

For the Tattler.

The Wanderer's Reward.

In a beautiful valley, near the little village of Patterson N. Jersey, was situated the picturesque country residence of Mrs Mariah Livingston. On the death of her husband, who was killed in a naval engagement during the late war with England, she removed with her two children James & Laura, from the city of Philadelphia, to this quiet and secluded retreat. Here she managed by the aid of a respectable fortune, to live in peaceful contentment; devoting herself to the education of her son & daughter, and to the entertainment of her numerous city friends, who visited her during the summer. For such persons the place itself was sufficient attraction. At a distance from any of the public roads, stood the small white mansion, almost covered with vines & shady boughs & surrounded on three sides by the beautiful range of hills which render that part of the country so fascinating. In front of the house was a great green yard, with here & there a large forest oak; and in the rear a large flower garden; the whole handsomely surrounded with white lattice fencing, & laid off with gravel walks. Nothing in short, could be added to increase the comforts of this happy family. In summer they were cheered by the polished society of friends; and in winter found

abundant enjoyment around the fireside, in delightful intercourse among themselves.

James & Laura, as they advanced in age became more & more the solace of their mother, & the centre of all her hopes. And while they were the universal favourites of all who visited the family, nothing could excel their regard for each other. This was the secret of half the mother's fondness, — this the charm that attracted every eye & elicited for them, universal admiration. They lived in each other's embrace. Their joys & their sorrows, their hopes & their wishes were the same. Whenever James went, there went the gentle Laura, tripping playfully at his side. When away from their mother, they were in the garden, or climbing up the mountain side in quest of flowers, or perchance seated beneath one of the oak trees in the yard, telling tales or reading to each other. Oh! never shall I forget the first time I saw them at that home! It was at the close of a bright sunny day in June. I approached the house just as the sun had disappeared, and his last rays were seen in faint lines to gild the trunk wood on the tops of the adjoining mountains. The first objects that met my gaze were James & Laura, standing in the cool breeze, beneath one of the wide spreading oaks. The latter was dressed in white, the emblem of her own innocence & purity; her black rincts

hanging gracefully about her neck; and she stood tenderly parting the hair of her brother with her own comb & smoothing it with her fingers.

Thus lived, and thus loved, this happy little family. Their joy was unalloyed. Tomorrow had not yet visited that abode of peace. Adversity had never walked among its bowers. All was sunshine; all was hope. And thus might all have remained, but for the restless impetuosity of youth. Alas! alas! how sad a truth, that the young & tender will not hearken to the voice of wisdom & of age. That it follows with eagerness the delusive phantoms of its own creative fancy. That it sees too late the fatal error. And that it is not until the Syren's voice has lured them to destruction, that its harmony ceases to operate upon the senses & reveals to them their misery.

I have said that James & Laura used to read to each other. They had a short time subsequent to my visit mentioned above, been very much interested with romantic tales of the sea. There was first kindled in the breast of James that passion which proved fatal to his happiness. His hitherto quiet & contented spirit now thirsted for excitement. The narrow limits of his cottage home could not satisfy his boundless desires. He longed for the pleasures of the broad blue ocean. He longed to mingle in the crowds of other lands & to eat the fruit of other climes.

