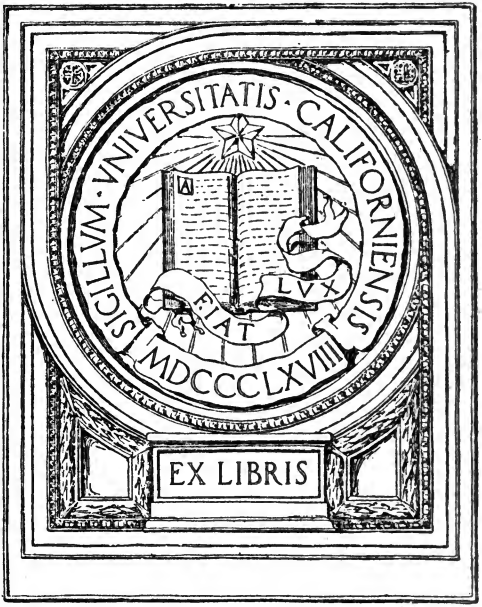

THE DOOMED FAIRY.

THE
WINTER GREEN
A PERENNIAL GIFT
FOR
1844.

NEW YORK
CHARLES WELLS & CO.

THE

WINTERGREEN,

A

PERENNIAL GIFT

FOR

1844.

"Let not affection in thy heart abide
Like spring-time flowers, that wither soon away;
But, like the *Wintergreen*, if tempest-tried,
Green and more fragrant for the fierce winds' play."

OLD WINTER.

EDITED BY JOHN KEESE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIXTEEN BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:
CHARLES WELLS & CO.,
No. 56 *Gold-street.*

George W. Wood & Co.,
Printers, No. 45 Gold-street, New York.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the public our offering to its native annual literature, we have chosen the name of the *Wintergreen* in the belief that its quaintness and simplicity indicate appropriately the modesty of our pretensions. The Wintergreen is content to abide in the shadow of the more ambitious denizens of the woods, yet it hath a perennial verdure and a tenacity of life that make it often sought by the curious, even to the neglect of others whose claims to favour are more obvious. These qualities may typify our quiet faith, that hereafter from year to year *our* Wintergreen will come forth cheerful and confident of success.

We may trace the analogy still further—the plant whose name we have chosen often winneth admiration from the beauty of its leaf—dark and glossy—and not unprotected by spines, that impart a certain degree of point and dignity to its aspect, notwithstanding its apparent lowliness.

Then, too, it hath the reputation of possessing salutary and healing qualities that have made it a marvellous favourite with "those afflicted with all manner of sickness and all manner of disease," —and, alas, there are many such.

Let us hope, then, that we may do justice to our prototype by humbly ministering to the moral and intellectual well-being of our readers, by soothing the restlessness of excitability, checking the waywardness of fancy, and whispering comfort to the stricken in heart. Let no one reproach us with arrogance and say that under the garb of humility we conceal presumption and pride, as the old house of royalty assumed the lowly broom— when the palm or the oak were a fitter emblem of the illustrious Plantagenet—for indeed we wear the Wintergreen in all loyalty, as faithfully indicating the sentiment with which we start in our career.

Many of our contributors, dear reader, are mutual and personal friends. The brows of some are already circled with laurels fadeless as their spirits, which can never grow old, and their hearts are fresh as in the "dew of youth." These we are sure would gladly lay aside a chaplet too foreign, too artificial for souls as genial as theirs,

and bind in its stead our simple garland of Wintergreen, inasmuch as it hath more the aspect of home—more the familiar sound of wood and fell—more the associated melody of kindred voices in the light of the winter hearth.

It would ill become us to sound the trumpet in behalf of those already known to the literary world, and whom we have already proclaimed to be our friends; much less would it become us to speak of our own labours. The public have no care for the machinery of preparation; they look only to the results: therefore must we await in silence their award, however solicitous we may be of success. Yet may we venture to hope that when the time for cementing friendships by the offerings of the season shall have arrived, the lowly Wintergreen will be found not the least attractive—suggestive as it is of perennial truth—of affection outlasting storm and chill, and of faith coming meekly forth from doubt and peril; and yet more as fostering the love and the pride which we should ever feel for that whose

"Sweetness all is of our native land."

Such are the hopes by us cherished while binding the garland of Wintergreen.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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THE

WINTERGREEN.

THE DOOMED FAIRY.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."—ST. PAUL.

'Tis a blessed thing to be a child
In the freshness of its life,
While the sunshine lingers on the brow,
Undimmed by care and strife—
Ere from the earth a single ray
Of its glorious light hath passed away.

For things unhidden from the child,
Fade in its after years—
He reads strange language in the flower,
And round it music hears;
The bird and blossom have a voice
To bid the pure in heart rejoice.

A simple child one summer night
  Was lured to listen long,
And hear each petal ere it closed,
  Breathe out an evening song;
And he at threescore years and ten
Remained a child, as he was then.

That night he learned what kept him young
  In every after strife;
What kept him hoping, trusting still
  On to the verge of life.
It gave one's heart a thrill of joy
To see that gray-haired, cheerful boy.

He found that truth to every soul
  Hath teachings of its own,
Mysterious, binding, earnest things,
  Revealed to it alone;
And thence a cheerful faith he learned,
That every heart for goodness yearned.

That all the creatures God hath made
  Strive upward to the light;
Which clearer, broader, fuller grows,
  Upon the watchful sight;
While those they leave in doubt behind,
May fearful dooms upon them bind.

Yet they, the bridegroom's chosen ones,
The wedded to the truth,
In bright'ning pathways onward move,
Renewed in love and youth;
And holier fervour, faith in heaven,
Rewardeth all who thus have striven.

The stars burned clear in the deep blue sky,
The moon was full and bright—
On every beam was sailing down
A spirit robed in light.
In music broke each quivering ray,
Heard in the stillness far away.

The child stooped down to a myrtle-tree
Whence low, sweet voices sung,
And anon a thousand glow-worm lamps
Were out on the branches hung.
A fairy troop were gathering by
To hold their court in the moon-lit sky.

Transparent they as the crystal sea—
For spirits may naught conceal,
Their holy natures, robed in light,
All inward thoughts reveal;
Then first the child began to see,
How dread a thing a sin must be.

Each small, fair face was grave to see,
And he marked their solemn air,
As up from the mount, and out from the deep,
Their ranks were gathering there.
On the thistle down, in the keal of the pea,
And in pearly shells from the dark, blue sea.

They lowly bowed to their beautiful queen,
With her lucid wing and brow;
The young child thought so fair a face
He had never seen till now—
As she bade a fairy stand at her feet,
Her voice was kindly, and low, and sweet.

Then slowly up-rose a little sprite
With a cold, yet saddened air,
Whose wings were veiled in a snowy robe,
And lilies graced her hair.
And through her pure, ethereal frame,
The wavering doubts like shadows came.

Bright rosy tints, and thoughtful eye,
Bedimmed with shades of grief,
That only in that upward glance
From doubting found relief,
That questioned of the Fairy life,
With its little pomp and useless strife.

The young child bowed a listening ear,
And word spake never one;
He heard the tale of the Fairy told,
And staid till all was done—
Of the pure in heart he thought the while,
And the sunshine felt in a loving smile.

'Twas said her birthplace Pearlette traced
Where old Katahdin stands,
Lifting his hoary head to screen
The work of Fairy hands;
Where caverns, lit by diamond rays,
Are bright as earth in the noon-tide blaze.

She slept with the pearl and crystal stone,
Unsunned and pure as they;
To sprinkle drops in the rose-lipped shell
As it lay in the deep away:
To fill the diamond moulds with dew
Were all the task that Pearlette knew.

The queen beheld with a loving smile,
And she brought the lowly sprite
From the cavern forth to the upper air,
Where the blossoms bathe in light.
To the gladsome earth 'twas a gladsome ray,
That chased from its breast one shadow away.

All things that the pretty Pearlette loved
More lovely seemed to grow;
The flower's bloom of a fairer hue,
And the gem more bright to glow.
The rainbow, touched by her in the sky,
Was made of a richer, deeper dye.

The cradled sleep of the smiling child
More sweet and tranquil seemed;
For Pearlette kissed its bud-like lip,
And the little baby dreamed
Of many a vision sweet and bright,
Which the Fairy brought to its infant sight.

Alas! that the Fay should weary grow
Of the toil of Fairy land;
That it should spurn the needful links
That bind the Fairy band.
That the elfin feast and the moonlight glee
Should seem but a fitful mockery.

Alas! that the pomp of little things
Should fail its life to fill;
That dreams of love and higher truth
Should keep it yearning still,
Unsated, drooping, and apart,
To pine in loneliness of heart.

The Fairy queen, with a saddened look,
The altered Pearlette eyed;
She hoped the evil would pass away,
And a gentle task she tried.
She sent her where the sunshine smiled,
To tend the flowers of a little child.

And now the child the reason learned
Why the flowerets drooped and died;
Why the small, green bug to the rose-leaf came,
And the snow-drop's petals dried;
Why the unbloomed buds were withered up,
And incense crushed from the blighted cup.

Wherever the doubting Fairy passed
Dark mildew spots were seen;
Unloving tendence had been there
To mar the blossom's sheen—
From the opening bud had dried the dew,
And the green leaf curled wherever she flew.

But most it grieved the child to see
On the snowy lily's breast
The darkened prints, that plainly told
Where the tiny footsteps pressed.
The Passion-flower was crushed in its birth,
Alas! 'tis a holy thing on earth.

The gentle queen in vain had hoped
A penitent thought might spring
In Pearlette's breast, e'er her doom was told,
And she fell from Fairy ring.
For half in love, and half in fear,
She read that brow, so calm and clear.

There had been tales in Fairy land
Of guileless, gentle Fays,
Who once had dwelt in caverns lit
By the cold diamond blaze,
And thence had found the upper air,
With its freshness, freedom, higher care.

And it was said those glorious sprites,
With beauty strangely wild,
By beings of a higher state
Had sometimes been beguiled;
And thus had learned dark, hidden lore,
And Fairy customs loved no more.

And these were doomed from Fairy ring,
By laws they dared to spurn,
In listening to forbidden lore
That made them fondly yearn
For higher wisdom, higher life,
Apart from pomp and Fairy strife.

Oh! sadly drooped each rainbow wing,
To hide the gushing tear;
And the young child held his very breath
That fearful doom to hear—
While dirge-like voices, sad and low,
The Fairy doomed to a state of wo.

THE DOOM.

By the rainbow in the skies,
Glowing with its morning dyes;
By the moon-beam's silver light,
When the stars are burning bright;
By the waters of the fountain,
In the cave of hoary mountain,
Whereso'er we meet together,
Pearlette comes no more, forever.

Where the Arctic streamers glow,
By the frosty Esquimaux,
Where basaltic columns stand
On the northern icy strand,
And a palace rich and rare
By the ocean rises there,
Never more the doomed one may
Seek with us the Fairy way.

Never more in cavern dark,
Never more in pearly barque,
Never more in coral bower,
Never more in starry hour,

By the bed of infant sleeping,
By the flower in dew-drop steeping,
Shall the sinful Pearlette dare
With her sister band repair.

But the knowledge of the right,
Which the spirit dared to slight,
And the truth that cannot lie,
And the thoughts that never die,
And the bliss that never more
Tears and prayers can back restore,
Shall a cup of anguish bring
Which the Doom'd one's lips must wring.

The glow-worm lamps are out and gone,
The Fairies all have wended;
And gleaming brook and shadowy branch,
In full moonlight are blended;
And there in that lone stilly hour,
The child is hid in myrtle bower.

Those vestal sprites with freakish will,
Creatures of stern decree,
Who have no dreams of onward thought,
Nor love's deep sympathy,
Who round the gem and blossom play,
As cold and glittering as they—

How should they know of higher things,
How judge of one sweet soul,
Who trembling, fearful, and abashed,
Bowed to a new controul!

And only half as yet had learned
The blessedness for which it yearned:

Who, veiled in secrecy and dread,
As fearful they were sin,
The promptings of a spirit waked
To mysteries within.
Who, casting off the laws that bound,
A new and higher duty found!

All, all are gone but that fair one,
The doomed and exiled sprite,
Who dared not lift her stricken head
In that cold, cheerless light—
But stood with wings her vision hiding,
Like one some fearful peril biding.

Awhile she stood, one moment stood,
But who the pangs may tell,
That one brief moment on the soul
In agony may swell—
When rayless, friendless, it is left
Of all but consciousness bereft.

One moment, and her head she lifts—
Her dreams are real now—
The bright, the beautiful of dreams,
With his calm radiant brow—
All love and tenderness his eyes,
To clasp the exiled Fairy flies.

She lifts to his her meek, fond look,
The wise, the true beholding;
And he, unfaltering, to his breast
The gentle one enfolding.
Who turns from all of outward show,
Undying, earnest truth to know.

He calms the doubt, he whispers peace,
While love and truth are blending;
He takes away those sprite-like wings
From her fair shoulders pending—
Those freakish wings of changeful hue,
That every varying fancy drew!

And then the child with wonder saw
A higher life revealing;
Sweet, tranquil traces of calm soul,
Upon her features stealing—
Those elvish wings all cast aside,
How beautiful the Fairy bride!

"NEW YEAR'S VISITING IN HADES."

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"When we seem particularly dull, the reader may rest assured there is always some deep meaning under it."

BRITISH ESSAYIST.

"HAPPY new year to you! Paris, my dear fellow, where do you call next?" cried the dashing Castor, reigning up his three-minute trotter in passing the handsome Trojan.

"Why, I've just begun on my list," replied the dandy rival of Menelaus; "it's not a long one, however. Society in Hades is becoming so mixed, that one really must be particular; and I visit only the old stand-bys."

"Right, right, by all means; I don't go the new nabobs neither, except that millionaire, Midas, who keeps a capital cook, and has plenty of chateau in his cellar. But who's that old quiz in brimstone-coloured gaiters, that Mercury's got under his wing to introduce to the infernals?"

"Some modern bore, I'll be sworn, for they never send us lads of life and spirit from the earth any more."

"No, they are all used up before they get here. An overworked, spavined, broken-down set. But, adios, Amigo." And waving his furred glove to Paris, in the same moment that he touched his spirited nag with the whip, the light sulky of Castor whirled by the more showy stanhope of his friend, and both were out of sight in a moment.

"These are gay youths," observed the stranger to Mercury, as the two paused upon the curb-stone to admire the skill with which Castor, at full speed, wound among a crowd of omnibuses.

"Are they of much consideration among the infernals?"

"They! No! a couple of extravagant, dissipated dogs. Paris affects exclusiveness, because every body cuts him; and that horse-jockey, Castor, has run up such a devil of a bill at every livery stable in town, that he must open one himself, or learn to go on foot. His brother, Pollux, is of the same flash set. Minos held him to bail, the other day, for provoking a boxing

match with a Yankee pupil of Fuller's, whom a steamboat explosion or railroad accident had sent quite unexpectedly to Hades."

"You receive a good many American ghosts in that way," observed the stranger.

"Why, yes, confound them," replied Mercury, "human life is of so little value among that queer people, that they keep one always busy. I have only to look in the morning papers for some '*card*,' exonerating a railroad company, or steamboat skipper from 'all blame,' and I am sure to find a troop of Yankee ghosts bargaining with Charon, to work their passage across the Styx. But, here we are, at the house of Pandora, the first woman that was ever made, and of course at the head of society here, seeing that the fatal box, which she opened upon earth, has done everything to keep up the population of this place."

"The compliments of the season to you," added Mercury, bowing to the lady, as he introduced his friend upon entering the drawing-room of Pandora; "what a beautiful ottoman!"

"It's one good Penelope embroidered for me. How do you like the barbaric pattern of these slippers? My husband's friend, Tecumseh, sent

me a pair of moccasins, and I thought Ulysses would like something of the same kind to wear about the house. Have you read this?" continued she, glancing toward the stranger as she selected a volume, in boards, from among a pile of annuals upon the centre table.

"Ernest Maltravers—no, I have not, Madam, but I'm told it's very popular in Hades; yet how a genius so resplendent as that of Bulwer can delight in catering for the taste of the infernals is——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Mercury, "but here comes Plato, who is more *au fait* to novel writing than any of us."

"It takes broader shoulders than mine to bear the weight of Mercury's compliments," said Plato, bowing to the company as he filled himself a glass of cherry-bounce, which the shade of a Communipaw negro presented him while speaking. "You can hardly call me a novel writer, however, if that's what you would imply, because I have tried to write up to my beau ideal of truth. My dream of Atlantis, as cavillers so long called it, has at least been realized beyond the western main, as this gentleman will bear witness."

"I guess you'd think so if you saw our enlightened republic," cried a tall, raw-boned phantom, rushing up with outstretched hands to Pandora, who shrunk aghast as she beheld him kick the mud from his shoes upon one of Chester's best rugs.

"Why, Major Jack Downing, when upon earth did you come down?" exclaimed all with one voice.

"Upon airth! well, now, do tell—why, that's a raal Christian oath, the first I've hearn since I was lynched up yonder in our government of laws. I rayther think, though, that I've got on the side of the majority at last, for there's a mighty heap of folks here, and they all seem to be one way of thinking."

"Rightly observed," rejoined the moralizing Plato. "Death is, indeed, the true asserter of the democracy of numbers; the agrarian measurer of each one's plot of land; the loco-foco of eternity. By-the-way, has any one read De Tocqueville?"

Before any one could reply, a throng of visiters rushed, with clamorous greetings, through the open doors, and Mercury withdrew, with his grave *protegé*, to a window near, where, shaded

partly by the damask curtains, he could, unobserved, comment upon the company, for the benefit of the stranger.

"That," said he, pointing to a lean, unhappy-looking man, "is Jason, the Argonaut, whose health has been nearly destroyed by worrying anxiety about the delay in the South sea expedition. The gentleman so seriously engaged with the *paté de fois gras*, is Lucullus, whom they had up in the Court of Sessions the other day for violating the statute, by having quail in his larder before the first of October. The grum looking fellow who is taking the tankard of beer from that black fellow—whom you may recognize as the ghost of Simon, the waiter—is Cacus, or Caucus, who once kept an oyster-cellar under Tammany Hall, but whom the republican habits of the place now admit into good society. Those well-limbed youths, in striped guernseys and blue jackets, are Guyas and Cloanthus, the two crack oarsmen of the Castle Garden boat-clubs. The old fellow in a Roman toga and green corduroys, is Crassus, one of the heaviest men in Wall-street; and the thin-faced man talking to him, is Evander, who, elated with the success of his operations upon the Palatine, has dipped too

largely into Chicago lots, and is now trying to persuade the Parthian jobber to embark with him in a speculation upon pre-emption rights, in the Sac and Fox territory, just ceded to government. The wry-necked man, in uniform of a militia colonel, is Alexander the Great, who is in high spirits from having been, the other day, presented by his regiment with a pair of silver pitchers, for the military skill he has displayed anywhere between Union Square and the Battery, during ten years of patriotic service just expired. Æneas, who is just taking his leave, you know, of course, as the pending action for breach of promise in Judge Irving's court, has, unhappily, made him too notorious. The poney-built fellow, in dark fustian and driving-gloves, is Phæton, who lost twelve hundred dollars lately by his mare slipping her shoulder on the Third Avenue; since then, he got himself in trouble by taking the reins of one of Brower's omnibuses, and trying to run a man, called Homan, off the line. His sisters, the Heliades, were sad romps, until the corporation cut down their pōplar representatives upon earth, to sober their vivacity, and get rid of caterpillars. Ah!" said Mercury, interrupting himself, and glancing out of the window, as a plainly dressed,

but rather aristocratic looking man, of about forty, with smooth locks, slightly touched with gray, crossed the pavement to the street-door; "there is Archimedes, who just stepped out of his new locomotive, the Pou-sto; he is——"

But here the Babel of talk became so noisy around him, that he could not go on; and motioning to the stranger to continue the study of character for himself, Mercury retired to arrange a bundle of congressional speeches, which had perished and been dismissed to the shades as soon as born.

