

self at all. He should have shot. It was the only proper and logical sequence of poor Mrs. Thorpe's taking off. Several men at the club, of course in the novelty of the matter and before the gossips had dropped the subject and taken up the next scandal in discussion, even said they would like to do it for him; but having thus eased their minds, did no more.

And what of the said J. Thorpe, and the avenging furies supposed to inflict (poetical) justice upon mankind? Did they overtake him?

Verily in the lapse of twelve months he was united again in the holy bonds of wedlock with a for tune *and* a lady, to whom said Mrs. Cunningham had thoughtfully told all the ghastly details of the said tragedy. And she accepted him! T.

◆ ◆ ◆

LINUS.

O Linus, Linus! Lovely in thy life,
Drear was thy death,—the early death of Spring

I sing of Linus. Let the vocal woods
Ring with the word, and echo gives me back
From rocks and trees the well-beloved name.
While happy vintage crowns the fruitful years,
And men and maidens, eager in their toil,
Gather ripe grapes and press the ruddy wine;
While vine-leaves gurland each devoted head,
A hundred altars smoke, and, mid the crowd
Of merry rustics making holiday,
Lord Bacchus reigns, the ruler of the feast;
Far from the throng I wander, and alone
Cherish the name of one beloved shade,
Teaching these woods to ring with Linus' name.

Not Ceres moves me, with her waving corn,
Ripe fields, and crops that fill the garner full;
Not Proserpine restored, what time the earth
Bursts into life and fills the groves with song;
Nor yet Adonis, whom the village maids
In plaintive accents wall in every wood.
But when the early foliage wilts and fades
Before the Summer's heat, the air grows thick
With heavy vapors, and the nightingale
Sings deep in shade by night, loud sounds by day
The hoarse clouds, and the meadow-brook
Runs parched and panting from the scorching Sun;
The wearied peasants, lingering in the shade
Of beech and maple, while away the hours
With lazy tales or pass the time in sleep;
Then wandering alone with restless steps,
Myself the sole companion of my grief,
I call upon these leafy solitudes

To share my grief and ring with Linus' name,
For Spring is dead and Summer reigns supreme.

Within, these woods so dark, so deep and cool,
Recall the memory of a vanished time.
When dewy foliage, flowers on their stems
Just opening to the cool and gentle breeze,
Soft airs and mellow tones proclaimed the Spring;
Without, the air is motionless and dead,
Sirius is lord and from his height in heaven
Blasts fields and mortals with his burning breath;
Linus is gone and Summer is supreme.

Proserpine had preceeded him, and where
Her dainty footstep trod, sprang lilies white.
Crocus and hyacinth and daffodil,
Carpet of green, fresh grass and verdent moss;
Where her caressing hand or magic wand
Had touched the growing plant, and bid it bloom,
White privet starts and blossoms fill the air
With fragrance, or the wayside flowers appear;
The earth itself gave forth a mellow smell
Of rich deep mould, the quickening breath of Spring
And all things told of light and life and love.
Then came my Linus like a pure white flower
To consecrate the promise of the year,
To fill my life with light; and then to fade
As quickly from my sight;—to wilt and fall
Before the blasting breath of Summer's sun,
Leaving me but this cherished memory
Of Linus, gone—a well-beloved name.

O Linus, Linus! Wherefore didst thou come,
If, being given, thou wert so soon to fade?
In all thy pale and gentle tints and shades,
Thy perfect blush of color, and the hues
Presaging change and deepening with the year.
The rich rank Summer in its lusty growths,
Its strong deep colors, and the overflow
In plant and tree of rich abundant life,
Cannot replace thee, cannot call thee back;
But fading, pining, wasting day by day,
I saw thy tender beauty fade away,
Nor could arrest for one short day, nor hour,
The doomed and fleeting current of thy life;
Thy bloom too delicate, thy force too frail;
Nature; too strong, too eager in her care
Of hardier growths to tend a wayside flower.
Now thou art gone—a memory and a dream!
O Linus, Linus! Wherefore wert thou given!

Thou too my child, my well-beloved son,
Granted to Earth, but soon restored to Heaven;
To Him by whom that transient life was given
Thine ever-hallowed presence draws me on.
Life ended, immortality begun
In one short season's round! Affliction even
Urges me onward to that peaceful haven
Where thou art robed in light, beloved one,
Too fair, too frail to meet this earthly strife,
Thou hast reached early thine appointed end
Of perfect beauty, heavenly light and joy;
Hope mellowing bitter grief must guide my life
Till the eternal shall in pity send
His messenger to lead me to my boy.