

TERMS.

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From the New York Tribune.

THE MORNING STAR.

BY AUGUSTUS SHODORASS.

Liza's morning has a star as bright  
As that which rolls on high,  
Just as the young Day's cold gray light,  
Steals softly o'er the sky!

A star of joy—a star of love,  
Which fondly, purely beams—  
Bright as the scenes where gaily rove  
Sweet Childhood's golden dreams.

It blushes from the azure walls  
Where sleeps the faded night,  
And by its smile of beauty calls  
The soul to life and light!

Yet as the busy day rolls on  
It flies the burning glare,  
And fades before the flaming Sun  
Within its realms of air.

Then comes the noisy press of Life—  
The mixing with the crowd;  
The hunt for gold—the woe—the strife—  
The conflict long and loud!

But back from these my soul will turn,  
And gaze on that dim star,  
But I behold it as an Urn  
Where Pleasure's ashes are!

No more the laugh and song surround,  
Nor early friendship's smile;  
But they are like the dull, dread sound  
Borne from a ruined aisle!

I see but dim and misty forms  
Once loving and caressed;  
Yet they stretch forth their shadowy arms  
To touch my heaving breast.

Then gaze I on that sacred Soul  
Which knew my earliest hours;  
Whose words upon my spirit stole  
Like winds in Summer bowers!

Before me stands his mighty shade  
And looks with eyes severe,  
And points, through all the Past arrayed,  
Unto each distant year!

He lifts on high his shattered lyre  
And melody would bring,  
But woos in vain the slumbering fire  
Unto its mouldered string.

Not vainly did he touch that lyre  
While Life flashed in his veins;  
E'en now his tones fly wing'd with fire  
Along our hills and plains!

And if my song has ever brought  
A ray of joy to me,  
'Twas that the sacred flame I caught,  
My early friend, from thee!

And though thy humble grave afar  
My knees have never press'd,  
Yet thou dost shine, a sacred star,  
For ever in my breast!

But oft when Silence stills the Earth,  
And breathes her spell on me,  
I dream that thou dost wander forth,  
And that I walk with thee!

But on thy brow I see no more  
Thy many woes inexpress'd;  
Woes, which like snake-fangs stung, and bore  
Thy spirit to its rest!

But earnest, calm—thou movest by—  
And on me lay'st thy hand;—  
I see a blessing in thine eye  
Brought from the spirit land;

And oft as thou I walk by thee,  
I wander back afar;  
And through the mists around me see  
The smile of young Life's star.

# BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 4.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1843.

No. 28.

From the New Mirror.  
**THE ZOMBI, OR MURILLO'S PUPIL.**

Many years ago, on a beautiful summer morning, several young men, who emerged from different streets, pursued their way towards the house of the celebrated painter, Murillo.

"They all arrived at the door at the same moment, exchanged salutations in a cordial manner, and called each other by name. They hurried up the flight of stairs and reached the studio. The maestro had not yet entered, and each artist approached his easel, to see if the colours were well dried.

"By the holy St. James of Compostella," exclaimed Isturez, "which of you remained last in the studio yesterday?"

"You have not recovered from the effects of your morning nap," replied at the same time Fernandez, "or you would surely recollect that we all went home together."

"There is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue," continued Isturez, evidently in a bad humor. "Yesterday, before leaving the studio, I consumed an hour at least in cleaning very carefully my palette and brushes, and this morning I find them dripping with paint."

"See there! look!" cried Carlos; "there is another little face, just in the corner of my picture; and it's by no means a bad one either. Carajo! who can it be that thus amuses himself every morning with painting a figure, first upon the wall and then upon my canvass?"

"Yesterday, Fernandez, there was one just above your easel."

"It must be Isturez; his palette is proof positive against him," said Fernandez.

"No, by the holy madre! it was not I," replied Isturez.

"Do not swear; such a face you never could have painted," said Carlos.

"Be that as it may, Don Carlos, I have never yet painted any quite so indifferent as yours."

"And my brushes too are all moist!" exclaimed Gonzales. "By the old patron saint of Spain! something very mysterious goes on here at night."

"Do you not think with the creole, Gomez, that it is the Zombi who pays these nocturnal visits to our studio?" asked Isturez. "Certainly! I believe it," returned Mendez, who had thus long remained silent while examining attentively one of those beautiful sketches which peeped forth, in greater or lesser number, every morning from their canvasses, as though called into existence by the magic wand of some supernatural visitant. I wish in my 'Descent from the Cross' he had had the kindness to have sketched the head of the Holy Virgin; my conception may be ever so pure and chaste, but my pencil obstinately refuses to obey the impulses of my imagination."

At these words Mendez approached his easel. An exclamation of astonishment burst from his lips, and he stood petrified at the spectacle presented to his view. A beautiful Madonna's head, merely sketched, but of wonderful expression, stood out clear from the canvass, graceful and pleasing, amid the other figures of the picture, like an unearthly apparition.