Adonis, the Pelham of the infernals, was talking with Pandora, and the stranger, in listening to their elegant twaddle, could not fail to be struck with the similarity of subjects in good society all over the world.

"And so," says Pandora, "Cleopatra has really purchased the whole set of three hundred dollar handkerchiefs, for which we were all dying?"

"There's no doubt of it," replied Adonis, "I had it from one of the young Gracchi, who told me that his mother was going to introduce the fact among the notes of her next tract upon political economy. But the town talk is now about

poor Thisbe, and the splendid dress she wore the other evening at Aspasia's *soirée*."

"Ah! I heard that. She was rehearsing her loves with Pyramus, after the party, through the chinks of a brick wall, when the vibration of their voices shook down the bricks and mortar, to the destruction of her beautiful skirt."

"Such a thing could never have happened, if the infernals built as they do in Philadelphia," mildly interposed a shade, whose fur cap and spectacles set off features strongly resembling those of the sage Franklin.

For the first time the stranger seemed to be moved with sympathy for a kindred spirit amid all that crowd of phantoms, representing every age of the world. Plato, at the same moment, was actuated by a similar impulse, and the three embraced together.

"Wisest of Americans," said the stranger, as he seated himself upon the sofa, and stroked the brimstone-coloured gaiters of a leg, that, if not stout, was comely for a man of sixty; "learned doctor, have you seen the proceedings of the society of Copenhagen upon the Norwegian antiquities of your country? My young friend, Winkle, I learn, lately read before our club a

paper upon the subject, transmitted by your distinguished compatriot, Mr. Wheaton. It is remarkable, sir, amid the march of mind in the present age—it is pleasant, amid the strides of physical science, to see a host of skirmishers thrown off from the ponderous phalanx, to scour the country over which we have passed, and, while collecting the stragglers that have dropped from our ranks by the way, strike, ever and anon, at some neglected off-post of knowledge, and absorb its resources within the mighty stream that impels us forward. And you," said the benevolent *Pickwick*, rising with his subject, as he caught the eye of the admiring Plato, "you, ye leaders in the bright hosts of philanthropy—ye lucifers, whose morning have marshalled on our clustering troops of feebler stars—what must your feelings be, ye broad-bosomed philanthropists, who, with a benevolence that compasses all time, have extended your fostering arms, beyond the age in which you lived, to embrace the kindred spirits of ours—what must your feelings be, to find us, amid all the hurry of the race of knowledge, still pausing to kneel with reverence at those shrines of antiquity which your names have hallowed? The hoary altars of humbug,

at which thou, beloved Plato, so lovedst to minister, are still daily gaining in their votaries; and though the mightiest dreams of the future, in which it was thy delight to dwell, are, by some, exchanged for shadowy visions of the veiled past, yet the Janus image of time-honoured humbug is still the idol of the world."

"Well," interrupted Major Jack, "that may all be very slick, though I don't understand half on't; but if you mean to say that everything upon airth is humbug, I wish you could only see our Niagara. That, I take, is, to say the least on't, the one great, etarnal, everflowing truth of creation. It disappints nobody—strikes man and boy jist the same as being all it's cracked up to be; and what's more, strikes the man of sixty afterwards, as being jist as good as when he was a boy. There's the empire state of New York now, with all that water power——"

"Ought to adopt it as her emblem, and call herself by its resounding name, instead of the pitiful cockney epithet she bears," exclaimed the patriotic shade of Franklin, while the British antiquary and the Athenian philosopher, bowed gravely in approval of the suggestion.

Hector, who, though dressed in flaming Texan

regimentals, skulked about the room as if conscious of the bad odour in which he was held, from a supposed connexion with the Chichester gang, bustled forward now, upon hearing the shade of M. de Champlain drop something about Canada affairs; but, just at this moment a great commotion took place in the receiving-chamber, and the infernals might be seen crowding together, and raising themselves on tiptoe, to look over each other's shoulders, while a whisper of "The Indians, the Indians," ran round the circle.

"By the hoky," shouted Major Jack, "it must be my rebellious countrymen, the Seminoles, for I saw in this morning's paper that Gineral Jessup had sent the hull tarnel biling on 'em to the shades."

The remarks called the attention of every one to the door—the opening in the circle was enlarged to make room for the fierce array of warriour spirits. There was a deep pause in the courts of the infernals. The portals of the saloon were thrown wide, and the ghosts of the conquered Seminoles entered in the guise of a decrepid negro, an old squaw, and three half-blood children.

The peal of laughter which followed awoke

me just in time to hear Betty, the chambermaid, exclaim, as she extended a cup of fragrant coffee through my half-drawn curtain—"A happy New Year to you, sir, and may all your good dreams of last night come true, as I'm sure they will this year."

THE CHAUNT OF THE STAR.

BY JANE L. SWIFT.

—"For ever singing as we shine."

I deck the night with gems of light,
In azure realms I roll;
And shine upon the fields of space,
That stretch from pole to pole.
Years may not quench my glowing fire,
Nor time my lustre pale;
No regal ornament can vie
With heaven's spangled veil.

I robe with beauty, every scene
That makes the earth so fair;
There's not a spot so waste or wild,
But I can sparkle there.
There's not a stream, however lone
Its winding current be,
But bears my ray upon its breast,
And gives it back to me.

I look upon the haunts of men,
And watch the turmoil there;
Immortals, struggle for the boon
That only mortals share.
I look upon the grave-yards then,
Where gathered millions lie;
With nothing but the robe of death,
That earthly dross could buy.

I mark the up-turned, weary eye,
That seeks my glittering sphere,
Unconscious that the vales of rest,
For sainted ones, are here.
Perchance, some spirit disenthralled
Is whispering to thee now—
I see the smile upon thy lip!
The light upon thy brow!

It tells thee of my crystal streams,
My blooming, happy bowers;
Where ever verdant foliage screens
The sweet, unfading flowers.
It tells thee of my gates of pearl,
My walls of jasper stone,
With lamps unquenchable that have
For countless ages shone.

It tells thee, that the ties of earth
Will be cemented here—
Although death's portal must be crossed
Ere fields of light appear.

Thou'rt not so distant as 't would seem
When gazing from afar,
Ere break of day, thy home may be
Within thy favourite star.

Spirit of earth! each glowing orb
Has messengers of peace—
To hover round thy couch of death
And bid its terrors cease—
To catch thy struggling soul, when falls
Its prison house of clay,
And bear it on angelic wings
To heaven's cloudless day.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF UNCLE JOSHUA.

BY MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

This ere picter is as much like Uncle Joshua, when he was about forty-five year old, as two peas in a pod. And well it may be, for it was drawed from real life; and there aint no more nateral picters in the world, than them that's drawed from nater. I well remember when it was made, and the way it was done. It was a good many years ago, a little before Gineral Jackson was elected president, Uncle Joshua was in the field, one day, harvesting corn. He was in his shirt sleeves, for he always worked with his coat off, unless the weather was cold enough to freeze a bear. He had on a pair of green fustian trowses, and an under-jacket of the same. They were all made in the family, for it was against Uncle Joshua's principles to wear boughten things when he could have 'em made at home. So Cousin Nabby spun the yarn, and

Aunt Keziah wove the cloth, and cut and made the jacket and trowses. And they sot as well as though they had been made at the tailor's; for Uncle Joshua was such a well-built man that almost anything would set to him.

The round straw hat that he had on *was* boughten; for there was nobody in Downingville in them days that understood making straw hats, though, since that time, they've got to making a plenty of 'em.

As I said afore, he was harvesting corn, gatherin' off the ripe ears, and putting 'em in a basket; and he stood by the side of a stout, tall hill of corn, almost as tall as he was, and he didn't lack but half an inch of six foot, and he had hold of the top ear, and was just agoing to break it off, when a man came along the road, and stopped and looked over the fence and spoke to him.

"How do you do, sir?" said the stranger.

"I'm pretty well, I thank ye, how do you do?" said Uncle Joshua.

"Very well," said the stranger. "But, sir, will you be so kind as to stand just as you are for about five minutes?"

"If there's any good reason for it, I will," said

Uncle Joshua. "But what do you want me to stand so for?"

"Because," said the stranger, "you are the best specimen of a man I've seen since I left York state, and I want to carry home your likeness and show to our folks."

"Well, go ahead," said Uncle Joshua, holding on to the corn, and looking the stranger right in the eye.

With that, the man pulled out his paper and pencil, and went to work. I was jest a coming down the road, and I stopt and looked over his shoulder, and, factorum, in less than five minutes he had such a complete likeness of Uncle Joshua on the paper, that I thought it was going to speak to me. And then he put in the basket, and the corn, and fixed it all up as nateral as life. And then he made a copy of it, and gave to Uncle Joshua, and bid him good morning and went along; and we never see nor heard of him afterwards. He was a queer looking sort of a man, with a sharp eye that seemed as though it would look right through everything.

Uncle Joshua carried the picter home and give it to Aunt Keziah, who sot so much by it, she said she wouldn't take a hundred dollars for

it. She took it and put a glass over it, and made a sort of a binding round it, and hung it under the looking-glass, and there it has hung ever since. The picter that the man carried away with him, we never expected to hear of again.

But last winter, when I was in New York, on my way home from Washington—for I do go there sometimes yet to look after government matters a little, though not very often, since the Gineral's time—I rather felt it my duty to go last winter to see if I couldn't settle the hash that was breaking out between Captain Tyler and some of his old friends; but I might just as well have staid at home, for I found the fat was all in the fire, and there was no such thing as putting it out—well, as I was a saying, when I was in New York, on my way home, I stopt all night at the United States hotel, a thunderin great big tavern, on Fulton-street, where a gentleman may find as good quarters as anybody needs to want. And while I was there, I happened to think I promised Cousin Ephraim's oldest boy that I'd bring him home a book. So I just run round the corner of the tavern by three or four doors into Pearl street, and I see a book-

store that had "Collins, Keese & Co.," up over the door, and in I went. There was a good many in the store, and they seemed to be rather busy.

I didn't know who to speak to, so I called out without looking at any one in particular, and says I, "Mister, have you got Noah Webster's Third Part?"

At that, there was a slim, wiry-looking, brisk man stepped right up to me, and says he, "yes, sir."

I looked at him with one of my penetrating looks, and I see right through him. He was a sharp-eyed, dark-haired, dark-whiskered, nervous-looking sort of a man, and I knew in a minute by his motions and manner of speaking, that he was as smart as a steel-trap. Thinks I to myself, you are just the chap to drive a hard bargain; but you needn't think to get round me, for I've had my eye-teeth cut before to-day. So, says I, "let me see one, if you please."

He stepped to the shelf and handed down one, and I took it and turned the leaves over, and looked at the title-page, and examined it all over, and says I, "are you sure this is the last edition?"

"Yes," says he, "I'm sure 'tis the very last."

I examined the book all over, and see it was in good order.

"Well now," says I, "I want to know what is the lowest price you will take for this book. Fix your price according to the times," says I, "for, you must remember, books now-a-days are dog-cheap, and I know all about it, and shant give you one cent more for the thing than it is worth; so you may as well come right down to the mark first as last."

He stared at me as though he had got hold of a customer such as he hadn't been use to.

"Well," says he, "I'll toe the mark at once, for I see it's no use for anybody to try to shave you. The lowest cash price of that book is two shillings."

I looked him right in the eye, and I thought he didn't look stiff, but looked as though he meant to fall from that a leetle, rather than let me go away without the book. So I says at once, "Well, then it's no use for us to talk any more about it, for that's rather above the mark; it isn't according to the present times."

"It can't be sold for a penny less than that," says he, "not by the hundred; in fact that's the wholesale price."

"Well, I must look further, then," says I, turning half round, as if I was going away. "But, I'll tell you what I will do; I'll give you a quarter of a dollar for it, if you are a mind to close the bargain at once;" and then I took a quarter of a dollar out of my pocket, and held it up between my thumb and finger.

He put on a queer knowing kind of a look, and I see at once that the money tempted him.

"What do you say?" says I, "for I must be a-going."

"Well," says he, "you may have the book;" and he took it and wrapped it in a paper, and handed it to me, and I gave him the quarter of a dollar. When he went to do up the book, he laid a piece of paper, that he had been holding in his hand, down on the counter; and as I happened to glance at it, I see at once it was the very picter of Uncle Joshua, gathering corn, that I've been telling about.

"Hullo," says I, "where did you get that picter of Uncle Joshua?"

He started, and stared at me harder than he had done yet; and says he, "do you know that picter?"

"Know it!" says I, "I guess I do; it's the picter of Uncle Joshua."

"What Uncle Joshua?" says he.

"Why, my Uncle Joshua," says I. "Uncle Joshua Downing, of Downingville, away down east, in the state of Maine."

"Well, there," says he, "I haint been so glad of anything before for a long time. I've been trying for more than a year to find out who that picter was taken for. The painter didn't know, for he said he took it flyin', as he was travelling through the state of Maine, and he didn't ask the name of the man, and didn't even know what town it was in."

"What made you so anxious to find out who it was taken for?" says I.

"Because," says he, "I am a-going to put it into a book, and I wanted the name of the man, and some account of him to go in with it. I'm getting up a handsome picter-book, that they call an annual, and this is to go in for one of the picters. Now, you say you know this man, and his name is Joshua Downing. He isn't a relation of Major Jack Downing, is he?"

"Yes," says I, "he's an uncle to him."

"Ah, well, so much the better," says he; "that'll tell well in the book. But do you know Major Downing?"

"I know a man that does know him," says I.

"Who is that," says he.

"Gineral Jackson," says I.

He looked at me mighty sharp, and, says he, as he pointed down to the picter, "this man, you say, is an uncle to Major Jack Downing, and is your uncle, and you know Gineral Jackson; now, may I make bold to ask who you are?"

This was coming pretty snug home upon me, and I couldn't very well get round it; so says I, "when I'm in Downingville, they call me Jack, and Cousin Jack, and anything of that sort; but when I'm in Washington, they call me Major Downing."

When I said this, he coloured a good deal, and he put out his hand, shook hands with me, and says he, "Major Downing, I'm very happy indeed to see you;" and after talking a few minutes, and inquiring what the news was from Washington, and so on, says he, "Major Downing, if you will write me a little short history of your Uncle Joshua, to go with this picter into my annual, I shall be under everlasting obligations to you."

This staggered me a little, and says I, "Mister, I've seen them books that they call annuals,

and I don't think I can write well enough to go into one of them, for I aint a grammar-larnt man."

"Well," says he, "Major, you are too modest by half; if you can't write well enough, I don't know who can. A man that's lived with Gineral Jackson as long as you have, and wrote such letters as you did in the Portland Courier, that went all over the country, and was read by everybody, why, sir, I rather have an article from you for my annual, than from any other man in the country, grammar or no grammar. Now, will you be so kind as to oblige me?"

I told him if he really desired it, I would write him some little short account of Uncle Joshua, in my ungrammar way of writing, and I'd go right round to my room at the tavern, and write it before I went to bed. So I bid him good night, and went out.

BRIEF SKETCH.

Uncle Joshua was born in the old Bay state, somewhere away back of Boston, a little before the close of the revolutionary war; and that makes him now not much odds of sixty year old. His father, Mr. Zebedee Downing, went a so-

gering in the revolution, and when the war was over, he took it into his head to move with his family away into the woods down east, in the state of Maine. So he packed up his wife and two boys in a horse wagon—he hadn't but two children then, Solomon, who was my father, and Joshua, that I'm now writing about—and he drove away down into the state of Maine, though it was called the district of Maine then, 'till he come to the end of the road. And then he worked his way along through the woods, and round the pond about five miles further, and there he found a place that suited him. So he hauled up, and turned his wagon over to make a kind of a house for a few of the first nights, and went to work and cut away the trees, and made an opening, and built a log house, and laid the foundation of Downingville.

As I aint a writing the history of my grandfather, I can't say much more about him at present; them that wants to know more about him, can find more of his history in my life and writings, published in 1834, by Lilly, Wait & Co., Boston. All that I can stop to say here, is, that my grandfather died about four year ago, very old, and very much respected, having lived to see Downingville grow up and flourish, and become

thickly settled, and his family somewhat known in the world.

What little more I have to say now must be confined to Uncle Joshua. He was a smart, healthy boy, and grew up there in the woods, as straight as a pine-tree, and tough as a pitch-knot. When he was a youngster he was rather full of fun and frolic, and not very fond of work, throwing the greater part of the work, when he could shirk out of it, on to my father's shoulders. When he grew up, however, he became a very industrious and smart man, and soon begun to be looked up to as one of the foremost men in town. When he was quite a young man, he was chose moderator of the town meeting, and has been moderator, I believe, every year since. He has held a good many town offices, and is now considered rather the head man in Downingville.

Uncle Joshua begun to take an interest in politics when he was quite young; and he always reads more newspapers, and knows more about politics, than any other man in Downingville. He was always a true blue republican; let whatever party come up that proclaimed the republican creed, Uncle Joshua always joined 'em. But he never was an office-seeker in his

life. He only worked for the good of his country. When I come out in the world, and went to Washington and got acquainted with Gineral Jackson, I got him to appoint Uncle Joshua postmaster of Downingville, an office which he has filled, and filled honorably, ever since. You will never catch him to be a defaulter. He keeps his accounts as true as a hair, and forks over the money to the government regular every quarter, to the last cent.

Uncle Joshua's family consists of himself and Aunt Keziah, and Cousin Ephraim, and Cousin Nabby. Ephraim and Nabby have now got to be kind of middle-aged people, and I am very doubtful whether they will ever get married.

Uncle Joshua is a very temperate man, and very regular in all his habits. He never joined a temperance society, but he never drinks anything stronger than cider. His food is generally quite plain and simple, but made of the best materials, for he is an excellent farmer, and his meat and grain and vegetables are always of the best quality. He generally goes to bed at night about nine o'clock, hardly ever later than ten, and he never allows the sun to be up before him in the morning. * * * * *

When I finished my sketch, I went to bed, thinking a good deal about how pleased Uncle Joshua would be, and especially Aunt Keziah, when they come to see him in a handsome book, and his life all written out, and handsomely printed. When I got up in the morning, and come to settle my bill, I happened to think, in making the change, that a quarter of a dollar is two shillings, York money, and that I had given the night before, for Noah Webster's Third Part, exactly what the man first asked me for it, when I thought I had beat him down twenty-five per cent. I felt so much mortified to think he got the weather-gage of me in the trade, that I wouldn't go round to the store to let him see me again, but sent the manuscript round by a boy, and went right down and stepped aboard the steamboat, and started for home.

ENDYMION.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Yes, it is the queenly moon
Gliding through her starred saloon,
Silvering all she looks upon;
I am her Endymion:
For by night she comes to me —
Oh I love her wondrously!

She into my window looks,
As I sit with lamp and books,
And the night-breeze stirs the leaves,
And the dew drips down the eaves:
O'er my shoulder peepeth she —
Oh she loves me royally!

Then she tells me many a tale,
With her smile, so sheeny pale,
Till my soul is overcast
With such dream-light of the past,
That I saddened needs must be,
And I love her mournfully.

Oft I gaze up in her eyes,
Raying light through winter skies :
Far away she saileth on ;
I am no Endymion :
Oh, she is too bright for me,
And I love her hopelessly.

Now she comes to me again,
And we mingle joy and pain :
Now she walks no more afar,
Regal with train-bearing star,
But she bends and kisses me —
Oh we love now mutually !

THE UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

In an old palace by the Arno's side,
  Rich in sweet wonders of the rainbow art,
One portrait, with a look of gentle pride,
  Seems to invoke the gazer's eye and heart.

Dark plumes his broad and manly forehead shade,
  And in his grasp a jewelled hilt appears;
Some dream of hope before him seems to fade,
  And youth to wear the thoughtfulness of years.

For ardent purpose, in that noble face,
  Is tempered by a mild, reflective mood;
The soldier's pride blends with the poet's grace,
  And love, o'er courage, dove-like seems to brood.

