Poetry.

From the Boston Miscellany.

SANTA CROCE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Not chiefly for thy storied towers and halls,
For the bright wonders of thy pictured walls;
Not for the olive's wealth, the vineyard's pride,
That crown thy hills and teem on Arno's side,
Dost thy delight me Florence! I can meet
Elsewhere with hills as rich and vales as sweet:
I prize thy charms of nature and of art,
But yield them not the homage of my heart.

Rather to Santa Croce I repair,
To breath her peaceful monumental air;
The age, the deeds the honors to explore
Of those, who sleep beneath her marble floor;
The stern old tribunes of the early time,
The merchant lords of Freedom's stormy prime;
And each great name, in every after age,
The praised, the wise—the artist, bard and sage.

I feel their awful presence; lo, thy bust,
Thy urn, Oh! Dante! not, alas! thy dust.
Florence that drove thee, living, from her gate,
Waits for that dust in vain, and long shall wait,
Ravenna! keep the glorious Exile's trust,
And teach remorseless factions to be just,
While the poor Cenotaph, which bears his name,
Proclaims at once his praise—his country's shame.

Next in an urn, not void, though cold as thine,
Moulders a godlike spirit's mortal shrine.
Oh! Michael, look not down so still and hard,
Speak to me,* Painter, Builder Sculpture, Bard!
And shall those cunning fingers still and cold,
Crumble to meaner earth than they did mould?
Art thou, who form and force to clay couldst give,
And teach the quarried adamant to live,
Bid in the vaulting of thy mighty dome,
Pontifical, outvie imperial Rome,
Portray unshrinking to the dazzled eye,
Creation, Judgment, Time, Eternity;
Art thou so low, and in this narrow cell,
Doth that Titanic genius stoop to dwell;
And, while thine arches brave the upper sky,
Art thou content in these dark caves to lie?
And thou, illustrious sage! thine eye is closed,
To which their secret paths new stars exposed.
Haply thy spirit, in some higher sphere,
Soars with the motions, which it measured here.
Soft be thy slumbers, Seer, for thanks to thee,
The earth now turns, without a heresy.† [cause
Dost thou, whose keen perception pierced the
Which gives the pendulum its mystic laws,
Now trace each orb, with telescopic eyes,
And solve the eternal clock-work of the skies;
While thy worn frame enjoys its long repose,
And Santa Croce heals Arcetri's woes?

Nor them alone: on her maternal breast
Here Machiavelli's tortured limbs have rest.
Oh! that the cloud upon his tortured fame
Might pass away, and leave an honest name.
The power of princes o'er thy limbs is stayed,
But thine own "Prince"—that dark spot ne'er
shall fade.

Peace to thine ashes; who can have the heart,
Above thy grave, to play the censor's part.
I read the statesman's fortune in thy doom—
Toil, greatness, wo—a late and lying tomb—‡
Aspiring aims by grovelling arts pursued.
Faction and self-baptized the public good,
A life traduced, a statue crowned with bays,
And starving service paid with funeral praise,

Here too, at length, the indomitable will
And fiery pulse of Asti's bard are still.
And she—the Stuart's widow—rears thy stone,
Seeks the next aisle, and drops beneath her own.
The great, the proud, the fair—alike they fall;
Thy sickle, Santa Croce, reapeth all!

Yes, reapeth all, or else had spared the bloom
Of that fair bud, now closed in yonder tomb.
Meek, gentle, pure; and yet to him allied,
Who smote the astonished nations in his pride.
"Worthy his name," so saith the sculptured line—
Waster of man, would he were worthy thine!§

Hosts yet unnamed—the obscure, the known—
I leave;
What throngs would rise, could each his marble
heave!
But we who muse above the famous dead,
Shall soon be silent, as the dust we tread.
But not for me, when I shall fall asleep,
Shall Santa Croce's lamps their vigils keep.
Beyond the main, in Auburn's quiet shade,
With those I loved and love my couch be made;
Spring's pendant branches o'er the hillock wave,
And morning's dew drops glisten on my grave;
While Heaven's great arch shall rise above my
bed,
When Santa Croce's crumbles on her dead;
Unknown to erring or to suffering fame,
So I may leave a pure though humble name.