"How now? What's the matter with you all?" demanded a stern, gruff voice, which roused the youth from his meditations, who bowed respectfully before the speaker.

"Examine for yourself, Senor Murillo," answered all the young men simultaneously, pointing to the easel of Mendez.

"Whose work is this? Who painted that head?" asked Murillo, with eagerness. "Why do you not answer? Whoever sketched that Madonna will some day or other be the master of us all. Does no one speak? I should be proud to acknowledge it as the production of my own pencil. By the soul of my father! what tenderness! what sweetness! what delicacy! Mendez, my dear pupil, speak, is it yours?"

"No, maestro," replied Mendez, evidently grieved.

"Was it you, Isturez? or you, Fernandez or you, Cordova?"

"No, maestro," replied they simultaneously.

"But," said Murillo, impatiently, "it could not have made its appearance here of itself. Some one must have done it."

"This is not the first nor the only mysterious and inexplicable affair which has transpired in your studio," replied Cordova, the youngest of the pupils. "Believe me, maestro, this place abounds in spirits, who regularly assemble here every night, and play off their pranks till the dawn of day."

"I am by no means so superstitious as Cordova," said Fernandez; "but true it is that events occur within these walls which surpass belief."

"And what are they?" demanded Murillo, sternly, whose gaze was still riveted on the head of the beautiful Madonna.

"In obedience to your orders, senor, we never leave the studio without putting everything in the most perfect order, cleansing our palettes, washing our brushes and arranging our easels; but every morning we find all things in the greatest confusion, our palettes loaded with paint, and on all sides we behold the most exquisite sketches, and are astonished at their incomparable beauty! In one place the head of an angel; in another that of a demon, or the profile of a lovely female, or the head of an old man, but all wonderfully beautiful and admirable in their competition, setting imitation at defiance. We rejoice that this day you have had an opportunity of witnessing these remarkable phenomena yourself; and if the individual who thus amuses himself here in the dead hour of the night be not yourself, senor, then I must agree with Cordova that it is, beyond all doubt, the devil!"

"I would to heaven it were! Willingly would I avow myself the delineator of those refined and delicate features—of that bold and majestic outline! There are, doubtless, in the picture some few variations from the rules of art; but those few are lost amid its transcendent beauties. Sebastian!" Sebastian!" he cried, interrupting himself, "we will soon ferret out the mysterious artist. Sebastian," he continued, addressing himself to a little creole, about fourteen years of age, who hurried at the call of his master, "have I not ordered you to sleep in this place every night?"

"Yes, senor," replied the timid and terrified boy.

"Well, and do you sleep here?"

"Yes, senor."

"Well, then, speak! Who was it that either last night or this morning entered this room before the arrival of these gentlemen? Speak, or I'll soon find means to compel you!" exclaimed Murillo to the boy, who continued revolving his feathered cap upon his thumb without replying; "unravel this mystery."

"Nobody, senor, that I know of," replied Sebastian, tremblingly.

"Slave!"

"No one but myself has entered this apartment, upon my word, senor," repeated Sebastian, kneeling and raising his hands imploringly to his master.

"Sebastian," replied Murillo firmly, "listen to me. I am determined to find out who painted this Madonna's head, and the others which these young gentlemen have observed here for several mornings past. This night you shall keep watch, instead of sleeping; and to-morrow, if you have not detected the guilty individual, you shall receive twenty-five lashes. Dost thou hear? Go and grind your colours; and you, gentlemen, go to your work."

The young men applied themselves with enthusiasm to their occupation, but no sooner had Murillo left the studio than the mysterious artist again became the subject of conversation. Mendez spoke first.

"Look out for scourging to-morrow, boy if you do not detect the intruder to-night. Give me some yellow."

"You do not need any, Senor Mendez. There is already too much yellow on your picture. As to the intruder, it's my opinion it's Zombi."

"Cease your stupidity about Zombi," said Gonzales, impatiently.

"You may believe in the Zombi or not, Senor Gonzales, but that does not disprove his existence, nor that he is sometimes a good spirit and sometimes a malicious one; for it was he, undoubtedly, who so pulled the arm of your 'John in the Wilderness' out of shape; for," continued Sebastian, jeeringly, "if the other was equally long, he might unloose the latches of his shoes without bending his body."

The attention of all was directed to Gonzales' picture, and they cast a look of astonishment first at Gonzales and then at Sebastian.

"Do you not all see that there is truth in Sebastian's criticism?" said Isturez, examining more closely the unnatural limb, which had hitherto escaped their observation.

Gonzales coloured, looked angrily at Isturez, and pettishly reminded Sebastian of the twenty-five lashes he was to receive on the following day.