His race was high — I see it written now,
  In the knight's weapon and the princely dress;
And more than all in the uplifted brow,
  The stately air, and smile of gentleness.

He was a hero — though, perchance, his deeds
Fame's partial glance swept all unheeded by;
The clear resolve of valour warmly pleads
For honour's garland, in his dauntless eye.

He must have loved — I know it by the thought
That o'er his youthful bloom a shade has cast,
Like the sweet twilight, with calm sadness fraught,
That lingers when the sultry day is past.

Methinks some being fair, with love's keen gaze,
Watched o'er the limner as these lines he traced;
Time dimmed their hues, but grief nor length of days
The magic semblance from her soul effaced.

O frail memorial of the young and brave,
Vain trophy of a human brother's lot,
No record from oblivion thou dost save,
But that he lived, and loved, and is forgot!

TRUE BALLAD OF THE WANDERER.

BY ANNA P. DINNIES.

A MAIDEN in a southern bower,
Of fragrant vines and citron trees,
To charm the pensive twilight hour,
Flung wild her thoughts upon the breeze,
To Cupid's ear, unconscious, telling
The fitful dream her bosom swelling,
Till echo softly on it dwelling,
Revealed the urchin, bold and free,
Repeating thus her minstrelsy:

"Away! away! by brook and fountain,
Where the wild deer wanders free,
O'er sloping dale and swelling mountain,
My roving thoughts still follow thee;
Where the lake its bosom spreading,
Where the breeze its sweets is shedding,
Where thy buoyant steps are treading,
There, where'er the spot may be,
There my thoughts are following thee!

In the forest's dark recesses,
Where the fawn may fearless stray;
In the cave no sunbeam blesses
With its first or parting ray;
Where the birds are blithely singing,
Where the flowers are gaily springing,
Where the bee its course is winging,
There, if there thou now may'st be,
My anxious thoughts are following thee.

In the lowly peasant's cot,
Quiet refuge of content,
In the sheltered grass-grown spot
Resting, when with travel spent,
Where the vine its tendrils curling,
Where the trees their boughs are furling,
Where the streamlet clear is purling,
There, if there thou now may'st be,
There my spirit follows thee.

In the city's busy mart,
Mingling with its restless crowd;
'Mid the miracles of art,
Classic pile, and column proud;
O'er the ancient ruin, sighing,
When the sun's last ray is dying,
Or to fashion's vortex flying,
Even there, if thou may'st be,
There my thoughts must follow thee.

In the revel — in the dance —
With the firm, familiar friend,
Or where Thespian arts entrance,
Making mirth and sadness blend;
Where the living pageant glowing,
O'er thy heart its spell is throwing,
Mimic life in "*alto*" showing,
There, beloved! if thou may'st be,
There, still there I follow thee.

When the weary day is over,
And thine eyes in slumber close,
Still, oh, still, inconstant rover,
Do I charm thee to repose.
With the shades of night descending,
With thy guardian spirits blending,
To thy sleep sweet visions lending,
There, e'en there, true love can be—
There, and thus, am I with thee!"

Months and seasons rolled away,
And the maiden's cheek was pale,
When, as bloom'd the buds of May,
Cupid ended thus the tale:
"Over land and sea returning,
Wealth, and power, and beauty spurning,
Love within his true heart burning,
Comes the wanderer wild and free,
Faithful maiden! back to thee."

THE BURIAL OF WINTER.

BY MARY E. LEE.

'Tis winter's burial day!
Watching his slow decay,
The months have waited on their aged sire;
And now, when death-like sleep
His palsied senses steep,
They wrap his chill form in its grave attire.

Awhile they linger near
Their parent's funeral bier,
And give full utterance to their heartfelt grief;
For though his mien was rude,
And stormy was his mood,
The old man's fits of passion were but brief.

Tall March, his eldest born,
Stands by with look forlorn,
Clothed in loose garments of a sombre dye;
Till, spite of manhood's strength,
His spirit yields at length,
And speaks its wo, in wailings loud and high.

Young April, timid maid,
Though trembling and afraid,
She marks the heavings of her brother's breast;
Seeks, 'mid her gushing tears,
To lull his boding cares,
With whisper'd hopes, that will not be represt.

But, fetter'd by no grief,
With cheek like fresh rose-leaf,
And eyes that sparkle in their depths of blue,
The zephyr-footed May,
Singing some childish lay,
Dances o'er bud and bloom of every hue.

Peace to the good old man!
Some envious hearts began
His sway — so just, though rigid — to deplore;
But now that he has gone,
His virtues let them own,
And count his garner'd treasure o'er and o'er.

No prodigal was he,
With hand profuse and free,
Wasting the wealth which Nature's coffers hold;
But for the future's weal,
He braced his soul in steel,
And shut his ear to suppliants, all too bold.

Yet, in his sacred trust,
Earth's treasures did not rust,
But earn'd each day a happy competence;
Till, in the hour of death,
E'en with his latest breath,
He bade his youthful heirs his hoards dispense.

And be those children blest!
For nought have they represt,
But freely dealt out his exhaustless store;
Strong March has scatter'd health,
Fair April lavish'd wealth,
And young May's urn with pleasures runneth o'er.

Then pay him honours due,
And shed warm tears, though few,
Over old Winter, on his funeral bier;
Then lay his shrivell'd form
Where nought like wind or storm
Can e'er disturb it through the coming year.

Dan. Huntington

HERMAN SCHAMMER.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

PERCHANCE, gentle reader — for gentle assuredly thou art who perusest the dainty pages of this annual — thou hast, in that sweet spring-time of the year, when buds are clustering on every tree, and birds are musical in every bower, and the early violets hang their blue fringes by the dewy wayside ; perchance thou hast (smitten with a yearning for the sweet companionship of nature) left the dusty sidewalks of thy own New Amsterdam, (if thou be a Manhattanese,) and wandered forth for health and recreation upon that fair sister island which stretches its luxuriant length along the sunny shores of the main land. I will imagine that thou hast often strayed as far as the Bath-House, and lingered on the sandy beach, and listened to the not unmusical dirge of the hoary surges, as they shelved over the level shore of Coney island. If I am right in my supposition,

thou hast not passed with hasty step through the rural village of New Utrecht. Many do so, but they are worldlings, with no touch of philosophy, untinctured with legendary lore, and quite forsaken of the muse. If they, the gay butterflies of the season, linger for a moment within the hallowed precincts of that ancient village, it is but to flutter over the threshold of the inviting inn, and sip the exquisite nectar of unadulterated Hollands in the rustic bar-room. This done, they pause not, but in "hot haste" ignite their Havanas at the flame of the little japanned lamp which mine host keeps ever-burning like a vestal fire; and then, snapping their whips in the eyes of the astonished burghers, two or three of whom are always lounging on the stoop during the idle hours of a June sunshine, they spring into their light buggies, and whirl away in a cloud of dust and smoke, more volatile than the essence of the weed they breathe. Perchance New Utrecht is remembered, if recalled at all, to curse the flavour of the cigar, and eulogize the näre of the Schiedam; but its hold upon the memory is feeble, and the nectar of the next libation sweeps it away forever.

But you and I, gentle reader, were cast in a different mould, and made of finer clay. We live

in the nineteenth century, but we are not of it. We ride neither in buggies nor in railroad cars, but plod onward in the humble footpath, patient followers of the picturesque, and ardent worshippers of nature. And now we are acquainted with each other, and I am as much at liberty to prose, and you quite as much obliged to listen, as if we had been friends for half a century.

The village of New Utrecht is pleasantly situated, and contains several pretty dwellings, and a stone church; but of late it has lost by fire one of its most picturesque dwellings, the venerable mansion of Oloffe Schammer, one of the patriarchs of the place. It was a hoary, moss-grown building, with a brown, decayed roof, that brightened here and there into tints of the liveliest green, faced with gray stone, but having a back and gables of little yellow bricks. An extensive picket-paling enclosed the house and grounds, including a close-shaven lawn that descended with a regular slope to the road, and was bordered with dwarfish apple-trees, planted more than a century ago. Away to the left and right, and far back in the rear of the mansion-house, stretched those moist and flowery meadows, and those rich acres of arable land, broken here and there by fruit-

trees, over which the good Oloffe Schammer lorded it in all the importance and self-complacency of an hereditary landholder. It was pleasant to see the old gentleman, sitting on his stoop at the close of a Sabbath afternoon in summer, enjoying the fragrance of the Indian weed, inhaled through a long and snowy pipe, and surveying his extensive domain with something of an honest pride and a fervent gratitude depicted in his aged countenance. Time had spared the rounded outlines of his face; and though the hairs that streamed over his ample forehead and broad shoulders were few and silvery, the blood had not yet faded from his cheek, nor the rose-tint from his lips. He was a study for one of those painters who inherit the fidelity and the characteristics of the Flemish school. Even a stranger could sympathize with the joy that inspired Oloffe as he surveyed the treasures of his farm; the tall grass waving like an inland ocean in the fitful breeze that swept over the wide meadow, whose verdure was shadowed here and there by the bulky forms of the grazing herd; while now and then a shy colt, alarmed at an unusual noise, would leave his soberer companions, and dash over the undulating surface nearly at high speed. Turning from these,

the eye would pause upon the extensive fields of ripening maize, whose golden tassels, under the influence of the capricious wind, waved in the evening sunshine, filling the mind with joyous ideas of plenty and luxuriance.

The world at large pronounced Oloffe Schammer to be a happy man, but he was not entirely exempt from those evils with which humanity is doomed to be afflicted. He had a shrewish wife, over whom he vainly struggled to obtain the mastery; and many a hot skirmish had been the consequence of his rebellion against petticoat dominion. It is true that death had put an end to the warfare by seizing Dame Schammer during a furious excess of passion; but then this event deprived the family of a notable housewife, and left its master too old to think of marrying a second time. To be sure, it was currently reported that he had showed some signs of amativeness after the decease of his dame; but the story of his having escorted Gertrude Van Brummel to singing-school, a fortnight after the calamity, turned out, upon investigation, to be a weak invention of the enemy. Indeed, the old gentleman resolutely wore his widower's weeds, and seemed very shy of the fairer portion of creation; in fact, he once

stayed away from afternoon service upon Sunday, because a famous Gravesend belle had appeared in the morning in a neighbouring pew, equipped with a new cap and ribands, and darted some very dangerous glances at the venerable Oloffe.

Dame Schammer had left her husband two thriving pledges, or proofs of the happiness of their union, in the persons of a couple of fine boys — Oloffe, the elder, and Herman, the younger. They thrived in health and strength, and grew up happily to manhood, educated under the same roof, brought up under the eye, and guided by the fostering care of their fond father. The difference of their respective ages was not so great as to prevent them from being playmates and companions — the same bed received them when they slept; the same sports amused them in their leisure hours, and the same birch urged them through the spelling-book; notwithstanding which, to the surprise of all, they grew up with different tastes and dispositions. Oloffe resembled his father, and was fond of the labours of the farm — he was humble and industrious. Herman, on the contrary, was equally averse to study and to agriculture, and was presuming and lazy. He went to work with an ill grace, and was industrious only

in perpetrating mischief. He over-rode the colts, stole eggs, twisted the necks of the bantam chickens, and played all manner of tricks upon the negro labourers.

When rebuked by his father, he was either sulky and silent, or clamourous and insolent; and it was very soon known in the neighbourhood that Herman was a most incorrigible dog. Besides, as he grew up, he used to haunt the tavern, where the general license of manners afforded him full scope for the display of his evil propensities. He astonished the old world fellows that lounged in the bar-room, by calling for unheard-of liquors; and once, in one of his wildest paroxysms, insisted upon Champaigne and Chambertin. A staid old Dutchman, who heard the requisition, being made with some difficulty to comprehend that these were the names of European wines, declared that there was no surer sign of a young man's ruin than when he deserted "honest Hollands for the wishy-washy stuff of them French foreigners."

Herman's indulgent father at first supplied him with cash; but when he found that the youngster frequented bar-rooms and cockpits, was a high better at the races, and lost more money at nine-

pins than he ever earned in his life, he tightened his purse-strings, and declared that the young spendthrift should have no more hard-gotten coin to waste in heartless dissipation. This annunciation threw Herman into a fit of melancholy musing, and he even suffered his cigar to go out as he balanced his chair upon its two hind legs, and crossed his feet upon the railing of his father's stoop. "My purse is certainly empty," he soliloquized aloud, "there's no deception in that; and dad is certainly decided — there's no deception in that. How to replenish? Borrow? Pshaw! I owe too much already. Work? Never! I was born to be a gentleman. If I had my share of this estate — but then my dad bids fair to be eternal. Yet he is plethoric, and smokes too much for his health. Well, well — I shouldn't think of such a thing; and yet, if anything should happen to the worthy old gentleman, really I believe I shouldn't break my heart about it."

"Shouldn't you, indeed?" said a voice behind Herman, which made him start to his feet as instantly as if a gun had been discharged. He turned, and tremblingly recognized his father. "Heartless profligate!" continued the old gentleman, "is this the reward for all my care, all my

training, all my indulgence? Do you say this — you, Herman, whom I have fondled on my knee, and watched over in manhood?" A tear started to his eye, but he went on. "Well, well, 'tis the way of the world. When the tree is old, and the fruit has fallen, the axe is laid at its root, and the suckers that sprang from it thrive better for its downfall."

"Now, father," said the youth, moved by the softness and solemnity of the old man's manner, "I didn't mean ——"

"Don't say that," interrupted the old man; "you wish me away — you know you do — my room is better than my company. Well, well, it may happen much sooner than you expect. I can hardly survive this last blow, but it will be a comfort to you to learn that I shall leave you well provided for — one-half this house and farm will be yours, and one-half of my bank-stock and ready money; and I hope, dear Herman, that you will think better of me when I am dead than you ever did when living." The old man brushed away a tear from his eye, grasped the hand of his son, and then left him to his reflections.

Strange to say, the event which the unnatural son had desired, and which the afflicted parent

had predicted, actually occurred within a week; and the good Oloffe, mourned by almost every one, was gathered to his fathers. During his last illness, he was frequently left alone with his particular friend, old Wouter Van Wouvermans, and even died in his arms. In pursuance with his last request, which savoured of the delirium of "parting hour," no one was allowed to look upon his face in death, excepting the beloved and faithful Wouter, who had the sole direction of the funeral ceremonies, which were conducted with great solemnity, and at no trifling expense. Refreshments were circulated among the mourners, presents made to the pall-holders and clergyman, and a long train gathered to honour the commitment of the venerated remains to their last resting-place.

The grief of the elder son was lasting, but that of Herman short-lived; and a week had hardly elapsed before the younger brother had laid plans for an expensive campaign in the city of New York.

"Brother Oloffe," said Herman, one morning, "you may dig and delve if you like, but I am going to enjoy myself. I am off to New York this very day."

"So am I," replied the staid Oloffe. "I have

peas to take to market. You can go up in the schooner with me."

"Schooner be d——d!" replied Herman. "I am going up with the stanhope and the bay colts —*my* bay colts, you know, brother."

"One of them belongs to me," replied the tenacious Oloffe. "You have only half of the house, farm, and stock."

"You wouldn't separate a match pair of geldings?" said Herman. "That would be a pity. Let me have your colt, and name your price."

"I won't part with him at any rate," said Oloffe, coolly.

"Then let me tell you, brother of mine," cried Herman, in a great rage, "that you're no gentleman."

"I don't pretend to be," replied Oloffe, quietly.

"No gentleman," repeated Herman; "and, since you talk of halves, egad, I'll sell my half of the farm, my half of this old rickety pile of stones, my half of everything, down to the snuffers and the kitchen tongs."

"You wouldn't do so unnatural a thing!" said Oloffe, raising his hands and eyes at the sacrilegious proposal. "Our father would rise from the grave — his *spook* would haunt your bedside."

"I shall do it, my boy."

"Rather than that, Herman, I would sacrifice everything — even my honest rights. Say you give up this horrid plan, and you may have the bay colt."

"Well, well, boy, I take your offer."

"That's right," said Oloffe. "We can live here so comfortably; and harkee, Herman," he added, confidentially — for his brother's surrender of his obnoxious plan had opened Oloffe's heart — "you needn't mention what I am going to say, but I am going to be married."

"Indeed!" said Herman, without much surprise; "and who is the intended Mrs. Oloffe Schammer?"

"Can't you think?"

"No, upon my soul."

"Gertrude Van Brummel!" said Oloffe. But Herman did not betray the expected emotion. He merely said, "Good enough for you."

"Now, Herman," said the good-natured Oloffe, "follow my example — get married to Katrina Van Klens, and we'll all live so happily together."

"Nonsense!" cried Herman, half contemptuously, and half angrily; "if I marry at all, it shall be one of those elegant opera-dancers that I told

you of — a woman gifted with the 'poetry of motion,' as the New York paragraphists say — all grace and activity."

"Oh, Herman!" said the unsophisticated Oloffe, "what would our poor father say, if he could only hear you? Marry one of them are figures! — you know you carried me to see them once; but, bless me! I didn't know which way to look — and I'm sure I turned as red as a beet-root."

"Poor fellow!" muttered Herman, in a tone of pity.

The brothers parted. That day Herman went up to New York, and engaged lodgings at the City Hotel. The next, he launched upon his mad career of dissipation, and soon acquired the unenviable reputation of a man of pleasure. He frequented all the public places, and was a constant attendant at theatres and races, and a munificent patron of pugilists and cock-fighters. At gambling-houses he was welcomed as a full-fledged *pigeon*, and fell a ready prey to the *Greeks* and the *rooks;* so that, in the course of a few weeks, a sum of money, which he believed inexhaustible, had taken unto itself wings, and flown away. An odd thousand still remained, and Herman determined to see the last of it before he retired to

his paternal acres to shoot *high'oles*, and devour strawberries.

It so happened that about this time a fresh importation of figurantes had been made; and the lovely creatures, blushing with rouge, and shining in satin, had been safely landed from a Havre packet ship. Their annunciation at the theatre produced an extraordinary excitement — tickets were put up at auction, and the large house at which they appeared was crowded to suffocation. Among the gaping spectators was our friend Herman, who had paid five dollars for an uncomfortable seat in the orchestra, where he was dinned by a fiddle, and stunned by a bassoon; for he had no ear for melody, though a great admirer of the "poetry of motion."

Among the lovely figurantes, Mademoiselle Angelique de la Rose D'Amour was the most vehemently applauded, for the elegance of her person, the brevity of her dress, and the airiness of her *pas de zephyr*. Our young Dutchman was as one insane — he applauded when the whole house had ceased; he shivered his cane; he blistered his hands; he tore his throat with his exertions in crying *viva* and *encore;* and he finally became so rabid and outrageous, that he was seized by the

thorough-bass and French-horn player, and conducted from the orchestra to cool his enthusiasm in the park.

With the morning, no cool reflection came. Our hero woke in love with Mademoiselle Angelique de la Rose D'Amour, who had been busy in a very unaccountable manner with his dreams. Alas! those fatal pigeon-wings! I will not stop to recount the infinite pains which Herman took to procure an introduction to his goddess, nor the variety of forms in which his admiration showed itself, nor the extravagance of his action, nor the causes of his success. If any one dared but to breathe a word against the fair fame of his inamorata, the inevitable consequence was a meeting at Hoboken. At length Herman was united to Mademoiselle Angelique de la Rose D'Amour. He was very happy for a week, uneasy in a fortnight, disgusted ere the honeymoon was over. By this time the artificial roses had faded from the cheeks and lips of Madame; she looked forty, but not fat; was slatternly, drank brandy and water, and took snuff. Besides all this, she had "made away" with all the cash of the luckless Schammer. It was very necessary that an *eclaircissement* should take place; and the young man one

morning revealed to his bride the state of his pecuniary affairs, and respectfully hinted that, as a further supply was desirable, the lady had better resume her professional duties. She refused point blank. Herman stormed and swore, but his violence had the same effect as his arguments; the lady could be as abusive as himself, and surely no *poissarde* could more adroitly wield the weapons of French billingsgate. Herman had married in haste, and he now repented at leisure. He finally, in the midst of his perplexity, determined to take Madame to his farm, which he described to her as an elegant country seat, and was surprised to find that this *dernier resort* was most agreeable to her. Their baggage was sent down by water, while they themselves (the happy pair!) were conveyed to New Utrecht by the bay colts, now no longer the glossy, sound, and spirited things that hurried Herman up to town; but lean, foundered, shaggy, and rusty, looking like ten year old horses of an inferior breed, instead of blood-nags descended from Eclipse.

