BETROTHED ANEW.

The sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring;
The earth again is young and fair
And smoulder with mushy spring.

The golden mavellogs of the May
In splendor strew the spangled green,
And hues of tender beauty play,
Enamoring where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow:
What lustres on the meadow lie!
And hark, the songsters warble so
And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,
Or borne slur our blissful youth?
Such joys are all about us spread,
We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds, that break from grass and grove,
Sing every carol that they sang
When first on vales were rich with love,
And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn! Immortal life!
O earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
Who whose delight our souls are rife,
And eye their vernal vows renew!

Then, darling, walk with me this morn:
Let years between two ladies, sounds
These violets, within them worn,
Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pale
When autumn winds forbode decay,
The days of love are born again,
That behind time for ever.

And never second the land so fair
As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
Since first when love gave shining hair
I wove the blossoms of the spring.

E. C. STEDMAN.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"MEIER POLKO'S REMINISCENCES OF MENDELSSOHN."

We receive from Lorenz, Remsen & Haffelinger the beautiful reprint issued by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt of Lady Wallace's translation from the "Reminiscences of Mendelssohn" by Meier Polko. The book opens naturally at a steel engraving of Mendelssohn's refined and elevated features, looking as if the happy spirit heard music in the air. It then traces, with the warmth and sympathy of a lady admirer, the events, which were all social and artistic, of Mendelssohn's fortunate life. To the Germans, which is the one drawn upon by Leypoldt & Holt, Lady Wallace has appended some agreeable letters not published in the German, such as those written in English to Mr. Bartholomew and Mr. Moore. Although disconnected and flowery to a rather bewildering extent, the biography is full of charm to the genuine lover of Mendelssohn and of the circle of musical people who ministered to his art-life. The following extracts will show something of the charm we mean.

PORTRAIT OF MENDELSSOHN, ON THE PROME NADE AT LEIPZIG.

Of Cécile Mendelssohn (the wife of the composer) I had only the fleeting impression of wonderful hair and blue eyes, beaming from under a dark velvet bonnet, but a finished picture in him and his grandly-modeled head was at once impressed upon my memory. He wore what was then called a Spanish cloak, that entirely concealed his figure. I have never listened to any portrait (the one by Hildebrandt I have unfortunately never met with) that represents that artistic head as it lives in my memory; there is something effeminate and sentimental in all the Mendelssohn portraits, which were certainly not the attributes of his character. A sculptor executed little ivory *relief*, a profile in the possession of a musical friend of the deceased master, Schatz's minuette, and the large bust, alone are exempt from this character, and therefore bear most affinity to the image in my memory. His hair was black and curling, the forehead of the highest order of intellectual beauty, the nose somewhat bent, the lips well chiseled, the shape of the face and the eyes irresistible, brilliant and spiritual. His slender figure, scarcely attained to middle size, seemed to increase in height and become imposing when he stood at his director's desk. His hands were of remarkable beauty. Carus, that connoisseur of human beings and hands, would have defined them as "full of soul." A very graceful movement of the head was peculiar to him; and when he carelessly threw it back, while his rapid glances, like that of a general, passed in array his musical forces, there was not one among them who did not at that moment altogether feel his duty to the utermost. He appeared elegant and calm while directing; no peculiarities disturbed the harmony of his outlines; not a vestige of embarrassment, and yet entire security.

No wonder can tell the devotion with which the different members of the orchestra clung to him. But then how sometimes, he would them, how warmly he had their interests at heart, what an open ear and open hand he had for their complaints! He was not satisfied with the temporary addition to their salary of the 100 dollars laid on by the order of the magistrates for their benefit; he never rested till he succeeded in effecting a real improvement in the position of the members of the orchestra.

"Just because the orchestra is not an article of luxury, but the most necessary and important basis for a theatre—just because the public invariably regard with more interest articles of luxury than more essential things—on this very account, it is a positive duty to endeavor to effect, that what is legitimate and necessary shall not be disparaged and superseded by love of glitter."