In this manner they jeered and rallied each other until the hours devoted to study had expired, then arranging the studio they exchanged salutations, and parted until the following day.

It was night and the studio of Murillo, the celebrated painter of Seville, which during the day presented such a scene of mirth and activity, had become silent and solitary as the grave. A single lamp burnt dimly upon the marble table in the centre, and near it stood a boy, whose pale complexion

accorded well with the gloomy darkness in which he was enveloped, and whose large black eyes sparkled in the obscurity like lustrous brilliants. He was leaning upon an easel, in a graceful posture, still and unmoveable, and plunged in the profoundest reflection. Without his observing it, the door opened gently, and a man, whose features it was impossible to distinguish in the gloom which pervaded the apartment, entered, advanced towards him, and called him by name. Sebastian was too much occupied to reply. He was seized by the arm.

Sebastian raised his eyes—a tall, fine looking creole stood before him.

"What brings you here, father?" asked the boy, with evident concern.

"Only to keep you company, my child."

"That is unnecessary, father; return to your bed. I will keep watch alone."

"But if the Zombi should appear?"

Sebastian smiled and replied:

"I am not afraid of him, father."

"But if he should take you from me, my child!"

The boy raised his eyes towards the large skylight in the vaulted ceiling, through which the twinkling stars were glimmering with peerless ray.

"Place your trust there, father, and return again to your bed. I will lay myself down upon the carpet, and seek forgetfulness in sleep."

"But are you not afraid the Zombi will come, Sebastian?"

"No, father; the belief in the Zombi is only a superstition of our country; and Father Eugenio has told you as well as me that there are no such things as supernatural beings."

"Why did you tell the young gentlemen of the studio, then, that it was the Zombi who sketched those mysterious figures?"

"For my own amusement, father. I enjoyed their astonishment."

"Well, good night, my dear boy," said Gomez, as he left the room.

Sebastian no sooner found himself alone than he leaped about the room for joy.

"And now to my work," he cried; but, stopping suddenly, he paused and reflected on the morrow. "Twenty-five lashes if I do not tell who has sketched these figures! and double that number, perhaps, if I confess myself the guilty one. What shall I do?"

Sebastian knelt upon the carpet, which served him at night for a bed; but an irresistible drowsiness crept over his senses in the middle of his prayer, and leaning against the marble wall of the studio, he fell into a profound slumber.

A faint dusky ray of the morning light stole through one of the large oval windows of the apartment, and fell softly upon the easel of Mendez. The sonorous clock of the old cathedral of Seville tolled the hour of three, and aroused Sebastian from his slumbers. Any other child would have yielded to the control of weariness and slept; but Sebastian, who had only three hours for himself—three hours of liberty, leaped from his resting-place and advanced toward a half open window, to inhale the fresh air of the morning.

"Up, up, Sebastian," said he to himself; "you have only three hours of your own, improve them, and the remainder belongs to your master."

By this time he had completely banished his drowsiness.

Terrified by the sensations which his pictures had created the day preceding, his first impulse on awaking was to efface every line his pencil had traced; and, dipping his brush in oil, he advanced towards the Madonna, who, through the gloom of the vast and sombre apartment, looked more beautiful and lovely than ever.

"Blot out those enchanting features—obliterate those heavenly beaming eyes! No, never! Rather will I endure the threatened punishment, rather will I undergo any torture, than thus annihilate this most beautiful conception of my imagination. The young artists themselves had not the heart to efface them, and shall I do it? No, never! That lip lives, breathes and speaks. If I should erase that celestial countenance, I should feel as though I had caused the life blood of the ever-blessed Madonna to flow. No, rather will I prosecute the glorious task and complete it, let the punishment be what it may."

No sooner had this thought entered his mind than Sebastian seized the palette of Mendez, prepared the various colours, advanced towards the easel and resumed his fascinating undertaking. The sun rose higher and higher, and Sebastian continued to paint, occupied alone with his charming Madonna, who began to receive additional life and animation from his magic pencil.

"One touch more here—and there a more delicate shade—then this mouth, oh heavens! it opens—these eyes gaze on me with a celestial expression—this forehead, what purity! O adorable virgin!"

Sebastian, lost in his rapturous and boundless enthusiasm, forgot the hours that were gliding swiftly away, and his threatened punishment. The youthful artist, before his picture, saw nothing besides the angelic face of the blessed Mary, who seemed to smile upon him with a mingled look of approbation and love.

Suddenly he awoke from his reverie. He heard a slight noise as of persons advancing behind him, and, turning quickly round, beheld all the pupils and his master at their head. He did not dream for a moment of attempting to justify himself. With the palette in one hand and a brush in the other, he dropped his head upon his breast, and awaited in silence the punishment which he was convinced he had so rashly provoked.

