

Edmunds

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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One of the most finished poets of the present time is T. K. Horvey. He has not written much, but most of his efforts are polished gems. Some of them are as nearly faultless as possible. The following, for example, may be given as a specimen; and although brief, it is eminently graphic, chaste, and exquisite:

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

BY T. K. HORVEY.

Wake, soldier, wake! thy war-horse waits,
To bear thee to the battle back;
Thou slumberest at a fœtman's gates;
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falcon gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier, sleep! thy warfare o'er—
Not thine own bugle, but its sound;
Slaves are gone to the battle plain;
With summons to the battle plain;
A trumpet-note more loud and deep,
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou needst not helm nor cuirass now,
Beyond the Grecian hero's boast,
Thy sword is not a fœtman's bow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host;
For head and heel alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound.

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With wail and widow look she woe,
She kissed thee at the cottage door,
And listened at the sound of joy,
That thou art a hero's boy!

Sleep, soldier, sleep! let thy mother wait,
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perchance, may find thy gate,
And bark as wont to thee at last;
He cannot tell a dead man's tale,
Thou hast thy portion of the gale.

Wagging—wagging away—she heard
His lingering notes at last,
THE TWO MIRRORS;
OR,
THE GILDER'S APPRENTICE.

There lived in Lancaster, England, some years ago, a thrifty gilder, who had an apprentice under his guardianship—a bright lad, who had received a very fair education before he commenced to learn his trade, and who had been very successful as a mechanic. He was quite a handsome youth, too, and, after five years' service, he attained the age of 20 years, and became quite a man in many respects.

Edwin Wilson, who was the apprentice's name, had formed an acquaintance with the only daughter of a retired merchant residing in the nearest street, and an ardent and mutual attachment succeeded.

Mr. Elwyn, the father of Ada, was a man of considerable means, and though he had come up to his present position, from the original profession of clerk in a small haberdashery establishment, he had acquired a considerable independence and importance in society.

Mr. Elwyn was rich, and felt that he had a right to display his aristocratic notions in his own way. And the merchant did not, therefore, favor the advances of the humble apprentice.

The good Mr. Elwyn saw that his child's hope was going up in the handsome youth, who had so nearly reached his majority—and he began to be uneasy as to the future. He called his daughter aside, and said:

"My dear Ada, I am not unmindful of the preference you have indulged for young Wilson, the apprentice of Lockwood. What have you done now—are you committed to him?"

Edwin's employer.

"It is a trifling matter, sir," said the master. "Unfortunately, an apprentice of mine—a very worthy young man, now a master of his business, by the way, has conceived a passion for this gentleman's daughter; and as the father is rich, he has interposed his authority, and refuses to permit the youth's advances, on the score of his poverty. But here he is—he will enlighten you, perhaps," continued the gilder, as Edwin made his appearance from above stairs.

The old gentleman apologized, kindly, for this apparent interference, and commenced at once to interrogate the apprentice.

"How long have you worked at your trade, Edwin?" he inquired.

"Five years, sir."

"And your age is—"

"Twenty-one at Christmas, sir."

"You have formed an attachment for a young lady above your rank in society."

"Yes, sir—as the world views it."

"And her father positively objects to your marrying her."

"Does he, sir?"

"I feared such a decision; but he has not as yet declared himself to me."

The rest was soon explained to Edwin, and the gentleman, who was a connoisseur in art, then turned to an elaborate and exquisitely finished mirror-frame, of an expensive character, which was displayed in the show-case of his employer, and continued:

"These mirrors are his?"

"The design, the completion of that piece of work, chimed in his employer, 'belongs to Edwin himself. He did it all.'"

"It is beautiful and chaste," added the stranger, slowly; "but it is too small."

"For what purpose, sir?"

"For my purpose. You can make me one—I mean two, Edwin—can you not, twice the size of these?"

"Yes, sir," said the apprentice, flattered with such an order.

"How long a time will be requisite to complete them?"

"Twice the size of these, you said?"

"Yes. Let them be of your best workmanship, and spare no pains to render them elegant. I desire to present them, for drawing room mirrors, to a young friend of mine."

"They can be finished in two months."

"Take plenty of time, Edwin; just say three months."

"That will be amply sufficient, sir."

"It is well. That will be November. I will leave all to your taste."

"Thank you," said Edwin, politely.

"Bear in mind that price is no consideration with me in this matter. I give you a carte blanche. In three months I will call for them."

"In the meantime," continued the stranger, turning to the master of the establishment, "as we are not acquainted, here is my card. Call upon Faber, my banker, who will satisfy you of my responsibility." And with this he bade master and apprentice "good day," and departed.

The card bore the name of James Worthen, only, but subsequent inquiry convinced the gilder that the order was a substantial one, and the work was commenced forthwith by the apprentice, to whose charge he committed it entirely.

The father of Ada was obdurate. Edwin was forbidden to visit the premises, or to come in contact with his daughter; and with a melancholy spirit he commenced his work, which was completed in November. In December, following, he would be twenty-one, and despite his disappointment, he resolved to finish his term of apprenticeship honorably, and to hope for better fortune in the future.

The mirrors were completed, and a masterpiece of work they proved, when finished. In this peculiar line of workmanship, Edwin was not equaled in all London! The designs of these mirrors were magnificent, they were finished without a flaw, and the best judges pronounced them unapproachable. The three months expired to a day, and the strange old gentleman appeared, promptly, to order them away.

He was delighted with them—they surpassed his expectations. The bill was a heavy charge, but he paid it instantly, and the mirrors were sent to a fine house in Bond street. The fame of the manufacturer was fixed. Edwin was happy that he had been so successful—and then he thought once more of Ada. He would be "free" in another short month. But then he was poor—her father would not relent—and he was deeply distressed again at this prospect.

Late in November, Mr. Elwyn received a note from Worthen, requesting him to wait upon him at No. 16 Bond street, on important business; and the wealthy gentleman ordered his carriage to be sent for him.

He was shown into a gorgeously decorated drawing room at once, on reaching the house, when an elderly man met him civilly, and invited him to be seated.

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Elwyn," said his new acquaintance.

"The same to you."

"You are acquainted with a young man named Wilson, I think?"

"No, sir," said the other. "Edwin Wilson, I mean, the gilder's apprentice."

"No, sir, that is to say, I have no particular acquaintance with him. I do not associate with such persons."

"I am aware of that Mr. Elwyn; but you remember the name I presume."

"Yes, I have heard of his boy."

"He sought your daughter's hand."

"Did he?"

"Yes, I am informed."

"Then his impudence only equals his low breeding and his poverty, sir."

"What! He is a mechanic! He hasn't a guinea, and he seeks my daughter's fortune. I am worth ten thousand pounds, sir."

"So is he, Mr. Elwyn?"

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