

The New Orleans Crescent.

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SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1868.

A Brighter Day.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRANT.

Harness the impatient years, O time! and yoke them to the imperial car; For, through a mist of tears, The brighter days are near.

Who see early blossoms tinge the hills afar. A brighter day for thee, O realm, whose glorious fates are spread between The dark blue midland sea And that immensity Of western waters which once hailed thee queen!

The fiery couriers fling Their necks aloft, and snuff the morning wind, Till the first moments bring The expected sign to spring Along their path and leave these glooms behind.

Yoke them, and yield the reins To Spain, and lead her to the lofty seat. Ere she should shame the chain Whose cruel strength constrains Her limbs must fall in fragments at her feet.

A tyrant brood have wound About her helpless limbs the stately braid, And draw a gulf profound They drag her gaggled and bound Down among dead men's bones and frost and shade.

Oh, Spain! thou wast, of yore, The wonder of the realms; in prouder years Thy haughty forehead wore, What it shall wear no more. The diadem of both the hemispheres.

To thee the scattered lands, Heretofore plumed with a crown of jewels, Tilted plain and vine-clad steep, Earth's richest spoil was offered to thy hands.

Yet thou, when land and sea Seat thee their tribute with each rolling wave, And kingdoms crouched to thee, Wert fatter to thy slaves.

And therefore art thou now a shackled slave. With thou not, yet again, Put forth the sleeping strength that in thee lies, And snuff the shames of old, And force that tyrant train To see before the anger in thine eyes?

Then shall the harassed years Sweep onward with thee to that glorious height Which even now appears Bright through the mist of tears, The dwelling-place of Liberty and Light.

[From the "Lily of Love"]

HELEN ASHLEY, OR THE REFUGEE AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.

"While the perfumed light stole thro' the mist of alabaster lamps, And every eye was heavy with the sigh Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes, And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth In the midst of roses."

"Bulwer's 'Lady of Lyons.' It is night. The moon is shedding her soft radiance over one of the many fair and luxurious homes to be found on the coast of South Carolina. Though as late in the evening, the evening is very warm, for the charming Indian summer lingered on, as though loth to leave such fair scenes to the cold domain of winter. As yet, the ice King had sent no herald of his approach, and the noble mansion, with its smooth green lawns, and the blue water of the river, all smiled calmly in the clear moonlight.

Mrs. Ashley, the mistress of this peaceful home, had been a widow for the early age of twenty-one. At her husband's death she had a large property and two little children derived upon her. With all her sweet and gentle manners, Mrs. Ashley possessed much strong, good sense, which she showed in the management of her property and children. The eldest, our sweet Helen, proved an easy charge; and even Charlie, wild and headstrong as he was, Mrs. Ashley feared little, for, with her warm and generous heart, she would not go far astray.

Very fair and bright was Ashley Hall on that soft October night. The stately mansion was brilliantly lighted, and the many flowers, which were in bloom, opened in their glory. And well it may be said, that on that day, Helen Ashley has completed her seventeenth year, and the proud and happy mother has invited her friends for many miles around to celebrate the commencement of her only daughter's young ladyhood.

In the luxurious drawing-room, the center of a group of matrons, sat Miss Ashley. Reclining in a large arm chair, the crimson back of which sets off her stately form, she was looking at the guests who do the honors of her elegant home with that easy gracefulness of the high born Southern lady. Her face is still beautiful, for she has seen scarce thirty-five summers, not her rich dark hair is almost black, and she has not a single gray hair. Her husband fourteen years before, and worn over since. She still wears her weeds, too, and would be greatly hurt were any one to hint at her making a change. At the present moment, we see her speaking to a tall boy of fifteen, whom she calls "my son." This is Charlie, with his large bright blue eyes and glossy curling hair; so like the handsome young man he cannot even remember, sleeping under the dark cypress, in the quiet family burial-place, by the river. The boy's cheek is flushed with dancing, for although so young, his early wit, sunny gaiety and beautiful dancing make him the chosen partner of many a fair belle several years his senior.

But where is Helen, the gentle queen of these gay revels? Not in the dancing room, not in the parlor, not even on the lawn. She has not been seen for the last half hour, and her absence, though common, has been made on her absence. But Charlie says, in reply to his partner, pretty Minnie Clavie's exclamation of "where can Helen be?" "Oh, I suppose she is somewhere with Allan St. John. I see he has disappeared, too."

"Now Charlie, do you know that he is a match I cannot understand? I wonder Helen fancies him, he seems so cold and proud, while she is so merry and warm-blooded."

"But Allan is not cold," returned Charlie eagerly; "and as for being proud, why I like that. Has not a Southern gentleman a right to be proud? I tell you what, Miss Minnie, I, for one, am so proud as Lucifer."

"Oh, Charlie," laughs Minnie, "I did not think you would allow such a thing. You men are getting to be very wickedness. I don't know where it will stop."

"Charlie colors high at her laughing words, but answered merrily: 'I know I'm not a man yet, Miss Minnie, and that's why I'm not so wicked. I'm only a boy at fifteen, what would be the state of your heart if I was twenty-five? But this is a charming party. Will you dance?'"

"Well, as you just said, I found you irresistible. I suppose I must be dancing with you, Charlie. While we leave them to enjoy the waltz, let us ascertain if Charlie is right in his suggestions that we should dance."

On one side of the lawn, sloping down to the river, lay a beautiful flower garden; on the other, a thick grove of orange trees, planted in regular rows, three abreast, with gravel walks between. They were a magnificent sight, particularly at this season, with their golden fruit gleaming in the moonlight among the rich, dark leaves. There indeed we had Helen, and with her St. John. They are standing still, and by the light of the friendly moon, we can see them distinctly. How very lovely Helen is, in her snowy dress, with necklaces and bracelets of pearls. Her rich brown hair is drawn simply back from her temples, and fastened behind in a large knot, very low on her neck, its only ornament a white rose with its long green leaves. Her liquid brown eyes are veiled by their long lashes, and though afraid to meet her companions earnest gaze.

"And most worthy was St. John to be the lover of that gentle and striking beauty, with a grave earnest face, now lit up with passionate love, he stands beside her. One arm is around her waist, her hand is clasped in his, and as we draw near, his low musical voice is whispering: 'In two years, my darling, your mother says you shall be mine. It seems a long time to wait but I fear not, for I know and feel that your love will never change.'"

And her sweet voice answered: "Change? Oh, Allan, I could not live without your love!"

And here let us leave them, happy in their love and trust. Let us turn to the bright sunny home, their young hearts filled with hope, and apparently no cloud in their fair sky. No cloud, did I say? Alas, the little cloud, no larger than a man's hand, is rising, and soon, soon will it burst over that devoted pair, and sweep away their bliss.

It was early in October of 1860, to Southern ears I need not repeat the dreadful tale of all that the next year brought forth. The noble and devoted, the dauntless courage; and oh! the bitter tears, the costly life-blood that bought our victories, the deserted homes, the woe and desolation, are engraved on the heart of every liberty loving Southerner.

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