For several minutes the most profound silence pervaded the company; for, if Sebastian stood petrified with fear before them, because he was taken in the very act, so were also the maestro Murillo and his pupils equally petrified with astonishment at what they beheld. Murillo beeked to the young men, who could scarcely restrain the outbursts of their admiration, to be silent, advanced towards Sebastian, concealing his emotions beneath a stern, cold gaze, cast his eyes first upon his trembling slave and then upon the beautiful head of the Madonna, and asked him—

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You, senor," replied the boy, in an almost inaudible tone.

"Your master of painting, I mean Sebastian?"

"None other than yourself, senor," said the terrified boy.

"I have never given you any instruction," said Murillo, amazed.

"You have instructed others in my presence, senor, and I could not avoid learning," replied the boy, who began to take courage at the kind and gentle voice of his master.

"And you not only heard my instructions, by Saint James of Compostella! but you have profited by them," rejoined the great painter, whose admiration betrayed itself against his inclination. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing himself to his pupils, "what shall be done with this boy; does he merit punishment?"

At the word punishment, Sebastian almost lost his consciousness; he raised his eyes timidly and imploringly towards his master.

"No punishment, senor," exclaimed the young men simultaneously, "but a reward."

"How shall he be rewarded?" demanded Murillo.

Sebastian began once more to breathe.

"With at least ten ducats," said Mendez.

"Oh! fifteen would not be too much," said Fernandez.

"Give him a new suit for the *fete* of the blessed Virgin," said Gonzales.

"Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave, whose countenance manifested no signs of joy at the proposed rewards.

"I have only three hours of your own, improve them, and the remainder belongs to your master."

"By this time he had completely banished his drowsiness. Terrified by the sensations which his pictures had created the day preceding, his first impulse on awaking was to efface every line his pencil had traced; and, dipping his brush in oil, he advanced towards the Madonna, who, through the gloom of the vast and sombre apartment, looked more beautiful and lovely than ever.

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Suddenly he awoke from his reverie. He heard a slight noise as of persons advancing behind him, and, turning quickly round, beheld all the pupils and his master at their head. He did not dream for a moment of attempting to justify himself. With the palette in one hand and a brush in the other, he dropped his head upon his breast, and awaited in silence the punishment which he was convinced he had so rashly provoked.

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towards his master, and said, with a faltering voice—

"Forgive me, senor; but oh! grant me the freedom of my father!"

"Your own freedom and his also, my good boy," cried Murillo, who could no longer restrain his deep emotion, but caught Sebastian in his arms and embraced him. "From this day forward you shall be my pupil. Happy man that I am! I have accomplished more than the making of pictures. I have created a painter!"

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, more generally known under the name of "Murillo's creole," soon rose to eminence in his profession, and subsequently became one of the greatest painters that Spain ever produced. The cathedrals of Seville, at the present day, contain several of the *chefs d'oeuvre* of his genius, among which the most celebrated are "The Holy Virgin with the Infant Christ in her arms," a most beautiful "Anna," a "Joseph," and, above all, a "Crucifixion of Christ," at whose feet stands the apostle Peter.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND HER HUSBAND.—ERASTUS BROOKS, Esq., of New York, now in England, gives the following description of them as he saw them on horseback:

"Their dresses were exactly such as one would see on a dozen of equestrians in London and New York. She wore a blue broadcloth habit, with a small linen collar, and lead colored gloves. Her hat was the usual riding hat of black beaver. His dress was the usual dress of a gentleman, and his hat was gray beaver, with a black crape band, in honor of the late Duke of Orleans. These were the Queen of England and Prince Albert, her consort.—Shade of Elizabeth! how would thy ruff sink down with amazement hadst thou beheld thy descendant then! I, who had only read of Queens in books, which tell of their grand doings and their gorgeous robes, was not quite prepared for this simplicity.—Victoria is of the usual size and rather plump. Her hair is of a dark brown, plaited on each side, and tucked behind the ear. Her features are like the portraits we see of her; her eyes are bright. She looked before her with a flushed and anxious gaze, and bowed slightly on each side, with a sweet but pensive smile, while the people around took off their hats and courtesied in silence. Prince Albert raised his hat several times.

MILLINERS IN LONDON.—A little pamphlet entitled the "Wrongs of Women," has just been published in New York. According to its statements, there are at this time in London alone, 15,000 girls, from the age of 14 and upwards, employed in the millinery and dress making establishments of 1500 employers, who are reduced to the most deplorable condition of health, and living in the most ruinous way. But as fashion has every where its apes, so has it every where its victims, and it is said there is hardly an establishment in the realm that does not "kill a girl year," and if to the list of killed were superadded all who are mortally wounded, a fearful return would appear. During the two "seasons" in town, the girls usually work from 6 A. M. till 2 or 3 next morning. Many have for three months successively worked 20 hours out of the 24