

ROSE DE CHAMPAGNE,
 'Creme de Bouzy' by name,
 With Fleur de Sillery I press to my lips,
 Who would n't be 'Mumm?'
 From his 'cabinet' come
 Such sweet sips.

KATCHEN MITSCHLOSSER,
 Gutes 'Kirschwasser,'
 Im Schwartzwald, I drinks dat you virst saw der day;
 I trinks you mit bleashure,
 Und dinks you 're a dreashure
 Over der weh!

'MENESCHER' ELIKA,
 In Hungary seek her,
 Real 'Turks' blood, I love thee, imperial Tokay!
 Most gladly I'll meet thee,
 Most jollily greet thee,
 Whenever I may!

A R E C O L L E C T I O N O F N E W P O R T .

BY LLWYVEIN.

THE summer of 184 — found me emerging from the senior class at college, a graduate and Bachelor of Arts. What particular arts were referred to, I have never been able to ascertain. Greek I abhorred, Latin I despised, and although the 'Pons Asinorum' had been crossed without difficulty, I never could help thinking that Euclid had little to do, or he would not have wasted his time in concocting those triangular, rectangular, and circular puzzles, to mystify poor Freshmen. It is true that I could play rather a good game of chess, was not deficient in 'high, low, Jack,' understood the 'art of self-defence,' never took odds at billiards, was quite at home on horseback, and could split a bullet over the blade of a knife, at a reasonable distance. Moreover, the Provost had once surprised me in the act of singing, for the edification of a few choice spirits, that cherished song beginning:

'Now we're freed from college rules,
 From common-place book-reason,
 From trifling syllogistic schools,
 And systems out of season.'

had heard me assert, with as much dignity as several glasses of whiskey-punch would permit, that

'NEVER more we'll have defined
 If matter think, or think not;
 All the matter we've to mind
 Is he who drinks, or drinks not.'

and doubtless still has in his possession a likeness of himself, which was too true to be good, and which, amid the convulsions of Sophomores, he once tore from the fly-leaf of my 'Butler.' Still, these 'arts' were not such as our 'Faculty' could openly approve of, and I therefore was forced to conclude that they had the faculty of discovering 'arts' in the respectable body of 'bachelors' to which I belonged, that the youngsters themselves never thought of. But whether deserving or not, I was now a 'graduate,' and very soon the public had the pleasure of hearing my 'essay;' Horace was kicked into the fire, Homer converted into 'lighters,' Euclid resolved into gun-wads, and with a light heart and full purse, I was on my way to Newport. That Euclid well deserved the fate of Horace, there is not a shadow of doubt, and he only escaped the grate because a solemn conclave of 'seniors' decided 'his dryness to be such, that he would certainly set the chimney on fire.' Boys are like wild animals, they detest confinement and pine under restraint, and it is certain that no deer ever broke from the toils which surrounded him, and dashed over the rocks of his mountain-home with more joy, than I felt in leaving my 'Alma Mater.'

Merrily the stage rattled up to the 'Ocean-House,' and walking up to the bar, I enrolled my name among the visitors, somewhat in the decided manner in which John Hancock put his to the 'Declaration of Independence.' It is a fundamental principle of our people never to lose time, and consequently before bed-time, I had been introduced to several beautiful girls, and had actually made an engagement with one of them to ride on horseback the next afternoon, although I had never seen or heard of her until that night. The next morning found me searching a livery-stable for suitable horses, and upon urging the proprietor to give me a quiet nag for Miss E —, he informed me that 'she never rode ladies' horses, but always insisted upon having a gentleman's horse.'

'Probably a very good rider,' I suggested.

'Do not know,' was the reply, 'but she generally sends the horse home in a lather.'

This slight disquisition gave me some insight into the lady's character; so selecting the horses, and taking care to secure the fleetest for myself, I returned to the house. Ten-pins whiled away an hour or two, and I had the satisfaction of seeing Miss E — make numerous ten-strikes, which, although deserving of admiration, were somewhat detrimental to the limbs of the boys who set up the pins. The urchins, however, had probably ascertained the momentum of the lady's balls, for whenever she prepared to bowl, they were seen clambering up in the windows, by which means they escaped without serious injury. Upon being introduced to the friends of my bouncing damsel, I fully expected that they would apologize for being under the necessity of postponing our ride, but they evidently thought that the lady could take care of herself, and did not interfere.

Even college-boys will reflect sometimes, and when I recalled to mind the conversation at the stable and the extreme caution of the ten-pin boys, I began to think that I had been guilty of a foolish act in asking this harum-scarum beauty to ride with me.

The risk of taking a lady to ride with strange horses was considerable, and the idea of responsibility became magnified by reflection. I sat down to dinner, inwardly hoping that her bath had given her the headache, that her sherry-cobbler had disagreed with her, or that some other such reason would have prevented her from going; but it was in vain to wish. In she came like a queen, and the splendid damask of her cheek dispelled my last hope of a sick-headache.