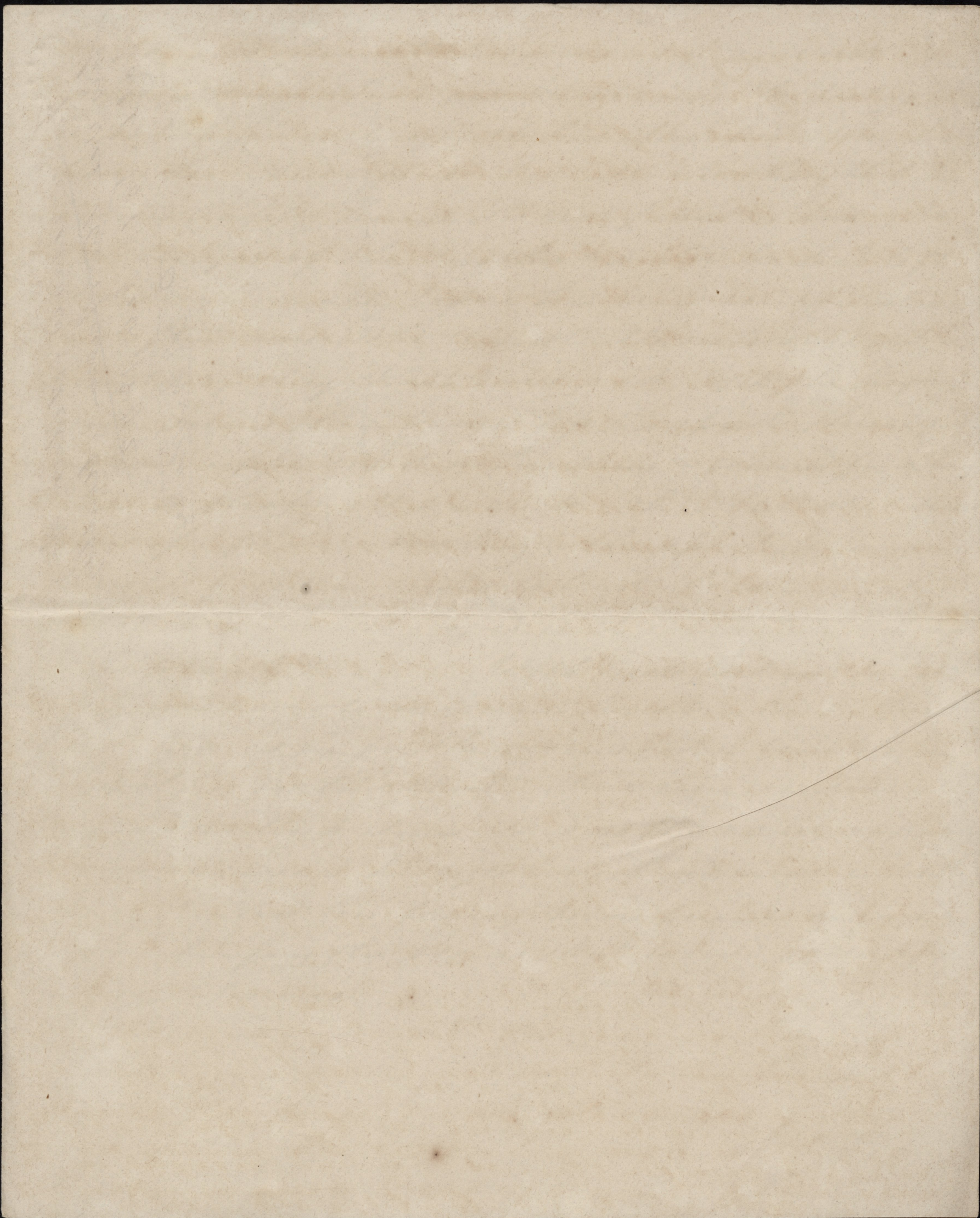
The winning smiles of a beloved sister, and the caresses of a doating mother ceased to command their usual influence. In vain they expostulated. In vain they entreated him with tears.

Vain! all was vain. Resolved on going, it was in his seventeenth year, that he secretly left the home of his early youth. The imagination can better fancy, than words depict the heart rending agony, this event occasioned in the bosoms of those two who so dearly loved him. See the fond mother day after day & week after week, weeping at the recollection of her child "and refusing to be comforted, because he was not." See the doating, lovely sister, sitting by her side, dejected and sad, and mourning the long cherished companion of her childhood's hours as a dove mourning for the loss of its mate. See them, and learn too, to shed a tear over the bereavement of a sister and a mother.

Seven long years had passed away, when James Livingstone found himself again on his return to America. His love of novelty had been fully gratified. Having first sailed from the port of N. York as an expedition to the fourth sea, he had been a wanderer of the ocean up to the present time. His life had been as various & chequered as the chances of the sea could render it. He had experienced shipwreck & famine. He had become familiar with foreign manners and with foreign climes. He had mingled in the tumults & excitements of the old world. But

But amid them all his sensibility was not destroyed. Amid them all he retained the feelings & the polish his early youth had stamped upon his character. And amid them all, the thoughts of his deserted happy home, did not forsake him. No! the images of the mother & sister he had left were continually before his vivid imagination; and often would the tear startle in his eye, as he thought of days that were past. Yet the hope of again seeing them buoyed up his spirit. This idea was ever uppermost in his mind & seemed for a long time to shape all his ends. Oh! in all the adverse hours of life, how soothing to the spirit, to have some cherished object in view to feast the imagination, which it is fondly hoped will constitute the height of happiness & joy. With such feelings, what rapturous emotions must have swelled the heart of our hero, as he for the second time beheld the shores of his native land! There were centered all his fond anticipations; and as the vessel approached nearer & nearer, his eyes were fixed more intently upon it, and his fancy more busily engaged in portraying the scenes that would occur after his long absence.





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A mistake

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