HIS NOTEBOOK; APPRECIATION OF HAYDN.

Hildebrandt remembers a saying of Mendelssohn's, with regard to Father Haydn, which I shall quote here as characteristic.

One, on the occasion of a very jovial meeting, a select circle of friends, with uplifted glasses, drank to the health of the chorus in "The Seasons," in praise of wine. "We should like to sing something far more spirited in its place," said they scornfully. "The old Papa must have been drinking detestable wine at that time to put so little fire into his praise." Mendelssohn smiled. "Father Haydn can well forgive you calumny," said he, "and can afford to wait patiently till you once more come to your senses. Let the frothy period of youth pass away, and then sing his chorus to a glass of wine, and tell me whether it still seems insipid. At that time the wine he sell is your chief object. When Haydn wrote that chorus, he did not drink wine as you do, merely to quench a thirst, but only in order to gain strength for his work, and to rejoice in the strength imparted. So I say again—Wait a little." "Well, marvelled," says Hildebrandt, "at all the wisdom in this young head. He constantly felt how incomprehensibly he was above us; and yet, at other times, he was full of boyish pranks, and at high spirits as the youngest among us."

MENDELSSOHN AS A MODEL STUDENT.

Many little incidents, recalled by friends, gleam like fitful rays of light respecting the artistic value of those days. One of Mendelssohn's favorite stories was an ancient Roman tradition of a mutinous assembly of Senators, seated in death-like silence, when a guileless Gaul mistook for stone statues, and was therefore, both scorned by the whole board of one of the circle, when the supposed statues started into life and cut down the audacious Gaul with his sword. In remembrance of this anecdote, Mendelssohn and Hildebrandt agreed, that whenever they met, no matter where, even in the most aristocratic society, never to say "good day" to each other without a certain form. Hildebrandt was suddenly to stand still and assume a stony face, when Mendelssohn was to go up to him slowly and solemnly and pull his beard, while he was in re-um to to submit to a sharp Roman blow on the shoulder, or was disselved the magic spell, and they were then to greet each other with their usual cordiality.

THE GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS AT LEIPZIG.

A lively set of young people formed at that time a critical concert audience, the members of one of the gayest little musical circles in the world, who all gave each other *rendezvous* at the Gewandhaus concerts, on those far famed Thursday evenings. Many, many looks down on us at that time, shaking their heads in disapproval of such "pledgings" proceeding to usurp the places of those who were highly cultivated; and yet it was not from the mischief of the "pledgings" that, during a redden pause in a Beethoven Symphony, the words "bacon paste," the subject of conversation between two ladies, sounded distinctly through the hall, the motto of which is "Ein seven ei ven gaudium." One bright and memorable musical garland! how has it since been scattered by every wind. And yet we were then thought that it would ever remain the same!