Oloffe received Herman kindly, and his wife coldly. He had been married himself, and he introduced his buxom little Gertrude to the French dame with visible reluctance. Herman had al-

ready begun to look upon his brother with some respect, and he could not help noting how advantageously Oloffe compared with himself. Oloffe exulted in a frame rendered vigourous by constant exercise in the open air, by temperance, and hardy labour; while that of Herman, though of powerful mould, had become enervated by idleness and dissipation. Herman had brought home to his birth-place nothing but discontent, an empty purse, a baggage of a wife, and the dyspepsia. His wife grew more and more peevish and slatternly every day, and Herman was often driven by her conduct to his old haunt, the bar-room of the village tavern. He sometimes, indeed, of an afternoon, wandered into the woods with his gun, or strayed through the grounds, gathering the choicest fruit from the branches. As he was one day engaged in the last-mentioned employment, he detected a ragged fellow, with the air of a foreigner, beating down peaches with a huge club, with which he assailed one of the finest trees on the farm. Herman seized him by the collar, and dragged him with some difficulty into the house; for he wished Oloffe, who was then within doors, to be confronted with him, and decide upon his punishment. The depredator was a Frenchman — "one of them

cursed French foreigners," Oloffe termed him, and declared that he was determined to punish him to the utmost rigour of the law. At this crisis of affairs, Madame Herman entered the apartment. As soon as the prisoner saw her, he broke from the hands of Oloffe, and rushed towards her with a tragic gesture and a tragic exclamation. The lady started, shrieked, and turned pale.

"Hullo!" cried Herman, "what do you want with my wife?"

"Your vife!" exclaimed the vagabond. "*Par-dieu!* she is my vife — my Angelique. *Sacre dieu*," he continued, addressing Angelique, "*qu'est ce que vous faites ici?*"

"*Soyez tranquille, mon ange*," said the lady.

"Bah!" said the gentleman.

"Mounsheer," said Oloffe, who seemed delighted with the scene, because, perhaps, he did not completely comprehend it, "just say again that this 'ere French woman is your wife, and I'll give you your liberty, and twenty good hard dollars."

"And I'll give you five times as much," said Herman.

"*Bete!*" cried Madame, regarding Herman with a scowl.

"I can prove she is *ma femme!*" said the

Frenchman; and he proved it to the satisfaction of Herman and his brother. He was an opera-dancer — his wife had run away from him — he had come to America to seek an engagement — he had been as yet unsuccessful, and was absolutely starving when he stormed the fruit-tree. His offence was readily forgiven by Herman, who, however, did not feel entirely relieved from apprehension until he had witnessed the departure of the poor Frenchman with his newly-found prize.

Herman was happy for a short time, but then he began to complain of indigestion and general ill health — the fruits of his unwise and indefensible career. His brother advised him to work upon the farm, but Herman was not sufficiently humbled to do so; he had still a false pride, and an incorrigible aversion to labour. He pondered for whole days together, and his mind was full of the hope of being able to strike out some new and easy path to fortune. He was aware that a fortune might be made from the farm, but he had not energy enough to attempt its cultivation.

He was one day wandering, in a contemplative mood, under the shade of a fine grove of oaks which his father had planted in his youthful days, and which had been, in his lifetime, a favourite

resort of the good old man, when his mind, softened by misfortune, and touched by local association, reverted to the days of his innocent childhood. He beheld that venerable old man, who had watched over his youth, and guarded the progressive steps to manhood, who had forborne to reproach him with severity even when he gave utterance to the most unnatural and cruel wishes — he thought of his father's sudden death, of the evil use to which he had put the wealth with which that sad event invested him, of his wild career of pleasure, of his broken health, of his comparative poverty; and he sighed, and trembled, and relieved his bosom by a gush of repentant tears. As his agitation subsided, and the tears, which he called unmanly, were dried upon his cheek, Herman raised his eyes, but veiled them instantly, for that single glance revealed to him the apparition of his father, stealing through the grove of oaks!

"Herman!" said a melancholy and well-known voice. Herman could not choose but raise his eyes again, and his second gaze convinced him that he saw in reality the form of his deceased father.

"Herman!" said the spectre, almost in the

words of Hamlet's sire, "I am thy father's *spookie*. Speak not, but listen. You have wasted my wealth, but you have bought repentance. You have injured your health, but both may be restored. I forgive you, and I love you still. Dig, dig! a treasure lies buried in your farm. Dig, and you shall obtain it. Tell Oloffe to give a top-dressing of ashes to his corn." And the apparition vanished.

Herman was astounded. That he had seen a spectre, he could not for a moment doubt. The dress of the ghost was faithful to life. There were the brown corduroy breeches, with pewter knee-buckles, the gray worsted hose, the broad-strapped shoes, the blue homespun coat, the looped-up hat, and the pipe in the hat-band. Then the promise of recovering a treasure — at the thought, Herman's irresolution vanished; he hastened home, and went to work in right good earnest, with plough, and spade, and shovel. His industry was the wonder of the neighbourhood, and no one could account for it, for Herman kept the secret to himself. In a week, he had ploughed and dug up several acres, but without hitting upon any stone pot or iron chest — still he went on with unabated ardour, for he was resolved to

"take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds." Oloffe advised him to drop seeds in the land he had already dug up; and, the better to conceal his real object, Herman followed his advice. In ten days Herman, though unsuccessful, complained no longer of indigestion, eat with appetite, and slept unbrokenly. At the end of a fortnight, he was resting himself with Oloffe on the long settle of the stoop, when he took occasion to communicate to his brother the story of the apparition, and to express his belief that it was a mental illusion, because he had failed of finding a treasure, and a real ghost would not thus have imposed upon his credulity. Oloffe burst into a hearty laugh.

"It was no ghost," said he, "but your good old father in reality." Herman stared aghast.

"Yes," continued Oloffe, "strange as it may seem, he is *alive* and well, and happy to see you reformed, and healthy, and industrious. The treasure he spoke of, you have reaped from the soil—health and independence."

He then explained that the old man, grieved at hearing his son calculating the chances of his death, and wishing to see how he would manage in case of that event, feigned death, and was conveyed away by Wouter Van Wouvermans, and

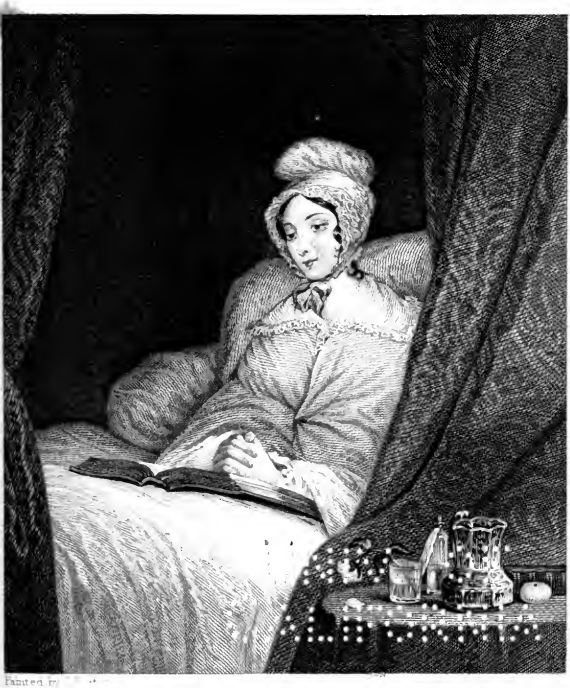
comfortably lodged in a private attic of that gentleman's house, from which he had a fine view of his own funeral. He had watched Herman's career with pain and anxiety, but resolved to wait the event with patience. The story was confirmed by the sudden appearance of old Oloffe Schammer himself, upon his stoop. The repentance of Herman was sincere, and his future life cheered the declining years of the benevolent old Dutchman, who lived to see Herman honestly and happily married, and to look upon the numerous progeny of his two children, who enjoyed a fair prospect of transmitting their great and honestly-earned wealth to posterity.

EUTHANASIA.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Methinks, when on the languid eye
  Life's autumn scenes grow dim;
When evening shadows veil the sky,
  And Pleasure's syren hymn
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
  Or dream of Seraphim,
It were not sad, to cast away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad, to feel the heart
  Grow passionless and cold;
To feel those longings to depart,
  That cheered the good of old;
To clasp the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
  And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast,
The door that leads to endless rest.



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It were not lonely thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high,
By white-winged seraphs led:
Where glories earth may never know,
O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
In peerless lustre shed;
It were not lonely thus to soar,
Where Sin and Grief can sting no more.

And though the way to such a goal
Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free unfettered soul
There rests no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise,
Far through the blue unpillared skies,
Up — to its final home!
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run.

LINES.

BY THE EDITOR.

Zephyr, I envy thee thy bliss;
Not that the wild flower courts thy kiss —
Not that thou curl'st the bright sea foam
Before the barque, as it boundeth home.
Even these things I envy thee not,
All pure as thou art, if it be my lot,
Concealed from view, like thyself to rove,
Hovering around the fair form I love —
Like thee, in her tresses of gold to play,
And the sultriness chase from her brow away;
Ever around her a perfume to fling,
Like the fragrant drops from a Peri's wing,
Or the violet sheds, when its petals blue
Are covered with gems of the early dew.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

BY C. HUNTINGTON.

It was the sunset hour — and thousands came
From the lone villages and distant hills
Of far-off Galilee, to meet the Lord —
Bearing, with gentle step and anxious eye,
The sufferers of their race to Jesus' feet,
That he might lay his sin-subduing hand
In blessing on their wan and wasted frames,
And heal them with a sanctifying touch.

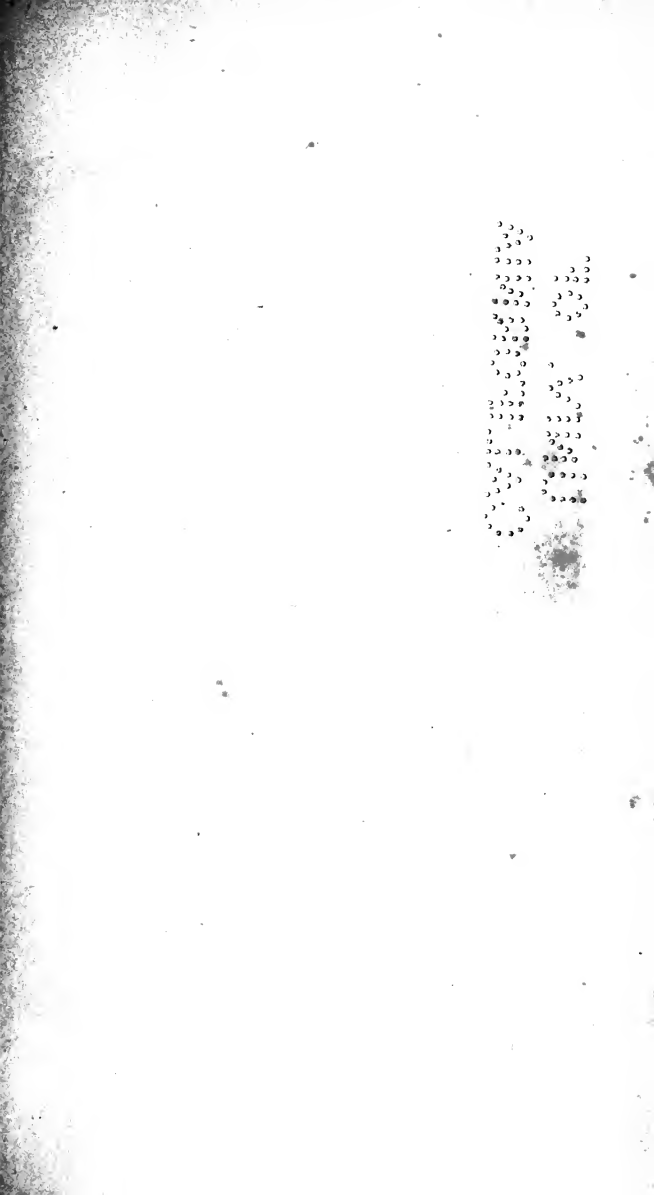
* * * * * * *

Amid the crowds that, with adoring looks,
Hung on the footsteps of the Son of God,
A Galilean mother brought her child,
In its young loveliness — its laughing eyes
Dancing in dewy light — and, kneeling, pray'd
A benediction from those sinless lips
Upon the cherub-beauty of the babe —
But the disciples, with officious zeal,
Silenced the suppliant with this stern rebuke —
"Why troublest thou the Master?"

Jesus heard,
And in displeasure turn'd his radiant eye
With a reproving glance on him that spake;
Then, in a voice of calm authority,
With gentle accents, briefly thus replied —
"Suffer these little ones to come to me,
Nor let them be forbidden — for of such
My Father's kingdom is."

Then Jesus took the infant in his arms,
And gently, with his blessed hand, put back
The silken curls that clustered on its brow;
And, bending o'er it, press'd his holy lips
Upon the stainless forehead of the babe —
Making the brow of childhood, from that hour,
A thing of holiness — the only shrine
Which the Redeemer hallowed with a kiss.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me,"
Was the command of Him who, on the cross,
Bow'd his anointed head, and with his blood
Purchased redemption for our fallen race —
And blessed they! who to that holy task
Devote the energies of their young years;
Teaching, with pious care, the dawning light
Of infant intellect to know the Lord.
Thrice blessed they! who guide, with gentle hand,
The timid steps of childhood in that path
Which, (rightly trodden,) leads the wanderers home,
Where they shall meet, (the teachers and the taught,)
On that blest Sabbath which shall have no end.




HENRY. VII
AND FAMILY

HENPECKERY:

SHOWING HOW RICHARD SLOMAN WAS COWED DOWN.

BY SEBA SMITH.

HANNAH SMART was "brought up," as they say in New England, by Mr. Moses Gardner. She was an orphan, her parents having died when she was quite a child; and Mr. Gardner, having no family but his wife, took the child, by the advice and sanction of the select-men, to occupy that half-way station between a servant and a daughter in his family, which usually falls to the lot of adopted children.

Mr. Gardner was a good-natured, benevolent man — a farmer, in easy circumstances; who, as he had no children, made something of a pet of a favourite black mare, which he always used to keep in the best trim, fat and sleek as a porpoise, and her tail trimmed into a long and graceful switch; and she, in return, always carried him

about, wherever he went, with a comfortable, easy, slow trot, that comported well with his staid, quaker-like appearance, as well as being very suitable to his heavy rotundity of body.

Hannah was a girl for whom nature had done a good deal — indeed, on some points, it would seem as though she had done almost too much; for, according to the laws of phrenology, she had given her rather an undue portion of self-esteem and love of approbation, together with a full share of destructiveness; so that Hannah not only had the powerful elements of a vain woman about her, but was pretty likely, in the course of her life, to beat down all obstacles that stood in the way of her having her own will. Indeed, she always had her own will, while she lived with Mr. Gardner, almost without knowing it; for his easy, good-natured disposition, hardly ever opposed any obstacles in her way — and as to her vanity, it did not show itself to her disadvantage till even some years after she was married; for the plain, simple, honest society around her, did nothing to minister to its growth.

When Hannah was about fifteen years of age, Mr. Gardner advised his wife to allow her an opportunity to learn millinery, as there was a chance

in the neighbourhood for her to be initiated into the mysteries of that graceful art; for he said "it might become of great use to her at some time of her life, as there was no knowing what situation a body may be placed in, and he thought it was always well for a child, boy or girl, to be acquainted with some kind of a trade, or to understand some handiwork, that they could resort to, in case of necessity, wherever they might be placed."

Accordingly, Hannah was put under the tuition of a milliner for the best part of a year, and was found to be exceedingly expert at the business. Indeed, it was allowed that her taste for air and finish was superior to that of her teacher. After this, for a number of years, she supplied bonnets for the neighbourhood for several miles round; which, to be sure, as it was a country place, not very thickly settled, did not occupy but a small portion of her time — so that, besides this, she had much time to assist Mrs. Gardner, while she remained in the family; and, after she was married, time enough to attend to all matters of her own household.

At eighteen years of age, Hannah went the way of all girls — that is to say, she got married;

and although Mr. Gardner, as well as his wife, was much opposed to it at the time, yet, when he found the thing was settled, and it was no longer of any use to oppose it, he at length not only gave her his blessing, but quite a comfortable fitting-out for housekeeping. His reasons for opposing the match were two-fold. First, the void he foresaw it would create in his family was very painful to him; for long habit had taught him to regard even her very wilfulness with a sort of pleasure — that is, the daily exhibitions of it served as a sort of stimulus to the old gentleman's quiet, phlegmatic temperament; and he was uneasy without it, as the dram-drinker without his daily cup. And, in the second place, he had serious doubts whether the choice that Hannah had made for a husband, which indeed might rather be called her choice than the choice of the young man, she having been the most active of the two in making the arrangement — Mr. Gardner had serious doubts whether the choice was the best one that could be made; and he said to his wife, one day, that he considered Richard Sloman a very clever fellow, but he was afraid he wouldn't have grit enough to get along well with Hannah. And on the day of the wedding, he took occasion

to have a little friendly talk with Richard himself, and hinted to him that, although Hannah was a very nice gal, yet she was not only smart by name, but smart by nature, and had an uncommon faculty of having her own way in the world.

But what did Richard care for that? It all seemed right enough to him. He loved Hannah, and Hannah loved him; and what if she did have her own way? A man and his wife were one, or ought to be; and if she had her own way, why, that, of course, would be his way; and he could see no trouble on that score.

Richard Sloman was a good-looking young man, just "out of his time," or twenty-one years of age, the very day he was married; for he took it into his head he would be married on his birth-day. He was of the middling stature, with limbs well proportioned, finely chiselled features, and a mild black eye. Hannah Smart had "set her cap for him" two years before; and, although they were not long in coming to a mutual understanding, Richard would not consent to be married till he was his own man — a high privilege which he enjoyed for the best part of a whole day, viz: his wedding-day; for, according to all accounts, he never was perfectly his own man afterwards.

Richard had learned the trade of a shoemaker, and was a very neat workman ; but, as there were other shoemakers in the vicinity, and the demand for shoes in a country-place was somewhat limited, he worked a part of the time on a farm. The first years of their married life went off very comfortably and very happily. Richard was intelligent, industrious, and prudent ; and as their wants were small, he managed not only to live well, but to lay up a little something ahead. He never stopped to think whether his wife had her own way or not. He always got her everything she wanted, and half the time even before she knew she wanted it herself. In short, the theory which Richard had formed in his own mind, at the time Mr. Gardner talked with him on his wedding-day, seemed for some years to prove true — his wife's way *was* his way. Whatever she wanted, he wanted ; and he couldn't see but the rule worked the other way just as well — for his way seemed to be her way. Somehow or other, they naturally seemed to pull together, and everything went ahead smooth and easy, they hardly knew how, and never troubled themselves to think how. Thus the years rolled round, and peace and sunshine lay continually in their pathway.

"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

But, alas! an end must come to all conditions of earthly enjoyment; and we often throw away the good we have, in search of a better, which we never attain. They had now lived in this quiet, comfortable way, ten years, and had five children — healthy, handsome, and bright children. But Hannah, for the last year or two, began to grow restless. The spontaneous action of her self-esteem, and love of approbation, did not find sufficient aliment. Domestic enjoyments seemed to become almost a drug to her. She wanted a change, but she hardly knew what. She told Richard, one day, she wished he would move into the village. He was surprised at the proposition, and wanted to know what made her think of that.

