly shocked to hear the learned doctor spoken of in such a term.

"What! Is it this vulgar pedant, Anhelat, who gives such orders? I have not time to pass the whole night here, and I have but one thing to say to you. It is, that if you do not shave me, I will shave you, and in the right manner, too. So think well of it; you now see what you have to do." And suiting the action to the word, he extended his arm, seized the barber by the nose, and forcibly held him upon the chair which he himself had quitted.

The other was a moment abashed by the rapidity of this movement. He looked with a mixture of surprise and rage upon the author of this audacious action; and it was only when feeling upon his face the cold and wet impress of the lather-brush, that he was recalled to his present situation. He tried to rise, but was kept in his place by the vigorous and inflexible arm of the little man. He had no other resource than to turn his head from left to right to avoid the fatal brush; but his efforts were useless.

His forehead, his nose, his cheeks, and his ears were daubed with the soapy matter. When he attempted to cry out, his efforts were not more successful; the indefatigable little man filled his mouth with lather, and continued with more energy than ever.—With one hand he held him by the throat, with the other furnished with the brush, he pursued his operation, laughing heartily, and enjoying with the most clamorous mirth the scene before his eyes.

At length the barber succeeded in pronouncing a few words, it was to cry mercy with all his might, promising to shave his oppressor at all times whenever he wished it, notwithstanding the orders of Heligen Anhelat and the academical senate. This declaration gave him some respite. He tremblingly arose. His first care was to remove the lather, which attested to his humiliation, while the little man coolly seated himself in the chair, nearly bursting with laughter.

The stupefied barber prepared his instruments for the operation which he was to perform upon his adversary, though in a very different manner from usual. He worked slowly, thus giving himself time to recover from the shock he had experienced. Finally, all being ready, he drew a napkin under the chin of of his new customer, and was just commencing to cover his chin with lather, when he cried, "Stop."

The barber frightened as a poacher taken on some flagrant offence, drew back some steps, looking at the other with terror he could not disguise.

"Be careful; at least do not cut my throat!" said the stranger, with a loud voice.

"My business is to cut the beard, and not the throat," humbly replied the barber.

"Without doubt—without doubt. But I am not obliged to believe you upon your honor; so take care, I tell you. If you cut my throat, I will blow out your brains, that is all." And putting his hands into one of the large pockets of his coat, he drew forth a pistol and laid it upon a chair near him.—"Now commence," continued he; "and recollect that if you scratch my chin in the slightest, or if you leave a single hair there, your life shall pay the forfeit! I give you warning."

The sight of this terrible weapon increased the barber's terror. His hand trembled a like leaf; he began to prepare the soap, and it took him ten times longer than it had ever done before on any occasion. He dreaded to touch his razor to his chin; so he resolved to continue lathering indefinitely, rather than run the risk of receiving a ball in his head. This delay was of benefit to him, for it enabled him to gain more assurance; the stranger found nothing to say. On the contrary, his good humor seemed to revive beneath the agreeable tickling on the brush, and beginning to whistle merrily, he blew the lather from his lips into the barber's face.

Half an hour had passed, and he was still engaged in this preliminary operation, which seemed to please the little man; for, instead of complaining of its length, he continued to hum and whistle, to the great displeasure of our barber, who experienced some difficulty in lathering such a variable physiognomy. Nearly three quarters of an hour he had thus spent in rubbing the chin of this singular personage, without perceiving any release from his labor; for the little man laughed in his face, and repeated the eternal "Lather away!" the moment the barber seemed ready to relinquish the brush. Besides, he remembered his chastisement for his first resistance—and there, too, before his eyes lay the threatening pistol.

It is impossible to conceive the agony of the barber. He felt as confined in the magic circle of some enchanter, whose power he could not escape from. His strength was now nearly exhausted; he no longer had any will, and each movement of his body was in direct oppostion to what he wished to do.—If he stopped a moment, the never ending "Lather away!" resounded in his ears; if he wanted to take his razor, he was prevented by this cry: and if he refused to shave him, he ran the risk of being shaved himself.