At five o'clock precisely, the horses were at the door. A well-groomed little sorrel, with clean limbs, a devilish eye, and wide nostrils, was destined to carry the lady, while my horse was a raw-boned powerful bay, both showing evidence of blood sufficient to indicate speed and powers of endurance.

Observing that our saddles had each but one girth, I remonstrated with the hostler upon the subject, but hostlers are always immovable rascals, and this fellow was a prince of stoics. He assured me that people in New-England never rode with more than one girth; that there was not a saddle in Newport had two; that every horse and every saddle in every livery-stable in the town was out; in fact, told so many unblushing lies that I yielded the point merely out of consideration for his eternal welfare.

My companion soon appeared, attired in a dark green habit, with an enticing little cap stuck jauntily on one side of the head, and bounding into the saddle, in a few minutes we were cantering through the streets at a pace more agreeable to ourselves than the pedestrians, who kept dodging us as we proceeded. She was a girl of some seventeen summers. Her light brown hair fell in sunny wavelets over a fine brow, and a pair of large, laughing, hazel eyes flashed gayly from beneath their dark lashes, as if life to her had indeed been nothing but a summer. Although bred in a city, her form was of that well-developed description which appertains to milk-maids, and she sat her horse with the air of a 'Die Vernon.' Strange to say, our horses were really good ones, and as my confidence in the lady's skill as a rider increased, my fears assumed a less tangible shape; yet knowing her volatile disposition, I still had misgivings that she might go off from me like a rocket at any moment.

It was a splendid afternoon. Long shadows were falling across the road, and the trees seemed edged with gold, as the sun sank slowly to the horizon. The air was filled with the delicious fragrance of the sea; our spirits rose with the excitement of the motion and beauty of the scene, and the horses, feeling the bracing effects of the atmosphere equally with ourselves, with a free foot dashed over the wide, hard road.

I occasionally offered a word of warning to my companion as to the speed at which we were proceeding, insinuating that if her horse stumbled, she would probably perform a gyration that would endanger her neck; but it was a waste of breath, for the more I remonstrated, the harder she rode.

A boy of nineteen, accustomed to riding, is not easily scared by a gallop, and if there had been some brother or cousin along with us to assume the responsibility of the position, the lady might have ridden at

full speed to Jericho, if she pleased, and I should have kept up with her ; but there was no such valuable relative at hand, and there was I, on my first excursion from home, engaged in a proceeding which seemed likely to result in breaking the neck of one of the most beautiful and dashing belles of Newport. I began to think of what I should say to her bereft family, and revolved in my mind whether revolvers at twelve or rifles at sixty paces would be most agreeable, in case I should be 'called out' the next day by some one of her numerous friends. As for the horses, I had not a hope that either of them would afterward be fit for use. If they escaped with whole limbs, of which there was little probability, they never would draw a long breath again, and I was doomed to take back to the stable two broken-winded, foundered beasts, in place of the high-mettled animals on which we had started. In spite of the rapidity of our motion, I coolly computed their value, and selected in imagination the friend to whom I should apply for a loan, adequate to the demands of the owner ; for although my purse was sufficiently long for the ordinary extravagance of a summer trip, it never had been contemplated that two fine saddle-horses were to come out of it.

On we sped. Newport was five miles behind us, and our gallop had only been broken once. The few endangered vehicles that we encountered drew up to the side of the road as we passed ; pigs and chickens fled vehemently from our path, and tumbled through fences with undignified haste. Countrymen looked aghast from their ploughs ; factory-girls, staring in silent wonder at the Jehu-like performance, marvelled whether it was really a woman that exhibited such disregard of the ordinary rules of locomotion, and whenever we approached a farmhouse :

'The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out 'well done,'
As loud as he could bawl.'

At last her breath gave out. I thanked HEAVEN ; for I had concluded that she was as long-winded as our country parson, and no body ever doubted his powers in that respect. Heretofore there had not been much time for talking, so I improved the opportunity by representing to my companion that I was morally responsible to her friends for her safety, and that she would certainly kill either herself or her horse if she persisted in this John Gilpin-like proceeding.

With a gay laugh she shot off again, and finally, as a last resource, I seized her bridle, and brought the whole party to a stand. I determined that the horses should now have a good 'blow,' let what would happen, and resolutely held on, in spite of her entreaties to the contrary.

We had stopped at the foot of a hill ; the sun was nearly down, and the quiet of the country was only broken by the gurgling of a brook at our feet, and the chirping of a solitary sparrow, who was eyeing us askance from a bush.