I believe that Mendelssohn, who knew nothing whatever of our doings, would, like every warm hearted musician, have been pleased to see how earnest we were *en masse* in our studies. What we accomplished was as incomplete as most juvenile productions, but enthusiasm for music was deep and fervent within each of us. Then there was such happiness in being able to sing, and play together, we took such harmless pleasure in the week tea, herring salad and mulled wine, and in all our little innocent interests and passions—and likewise in Schubert and Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, Father Bach and Mendelssohn. How they rise before me, all those bright eyes, those fresh and dark, those charming girlish heads, hair and faces, and those bright eyes, many of which since then have been "too used to weep," and those youthful cavaliers who have long ago vanished in clouds of warm, and have long enjoyed titles and orders. How earnestly were we in earnest in what we attempted, and carefully studied after our own fashion; how mutually set in judgment on every new and dreaded each other; and how we all unanimously agreed in our enthusiasm for the one person who was the chief interest in Leipzig—Felix Mendelssohn! How many times in the course of those evenings we drank his health, how many fair lips gave toasts in his honor, while bright eyes sparkled at the words! We had also our particular favorites in the Gewandhaus concerts, and many a celebrity failed in winning our approbation; whereas we were sometimes loud in praise of those who did not till much later in life gain our enthusiasm. With what interest did we observe and discuss every gesture of the most distinguished members of the orchestra; above all, how closely we watched any exchange of smiles between David and Mendelssohn, and the Concert-master from Hildebrandt! It was then, and still is a singular arrangement of the Gewandhaus Hall, that the greater part of the audience do not sit opposite the orchestra, face each other; thus we had to twist our necks awry the whole time, till we were thoroughly tired, in order to see Mendelssohn directing. Sometimes, during the long interval, he was to be seen in one of the boxes behind the orchestra, chatting for a time. I think a Gewandhaus concert seen in perspective from the boxes on a level with the orchestra, must have given the impression of a bed of flowers, in the rich adornment of many pretty heads, dark and fair and gayly decked, and all those elegant *toilettes* where brilliant colors prevailed; and, therefore, the orchestra was to me hear, assuredly there was not less to see. Algar has many a fragrant rose, but in its bloom, has long been faded and dead!

A TALE OF SAVAGE LIFE.

BY JOHN QUILL.

This is going to be a tale of savage life.

It is written to illustrate the overwhelming power and the imperishability of that noblest form of human love, filiation or affection.

It is also written to extract wealth from the coffers of the publisher.

Once upon a time there was a man whose name, singularly enough—(quite enough) was Smith. And this Smith, tired of civilized life, its artificiality, its gaudy show, its pleasure and distraction, and of the mad vortex of folly and vice into which its votaries are drawn, he abandoned the luxurious home which vast wealth had enabled him to furnish with all the comforts of life, such as gas, water, and all the modern conveniences, including a back staircase and an alley gate, and struck out with his wife and infant child into the boundless West.

Our story opens while they are upon the broad prairie. Smith has halted his caravan of one wagon, and proceeded to camp for the night. Mrs. Smith is making the fire, and preparing the frugal repast. Mr. Smith having unyoked the oxen, is taking a chew of tobacco; the baby, in the procession of his insatiable appetite, is trying to swallow its fist; the faithful dog is scratching himself; the cows are raising their tails, for it is fly time; and over all this beautiful domestic scene the declining god of day is shedding the golden radiance of his effulgent beams. Believe me, it was a scene for a painter.

Suddenly, a fierce, wild yell burst upon the startled air, and before the aristocratic blood had a fair chance to curdle in the veins of the Smith family, a band of real North American Indians poked into that family circle, and grabbed up the Smiths as if they were the only Smiths in the wide, wide world, and they were anxious to secure the last scions of this once numerous and noble race.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were tied to an adjacent tree. Mr. Smith was scalped, and Mr. Smith would have shared the same fate had it not been that he was so bald that the benighted savages had no place on which to grab for a hold.

The chief snatched up the infant Smith, and began to move off.

"Drop that oyster and leave the wharf," ejaculated Smith, as his bewildered mind reverted to the phrases of his joyous boyhood.

The savage gave him a scornful look, which he refused to take.

"Let go of that child now, or I'll call the police," said Smith.

"Ugh! ugh! by ang good," said the chief, "they never come when there's any danger."

"What will you do with the child?" asked the agonized parent.

"Perhaps I will educate her to write for the newspapers," said the chief, turning upon torturing Mr. Smith.

"Good gracious, don't! Mangle her, hack her up, kill her on the spot, if you can find it, but do not, oh! do not consign her to such unspeakable misery!"

"The pale face need not fear. I am lofin ki—ki—lofin, but I am not lost to all sense of humanity. I will take her to my wigwam, and educate her as a squaw."

"Villain, you shall not," said Smith frantically.

"In the meantime, farewell. Remember me to my Great White Father at Washington when you go back."

"I will be bad boy," said a small copper colored son of a string bean, now I do," said Smith.