FLORENCE, May 17, 1841.

*Michael Angelo, when he contemplated the statue of St. Mark, by Donatello, at Orsamichele, used to say, "Marco perche non mi parli?"

†Galileo, towards the close of his life, was imprisoned at Arcetri, near Florence, by order of the Inquisition.

‡The monument of Machiavelli, in Santa Croce, was erected in the latter half of the last century. The inscription—"tanto nomini nullum par elogium."

§"Di riposo Charlotte Napoleon Buonaparte, digne de son nom, 1839." The words are translated "worthy his name," for an obvious reason.

Miscellaneous.

LUCY CRAWFORD
OR
THE FORGED WILL.

CONTINUED.

He leaned his cheek on his hand, and gazed steadfastly in the fire, which flickerd and smoulderd in the grate, giving a wild, uncertain expression to his harsh features. At times he raised his head and looked with a troubled irresolute eye at the lawyer, and his lips moved as if he were speaking, but no sound came from them. How long a time might have elapsed in silence, is uncertain; for before it was broken a quick step was heard coming up the stairs and through the entry. Then there was a sudden knock at the door, and before it could be answerd, the door was flung open, and Higgs presented himself.

The excited looks of the two who already occupied the office did not escape the quick eye of the new comer. He half suspected that a rupture had taken place between them, and by way of inducing an explanation, said:

'You look amiable, both of you. What's in the wind?'

Wilkins turned his back upon him and made no answer.

Higgs glanced an inquiring eye upon Bolton.

'He is faint hearted, and would give out,' said he, with a slight sneer, and pointing to Wilkins.

Wilkins merely rolled his eyes up at him, but took no farther notice of him.

'Come, George,' said Higgs, going up to his friend, and placing his hand familiarly on his shoulder, 'What's the matter? Out with it, man.'

'Pshaw!—*you* know.'

'Ah! ah! I understand,' replied Mr Higgs, into whose mind a ray of the truth flashed. Then turning to the lawyer, he said: 'It's a trifle—quite insignificant, merely this: Mr Wilkins and myself, on having a small talk respecting this 'ere business, came to the conclusion that there was a great deal of risk and not a great deal of pay; which you know is quite as disproportioned as a very large dog with a very small tail, or any other figger that may suit the case.'

Mr Higgs paused to observe the effect of his remark, and his very appropriate simile. Bolton merely bowed.

'And we thought,' continued he, 'that as the old gentleman had left a cool two hundred thousand, you might fork over to us a cool twenty thousand apiece; quite a trifle, considering the risk, and the fight that the young woman is determined to make, which you know was altogether unlooked for, and not at all mentioned in the contract.'

'And suppose I refuse?' replied Bolton impatiently.

'Then we abjure the proceeding, root and branch. I re-fork the five hundred which the old gentleman left me, a very little diminished, considering the respectability of my appearance for the last week or two; and we wash our hands of the whole business, and gently retire, wishing you all success in your undertaking.'

'And this is what you will do?'

'Most positively, and decidedly, and so forth,' replied Mr Higgs, taking a seat, and crossing his legs.

'Well,' said the Attorney, after a long pause, 'will twenty thousand a piece clear me of all claims from both of you?—and will you carry this matter through in spite of all obstacles?'

Both Wilkins and Higgs assented.

'I see no alternative. It's yours. Do you want a written promise to that effect?'

'No, thank you; I prefer not,'' said Mr Higgs, quietly, 'I'll find a way of enforcing the promise, if you should happen to forget it.

Bolton attempted to laugh, but turned away, biting his lip with vexation; for he felt that he was in the hands of one at least on whom he had no hold, and who neither feared him nor would abate one jot of his power over him, while there was an end of his own to be gained; but as he had already said, there was no alternative.

'Well,' said Mr Higgs, 'now that that's settled to our mutual satisfaction, let's know what's the most ticklish part of this business? What's the spot as won't bear handling? That's what we are to consult about.'