"Lather away!" cried the stranger, with stentorian voice, thrusting his fingers in the curls of his thick, black hair, and opening, as he smiled, an enormous large mouth.

"I cannot any longer," at length said the barber, letting his hands fall with weariness and fatigue.

"You cannot any more, do you say, my old man? I will cure you of that. Come, take some drops of this wonderful liquor—the elixir of Mephistophiles the friend of Dr. Faust." As he said this, he drew from his pocket a bottle of red liquor, uncorked it, and before the barber knew what he was doing, he forced him to swallow half of it.—"Now, lather away," continued he, "there is nothing like it." Confounded by the rapidity of this action, the poor man had no time to reflect, and dipping the brush again into the soap, he continued as before. Revived by what he had swallowed, he felt new life diffused in all his members, whilst the little man unceasingly cried, "Lather away!"

The college clock had struck eleven nearly half an hour before, and midnight approached. The barber continued his unlimited task, and the stranger his eternal vociferations. The "Lather away, my old man!" constantly came from his lips, regularly accompanied by a deep sigh of dispair exhaled from the barber's breast; finally, the darkness became so great that the latter could hardly see his brush and soap box. The lamp, after throwing some glimmers from its vacillating light, like a dying meteor, at length went out. In the fireplace a few red coals remained, sending forth but little heat and a very feeble light. The room was only lighted by the pale rays of the moon.—The agonies of the barber increased with the darkness; his hand could scarcely hold the brush, which he managed at hazard, sometimes missing it. But through the clock had struck the midnight hour, he gave no sign of fatigue; his constant theme still continued, "Lather away!" Another half hour had passed, and the terrible and supernatural accent of the little man became less shrill. He appeared to sleep, and his "Lather away!" was repeated at longer intervals, and in a hollow voice. Soon he was asleep and began to snore. From time to time a prolonged murmur, "Lather away," come from his mouth as from the bottom of a tomb. A cloud having eclipsed the moon, the deepest obscurity reigned in the room, and the barber was seized with unspeakable terror.

His house opened upon the cemetery of the college, surrounded on all sides by high walls; and regularly closed every evening. All combined to render his position more perilous. The perplexity of the barber had attained its highest point. What he suffered was really beyond his strengh, and he felt that he should fall senseless upon the floor. Still, suffering had even given him some courage, and suddenly turning round, he rapidly walked to the door, intending to escape.

But, alas! he had hardly stepped upon the threshold when a cry, "Lather away!" struck his ears like a clap of thunder, and he stopped, perfectly motionless. His resolution was shaken, he returned to his task, and began to moisten the little man's cheek as heretofore. The cries of the little man then became more violent than they were the preceeding half hour. His sleep seemed disturbed, and he again commenced his old habit of singing, whistling and laughing in a fearful manner.

"Lather away!" continued he, with his insupportable sneering. "You are not weary, I hope, my old man! Do you wish a second portion of my elixir?"

"We need more light than elixir," replied the barber, with some effort.

"Ah, well, we shall not want light.—Here are two which are sufficient for you."

The barber drew back astonished. In the midst of the darkness he saw two glittering eyes fixed on him, they were those of the little man. Beneath their reflection his cheeks became a deep scarlet; his thick hair seemed transformed into black serpents, and when he laughed, his mouth and throat seemed like the opening of a fiery furnace. The sight of such a terrible spectacle froze the blood in his veins. He saw safety only in flight; and throwing far from him his brush and soap box, he endeavored to rush to the door, murmuring in the anguish of despair, "Lord, Lord, have compassion upon me! I have shaven the evil one!"

Recovering a little of his strengh, he darted across the cemetery; he sprang over tombstones, hillocks, graves, and all that appeared in his way. But hardly half a minute after his flight, his ears again heard the stranger's frigtful bursts of