"And tell him that I will bury the hatchet whenever he will," said the chief.

"I'd like to bury it now, in your brain," said Smith.

"Tilll then, adieu, we will meet again in the great wigwam at Washington, in the happy hunting ground. I shall come there too.

"If you do, bring your medicine man along, for there will be a crippled savage if I get a shy at you," said Smith; "I'll fix you into eternity on the first pass. I will, by George."

The savage walked off, and took the eastern train for the trackless forest, and Smith and his wife went on until they found a desolate heartsome, around which they gathered, childless and forlorn.

An interval of fifteen years elapses between this part of the story, and that which is to come. Before I proceed further, I will go around and ask the publisher whether I had better stop until the fifteen years are up, or finish it now. Wait a minute.

He thinks I had better wind it up at once, and make it short.

Well, then, the brave is furrowed with care, and she is constantly smoothing the silver threads among the jet of the hair. She hovers around a good deal, and has never seen that lost child a single, solitary time. Not once.

One day, however, a band of Indians came into the town in which the Smiths lived, and among them was a fair maiden whom Smith instantly recognized as her long lost child.

Mrs. Smith rushed up and tried to clasp her to her bosom, when her long lost child, altogether dead to the world, and its vanities, struck the jaw with a strip of jerked beef, and told her to get out.

"I cannot be mistaken," said Mrs. Smith; "no, it must be; let me look at her left arm."

"Did your child have a strawberry mark?" asked the chief; "that's the regular thing, you know, in novels and romances."

"No, but there's where she was vaccinated," said Mrs. Smith; "the child may be dead, but my child! 'tis she! 'tis she!" Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Smith wept scalding tears of an unusually bitter anguish.

"Do you not recollect me?" she asked; "don't you remember the gum ring you used to chew on, and the tin rattle, and that yellow monkey I bought you that used to climb up and down a stick, and which you used to paint all off of, until it made you sick, and I had to hang you across the back of a chair?"

"Who is this woman?" asked the royal "she shouldn't be allowed to go at large."

"And don't you remember when your Uncle William Henry came and brought you a bear, which you chewed until the sawdust ran out of the shoulder? And you recollect how your dear pa used to sit astride up and down the floor with you at night, and try to pacify you with purgeric, don't you, love?"

"I never had an Uncle William Henry in all my born days," said the maiden; "my uncle's are named Hundred Scalp Jake, and Big Injun Butcher."

"Try if you can't recollect the time you were baptized, when you cried like you had the colic, and not only kicked the minister in the nose, but snatched a handful of hair off his head."

"No, I can't; but my father, the chief, would rip all of his hair in an accomplished manner if he could get his grip onto him."

"Then, my child, I will tell you a little story. It may, perchance, awaken some recollection in her mind.

So Mrs. Smith started on old tune. The maiden listened with deep attention, and a smile gradually spread over her blue countenance.

"I think you sing flat, woman, said she. "Try to throw more expression into your voice, and don't slur your notes so! Sing that again while I beat time."

Mrs. Smith sang it again. "Don't you recollect it?" she asked.

"First rate thing," said the maiden, "are you rich, and if I came to live with you can you give me clothes and nice things, and will you let young men come to see me often?"

"We will, we will," said Mrs. Smith gladly.

"Then I do recognize that tune, and I remember distinctly all that you told me. Clasp me to your distracted bosom."

Our story draws to a close. The maiden was taken home and treated like one of the family, and the Smiths, they never discovered that this girl wasn't their daughter at all, for their child had died in its second summer, and this girl had set up this game on the Smiths in order to enjoy herself, which she did, for she had a first rate time. She really married a young man, and they often used to laugh at old Mrs. Smith because she believed so much in maternal instinct.

This is all. I did think of getting this full moden thing out over a prophecy by Paul, and leaving the story off right there, and making the story off right, and concluding it another edition, so that excited readers would be compelled to invest, lest they will be in that anxiety. I thought I was hardly worth while to bother much about it.

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