"Well," she said, "I think we might have a good many more advantages in the village than we have in the country — better society, and better schools. It would be a good deal better for our children; for there they would be brought up amongst folks, and learn to be something in the world."

Richard entered into a little course of reasoning with her on the subject, to show her that it would be more expensive living in the village — that they would have to buy most of their provisions, whereas now he could raise nearly all they wanted; and they might find it very difficult to get along as comfortably in the village as they did in their present situation.

Although the subject was dropped for the time, Hannah did not give it up. The next day she referred to it again, in a more decided manner. "It would be a great deal better to live in the village, and she didn't see why he didn't think about it, and do something about it."

Richard went over the arguments again, to show the impolicy of the undertaking; and added, among other things, that they would have to pay three times as much for house-rent as they had to give now. Her reply was, that it would be a much better place both for shoes and for bonnets, and she did not doubt they could get along easier than they could in the country. So that, although Richard had demonstrated pretty clearly that if even their income should be increased, their expenses would be increased in much greater proportion, he found the old adage was still true, and applicable to either gender —

"*She* that's convinced against her will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Hannah pursued the subject again the next day, and began to impute to Richard a want of a proper regard for the welfare and happiness of his family. This was more than Richard could bear. His attachments to his family were exceedingly strong. His wife and children were more than life to him. He had been touched on a very sensitive point; and he told Hannah, if she desired it, he would go to the village immediately, and look round, and see what could be done. He accordingly went the very next day; and returning in the evening, told her he could find but one house to let, that would answer their purpose, and the rent of that, with a very small garden, was a hundred and fifty dollars a year. The rent of the one they now occupied, including land enough to keep a cow, and to raise more vegetables than they wanted to use, was but fifty dollars a year. His own judgment was still against the change, but Hannah believed it would be the best thing they could do. They could make a shop of the corner room, next to the street, for the sale of shoes and bonnets; and her head was full of bright visions of the profitable business they would

do, and the pleasant times they would have in the village.

Richard therefore went, and hired the house; and as soon as arrangements could possibly be made, they removed to their new habitation. Here, they carried out Hannah's idea of fitting up a shop for the sale of bonnets and shoes. They got their landlord to put up some shelves on each side of the corner room next to the street, and Richard took what money he had laid up from his earnings, about three hundred dollars, and filled his shelves with an assortment of ready-made shoes, and provided himself with a small amount of stock for the manufacture of more. Hannah went to work at her millinery, and it was not long before the shelves on the opposite side of the store were graced by a goodly array of bonnets, of various sorts and sizes.

Thus one side of the shop was devoted to covering the heads of customers, and the other side to covering the feet, and the whole business was carried on in a partnership sort of a way, Richard and Hannah each taking turns in waiting upon customers, as circumstances might render it convenient — that is, when Richard was at work in his little manufacturing room, back of the store,

if customers came in for shoes, his wife would wait upon them; and when she was occupied about the dinner, or had gone out on a visit or on business, Richard would mind the shop, and sell shoes or bonnets as opportunities occurred. They soon began to do a snug little business, and Richard himself almost came to the conclusion that, on the whole, it had been a good move, and they had a pretty fair prospect of getting ahead in the world.

Hannah was a showy, good-looking woman, and soon attracted much attention in the village. Her bonnets were neat and tasteful, and were universally praised for their own beauty; but as fast as people became acquainted with the beauty and attractive manners of Hannah, they praised her bonnets ten times more than they did before, and declared them to be decidedly the most tasteful things that had ever appeared in the village. These remarks often came to Hannah's ears, accompanied by various flattering compliments about her own good looks; till at length her self-esteem and approbativeness, which were naturally large, began to be unduly stimulated and active, terminating in a decided case of vanity. And when she came to attract the marked attention of Doc-

tor Slop's family, and Lawyer Sly's family, her head was fairly turned.

Mrs. Doctor Slop and Mrs. Lawyer Sly both called and got new bonnets on the same day, and they both very foolishly told their husbands, when they got home, what a beautiful woman Mrs. Sloman was — a noble-looking woman, with fair complexion, and clear blue eyes, and very fascinating in her manners. The result was, that Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly both called that very afternoon at Sloman's shop, to fit themselves to a pair of pumps; and Richard being at work in the back shop, Hannah of course waited upon them. And they had to try on a great many pairs, and sat down, that they might do it at their leisure. And then they could not make up their minds which suited them best, and had to try them all over again. They were sorry to give her so much trouble, but she did not consider it any trouble at all; and, with a sort of bewitching air, and accommodating spirit, asked them to look at some more.

The husbands went away more pleased, if possible, with Mrs. Sloman, than their wives had been. The consequence of all this was a rapid and intimate acquaintance between Mrs. Sloman

and the families of Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly. Mr. and Mrs. Sloman were soon invited to both of those places to tea; and as they were counted the first families in the village, and as Mrs. Sloman was the marked object of their attention, she felt herself so raised in the atmosphere of society, that she became quite giddy — and more especially so, when she had been told, by several busy bodies, that, while the ladies praised the beauty of Mrs. Sloman's bonnets, Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly had very much praised the beauty of Mrs. Sloman. Her wants now began to be greatly increased. She needed new dresses for herself, and new clothes for the children; and she needed new furniture for her little sitting-room — for it was a shame that she could not have a room that was decent to ask Doctor Slop or Lawyer Sly, or Mrs. Doctor Slop or Mrs. Lawyer Sly, into, when they came to make her a call.

The worst of the matter was, as her wants increased, her means of supplying them diminished; for her time was now very much taken up in matters of dress, and in arranging and curling her hair, and in receiving calls and making visits. Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly were very fond of having her come to spend an afternoon at their

respective houses, and often took her out to walk, or carried her to ride with their wives. And then the bishops and bustles of fashion came in for a large share of her attention. The style of dress changed as often as the moon; and though her old friends thought she did not look near so well or so interesting as she used to, when she dressed in a more plain and simple manner, yet she was now looked upon more as a woman of fashion, and that suited her excited vanity.

These things necessarily occupied so much of her time, that they left her small opportunity to carry on her business of millinery, or to superintend the ordinary concerns of her family. Her stock of bonnets diminished; her customers found it more difficult to suit themselves; and often, having to wait an unreasonable time before their orders were answered, resorted to other places for supplies. In short, her trade fell off very much, and the income from her side of the shop was very small. It was in vain that Richard remonstrated with her about her extra expenses; that they were unnecessary, and added nothing to their comfort; that they had been very comfortable in the way they had been accustomed to live, and that their income would not afford these

new expenditures. Nevertheless, Hannah put her hand into the money-drawer whenever she chose, and helped herself to such things as she liked. The dressmaker was often called to the house, and the children were often sent to the tailor's. The floor was newly carpeted, and the windows newly curtained, and a new tea-set was brought upon the table.

The money-drawer, which had hitherto been used in common for both sides of the shop, was often drained so low, that Richard found it impossible to meet the various bills that came in; and when quarter-day came round, he was obliged to borrow twenty dollars towards paying the quarter's rent. He now remonstrated more strongly, and urged the absolute necessity of curtailing their expenses, insisting that the money should be preserved to pay provision-bills and rent-bills, which could not be put off, and must be paid; whereupon Hannah flew in a passion, and said *he* might curtail as much as he had a mind to, but she had a right to use her own money as she pleased, and she would do it. And henceforth she kept the money received for bonnets in her own pocket; and if any were sold while she was out, she strictly called Richard to an account,

and made him hand over the change the moment she came in.

Richard told her he did not want the money; he used none of it for himself; all he wanted was to have it laid out prudently, and to good advantage, for the use of the family; but the times were hard, and their income small, and it needed a prudent use of all they could earn to meet their necessary expenses. This reasoning had no effect upon Hannah — she still persisted in having her own way, getting such things as she wanted, cost what they would, and spending what she called her part of the money, as she pleased. She often took tea at Doctor Slop's and Lawyer Sly's, while Richard remained at home, where his presence was constantly necessary, to look after the shop and the family.

Sometimes the Slops and the Slys took tea with Mrs. Sloman, and then there was an extra bill at the baker's for cakes and tarts, and an extra bill at the grocer's for sundries, and an extra bill at the drygoods dealer's for laces and ribands, and other necessaries of life. One day, when Hannah was out, some of these extra bills from the baker and grocer were brought in, and Richard was obliged to take the money he had received

for a bonnet to help pay them. For this, Hannah gave him a severe scolding, and heaped upon him many taunting reproaches. She told him if a man could not find provision for his family to eat, without taking his wife's money, he was no man, and did not deserve the name of a man. Richard felt that the reproach was so unreasonable, so undeserved, and so unjust, he could not make a word of reply.

The same thing occurred with regard to the rent, when the next quarter-day came round; for Richard took five dollars which he had received for bonnets, and appropriated towards meeting the call of his landlord. Hannah had gone out with one of the children, when this occurred, to take a ride with Doctor Slop; and when she returned, and found what Richard had done, she opened upon him a whole volley of reproaches, declaring his conduct to be mean and outrageous, and telling him that a man who could not provide a house for his family to live in, without taking his wife's earnings to help pay the rent, ought to be ashamed of himself.

Richard was greatly distressed; for, besides receiving such heartless treatment from one whom he had loved and cherished as his own life for so

many years, and who had, till quite recently, always given him her warm affections in return, he now began to be much perplexed and embarrassed in pecuniary affairs. When the landlord called with his rent-bill, which was thirty-seven dollars and a half, all that Richard could muster in the shop was ten dollars, including the five dollars received for bonnets. After considerable difficulty, he made out to borrow ten more, and paid over to his landlord an instalment of twenty dollars. The profits of his business had fallen off considerably of late, for he was obliged to devote much of his time to looking after the children, and minding both sides of the shop, and running about to borrow money to meet the increasing bills that were brought in, and then, again, to borrow money to pay borrowed money with; so that he found it impossible to keep his stock of shoes good, or to meet the demands of his customers.

Things went on in this way for some time longer. In proportion as Hannah's vanity had become stimulated, she grew more irritable and unreasonable; and although, in the presence of Doctor Slop or Lawyer Sly, she was all smiles and sunshine, yet she was anything but smiles and sunshine when left alone with Richard. Do what

he could, he was never safe from her reproaches. Whatever he did, it was never enough, or never right. If he set such a table as his means would afford, it was a mean table, and such as a man ought to be ashamed to set his family down to. Such a mean table as that was never seen in Doctor Slop's house. And if Richard went beyond his means, till he had no money left to buy anything with, then he was a shiftless, small pattern of a man, that never ought to have had a family, if he could not provide for them, or take care of them. Why didn't he stir about, and have some enterprise, and do something to get a good living, as Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly did? He would never catch them to be out of money, or to keep their families half-starved or ragged.

Richard's mind and body both began to droop under this state of things. He could not fight or quarrel with his wife — it was like striking a dagger into his own heart; and though, for awhile, he sometimes answered reproach with reproach, he soon gave it up, and rounded his shoulders to the storm, and let it pour on. His chief study, after this, was to try to manage things so as to get along, from day to day, with the least scolding. He even came to regard the visits of Doc-

tor Slop and Lawyer Sly with a sort of pleasure, as affording him a temporary relief; for while they were in the house, feeding Hannah's vanity and self-love by their hints at her beauty and good taste, she was always sure to be in good humour; and sometimes her good humour would last, if nothing crossed her path, for several hours after they left. Richard's pecuniary affairs, by the force of all these circumstances, were getting into a bad way. His spirits were broken — he stooped in his walk, and looked care-worn and feeble. His debts and embarrassments increased — many bills came in, which he could not meet; and when quarter-day came round, he had not a dollar for his landlord. There being a quarter and a half of rent due, and no prospect of any pay, the landlord immediately put an attachment upon the furniture in the house, and upon what goods and stock there was in the shop; and several other creditors immediately followed with attachments, amounting, in the whole, to much more than the things could possibly sell for.

By agreement, it was arranged that an immediate sale of the articles should take place, without any further expenses in the suit; and the next day, at twelve o'clock, was fixed for the hour.

Richard felt as though the world was over with him, and it mattered not much whether he had a house and a home, or was a wanderer in the streets. The older children looked and felt bad, but could hardly realize the dreariness of their lot. Hannah was almost in hysterics — nervous and irritable; crying one minute, scolding at Richard the next, and then crying again. She declared she would not stay and see the sale; and she would not live in the village any longer; and she would not see anybody in the village again; and nobody in the village should see them going out of it like a pack of beggars, for she would go out in the night.

An officer was left in charge of the goods and the house, which the family were permitted to occupy as usual, till the next day. That night brought them but little sleep.

"What are you going to do now? — I should like to know," said Hannah, "now you have brought us to this?"

"I don't think I have brought us to this," said Richard.

"Yes, you have brought us to this," said Hannah; "if you have not, I should like to know who has. But it's no use to be talking about

that now; all is, I should like to know what you are agoing to do, and where you are going to."

"Well, it makes not much odds to me," said Richard; "I had about as lives go one way as t'other."

Finally, in the course of the night there seemed to be an understanding between them to take up their line of march for the next town, about six miles distant, where they had heard, a month or two before, that a shoemaker was wanted. Accordingly, just about daylight, before anybody was stirring in the village, Richard and Hannah, and the five children, with their several little bundles of clothing, left the house and the village, and wandered along the road towards the next town. The morning was warm and cloudy, and some of the children being quite small, they moved but slowly onward.

About nine o'clock, when they had gone between four and five miles, and had just come to the old broken guide-board, where the road turned two ways, one to the town where they had thought of going, and the other towards the neighbourhood where Mr. Moses Gardner lived, who should they see but Mr. Gardner himself, riding down the road, close to them, on his old

black mare. One of his neighbours had been to the village the night before, where he had heard that Sloman and his family were in difficulty, and he called and told the whole story to Mr. Gardner, who started immediately after breakfast to go to the village, on purpose to look into their affairs. He had not seen or heard anything from them before for more than six months, as he seldom went to the village, and the report his neighbour brought gave him a good deal of uneasiness. He had got his information from a person who lived at the very next door to Sloman's, and knew all about their affairs. He understood from this person that Mrs. Sloman had carried matters with a pretty high hand, almost ever since they lived in the village — visiting, and receiving visits, and dressing and riding about, and running into every little extravagant expense that she took a fancy to, neglecting her business and family, till they were all run down, and everything they had was attached.

"And did you see anything of Richard?" asked Mr. Gardner.

"Yes," said the neighbour, "I saw him go in and out of his shop two or three times, but not to speak to him."

"Well, how did he appear?" said Mr. Gardner.

"He's amazingly altered," said the neighbour; "looks care-worn, and stoops a good deal more than he used to; and I never see a man that looked so much cowed down in all my life."

Such was the information with which Mr. Gardner had started that morning for the village. As he rode up to the group, Richard turned a few steps away, without saying a word, and stood looking up the road. Hannah covered her face with her hand, and wept bitterly. The old gentleman inquired kindly into all their affairs, and soon got their story.

"Well, now," said he, "instead of going and trying to seek your fortune in the next town, as you are talking of, you had better go right up into our neighbourhood again, where you spent ten years so happily, and try to live them over again. And my word for it, Hannah, if you will only mind a few simple rules that I'll give you, though you may not find the years altogether so happy as those that have gone by, you may at least find them quite pleasant and comfortable."

"Oh, Mr. Gardner, I'll mind anything you tell me," said Hannah, still weeping.

"Well, in the first place," said the old gentle-

man, "you must set it down as a rule, always to live within your income. He that always spends a little less than he earns, will always have something ahead for a rainy day, and will find himself every year growing better off. When you havn't earnt enough to buy a silk dress, wear a calico one, or fix up the old one — you will find it just as comfortable. And when you havn't earnt enough to buy a good meal of victuals, eat a poorer one — you will feel full as well the next day. And, in the next place, you must let Richard carry the purse, and hold the purse-strings. Put whatever you can into the purse, but let Richard lay out the money. He doesn't drink, and never spends his money foolishly, but lays it out to the best advantage, for the good of his family; and he understands it much better than you do — he's good at figures, and you aint — and he'll make a dollar go as far as you'll make two go. Now, just go up here to the old place again, and mind these things, and if you don't find the world roll along quite comfortably with you, I'll agree to support you and your family. But these children look tired," continued the old gentleman, looking round upon them; "have they had any breakfast?"

Hannah said they had not.

"Well, it is high time they had," said Mr. Gardner, taking out his purse, and putting his hand into it; "here, take some money, and stop at the little tavern, which is a few rods ahead, and get you all a good breakfast. Get some bacon and eggs and coffee for you and Richard, and a good bowl of bread and milk for the children; and then go on, and stop at my house, and tell Richard he better go and see if he can't engage the old place again, for it hasn't been occupied lately; and I'll go on down to the village, and see if I can't contrive some plan to save a part of your furniture."

So saying, he pursued his way toward the village, and the family group went forward to the tavern, where they followed Mr. Gardner's directions to the letter with regard to their breakfast.

THE GRAVE OF THE LOWLY.

BY HARRIET N. JENKS.

I would take my last sleep in the shadowy vale,
'Mid the flowers I love so well,
And echo should mournfully whisper the tale
Where the wood-bird its sweet grief would tell.

And above the green, moss-covered turf, where I lay,
Should the quivering Columbine bend;
And the sweet-brier roses, their melting perfume
To the zephyrs around me should lend.

This summer-time covert a cheerful green home
For the timid young squirrel might be;
Where, storing away his rich winter supply,
No eye could his gambollings see.

And here should the plaintive-voiced, sad whip-poor-will,
When slowly away fades the light,
Alone on the rock, in solemn tones breathe
His touching appeal to the night.

Oft, beside the still stream, to this spot shall repair,
The friend whom my soul holds most dear;
The heart's pure resolve, and the holiest prayer,
Shall be borne up by blest spirits near.

Here matins shall rise on the odorous breath
Of the morning-gale, swift to the sky;
And at eventide hour here vespers shall bring
Full stores of deep love from on high.

The song-sparrow, won to this quiet retreat,
Shall awaken the free air with joy,
As she tenderly rears here her chirruping brood,
With no stranger's rude step to annoy.

Oh! make my last home, then, away in the glade,
'Mid the wildlings I've cherish'd so well;
Where naught save the wood-bird, and floweret fair,
Of the Grave of the Lowly may tell.

Lieut. Owen Stanley R.N.

To Lieut. Barnicoat

"HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS!"

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

How cheery are the mariners —
  Those lovers of the sea!
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,
  As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
  In circles round the mast;
And sing when deep in foam the ship
  Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales?
  There's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
  And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
  Or sink to chasms low,
The vessel stout will ride it out,
  Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down, and canvass furl'd,
  The gallant hull will float
Securely, as on inland lake
  A silken-tassell'd boat.

And sound asleep some mariners,
  And some with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark
  That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners!
  And temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast
  To their storm-shatter'd sails;
And men on shore will bless the ship
  That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
  To brave the mighty sea!

ALLAN GRAY.

Miss Edgeworth affirms that none ever loved without a reasonable degree of hope ; but as none of the passions wait upon the understanding, and love is the least controllable of them all, her assertion may be disproved by innumerable instances, from the fabled days of Pygmalion down to those of Allan Gray, the gardener.

Allan was the son of an English gardener, who had come over to America in the hope of realizing those golden dreams which so often tempt foreigners to our shores. He brought with him a wife and several children, and after the usual struggles which strangers must undergo without money, without friends, without knowledge of the country — after removing from place to place, and losing all their children except one, William Gray and his wife settled themselves, with their surviving son, in the south, where he was fortunate

enough to procure a place as gardener at the seat of Mr. Camelford, a gentleman of large fortune, who, though he spent little time at Camelford Hall, took infinite pride in preserving it in all the beauty and order with which he received it from his fathers.