Bolton seated himself, and opening a small drawer in the table, took out a memorandum, and after running his eye over it, said:

'That old witness to the marriage. If he were out of the way, I'd feel safe. I know of no other obstacle. He's here day after day, on some pretext or other. I don't know what to make of it. If we could get *him* out of the State——'

'Or out of the world?' suggested Higgs.

Bolton looked steadily at him, but said not a word.

'Hist!' exclaimed he, at length. Some one is coming. I'll shut this door, and meet him in the other room. Stay here quietly, till I send him off.' As he spoke, he went out, shutting the door, and was heard speaking to a person in the outer room. In a few moments he returned, with a face as pale as if there had been no blood in his frame. He shut the door after him tight, pushing it to again and again. Then he went up to Higgs and whispered:

'It's the very man!—the old fellow!—the witness to that marriage! the *only* witness!'

His black eyes dilated until they seemed on fire, his lips compressed, and he trembled from head to foot.

'Well!' said Higgs, looking up in his face.

'He's the *only witness to her legitimacy*,' said the lawyer; and he stopped again. 'He's in the other room—*alone*.'

'Well,' said Higgs, still looking at him; what of it? You wont consent to—you know what? You told me so yourself.'

Bolton, without heeding this remark, said: 'He came here to ask where he could find Miss Crawford. He came to me as an old friend of her father's. He thought perhaps I knew and would tell him. He's going there to-night, as *he wants to see her particularly*.'

He paused and cast a glance at Wilkins; but he sat with his head between his hands, and looking on the floor; and then he and Higgs stood face to face. Neither spoke, but the Attorney saw that the thin sharp features of his confederate were rigid and pinched; his jaws firmly set, as if screwed together, and his lip quivering with fierce emotion.

'Sit still, both of you!' said Higgs, in a hoarse whisper; 'don't stir on your lives neither of you. I've often risked my life for less than twenty thousand, and by G—d I'll do it now! Your dirk, George; but no!—no blood; a blow will be better.' As his hand reached the knob, Bolton's resolution failed him, and he sprang forward:

'Stop! stop! my God! my God. I cannot! I dare not!'

'But *I* dare!' hissed out Higgs; 'don't balk me now, or by G—d you'll rue it!'

'What would you do?' exclaimed the Attorney, wringing his hands.

'Talk to him! *talk* to him! *only* talk to him!' muttered he. 'Back, back, I say! Keep the door shut; tight ——tight! Ask no questions; see nothing—hear nothing; and don't come in that room, or I'll cut your throat.'

He laid his hand on the door, and Bolton would again have interfered; but Wilkins rose, seized him by the shoulders, and dashed him back on the floor as if he had been a child; while Higgs flung open the door, and darted into the other room.—But it was empty. The outer door was open, and the old man was gone.

* * * * * * * *

Bolton was sitting at a table, engaged in examining a bundle of papers, when the door opened and Lucy entered. He had never seen her, except on the night at Mr Crawford's, and did not now recognize her. Observing only a meanly dressed female, he might have made some uncourteous answer to her question whether he was at leisure, for the poor were not welcome visiters at his door; but he observed that she was exceedingly beautiful, so he told her to take a seat.

Lucy merely bowed, and although she grew deadly pale, she remained standing. Bolton paused, and looked at her as if to inquire what she wanted.

'My name is Wilkins,' she said, with some effort; 'Mrs George Wilkins.'

Bolton's face became a shade whiter, and it might have been that his eye grew a little troubled; but his manner was calm.

'I have the pleasure of knowing your husband. I am happy to make the acquaintance of Mrs Wilkins also.'

He said nothing more; being resolved not to aid her, in any communication that she might have to make.

'I presume,' said Lucy, after a pause, 'that you do not recollect having seen me before?'

Bolton looked at her earnestly, and ran over in his mind a long list of those whom he had ruined and beggared. Her husband was one of them; but Lucy he had never seen; and he shook his head as he said, 'I do not.'

'And yet you *have* seen me,' said Lucy quietly.

Again the lawyer fixed his eye on that wasted face, and dreamed over the past. It well might have belonged to one of his victims; but he could not remember it; and he asked where it was.