In such a position as this, the idea of continuing to remonstrate with a beautiful girl of seventeen was ridiculous, and a sudden change came over her, which completely disarmed me ; but she had only 'stooped to conquer.'

The breeze seemed toying maliciously with those auburn curls, as if to remind me of the fate of Tantalus ; my ire was fast cooling ; I was becoming enraptured with her rosy cheeks and sunny smile, and when she at last observed, ' How delicious this intense stillness is,' and fell into a reverie, I nearly fell in — something else. No one could have supposed that the thoughtful and pensive girl beside me, now playfully stroking the neck of her horse with a hand so tiny, was the individual who had lately been engaged in a reckless steeple-chase, and who had the reputation of sending her horses home ' in a lather.'

There certainly was a mistake somewhere ; the identity of persons so totally different was utterly impossible. Reason and philosophy were of little use in such a case as this ; their sternest axioms melted away beneath that smile, as ice beneath the noon-day sun ; the bridle was relinquished, Cupid had conquered, and beauty again held the reins.

When men or boys — it does not matter which — find themselves in a quiet lane, *tête-à-tête* with a pretty girl, with no body but a sparrow to listen to their conversation, they are seldom in a hurry to leave so pleasant a position, and therefore it is probable, if circumstances would have permitted, that I should have been there yet.

But it was getting late, and we were nearly six miles from home, so I reluctantly requested my fair companion to turn back. The perfect composure of her countenance, and the quiet mood which had stolen over her while in the dell, dissipated entirely the recollection of her imprudence, and we ambled slowly up the hill in a sober, rational, market-woman-like manner. Upon reflection, even now, I can hardly realize that deception could have lurked beneath that placid brow, and when it is considered that then

' My only book
Was woman's look,
And folly all she taught me,'

how could I be expected to penetrate behind that demure face and see the mischievous heart that was palpitating against those stays ?

Little did I think, as I hung upon her whispers, that I was riding alongside of an article that in a few minutes would go off like a ball from a Paixhau gun, or that such a centre of gravity was waiting to fly off at a tangent, without the slightest regard for either Newtonian or Pythagorean systems. But so it was. The quiet smiles, the demure glances were merely used as a cloak to cover her nefarious designs.

Her only aim in life was to put that horse to his speed, and I verily believe that if she had been riding a comet through space, at the rate of fifty leagues a second, she would still have tried to go faster. No sooner had we reached the top of the hill than she was off, and before I had fairly recovered from my surprise, she was half-way down.

Overwhelmed with astonishment at the deceit, and mortified at discovering myself to be the victim of a ruthless stratagem, I paused for an instant, and then drove the spurs deep into my horse's flank, inwardly swearing that I would catch her at all hazards ; but although I had secured the fleetest horse for myself, her little sorrel was as tough

as whale-bone, and it was no easy matter to overtake her. She crossed the country like a meteor, over hill and dale, over bridge and brook; nothing stopped her. At last, I had nearly reached her, when I perceived a barrow that had been left carelessly in the road, directly in her path. On one side was a heap of stones; on the other the road had been washed into a deep gully by the rain. There was not room to pass on either side, and her fate seemed inevitable, unless she could check her horse. I halloed to her to stop, but the animal she rode had now got beyond her control, and was dashing blindly and madly along, regardless of obstacles.

Appearances were decidedly against her. The horse must stop short, which would throw her over his head, or he must jump it, which would throw her over his tail. Either way she must be thrown.

I could not reach her in time to save her, although my horse was making gigantic strides, at a full run, and visions of mangled Miss E —s were flitting across my brain, when lo! her horse bounded over the barrow like a stag, and she was still unhurt. A second after, I had cleared it myself, and was nearly up to her, but the little devil she rode, as if reserving himself for the last quarter, no sooner found that I had reached him, than he redoubled his exertions to keep ahead. Deeper and deeper I drove the spurs, and faster and faster we flew. I had reached her again, my hand was almost on her bridle, when her horse shied, snap went the girth, and she tottered for a minute and fell.

Although both horses were at full speed, I managed to reach the ground first, and caught her, how I have not the slightest idea, but certain it is, that in an instant after the girth broke, with one knee on the ground, I was clasping the terrified girl in my arms. There we were, several miles from home, night coming on, and our horses scampering away in the distance. Pleasant certainly, but the lady was safe, and that made amends for the inconvenience of the position. What would be the feelings of our friends when those riderless steeds galloped up to the stable, it required no seer to tell: and the chances were, that before we reached Newport, we should meet at least the 'Ocean-House,' if not the 'Atlantic' and 'Bellevue' riding in cavalcade to search for our bodies. To tell the truth, it was no great punishment to walk home with such a companion as I had, and I should not have regretted if the distance had been doubled.