Mrs. Gray had been born to better fortunes; but the truly noble spirit prefers independence, even as a gardener's wife, to the luxuries which may be purchased by the surrender of one's time, taste, and opinions. Mary, however, had tasted dependence in its mildest shape. She had filled the placé of humble companion to two elderly ladies, who lived in profound retirement, and passed their time chiefly in reading. Their choice of books, too, was excellent. Sisters and daughters of men of learning, they had early imbibed a taste for the best kind of reading, while they by no means despised the lighter part of the *belles lettres*. When their eyes began to fail, they took Mary Owen into their house as a reader and companion. Her task was an easy one, and suited to her inclinations, and bitterly did she lament them when they died. She had lived peacefully with them till she was twenty-four, and at their death found herself as friendless as when they had first

given her an asylum. Their little fortune was entailed, and they had nothing to leave Mary but some old-fashioned bijouterie, and a part of their library.

It was a descent from her high expectations (for a pretty girl who reads a good many novels will form high expectations) to marry William Gray; but she had come to years of discretion, and after some few struggles she gave him her hand, and made him a faithful and obedient wife, excepting only in one thing. William did not wish his son to receive an education that would unfit him for his station. He had looked over Mary's books, and found a great deal that would prove dangerous to Allan, who was a boy of a quiet, shy disposition, hating all manual labour, and adoring nature with a poet's passion. He was obliged, however, to work as his father's assistant, but at night he came home to enjoy, as his hour of luxury, his mother's conversation, and the books she selected for him. It would have been hardly possible for Mary to have crushed the "glowing rage," which promised her in her son what she had never found in her husband — companionship; without which, wedded life wants its chief enjoyment. In William Gray, Mary had

found a protector and friend, but not a companion; and her chilled spirit only glowed, when she looked forward to the cultivation of Allan's mind as a solace for the many lonely, weary hours she had spent, even with William by her side. Allan would read till his father woke from his first sleep, and repeat his commands to him to go to bed, that he might rise with the dawn. He was a fair and delicate-looking boy, with an air of gentility, and a thoughtful, pensive countenance, that is rarely met among the labouring class. Habit had reconciled him at length to his monotonous employment, though there were times when he longed to escape from the formality of the garden and smooth-shaven green, to the depths of the forest — to the blue river that sparkled in the sunbeams. There were none of the forms of nature round him that are said to inspire a love for her. The mountain and the cataract are wanting to those parts of the southern states which border on the Atlantic, but the forests are adorned with a rich and lavish vegetation. A profusion of wild flowers shed a delicious perfume on the air, which intoxicates the senses. There is a vividness, too, in the tints of the sky, a gorgeous colouring, that is rarely seen in more cloudy

climes. All these to Allan were a "passion and a life"—he poured out the deep tenderness of his heart on inanimate nature. Its

> "Colours and its forms were then to him
> An appetite, a feeling, and a love."

But the hour was coming, when the intensity of his feelings were to turn inward, and prey upon themselves. He was one day carrying a young tree, which he intended to transplant, to the house, when he observed an unusual bustle; the windows were all open, the portico and steps were covered with trunks, and a number of servants appeared to have just arrived. A few words explained it all—Mr. Camelford was coming to the Hall with all the family. He had frequently spent several weeks there, but Mrs. Camelford preferred living at an estate in a remote part of the country. Of late, however, the whole family had been travelling in Europe, and were now coming to Camelford Hall, to repose awhile after the voyage. Allan heard the news with regret—he really could not bear the thought of being seen, by persons of education, hoeing and weeding. He felt himself superior to his situation, and shrunk from the idea of being confounded with the rude labourers who surrounded him.

Foolish as were his feelings, they preyed so much upon his mind that he became too ill to go out, and for several days after the family arrived, he was confined to his room.

At last the old man, who suspected there was a degree of morbidness in his feelings, insisted upon his accompanying him to the garden. Allan could not refuse, but he took care to hide himself in a corner furthest from the house. Seeing that no one took any notice of him, he ventured one morning out of his nook, but would gladly have crept back, when his father desired him to carry a basket of roses to the garden-gate, and give them to Mrs. Camelford's maid. There was no evading the command. He took them, and was slowly and reluctantly proceeding up the walk, when suddenly he was startled by a form approaching, which appeared, indeed, to him, "another morn risen on mid-day." As the vision drew near, he doubted his senses. Was it indeed a living creature he beheld, or some angelic visitant? Confused and breathless, he drew to the side of the walk, and leaned against a tree. Laura Camelford, attracted by the beauty of the flowers he held, came close up to him, and, not observing his excessive emotion, said, in a voice of flute-like

melody, "I may take one of these, I suppose;" then, without waiting for an answer, and without even turning her eyes on him, she took a rose from the basket, and walked on. Exhausted with the excitement, Allan sunk upon the ground. Never yet had such a vision dawned upon him. High as was the idea he had formed of beauty, his fancy had never pictured such a shape and countenance. He lay for some time wrapt in such an exquisite reverie, that it was not till he heard a sharp, angry voice close to his ear, that he sprang on his feet, and listened to the scolding of Mrs. Camelford's little Creole maid, who had first waited for him a long time, and then sought him all over the garden.

Allan's feelings, during the rest of the day, were wild and tumultuous. He scarcely knew what it was he had seen; but he felt that it would have some influence on his destiny. He had woke to a new state of existence; some fairy charm had been applied to his eyes, and he now felt as if his past life had been a blank. He could define none of his sensations, yet they were all a new-found treasure to him — he dared not ask himself what they meant. Like the statue in Rousseau's little drama, just wakened into con-

sciousness, he could only repeat, in wonder at himself, "It is I — it is I."

When he went home at night, he found his mother anxiously expecting him. "Dear Allan," she cried, "see what I have for you;" and she held out the "Tales of the Crusaders," which she had asked a neighbour to bring her from town. Poor Mary was disappointed at the abstracted air with which Allan received her present; but though, shortly after that time, he perused, with intense interest, the tale of the Knight of the Leopard, his mind was too much engrossed with his own feelings, on that evening, to be won even by the spells of the mighty magician, Scott.

For several successive days, Allan watched in vain for the figure that still haunted his fancy, and at last began to think that he had been under the influence of a dream. He was musing over his disappointment one day, when he heard again the voice that had before bewildered his senses — he listened, breathless with delight, but it died away, and presently his father's rough voice was heard calling for Allan. In his impatience to behold again her whose voice recalled his dazzling dream, he rushed forward, and found himself suddenly in the presence of Miss Camelford and her

father. "Come here, and take Madam's directions about a flower-bed," said the old man, pulling him from behind the rose-bush, where he had shrunk as he met the full gaze of Laura's eyes. "Come out," muttered the old man; "fool! must I always be ashamed of you?" and he pushed him towards Laura, who said, mildly, "I only want you to prepare some ground for these seeds. Papa says I may have all this square for my own flowers. Leave all the trees, but take away all these balsams and marigolds; you may give them away, if you please. Papa," she cried, drawing her father to her, "you know all this square is to be mine?"

"Yes, love — what are you going to do with it?"

"Why, make a paradise of it. Can you find," said she, in an encouraging voice, to Allan, "any young olives and laurel-trees that would bear transplanting? Perhaps," she continued, after waiting some time for an answer, "you know those trees by some other name?"

"No, ma'am, no," interrupted his father, eagerly; "he knows them well enough, only he's a fool."

"Nay, don't frighten him; I will explain to him."

"I do understand you," said the trembling boy; "you wish your garden planted with the trees and flowers we read of in poetry."

"Read of in poetry!" thought Laura; the gardeners in C—— are very refined. "You have understood me," said she, smiling; "prepare the ground, and I will come to-morrow evening, and give you further directions."

Dear reader, you surely remember the hour when you felt the first breath of passion upon your heart — when the chords of that mysterious, wondrous instrument, were first struck by a viewless touch, which, like the winds of summer playing over the Æolian harp, woke a strange delicious melody within you. Have you ever, in after life, felt anything to equal those first hours of love? Would they not be cheaply purchased back by all ye have since held dear? Honour, power, wealth, and fame — have any of them a charm so precious? Alas! we taste but once of that bliss which Theckla, in her passionate song, has called the bliss of earth.

Allan worked hard all the next day, and by the appointed hour everything was in readiness. He had brought young olive-trees from the grounds, and magnolias from the woods, and only waited

Miss Camelford's direction. It was a beautiful evening in April. The moon, with a single star beside her, was seen in the clear blue sky, while the monarch of day still flamed in the gorgeous west. The air was laden with the perfume of the orange-flower. Allan's senses were refined, by the new and unknown power which had waked him to a new existence; his heart was glowing with undefinable sensations; he clasped to his heart the mute and lifeless forms around him. There was an energy in his feelings that longed to speak, but he trembled as he first heard his own lips utter the name of one so far, far above him. He felt as if he should have died under the weight of his emotion, and almost fainted when Laura appeared, walking slowly with her mother, leaning on her arm. The sight of her overpowered the young enthusiast; he turned aside, and tears came into his eyes — the tears which are shed but once in life. Soon, very soon, is their source dried up; and though we may weep the tears of sorrow or remorse, the drops that flow from a heart o'erfraught with passion, are shed but at one season of the heart. Mrs. Camelford walked so feebly, that Allan had time to assume something like composure before Laura reached the spot.

Miss Camelford was just sixteen, and so very beautiful, that even old age could not look on her unmoved. The old did not accompany their praise of her exquisite face with any comparison with the beauties of their day. The rich auburn of her luxuriant tresses mocked the eye, now with wavy lines of gold, and now with masses of brown, that contrasted beautifully with her snow-white forehead. Her eyes were of that soft, dark hazel, which admits of so much expression; but it was not the perfect form of her features, or the rich colouring of her lips and cheeks, that struck the beholder with delight. It was the uncreated beauty shed over them all — the expression of goodness that explained, to every mind of sensibility, what the most gifted of modern bards has called the *music beaming* from a face.

"Ah! you have brought some of the trees I wanted," said she, with a gracious smile, as Allan pointed to his collection. "Observe, then, wherever I mark, you must plant one. Now," she continued, after having flitted from spot to spot, "here you must make a fountain, and round it plant tube-roses, Indian jasmines, flowering pomegranates, and all the flowers of the East that will grow in this climate. You know them, I believe,

and here are the seeds and roots I want planted — is this the season?"

"Leave them," said Allan; "I will obey you." "Mamma," said Laura, going back, and whispering to her mother, "I don't know what to make of this boy — he understands everything I say, yet it is with the utmost difficulty I can get him to answer me, and he seems terrified if I only look at him."

"He is abashed," said Mrs. Camelford; "do not give him too many directions at a time — you speak so fast, that he will never remember all you have told him. Let me speak to him." Mrs. Camelford called Allan to her, and asked him several questions about his parents and himself. The propriety of his language surprised her, and she inquired into the cause of it.

"My mother," said Allan, "is a woman of more education than is common in her humble station. She has been my instructress, though, from want of time and books, I am too ignorant to be a fit companion for her."

"Poor boy," said Laura, as they proceeded on their walk, "he is fond of reading, and yet has no books, or at least very few — pray let me give him some; he seems different from all the other labourers about the grounds."

"Not yet, my daughter," said Mrs. Camelford; "if you give him books, you must give him time, and I must first make some inquiry into his story. At present, everything tells to his advantage."

Two or three months passed on, and Laura's garden began to have a flourishing appearance. Vegetation is so rapid in the south, that trees and flowers spring up as if by enchantment, when they are well watered and shaded. The young gardener worked incessantly in this spot, which was all the world to him. He talked of it in his sleep; he read nothing but what related to flowers; and, during the first three months of the family's stay at the Hall, he was the happiest of created beings.

Allan would have started had any one asked him what he looked forward to — what he hoped for. He knew he was the victim of delusion, but he cherished his madness, for it was sweeter than any reality he had ever known. He dared not inquire into the cause of his felicity — it is only rational happiness that can sit down and reason upon it. The moments in which Allan woke from his reveries, (in which were pictured youths of low degree winning the smiles and favour of high-born beauty by deeds of prowess, and all the imagery

of other ages and other countries,) were the bitterest of his life. He would wake from one of these day-dreams, and look down upon his soiled hands, his coarse clothing, and utter the wailings of despair as he thought of what he was, and what he must remain. Still, he was happy. Laura came every evening into the garden, with her two little brothers; and while they played about, she would sit on a rustic seat beneath the trees, reading, or plunged in thought, till the dews of night warned her home. Allan never dared remain in the square she called her own, but retired to a distance, from whence he could gaze on her unobserved. The indulgence of this wild passion began at last to prey on his health. The excited, fevered state of his feelings, robbed him of rest. His cheek became flushed with a hectic glow, and his eyes grew brighter and wilder every day; nor was it long before the feelings which had raised him to rapture became stings of torture to him. The malignant spirits that so often wait on love, took possession of his soul. Laura ceased to visit her garden; Mrs. Camelford's returning health allowed her husband to fill the house with company; there were frequent balls and entertainments at the Hall, which threw

Allan into despair. He saw no longer the bright particular star of his idolatry, and his tortured fancy pictured her already the prize of one of the happy youths, whom he saw sometimes sauntering through the shrubbery. There was a family in the neighborhood with whom she often spent a week at a time, but still she did not forget her love of flowers. Every day Menie, the little Creole, came to Allan for the brightest and sweetest he could find — it was with a sinking heart he gave them to her, and then returned to his work.

One night he lingered long after dark in the garden. The lights in the house attracted him, and scarcely knowing what he did, he drew nearer and nearer, till he found himself in front of a large window opening on the portico. There was a crowd of young ladies round Laura, who was going to sing. Trembling lest he might be seen, he retired to a dark corner under the portico, where every note of Laura's voice reached his ear. Presently the rich deep tones of a man's voice mingled with the strain. Allan went home that night, with a heavier load than ever at his heart. Next evening he was employed in making her an arbor of basket work, in hopes of attracting her attention once more to her garden,

when suddenly she stood before him. In general, she made known her approach by her sportive voice, or her rapid footsteps; but this evening she was silent and thoughtful. She took no notice of Allan, who at last ventured to address her. "The Druid's seat, you ordered so long ago, is finished, and this arbor is almost ready for the vines to be drawn over it."

"Oh! thank you—you are very industrious, very ingenious. Have you seen any one pass this way?"

"No, madam," said he; and he turned pale as he marked the troubled expression of her eye. She did not speak for a long time, and then turned abruptly to Allan—"Do you think that japonica will bloom by to-morrow?"

"It is impossible," said Allan.

"And is that the most forward of all?" asked Laura, with a disappointed look.

"It is—but if you wish a japonica, only say so, and I will bring you one."

"Can you? Oh, yes! pray let me have one by ten o'clock to-morrow, and I will give you anything you ask for it."

Alas! thought the unhappy boy, to touch those tresses but once, and die! His emotion grew so

violent that Laura would have perceived it, had not her whole soul been absorbed in watching for a footstep. Presently one was heard — and springing up like a startled fawn, she flew from the arbor. A young gentleman now approached — and coming up to Allan, said — "My good lad have you seen any one pass this way?" There was nothing haughty in his bearing, but Allan thought he should have sunk to the earth, as he looked on the magnificent person of Mr. Mannering — his open forehead, and eye that flashed with youth and genius. He could scarcely falter out a negative; and Mr. M. coming up to a japonica, muttered, "It will never bloom by to-morrow, how provoking!" and he turned and left the garden. In a few minutes he passed by again, with Laura leaning on his arm. Her cheek was no longer pale; she was listening, with downcast eyes, and a varying colour, to the whispered tale of her companion. The miserable Allan threw himself upon the ground, and tore his hair, with the wildest exclamations of despair. His agony at that moment showed him what his future life must be. "I can die," he uttered at length; and the idea that death would end his sufferings, inspired him with courage. He rose and left the

spot, with all the stings of jealousy gnawing at his heart.

The next morning there was a brilliant scene at the Hall. At the front door were drawn up carriages of all descriptions; ladies, in elegant morning dresses, stood in the portico, ready to set out for a breakfast party in the neighbourhood. Laura stood on the steps; a lace veil covered part of her hair, and a light wreath of myrtle adorned the front. Her lover stood beside her. Poor Allan was drawing near, with weary steps; in his hand he held the brilliant flowers he had walked ten miles to find. Laura sprang down the steps, and ran to meet him.

"Thank you — thank you," cried she gaily, taking them from his hand, and putting them into Mr. Mannering's. The whole party were now driving off, but Laura waited till Mannering had placed the japonicas in her hair, then turned away and stepped lightly into her lover's curricle. They drove off without Laura's observing that Allan had fainted.

On her return at night, she ran gaily into her mother's dressing-room, where she met with a grave reprimand for her vanity and selfishness, in sending a slender lad of seventeen, ten miles for

a flower for her hair, when the shrubbery was filled with various kinds. Laura wept to hear that Allan had been carried home ill, but declared with truth, that she had not been aware that he intended going so far on her account. Mrs. Camelford was seriously grieved at what she thought Laura's selfishness, and sent every day attendants and luxuries to the poor invalid. Laura, who had not been to blame, went every day to ask Mrs. Gray how her son was. The sound of her voice gently enquiring after him, healed for awhile the wounds of Allan's heart, but they bled afresh when he dragged himself to the cottage door one day, in order to catch a glimpse of her, and saw that Mr. Mannering was her companion. She stopped before she reached the door and sent Mannering away, then approaching Allan, she graciously and sweetly expressed her sorrow for having occasioned his illness. "I am going to town in a few days, with mamma," said she, blushing deeply, "will you take these books to amuse you, when you are well enough to read," and she took a basket from her brother, who followed her. "There is not much poetry here, and your mother tells me you love poetry dearly; however, papa chose most of

the books." Allan could only bend his head — "Pray do not go to work too early in my garden; I will not recommend it to your care. You have already been too industrious, and I shall not be glad to see it in fine order until you are perfectly strong again."

"Oh, Miss Camelford!" exclaimed Allan, speaking of himself for the first time; "I love that garden far better than you do — I live in it — live for it — *you* hardly look at it;" and overwhelmed with emotion, Allan burst into tears. Laura looked distressed, and tried to calm him; but, as he grew more and more agitated, she withdrew till he should have got over what she termed a nervous attack.

The day before the family left the Hall, Laura carried to Allan's cottage a handsome edition of the Bible, which she put into his own hands; and again desiring him to take care of his health, she left him with a light step, and a gay heart. She was going the next day, and should return to Camelford Hall a bride. The world was bright before her — an horizon without a cloud; and little she thought that the heart of the poor gardener boy was breaking for her.

Two months passed away, before preparations

were again made to receive the family at Camelford Hall; and in that time poor Mrs. Gray had sorrow upon sorrow to contend with. Her husband took cold one damp evening while working at the Hall, and died after a short illness. Allan's dejection grew worse and worse; and at last he was altogether confined to his room; yet he looked forward with intense anxiety to Laura's return. He was aware that she would only return as Mrs. Mannering, but he should see her once before he died. His mother began, at last, to suspect the truth. She frequently heard him murmur, in his troubled sleep, words of a strange import. One night she heard him say—"If I could only see the light of those eyes again, I would die in peace." Mary groaned deeply, for now she felt there was no hope;—"And it is *my* fault!" thought the self-reproaching mother; "it was I who taught him to admire the beautiful and refined, while our lowly station confined us to the ignorant and vulgar. My boy! my boy! it is I who have destroyed you."

It was thus the poor mother was musing in bitterness of spirit, while standing one morning at the door which looked towards the road—when suddenly a train of carriages announced the arri-

val of the bridal party. Mary felt as if they were trampling on her heart. Hastily closing the door, she returned to her seat by Allan's bedside. He lifted his head, and looking anxiously at her, said —"Mother, promise to tell me as soon as she arrives."

"Who, my son?"

"Alas! I do not know—yet why should I conceal it? I am dying—I cannot offend her—even she would forgive me. Tell me when she comes —I cannot utter her name aloud."

"My child, have you so far forgotten your humble station, as to lift your eyes to one so far above you as Miss Camelford?"