'At Miss Crawford's,' said Lucy firmly. You may recollect the evening you first brought a will there.'

Bolton looked suspiciously at her; but whatever emotion he might have experienced, he evinced none, and said nothing.

'A will,' continued she, 'which gave you all Miss Crawford's property, and left her nothing.'

'I remember its contents,' said the lawyer, quickly. 'Well?'

'Who made that will?' demanded Lucy.

Bolton moved uneasily in his chair, and asked, 'What's this will to you?'

'Much!' replied Lucy, 'much! I wish to God that it was not! Will you answer my question?'

My good woman, said Bolton, coldly, 'my friendship for your husband would lead me to treat you with all due respect. But as this is a matter which does not concern you, I must decline speaking on the subject. I am not in the habit of making my own private affairs the subject of conversation with strangers, especially strange women.'

Lucy's heart beat violently, and she grasped the top of a chair to support herself, as she said;

'I came here to perform a duty; and perform it I will, if I die!'

The paleness which overspread her face seemed reflected in that of the lawyer, as he sat watching ever word.

That will was signed by Mr John Crawford, said Lucy, in a clear, distinct voice; 'and it was witnessed by my husband and one William Higgs.—Is not that what you say?'

The Attorney made no reply.

Be it so! said Lucy; 'whether you speak or are silent, the facts are the same. That will is a forged one. I *know* it to be so. I can *prove* it; and I came here to tell you so, before you or my husband were gone too far for your own safety.'

Words, words,—idle words! said the Attorney. 'What wild phantasies women *will* get in their heads! Miss Crawford, without the slightest reason, calls this will a forgery, and you echo her cry: as if a woman's din could frighten me, or a repetition of the cry of 'forgery' could prove an authentic instrument a counterfeit! If this is all you have to say, you may save your time and breath.'

And is it so! said Lucy, earnestly. 'You *will* go on in this criminal transaction. You have already involved my husband in ruin, and will sink him yet deeper. Will nothing induce you to spare him? Oh, think of what he was and what he now is—a poor, wretched, broken down man; and do not make him worse. Do not make him one who cannot look his fellow-men in the face.—You have blighted him already. For God's sake leave him a quiet conscience; I will be as secret as the grave. I'll never breathe what I know to a human being; and I will bless you and pray for you; you, who have been a curse to him and me; if you will but let him escape this last and greatest sin of all!'

So you've come to entreaties at last,' said Bolton, with a sneer: 'I expected it. But you waste breath,' continued he, sternly. 'That will shall be proved; but at the same time I tell you that it is authentic.'

And I tell *you*, exclaimed Lucy, in a clear loud tone, 'it is *not*. I tell you that it is forged, and bears its falsity on its very face.'

She leaned forward and whispered in the ear of the lawyer. He made no reply, but sat as if frozen, not a muscle moved. His face became ghastly and livid; his eyes opened and glared wildly from their sockets, and his hand rested listlessly on the table, but it did not stir.

Lucy was frightened and ran to the door to call for help. This brought the Attorney to himself.—Starting to his feet he caught her arm.

'Come back,' said he, sternly; 'I say. You shall not leave this room till I have heard more. Is what you have told me true?' demanded he fiercely; 'true, by the God of heaven?'

'It is.'

'And who can prove it?'

There are fifty at least,' said Lucy. 'Will you go on now?'

'I *must!* Do you hear *that*, woman? I MUST! Hell is before me and hell is behind me! Fifty can prove it; but it may never reach their ears.—*You* alone are ready to do so; and you—*you dare not!*'

'Indeed, for my husband's sake, I dare do any thing.'

''For his sake, for *his* sake, you dare not!'' exclaimed Bolton; ,, for by G—d! you'l condemn *him* if you do! He is an accomplice in the fraud, and will go to the state's-prison for ten years. That's screening him with a vengance!—screening *him*, who at this very moment is contriving the shortest mode of getting you out of his way, except by cutting your throat. Ha! ha! it makes me laugh!'' and the Attorney laughed so wildly that it made the poor girl shudder. But there was something in his last words that startled her, more than all else; and she waited till he was more composed, and then asked his meaning.