I shouldered the side-saddle, and we started gayly on our walk, but soon found myself musing on the probable inconvenience of the article I carried, to the horse. To have such a lop-sided thing on his back was bad enough, and when it contained a hundred and twenty pounds and a whip, which might fairly be considered the equivalent of Miss E —, he must have considered that his road, like that to 'Jordan,' was difficult to travel. The result of my meditation was, that if Miss E — had been forced to carry the infernal thing a quarter of the way that I did, even she would hereafter have had mercy on her horse.

A mile of our journey had been overcome, and I was upon the point of pitching my burden into a field, when, on turning a short corner, we

discovered our horses quietly munching the grass on the side of the road. A wisp of the same, offered in a conciliatory manner to my bay, was politely accepted, and before he had time to thank me, his bridle was safely thrown over a snag of the worm-fence. The sorrel was not so easily caught with chaff, and proved himself more difficult to cope with, but by dint of tacking to-and-fro, like a vessel beating against the wind, I at last succeeded in making a sudden spring and catching the rascal by the head.

The girth was soon knotted, the lady mounted, and we were riding home. 'Experientia docet;' so taking the curb-rein over her horse's head, I kept possession of it to our journey's end, although she evidently disliked leading-strings, even in the dark.

As we approached the house, we perceived that there was a great stir about something.

Ominous shadows were passing in and out the door, and we were greeted by some officious voice that yelled out, 'Here they are at last.'

None but those who have actually heard these words, on arriving at home with a young lady, an hour after dark, can appreciate the feelings of the benighted.

The thunder which follows the flash of lightning is a trifle to the thunder of relatives which follows the utterance of that sentence. They seemed to have thought of every thing under heaven, and the fertility of their imagination was only equalled by the dryness of their manner. One thought we had been thrown, which, under the circumstances, was a good guess, although we did not think it worth while to acknowledge the accuracy of the penetration; another thought we had been drowned, as if there was some Solway Frith at Newport for us to get into; and a maiden lady, who lived upon the recollection of imaginary beaux, screamed out, 'Why, we thought you had run off to get married!' I thought of an epitaph I had once read:

'BENEATH this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talked till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath;'

and believing that her garrulity was a constitutional infirmity, forgave her. In cases of accident, no matter how prudent they may have been, boys are always found fault with, either in the concrete, for their own benefit, or in the abstract, as a warning to other boys, and I certainly received my full share this time.

It was impossible for me to criminate the lady, and therefore I quietly submitted to the blame of jaded horses and very late hours.

The last I saw of my fair horse-woman she was proceeding up-stairs, surrounded by a number of females, who were scolding and chattering like magpies, while she, game to the last, was waving her handkerchief at me, behind her back, in token of her distinguished consideration for their admonitions.

I N D E P E N D E N C E O D E .

Air: Star-Spangled Banner.

BY W. H. C. HOMER.

WHEN our fathers in vain sought redress from the throne,
 And the tyrant grew mad in his thirst for dominion,
 Earth shook while the bugle of conflict was blown,
 And our eagle unfolded his newly-fledged pinion:
 Men with hair thin and white
 Bared their arms for the fight,
 And the lad of sixteen made the dull weapon bright,
 While gilding the battle-storm, rolling in wrath,
 The sun-light of Freedom streamed full on their path.

Fierce bands of oppression were marshaled in vain,
 Though the cross of St. GEORGE fluttered haughtily o'er them,
 Unmoved as the rock, beating backward the main,
 Frowned the phalanx of Liberty darkly before them:
 With the dying and dead
 Was the battle-field spread,
 And the rain of destruction fell reeking and red;
 But Britain soon learned that she could not prevail,
 For the war-shout of WASHINGTON rang on the gale.

In earth, by their prowess and fortitude won
 From the grasp of invasion, our grand-sires are sleeping,
 And proud are the columns that gleam in the sun,
 Where moss o'er each sepulchre slowly is creeping;
 But the triumphs of art
 Can no glory impart,
 When the names of the mighty are traced on the heart,
 And deeds that have hallowed hill, valley, and shore,
 Are linked to the turf that they trod evermore.

The valor that burned in the breasts of our sires
 Is living in hearts of the free-born and daring,
 Who nobly, while poets were stringing their lyres,
 Our flag to the Mexican stronghold were bearing:
 Thronging hosts in the fray
 Veiled the lustre of day,
 With the smoke-cloud of guns, but their march could not stay,
 And earth felt the tread of their conquering feet,
 While the heart of an empire was ceasing to beat.

Proud heirs of a legacy bought by the sword,
 May the South and the North ever live in communion;
 May the vials of doom on the traitor be poured
 Whose lip ever mutters that foul word 'Disunion:'
 Guard the home of your birth,
 Where the wretched of earth,
 When scourged by the despot, find altar and hearth,
 And the splendor of Rome will be dim to the fame
 That our land in the congress of nations will claim.