"Oh! mother do not blame me. I dared hope for nothing—I knew my love was madness—'twas delirium; but who could look on her and not worship her with a forbidden idolatry. If I have sinned, I have suffered, mother," continued he, drawing from under his pillow the Bible that Laura had given him, "take away this—I have never read this book, for her image always stood before me. When I read yours, I could banish it—but bury that with me—no, do not; in the grave this 'tyranny will be overpast.'"

Late in the evening, a neighbour came in to

offer to assist Mrs. Gray in nursing her son. Long after her offer had been declined, she lingered to gossip in a loud whisper: "I say, Mrs. Gray, you had better go to church on Sunday, to take a look at the bride." Allan raised his head. "I saw her this morning, and though Miss Laura was always a beauty, she looks like an angel now—'twould do your eyes good to gaze on her."

Mrs. Gray got rid of her visiter as soon as she could, and turned, with a trembling heart, towards Allan. "Nay, do not be uneasy; the news has not pained me much. As I draw nearer the invisible world, I feel that the things of this are losing their hold on me. Now, dear mother, do not let me speak of her again." Allan tried to keep his resolution, but every now and then the name of Laura half escaped him. He died the next day, and the widowed parent felt all the anguish of that grief, which will not be comforted till the day when all tears shall be wiped away.

On the following Sunday, Laura walked through the Church-yard a lovely bride, by her mother's side. Suddenly she stopped, exclaiming,—"Oh! mamma, there is a new made grave, and persons just leaving it—whose can it be?"

"It is poor Allan Gray's," said her mother; he has left a mother indeed disconsolate."

In the plenitude of happiness, we expect every object around us to respond to the felicity of our own hearts, and the sight of Allan's untimely grave struck a chill to Laura's heart. She little dreamed that it was she who, in her beauty and brightness, had crossed his path, and robbed him of peace and life; but the lustre of her dark eyes was quenched in tears, when she recollected his youth, his modest, gentle conduct, and the strong emotion he had betrayed the last evening she saw him.

It was from the lonely mother that I learned the particulars of Allan's fate, and from some fragments of his journal, which she read to me, that I have traced the progress of that disastrous passion, which, in a mind of sensibility, nursed in silence and solitude, has power to deprive its victims of energy and happiness, and even of life itself.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A DAUGHTER OF NEW ENGLAND ON THE RECEIPT OF A PUMPKIN PIE ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Thanks, lady, thanks, thy hand well skilled
To touch with fairy fingers
The harpsichord with music filled,
As o'er it beauty lingers;

Could it descend where plate and platter
In goodly order stand,
And form for me this pretty batter,
This gift from Yankee land?

Oh, were I blest with wit and taste
Well *seasoned* as thy pie,
I would in numbers praise thy paste,
Nor make a tart reply.

Thou modest pumpkin: gentle hands
Did pluck thee from the vine,
And made thee pride of Eastern lands
Whene'er their children dine.

And though thou wert of modest birth,
Nay, grovelled in the dirt,
Yet all New England feels thy worth,
And knows thy rich *desert.*

And Pilgrim daughters on this isle
Where *squashes* most abound,
Will greet thy presence with a smile
When Thanksgiving rolls round.

Then, lady, will my prayers ascend
For richest gifts for thee,
And Heaven will bless the gentle friend
Who shares her *crust* with me.

And though I fear my own *desert*
Will ne'er rewarded be,
My flattered fancy must revert
To one sweet *puff* from thee.

And should I run the race of fame,
I'll feel with joy elate
That no dishonour clouds his name
Who's won a lady's *plate.*

Brooklyn, November, 1840.

A PORTRAIT.

BY AMANDA K. CLARK.

I KNOW a youthful maiden, so fair she well might prove
A sylph to haunt a poet's dreams—the idol of his love;
A creature all too beautiful to dwell with care-worn things,
A wandering spirit from the skies, with pinioned earth-bound wings.

She hath a broad and open brow, most exquisitely fair,
And o'er it strays in golden curls her shining auburn hair;
And then her eye, her radiant eye, so soft toward heaven is cast,
That the brightness of its azure hue into those orbs hath passed.

Hers are not brightly-flashing eyes, but seem a quiet well,
Where holy Truth and Grace serene, those loving sisters, dwell;
And from their depths a constant light, a gentle radiance gleams—
In her pure spirit may be found the fountain of its beams.

A PORTRAIT.

There plays a smile about her lip, a sweet seraphic smile,
The signet of a youthful heart, untouched by grief or guile;
And when she speaks, you bend your ear to listen to a voice
Whose slightest tones have ever said unto the heart "rejoice."

There's music in its cadences, but chiefly when she sings,
When forth her heart's wild melody in bird-like carols rings.
You wonder where she caught the strain, so strangely sweet
it seems,
And think some angel voices must have whispered it in
dreams.

And oh, within this casket fair, there is a pearl of worth,
Like the dew-drop in the lily bell, as free from taint of earth;
There is a SOUL, whose rays shine through, and gild her
features fair,
With a portion of that blessed light celestial beings wear.

A mind she hath of wondrous mould, most delicately
wrought,
Whose strings were never swept by aught but high and holy
thought;
A mind whose pleasant fancies pass like "shadows over
streams,"
A soul forever tenanted by rainbow-coloured dreams.

No darkening shadows pass athwart her spirit's peaceful
sky,
That spirit whose serenity is mirrored in her eye;

Where'er her gentle presence is, is cast a magic spell,
And you wish beneath its thraldom you evermore might
dwell.

No sorrow hath she of her own, to shade her quiet mirth,
But she glideth like a sunbeam beside the lowliest hearth;
And her blessed counsel strengthens them to suffer and
endure;
Oh the dearest of all praise is hers, the blessing of the poor.

They say she is an angel sent in incomplete disguise,
For a more than earthly lustre is shining from her eyes;
But it matters not to her what state of being may be given,
For a soul like hers could well afford to barter earth for
heaven.

TAMINA.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

"THE last time I looked on the full moon," began Colestin, raising his eyes to the luminary now rolling in full-orbed beauty above us—"it was through the grated window of an Italian monastery, where I was seated with an old monk, who was instructing me in some of the mysteries of nature. Our conversation turned on the star of night; and he told me many wonderful things of it, of which thousands do not even dream; he recalled to my memory a story which I had heard some time before; I always fancied it very much, and will relate it to you.

"On the summit of one of the highest mountains of the moon, stood one of its inhabitants, just as the earth with its dimmer light was ascending the heavens. The spirit, whose form I will not attempt to describe to you, felt an ardent longing to visit the sister star. He threw himself at the feet of a being more powerful than himself, who

stood at his side, and implored permission to wander awhile in the unknown world. It was granted to him, yet not without a solemn warning. Whether, as with us, words are made use of in the moon to express sentiments, or whether some other means of conveying ideas is there employed, I may not tell you; it is enough for you that what fell upon the ear of the spirit, might, in our language, be thus expressed:

"'You desire to pass the bounds which separate us from that far distant world—be it so! Go, assume the form of an inhabitant of the earth; breathe the dense atmosphere which surrounds it; measure its hills with our giant cliffs; mirror thyself in its waters, an element of which thou knowest nothing; mingle in its busy scenes, and share in its pleasures. Before thy home has three times described its circle around thee, painfully wilt thou feel that thou art not in thy native element: an ardent longing for the land of thy birth will seize upon thee, and eagerly wilt thou strive to return to it. However alluring another star may seem to us, yet can we only be happy there where Providence has placed us.'

"The spirit immediately descended to the earth, and found himself clothed in a human form, on a

mountain peak, from which he looked far down on the country below; here all was new to his eyes. The atmosphere which surrounded him was to him what water would be to us, the bodily frame which he wore alone enabled him to breathe in it. Wondering, he beheld trees and plants, birds and reptiles, the terrific wild beasts and the useful domestic animals; still more was he astonished at the lordly human form which seemed to tell him of a kindred spirit. He saw his own image reflected in the water, and did not know it,—and gazed with admiration on the flowing silver, to which there is nothing similar in his world above.

"He commenced his wanderings,—he entered into the abodes of men; took part in their occupations, and endeavoured to participate in their pleasures, but could not;—an invisible barrier appeared ever to separate him from those whom he approached; a stranger he remained to them —strangers were they to him. Their tears and their smiles, their grief and their joy, touched no responsive chord in his heart; and when they would embrace him, their arms encircled only the child of the earth, not the wanderer from another sphere, whose form was but a borrowed robe!

"Alone, amid rocky precipices, he was pursuing his toilsome way, thinking upon the warning of his wiser friend who had granted his desire; when, behold, his home floated above him with its soft gentle light; he would have known it from the quickened pulses of his heart, even had not its silver beams, so different from the ruddy glare of the earth, fallen upon his sight. Low voices seemed to murmur around the solitary being and lull him to repose; his brilliant eyes closed in slumber beneath the protection of the friendly light.

"Look, where the sea there spreads itself glittering before us; at the dark cliffs rising majestically into the clear air, their lofty summits glittering in the moonlight;—what a solemn stillness seems to pervade all nature; it was on such a night that the youth fell asleep at the foot of yon towering mountain. No human being then inhabited the wilderness; the chamois and the eagle were lords of these solitary dominions; and the streams that sang the wanderer's lullaby, gazed with astonishment on the unusual apparition. Their song became louder; swiftly they pressed around him, and eagerly summoned their sisters to behold him with them: 'Come robed in your waves of silver bright, from the deep sea, sisters,

to the clear moonlight; the reed-crown wind in your locks of green, and behold what no water-sprite has e'er seen.'

"The sea heaved, the waves rose and fell, and bore the slight forms of the water-spirits to the land. Tall slender beings, with pale lovely countenances and long flowing hair. Their smaller companions danced gaily up to them, and babbling, led them to the spot where the inhabitant of the moon slumbered. The maidens gazed at him with wonder; he was fair as painters represent angels to us; fancy him so, and spare me the description.

"There was one among the nymphs of the sea, who bore your name, charming Tamina. She who was regarded by the others as their queen, stood silent near the stranger, whilst the rest, especially the noisy brooks, prattled incessantly. Slowly she let fall on his head a wreath of white water lilies, whose delicate perfume brings pleasant dreams, and rejoiced when she saw a smile spread itself over his countenance. Quite lost in the contemplation of him; as her cold heart gradually warmed, she felt as does the frozen stream when the sunbeams kiss it and impart to it a portion of their heat.

"The rivulets now prepared to depart, bidding each other farewell. 'Sisters, will you not remain longer?'

"'No, we haste away to the eagle's seat, our place is there in the sultry heat, from the highest peak ourselves we throw, to cool the grass in the land below.'

"'The meadows are calling, I hear their warning, for I,' said a nymph, 'am the dew of the morning.'

"'And I,' said a brook, 'on the mountain's height, each morn to the sun hold a mirror bright; if his glittering mirror here idling stays, how can Phœbus arrange his crown of rays?'

"'I,' murmured another, 'with my fall awake, and bid Echo her obstinate silence break; she would slumber all day in her rocky caves, if she heard not the rushing sound of my waves.'

"So saying, they all separated; their forms appeared to vanish into the mist, and the sound of their voices became fainter. The sleeper moved. One of the nymphs proclaimed that it was time to return to the sea.

"'Away, ye daughters of ocean foam, the dawn comes on, swift wears the night; now quickly speed to your watery home, and hide yourselves

ere the morning's light. For we have no power but 'neath the waves; far off in the deep our race had birth; we rule at will in our coral caves, but here, might be scorned by a child of earth. To us in the realm of air there's death, our forms dissolve in the morning's breath. In the sea now the moon her broad disk laves—then away, away to your ocean caves!'

"The sprites obeyed the command; they hastened to the sea and disappeared beneath the waves. Tamina alone raised her crowned head above the water, and began a low song, soft and mournful as the whispering of the wind among the tall firs. The youth awoke with a confused remembrance of delightful dreams. The crown which he had received from the water-nymph had filled his heart with an ardent love, but the object of it had vanished with his dream, and could not be recalled to his waking senses. A melting sound was yet ringing in his ear like a call from his distant home; he followed it, and it led him to the shore of the sea.

"'What is that?' cried he with rapture, as he beheld at his feet the moon floating in the wavy mirror—'art thou so near to me beloved home? and are my wanderings in this strange world at

an end? My longing has brought back to me my beloved star, which I never should have left; take me again; I return wiser. Providence assigns to every being his proper sphere; all the allurements of strange worlds are too weak to compensate the exile for banishment from his father land.'

"The listening nymphs rose from the water when they heard the step of the wanderer; they saw him spread out his arms and plunge into the sea; they saw their servants, the waves, seize upon him, and hastened to free him from their power. Gently they carried him down through crystal palaces, where, resting on beautiful creeping plants, thousands of little water spirits waited to receive their commands. They were ordered instantly to form a grotto, where the stranger might exist as in the upper air. 'Hasten!' they said; 'let the walls be of shells, and pearl, and coral; and the floor of gold sand; gather the rays of light from the waters above, and prison them within it; spread yourselves then before the door like a veil, and guard the entrance against all prying sprites.'

"When the grotto was completed, the youth awoke from his lethargy, and beheld at his side

a being whose ethereal beauty quite drove from his memory all others.

"Tamina now exerted her utmost power to fix the wanderer securely in the snare she had woven around him; deserting, altogether her sisters, she never left him; her sweet song charmed his ear; her gentle fingers wove for him garlands of fragrant flowers; she taught him the secrets of the world beneath the waters. Passion had warmed her icy heart; she loved him as might a mortal maiden, fondly and truly; and only prized her power and beauty for his sake. The youth, intoxicated by love and her enchantments, thought no longer of his home, the grotto was his world, her blue eyes the only star he cared to look upon.

"So passed weeks away; the moon had once described its circle, and again silvered the smooth waves over the abode of love. Tamina was at the feet of her beloved, her long green locks floated on the golden floor, when there was a knocking heard without, and two of her attendants, small bubbling springs, entered, and thus spoke —'My sovereign queen, the water-fall, thine ancient liegeman and vassal, last night with more than wonted roar, a fragment from the mountain tore, and in the gap his power had made, to carry

off a brook essayed; united now they come before thee, humbly for pardon to implore thee. A modest spring, too, makes request, that thou wouldst issue thy behest, that he with sulphur and iron imbued, with power to heal human ill be indued. You may float above for the sea is light, like diamonds it gleams in the moonshine bright; and in frolic mood, 'neath the silver ray, gaily the tiny waves dance and play.'

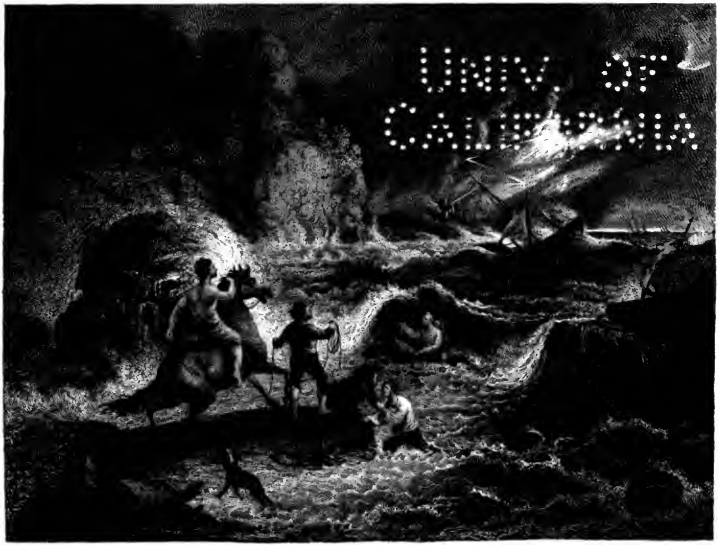
"'Take me with thee, Tamina,' entreated the youth, as she slowly arose. Mournfully she raised her eyes to his, for a sad foreboding seized upon her; yet she could not refuse any of his wishes, and the attendant spirits were commanded to bear him where he desired. Hardly had he lost sight of the nymph and gained the upper surface of the water, when the spell that had so long bound him was broken. In a moment he appeared to know himself again; the love for the being whose nature was foreign to his own, seemed to him like a wild dream. Over him floated the crystal mirror of the seas; with beams of love the moon again shone on him, and his longing returned anew for his native star. 'Raise me still higher,' he commanded the spirits, and murmuring they obeyed him. He breathed the air; he reached the shore,

and in a moment stood on the firm ground. The moon went down—the sun rose—he strayed about among rocks and precipices; he wandered the whole day long, and endeavoured in vain to escape from a persecution which everywhere checked his steps. Wherever he went, which ever way he moved, there burst forth a bubbling spring, and its gurgling sound seemed ever to say to him, in Tamina's imploring voice—'return!' He hastened his steps and plunged into the forest, but still that trembling tone sounded in his ear—'return!'

"As the sun's last ray disappeared behind the mountains, the water-spirits gained their misty forms, and the rising moon showed him Tamina's pale countenance. 'Return!' she whispered, and the youth turned once more to gaze on her before he departed for ever. 'Cease to persecute me, strange maiden,' said he; 'only a sweet delusion kept me in thy power; I cannot live for thee, I belong not to this earth,—there, in that brilliant globe, whose light now shines upon us, is my home—to it I return. I do not deceive myself by false hopes; from yon mountain's height I shall be taken up to my father land, and henceforth my wanderings will be but a dream!' He

turned and ascended — rather floating than walking — that glacier from which you now see the Tamina flow. The nymph followed him closely, but in vain; and, unable to return to her kingdom that she had left, despairingly she flung herself from the mountain; — hating the light of the sun she sought the wildest paths, and rushed into the deepest chasms. Between high precipitous rocks, far below mortal sight, she flowed on; and the shuddering, which at the sound of her voice in those deep shades and in that benumbing air, seizes upon the traveller, is a spell which the sorrow of the nymph has left there. Yet soon her longing to behold the abode of her beloved drew her into the light, and she flowed as tributary to a more powerful stream, to the sea. Here, in serene nights, she looks up to the moon, and endeavours again to draw him towards her, but can never allure him from his home above.

"It is her love which raises the water beneath the moon's beams; when she strives with eager desire to reach her beloved, and then despairingly draws back again, men call it ebb and flood; and Tamina's never-ceasing tears are the pearls which mortals gather from the depths of the ocean."



Painted by A Fisher

Engd by J W. Cheshear

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

"ONLY one night at sea,"—
'Twas thus the promise ran,
By frail presumptuous mortal given,
To vain, confiding man,—
"Only one night at sea,
And land shall bless thy sight,
When morning's rays dispel
The shadows of that night."

The pledge has been received,
The vessel leaves the shore,
Bearing the beautiful and brave,
Who ne'er shall greet us more;
And every heart beats high,
As bounding o'er the wave,
The gallant bark moves on
To bear them to their grave.

The merry beams of day
Before the darkness flee,
And gloomy night comes slowly on,
That "only night at sea:"

The watch upon the deck,
  Their weary vigils keep,
And countless stars look down
  In beauty o'er the deep.

Within that stately boat
  The prattler's voice is still,
And beauty's lovely form is there,
  Unheeding of the ill;
And manhood's vigorous mind
  Is wrapped in deep repose,
And sorrow's victim lies
  Forgetful of his woes.

But hark! that fearful sound,
  That wild, appalling cry,
That wakes the sleepers from their dreams,
  And rouses them — *to die:*
And who shall tell the hopes
  That rose, so soon to flee;
The good resolves destroyed
  By that "one night at sea?"

That hour hath passed away,
  The morning's beams are bright,
As if they met no record there,
  Of that all-fearful night;
But many souls have fled
  To far eternity,
And many hearts been wrecked
  In that "one night at sea."

Great God! whose hand hath launched
  Our boat upon life's sea,
And given us a pilot there,
  A spirit bold and free,
So guide us with thy love,
  That our frail bark may be,
Mid waves of doubt and fear,
  "Only one night at sea."

GROWING OLD.

