

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY J. SWETT.

I.

THE Summer takes a sad farewell,
And glides with noiseless step away;
Brown Autumn comes o'er hill and dell,
To hold o'er earth her sober sway.

II.

On dying leaves, with magic hand,
Frost-spirits rainbow-colors trace;
The forest seems enchanted land,
The fairies' chosen dwelling-place.

III.

The Beautiful claims earth's domains,
And unseen artists every hour
Are sketching on the hills and plains
The softest tints, with matchless power.

IV.

The Indian Summer's glimmering haze
Rests on the changing earth awhile,
And over field and forest plays
The Summer's last sad parting smile.

V.

The winds lie hushed in dreamy sleep,
And Nature sinks in calm repose,
A prelude to her slumbers deep,
Beneath the wintry shroud of snows.

VI.

The roving Indian, Nature's child,
Felt the sweet influence in his breast,
And fancied that the season mild
Came from SOWANO'S realms of rest.

VII.

The Orient basks in brighter skies,
Italia boasts a softer clime,
But no land has the gorgeous dyes
Of our mild Indian Summer time.

VIII.

These autumn views are all our own,
Painted by Nature's truthful hand,
Hung on our Northern hills alone
To beautify our father-land.

THE BIRTH OF FLEANCE KRÜGER.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

PART TWO.

It was a fierce struggle through which Fleance Krüger passed; not what they might think who, by association, had entirely lifted her from such a sphere of toiling life as this, even to their own. What they might think was not the point. It was the sudden unmasking to herself of the extent to which she had been dreaming; but she did not stand before herself as one who had dreamed. She had actually lived; but what she had believed through that living, now so rudely swept away! A stern, fierce struggle, and the light stood in the midst of the darkness to help her through the conflict, and she comprehended it not, and fought alone, and so was overcome.

When at length Miss Kingswood came seeking her, she was too much absorbed in her own delight, in all that met her eyes, to observe her young companion's mood. When she sat down beside her on the bank, under the evergreens, she did as she supposed, if at all she thought about it, Fleance also was doing. She lost herself in the wide and varied prospect, the wild heights, and the sweet dreams that lay along the slumberous valley's heart. And when her brother joined them, and they walked about, down the bank, and further up the heights, they were too much absorbed in these scenes to notice Fleance, too happy themselves to suspect any thing beside delight in her heart. Wherefore should they imagine that she was beyond her own control on that sweet morning amid those blessed prospects? — she, who should have walked like an angel of God among them, breathing in their purest and serenest influences, beyond her own control!

Not until she was again in the carriage, seated beside Miss Kingswood, and they had set out on their return home, did she breathe freely. Now only was she safe from discovery. On their way home, in the pauses of the conversation, the lady was thinking on that human life she had found there in the midst of the solitude of nature, a solitary soul, and by-and-by she began to speak of him, to contrast the characters of the workmen as they appeared to her, to note the various effects of nature and the comparative isolation of their lives upon them. The old workman, whom she had first addressed, had made the deepest impression on her mind; he seemed, she said — and she spoke thoughtfully — the best specimen of what grand scenery could do for a man who was deprived of social advantages. And Fleance, while she listened, thought, with a spasmodic effort, to repress the thinking of the father she had rejected, of whom these words were spoken. Only to pass from this mountain region to the valley below, to be beyond the sound of those tools with which the quarry-men wrought the blocks of granite. Away! but the horses seemed to go at a snail's pace. If she