,,Simply this,'' replied Bolton, with a sneer: ''I have received instructions from your husband to commence proceedings against you in the Court of Chancery, to obtain a divorce, on the ground of adultery on your part with one John Phillips.''

Lucy shrank as if blighted. Her fingers worked convulsively, and she closed her eyes as if to shut out some painful light, and then she asked in a whisper:

''Is this true?''

True as you live,'' repied Bolton, coldly.

''And will you swear to it?'

,,I will,' replied Bolton. ''Do you wish any farther proof?'

''No, no! I've heard enough.' The next moment the lawyer was alone.

She stole out of the room and down the stairs, like a cowed and guilty thing. Jack Phillips met her at the door and spoke to her; but she did not notice him. Her face was like the face of one without life, and her step was irregular and unsteady; and it seemed every moment that she would fall. He joined her and walked at her side; and she did not forbid him, nor did she seem to be aware of his presence. He spoke to her, but she made no answer. Once or twice she roused to gain breath, and looked him full in the face, and there was so much agony there, that he dared not inquire farther; but he drew her arm in his, and in silence accompanied her until they came to Miss Crawford's house. Here he stopped.

''One word, Lucy,' said he; ''you know I would do anything for you, and I feel as deeply interested in your welfare as if you were my sister—indeed I do. Tell me what success you had with the lawyer. Is there any hope?'

''Only in heaven!—only in heaven!' exclaimed she wildly; and without saying anything farther, she left him and entered the house.

* * * * * * * *

The Attorney stood like a statue, as Lucy went out neither moving nor speaking to interrupt her. He heard her faint steps as she went down stairs. He even counted them; for his sense of hearing seemed to have gained ten-fold acuteness; but at last she was out of hearing, and he had nothing left but his own thoughts. Still he remained in the same posture of intense attention; but the words which dropped from his lips showed that his mind was running on the one engrossing scheme of his present life.

* * * * * * * *

The fact which Lucy had communicated, and which had so startled him that in the first moment of wild apprehension he had betrayed his plans, was this: The will was dated on the tenth of August; and of course purported, unless the contrary was shown, to be executed on the same day. But during the whole of that month both Higgs and Wilkins were absent from the city, and consequently could not have witnessed its execution.

'It's too late to alter the date,' muttered Bolton; 'for that is already known. They must swear that it was signed on some other day; and we'll contrive some way to account for the discrepancy between the date and execution. Such a variation, with a plausible reason for it, will not affect the validity of the will.'

He went to a shelf, took down a number of books, turned over the leaves of several of them, and was soon engrossed in deep study. 'I'm safe on that point,' said he at last, throwing the book which he was reading from him: but even as he spoke the color fled from his cheek, and his look of satisfaction was succeeded by one of the most sickening fear. He muttered in a whisper so low that he seemed almost afraid to breathe it to himself: 'Can I have told any one that it was executed on the tenth of August? If so, God help me, or I'm lost!'

* * * * * * * *

The day appointed for the trial at last arrived. It was a bright golden morning, and all the world which thronged the streets seemed gay and glad; far unlike the gaunt spectre-like man who sat in the back office of the crumbling house already so often mentioned. Mental anxiety had done its work on the Attorney. Thin he always was; but he had become so meagre and lank, that his flesh seemed to have been starved away, until his skin covered only a skeleton. Although there was a daring concentration of purpose in the burning eyes which glared from beneath his black brows, yet on that day at intervals a feeling of terror, the most abject and paralyzing, overwhelmed him, crushing him to the very earth, and sweeping before it every trace of hope and resolution. The next moment came a reaction; and he sprang up—erect; his eyes flashing, his brow knit, and undaunted in purpose. After one of these fits of temporary weakness, he walked up and down the room until he was perfectly calm.—He stopped and laid his hand on his heart. Its palsations were slow and regular. He took up a small looking-glass which hung in a corner, and examined his own face in it. It was wasted, and even ghastly. He looked into his eyes, and smiled. 'No cowardice *there* at least!' said he. He was never more collected.

* * * * * * * *

As it grew close upon the hour of ten, Bolton became more nervous and restless. He got up, walked to and fro, stopped suddenly, took out his papers, fingered them over, as if looking for a particular one; then laid them down, without having seen one of them, and crossed over to where Mr Whitman was sitting, whispered a joke in his ear laughed loud, and turned suddenly away and took a seat. Mr Whitman looked at him sternly and inquisitively. He liked not the man; but he supposed his cause to be legally a just one, and therefore waived all personal feeling. There was something strange in the manner of Bolton; but he knew that he had much at stake, and attributed his eccentricity to that. After staring at him for a moment or two, he again turned his attention to his papers.

Just then the door opened, and Mr Rawley walked gravely in, and close at his heels stalked Wommut. Both seated themselves, the one on a chair, the other on the floor directly in front of the surrogate. Mr Jagger looked at the dog with the solemn eye of a surrogate, and shook his head as only a surrogate can shake it.

'Are you one of the witnesses?' inquired he of the dog's master.

'I am, sir,' replied Mr Rawley. 'I was subpœnaed to testify; and here's the document.' As he spoke, he laid upon the table a paper which from having been several days in that gentleman's pocket, had faded from white into a snuff-color, and was particularly crumpled.

'What's that animal doing here?' demanded the surrogate.

He hasn't had time to do anything, replied Mr Rawley. 'He comes when I come. He goes when I goes. He's a peeler.'

The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of court to bring him here, said Mr Jagger, angrily. 'Remove him instantly.'

Mr Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had had a slight taste of the sessions; so that he was not as much struck with the surrogate as he otherwise would have been; and he replied:

'I make no opposition, sir; and shall not move a finger to perwent it. There's the animal; and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin' ag'in it. I knows what a contempt of court is; and that ain't one.' And Mr Rawleyt threw himself amiably back in his chair.

Mr Slagg! said the surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig who sat in the outer room; 'remove the dog.'

Mr Slagg laid down his pen, took off his spectacles, went up to the dog and told him to get out; to which Wommut replied by snapping at his fingers, as he attempted to touch him. Mr Rawley was staring intensely out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions; and receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his pleasant expression toward that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the surrogate, as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstrations of anger.

'Slagg, have you removed the dog?' said Mr Jagger, who, the dog being under his very nose, saw that he had not.

'No, sir. He resists the court,' replied Mr Slagg.

'Call Walker to assist you,' said Mr Jagger, sternly.

Walker, a small man in drabs, had anticipated something of the kind, and had accidentlly withdrawn as soon as he saw that there was a prospect of difficulty; so that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog.

'Witness!' said Mr Jagger.

'Sir!' exclaimed a thin man in the corner, who had been subpœnaed, to his own great terror, and who at that particular moment had an idea that he was the only witness in the world, starting to his feet under the vague impression that he was to be sworn on the spot, and thoroughly convinced that testifying and committing perjury were only different names for the same thing.

'Not you—the man with a dog.'

Mr Rawley looked the court full in the face.

'Will you oblige the court by removing that animal ?' said Mr Jagger, mildly.

'Certainly, sir,' said Mr Rawley! 'Wommut, go home.' Wommut rose stiffly and went out, first casting a glance at the man with a wig, for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion; and having comforted himself by a ferocious attack on a small dog belonging to the surrogate, whom he encounted in the entry, was seen from the window walking solemnly up the steet.

This matter being disposed of, the court scratched its nose with the end of a pen, and looked impatiently at a clock which hung over the door, as much as to ask how it dared to keep a surrogate waiting. At last he said:

'Mr Whitman, do you know whether Mr Fisk ever intends to come ?'

'I presume he does,' replied Mr Whitman. 'It's not time yet;' and without farther reply he went on reading, while the surrogate looked out of the window.

A slight beckoning motion of Higgs' finger at that moment brought Bolton to his side.

'What's the meaning of that fellow's being here ?' said he, indicating Rawley by a scarcely perceptible jerk of the hand, who sat watching Mr Whitman with a look of profound and mysterious import. 'I don't want him here. It bodes us no good.'

'Who is he?' inquired the lawyer nervously.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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