(ADDRESSED TO A DISTANT FRIEND.)

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Out upon Time! who forever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been and o'er that which must be."

YOUR melancholy letter of self-condolence, my dear and most wayward of friends—your eloquent but unreasonable regrets at having passed through "Life's mid-way turnstile," (to use your own quaint version of the poet's "mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,") have awakened in me a train of reflections which, for your punishment, rather than with any hope of your edification, I shall offer to your serious consideration.

There are few things so little understood, and yet so indispensable to the comfort of every child of earth, as the *art of growing old*. If I were a

man (as, thank God, I am not, for among my many blessings, I rank *first* that of being a woman,) I would make it the subject of a course of lectures; and should probably then share the fate of other preachers, who, while elucidating truth, afford melancholy evidence, in their own persons, of the difficulty which ever attends its practical application. The reason why the matter, now in question, is so little comprehended, is very obvious. The subject is distasteful, and each one feels that there is yet full time for contemplating it afar off. We fancy ourselves still wandering on the confines of youth, or at least, but just entering the dusty paths of middle life; when suddenly we find ourselves at the opening of a yawning ravine, down which we are irresistibly hurried by the pressure of the crowd behind us; and when we reach the cold, bleak, barren region of old age which lies below, we feel that we have yielded with an ill-grace to the necessity which drove us from the busy scenes of active life.

Age is certainly an evil,—necessary to our mortal being, doubtless,—but only less terrible than death; and had not God implanted in our bosoms that strong love of life which makes us cling to mere existence, the king of terrors would

often be a less painful visitant than the greybeard time. Who ever detected the first furrow on his brow—the first grey hair amid his flowing locks, without a pang? And yet, methinks it were pastime to grow old, if age were only an external evil. If the deepened lines of the face, the despoiled honours of the brow, the faded light of the eye, were the only changes which Time brings, we might learn to look on him with indifference. But, alas! he bears away other treasures; he defaces the bright beauty of the casket while he steals some of the richest gems which it contains. We lose the unselfish enthusiasm of youth,—its generous ardour,—its sweet confiding trust;—we learn to question our own impulses, and the lesson which teaches us to mistrust our own nature, like all the other lessons of scepticism, offers nothing in exchange for the faith it would disturb.

"It seems to me," says the warm-hearted and joyous-tempered Mde. de Sevigné, "it seems to "me that I have been dragged against my will, "to the fatal period when old age must be en- "dured. I see it, I have come to it, and I would "fain if I could help it go no farther, nor advance "another step in the road of infirmities, of pains,

"of losses of memory, of disfigurements ready to "do me outrage; and I hear a voice which says "'you must go on in spite of yourself, or if you "will not go on you must die,' and this is another "extremity from which nature revolts. Such is "the lot of all who advance beyond middle life. "What is the resource? To reflect on the will "of God, and the universal law of being, and "so restore reason to her dominion, and be "patient."

They who would grow old gracefully must equally avoid too much haste, and too much delay in their progress. They must neither wait to be jostled aside by younger competitors in the race, nor must they fling off too soon the rose-chains which held them in sweet bondage amid the bowers of youthful happiness. Nothing is more disgusting than an imbecile aping of gaiety and folly in old age, and nothing more painful than the premature selfishness and calculation of age in the glad season of youth.

If I were called to give one short and comprehensive rule for growing old properly, I would say:—Cherish that *health* which is the next best gift to that of youth,—let the mind ripen fully and perfectly in the light of knowledge,—and,

above all things, keep the *heart young* by the constant exercise of kindly and genial *sympathy*.

Even while I write, memory presents some lovely pictures of this 'youth in age' which is ever so desirable. I behold a mother, faded in beauty, but wearing upon her face that sweetness which emanates from the inner light of the soul. Her children are around her, and with the recollections of her own glad and wayward youth still fresh in her heart, she fully and entirely sympathises with all. The workings of incipient vanity in one child,—the gushing forth of passionate feeling in another,—the proud and fiery temper of a third,—perhaps the timid, facile temper of a fourth, or the generous, impulsive nature of a fifth—all are understood—all are appreciated —all receive the indulgence due to weakness, and the gentle restraint necessary to future correction of error. She is the friend, the counsellor, the confidant of her children,—the tender elder sister rather than the rigid parent,—guiding rather than controlling them—sharing their every pleasure—bearing their every sorrow, and cherishing a youthfulness of heart amid the young, which adds new grace to the matronly dignity and beauty of her perfectly consistent character.

I can remember, too, an honoured and venerable man, who in the decline of years, amid the seclusion of domestic life, still preserves the freshness of those fervent feelings which won for him the happiness which he now enjoys. In the youth of his children he reviews his own early life, — in the exercise of hospitality he keeps alive his social virtues — in the duties of benevolence he finds an outlet for the impulsive generosity of his nature — in the daily exertion of his intellect he finds a safeguard against the corrosions of time, — does such a man grow old because his eye is dim, his brow furrowed by the ploughshare of age, and his frame bowed beneath the weight of years?

But there are those who must grow old without any such means of renewing their life. There are hearts which find no companionship in wedded life — hearts which have felt a blight worse than the frost of years — hearts whose glad youth departed ere a shadow from Time's wing had darkened in their path. Yet even for them there is a fountain of freshness — a 'diamond of the desert.' To them is offered the pure delights of Friendship, — that sweetest of all forms of earthly affection, which is all of Love but its selfishness, —

all of Passion but its exacting spirit — all of tenderness but its weakness.

I know not what may be the nature of friendship in the heart of man, but in the breast of woman I know it to be what I have depicted it. Love lives not without jealousy, which ever stalks beside it like its shadow, flinging gloom upon its brightest way. But Friendship asks nothing, save to be allowed to serve — hopes nothing, save to be considered of some import to the happiness of its object — expects nothing, save to be remembered with tender regret when death shall have stilled the beatings of the warm heart, and the pulses of the ready hand.

If I were a man and knew of woman what my present experience has taught me, (an impossibility, by the way,) I should prefer the deep, fervent friendship of a woman's heart to all the deceitful promises of love. After all, love is like grief — 'it consumes or is consumed;' the wild, fierce, fiery passion which makes every hour either a pang or an ecstasy, cannot last; it is weakened by its own excess, and must either subside into a tame sentiment, or die away in utter indifference, if it be not merged in such a friendship. But the friendship which is born of esteem

for high and noble qualities — which sees in its object something to be admired, respected, looked up to — (I speak now of friendship between persons of opposite sex; and to be perfectly happy in any attachment there must be a blending of *reverence* in woman's tenderness) — which knows no jealous fears, no envious heartburnings — which is full of self-forgetting affection, and yet asks no other return than the kindly word and the gentle tone — the friendship which in woman is ever mingled with that innate principle of loving, so perfectly a part and parcel of her very nature — such is the true sweetener of life, such the only worthy object of attainment, such the only lasting passion.

A *woman* need never suffer her heart to grow old. I care not how lonely be her lot, wherever she can find a home, there can she find some object of affection. There is always some brother or sister — a niece, or, it may be, a wayward nephew, or, at least, some of those 'little people,' whose claims upon us depend not on ties of blood, to occupy her interest. If ever a woman finds herself utterly lonely and unloved, depend on it, the cause lies, not in her unfortunate destiny, but in herself. Live without loving! why the thing

is impossible; methinks if I were the sole habitant of a desolate island in mid ocean I should find something over which to pour out the fulness of a yearning heart. "*Je meurs ou je m'attache,*" is a true woman's motto, and happy is she whose heart, while it clings like the ivy, finds something better than ruin and decay to support its entwining tendrils.

A woman, I repeat, need never be a solitary being. In the cheerful stillness of her own thoughts she can be ever devising some good for others; and if she never forgets that woman is sent upon earth to minister comfort to the toil-worn children of Adam — if she remembers that God has given her a nature which enables her to convert the curse pronounced upon our first mother into a boundless blessing — if she never forgets that they who "stand and wait" are numbered among the servants of the Most High, no less than those who do his bidding in the whirlwind and the storm — she will not repine at the destiny which gives her happiness just in proportion as she lives for others and not for herself.

But with men the case is somewhat different. Few conditions can be more melancholy than that of a lonely man who has outlived all early asso-

ciations — who has grown estranged by time and circumstance from the companions of his youth — who enters not closely into the interests of a single one of God's creatures, and who is keenly conscious that to no one is he an object of real regard. Yet why should these things be so? Why should man be so isolated an individual merely because he has no conjugal nor filial ties? Are there not other bonds of union, which if less closely woven, are still worth cherishing?

It was but yesternight that one, whose language is ever like the poetry of knightly days, stirring my heart at one time like the sound of a trumpet, calling to the tourney, and anon, melting me into sweet regretful tears of tenderness — it was but yesternight he told me of a solitary man who in his loneliness bethought him of putting in practice the chivalry, which is still extant in the world, albeit it is now hidden beneath a velvet vest instead of a mailed cuirass. This strange being became the friend, the guardian over certain gentle, and I doubt not, lovely maidens, at their first entrance into life. His delight was to show them all that earth held of good, and to protect them from all that it contained of evil, — to watch over the developing affections of those

young hearts, and to guard them from the noxious influence of passion. A beautiful blending of the brother's watchfulness, the father's tenderness, and the lover's jealous affection, filled the heart of that solitary man. One after another the objects of his love were taken from him by happier and more fervent admirers; and in every instance he felt for a time the keen sharp pang of disappointed or rather unsatisfied love. Yet the pain was but a transient sorrow, for a consciousness of self-sacrifice — a pleasant sense of heroic devotion, which could silently relinquish its own happiness for the object of its tenderness, became his solace. Another soon was found to take the place of the wedded one, and the same round of attentions, and watchfulness, and growing regard was again travelled. Thus passed the life of this eccentric but noble-hearted bachelor; and who will say that he found not happiness? It is true that he stored up for himself a new sorrow with every affection, but who would not prefer to suffer the pain of an *overcharged heart*, rather than the aching void of a *vacant bosom?* The old man found bliss beyond the capacity of common minds in these sweet ties, and when death summoned him to his reward in a better world, he was wept

by gentle eyes and remembered by loving hearts.

Tell me not, dear friend, of that solitary man who, years hence, will take his accustomed walk on the sunny side of the street, and who will pause, leaning on his cane to watch the gambols of the merry boys, perhaps to give feeble impetus to their bounding ball as it passes him on its winged way, or it may be to aid the timid steps of a shrinking girl as she crosses the icy pathway. Tell me not of that man dwelling lonely and unsought in his secluded chamber, seeking his enjoyment only in remembrance of the past, and wasting the remnant of his days, like his own noble hound, in sluggishness and sunshine. Tell me not that the time will come when his foot will cease to descend the stair — when his face will be missed from the accustomed walk — when the boys will wonder why they hear not his kindly greeting; and finally, when the hearse and its few respectful followers will be seen bearing to its last resting-place the remains of him who amid the crowded city still dwelt in hermit like solitude. Tears, such as I have seldom shed, would blind me could I believe such picture aught than the image of a mocking fancy.

Rather let me take the pencil and try a woman's power. Let me imagine myself transported, some thirty years hence, to your distant city of refuge—the far off home of your adoption. The scene is one of quiet enjoyment—a pleasant fireside—a cheerful apartment—books, pictures, deep, kindly-looking chairs; all the comforts, but none of the mere luxuries of life are there; and *two*, who have grown old together, albeit the years of one, even as his virtues and his graces, outnumber those of his companion, are seated in gentle converse. The door opens, and the cherished friend of earlier days enters. He is a solitary man—but what warm and gushing affection are poured out at his feet. The impassioned poet—the daring hunter—the friend of the red kings of the soil—the embodiment of all that we can dream of chivalrous and noble—how can he be called solitary, when the very shadows of his brain have peopled the forest and the prairie with beauty? His place is ever reserved in the hearts as at the fireside of those who love him. He is as one of that quiet household—free to go and come as he lists, but not from the indifference of habitual intercourse; no, his step is still listened for—his opinions still treasured up—his deep

and earnest tones still caught as eagerly as in the days of his youth.

Anon enters another, in the full deep light of whose lustrous and spiritual eyes, may be read the refined and lofty soul of him whose early life was like an acted poem, full of passionate sweetness; and whose gentle heart never knew a feeling which was not as abounding in human sympathies as in elevated purity.

Two more are added to the little circle. The merry voice, the agile step of one is yet unchanged, and the wit, wont 'to set the table in a roar,' the quips and cranks of overflowing humour, the brilliant scintillations of ready repartee, and the genuine kindness and warm-heartedness which pervaded and shone through all his character, are no less remarkable than when, years before, he first charmed the mirth-loving fancy of the now sobered hostess. But of his companion how shall I speak? how depict the softened, chastened beauty of that sweet matronly face? The tresses, once hanging in rich luxuriance upon the peach-like bloom of the rounded cheek, are now put back under a simple cap, but the soft dewy lip is still as bright as in her gentle youth; only

the expanded proportions of that womanly form betray the lapse of time.

Friend of my soul, what sayest thou to my gossiping? Why may we not have such a *tableau vivant*, if the stern mower whet not his scythe among us? Why may not age find us with busy minds and young hearts? Why may we not meet in after years, even as now, and bid defiance to Time when he attempts to penetrate the strong hold of our affections? Hast thou not said that poetry is the true fountain of rejuvenescence? Let us then quaff deeply of its sweet waters, and while their subtle influence sends new life through our sluggish veins, we will forget "time's takings," and only remember that the sweetest of all the treasures which he *leaves* is the *Love* which was born for *immortality*.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Engraved by W. H. Flint.

MY SISTERS.

MY SISTERS.

BY AMELIA B. WELBY.

Like flowers that softly bloom together,
  Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather,
  Ere strange rude hands have parted them:
So were we link'd unto each other,
  Sweet sisters! in our childish hours,
For then one fond and gentle mother
  To us was like the stem to flowers,
She was the golden thread that bound us
  In one bright chain together here,
Till Death unloosed the cord around us,
  And we were sever'd far and near.

The flowret's stem, when broke or shatter'd,
  Must cast its blossoms to the wind,
Yet round the buds, though widely scatter'd,
  The same soft perfume still we find;
And thus, although the tie is broken
  That link'd us round our mother's knee,
The memory of words we've spoken
  When we were children light and free,

Will, like the perfume of each blossom,
  Live in our hearts where'er we roam,
As when we slept on one fond bosom,
  And dwelt within one happy home.

I know that changes have come o'er us:
  Sweet sisters! we are not the same,
For different paths now lie before us,
  And all three have a different name;
And yet, if Sorrow's dimming fingers
  Have shadow'd o'er each youthful brow,
So much of light around them lingers,
  I cannot trace those shadows now.
Ye both have those who love ye only,
  Whose dearest hopes are round ye thrown—
While, like a stream that wanders lonely,
  Am I, the youngest, wildest one.

My heart is like the wind that beareth
  Sweet scents upon its unseen wing—
The wind! that for no creature careth,
  Yet stealeth sweets from every thing;
It hath rich thoughts forever leaping
  Up, like the waves of flashing seas,
That with their music still are keeping
  Soft time with every fitful breeze;
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
  The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
  And the loud rush of many floods:

All these, and more, stir in my bosom
Feelings that make my spirit glad,
Like dew-drops shaken in a blossom,
And yet there is a something sad
Mix'd with those thoughts, like clouds, that hover
Above us in the quiet air,
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over
Like a dark spirit brooding there.

But, sisters! those wild thoughts were never
Yours, for ye would not love like me
To gaze upon the stars forever,
To hear the wind's wild melody.
Ye'd rather look on smiling faces,
And linger round a cheerful hearth,
Than mark the stars' bright hiding-places
As they peep out upon the earth.
But, sisters! as the stars of even
Shrink from day's golden flashing eye,
And, melting in the depths of heaven,
Veil their soft beams within the sky:
So will we pass, the joyous-hearted,
The fond, the young, like stars that wane,
Till every link of earth be parted,
To form in heaven *one mystic chain.*

THE MANAGING MOTHER.

BY "ELLA."

I take my daughters to each Ball,
I'm known to every one ;
And hundreds on the New Year call,
And so each year they've done.

But tho' my eldest is a belle,
Can dance and waltz with grace,
I really, tho' I'm loth to own,
Think it a hopeless case.

Sir Harry, when she first came out,
Was always at her side,
I then was sure 'twould come about
And she would be a bride.

A bride, what happiness to hail
An elder daughter so—
For then you scarcely ever fail
To marry all you know.

THE MANAGING MOTHER.

He dined with us quite "en famille,"
He seem'd just like a son:
I told him, laughingly, he'd steal
The heart of every one.

And Julien—*then*, I nodded to—
Turned with a sigh away,
'Twas all in vain, it would not do,
The fool I could not sway.

And then Lord W—— I knew,
He was a monied man,
But Julien was not, *a son gout*,
And so he smiled on Fan,

But she, (poor child) had not the art
To feed the flame she lit:
(Julia had played a better part)
So nothing came of it.

My girls are all well born and bred,
Dress well, I choose their clothes;
But oh! a weary life I lead,
The men will not propose.

THE LAST MAN.

A CHAPTER IN THE STYLE OF THE DAY.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"Crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures where there is no love," quaintly but truly saith an old writer. From such a gallery I have stalked out this instant, reader, to hold a moment's sympathizing talk with thee. You have heard of me, doubtless, at Saratoga, Rockaway or Niagara, or perhaps even my fame as the last man of the season has reached you at the distant White Sulphur, or some gay spot still more remote, where you bestow your favoured leisure upon some lively circle, and mete out a shred of compassion to the unhappy subjects you have left behind you, prisoned by business cares in the city. I am the last, the very last of these unfortunates. The town, indeed, is not completely deserted; for I behold in the streets

crowds of those eccentric people, who, at all seasons, prefer the bustle and excitement of city life to the repose of rural leisure. I am, therefore, not exactly in the situation of Hood's "last convict," who, when he wished to hang himself,

> "Found not a single man alive
> To pull his legs!"

But though my physical condition be different from his, yet the moral solitude of "Campbell's Last Man" was not more complete than mine, for I find no company in the crowd, and the faces about me are but a gallery of pictures. The gems in love's shining circle

> ——"Have all dropped away."

The eyes upon which I loved to look have gone to gladden some other sphere, the hands that I fain would clasp are handling the fishing-rod at Islip, or bagging woodcock in Purgatory; and I move amid the machinery of society like some solitary pendulum that swings in gloomy silence, with no apparent connection with the various wheels which are ringing and flashing in the bright sunshine around it. Twice a day do I vibrate between Union Place and the Battery with

the same monotonous motion; and throughout the whole line of Broadway, not an eye is there to mark my swing, not a hand that I could meet with answering touch, is outstretched to lend new life to the soulless motion. I am now almost reconciled to my mysterious doom; but there were long days and many that I struggled against my hermit destiny. I saw the fate which impended over me in anticipation, and as friend after friend dropped away from my side, and the bright faces in which I sunned myself were one by one withdrawn, I clung with anxious restlessness to the hope that one — one — at least might yet be left. I remember in that day of fevered hope, that the mere sight of a trunk or a carpet bag behind a carriage would strike me with dismay. What knew I but that the unconscious thing might be the symbol of some new departure in which I was interested? what knew I but that the vehicle which then rattled by me was bearing off *her* that I would most miss from the rapidly depopulating city. There were strange semblances in those days about the decrepid and phantom-looking hacks which glided by me. Faces would peer from the windows which I *knew* could not be so soon upon the wing, and a mocking laugh would

ring in my ears from voices which I felt could never mock me thus. Often at witnessing such sights and sounds, would I rush down to the steamboat wharf and there find a brief respite from gloom in discovering that the real persons of those whose images had been thus shadowed forth, were not actually on board. They still lingered in the city, from which all were fleeing, and a few hours of social intercourse were yet left me.

At last, however, even these were gone—ay! only one besides myself remained! But such a one!

It was a fair girl—a blithe, happy creature, with eyes of heaven's own blue, and hair all radiant of the light which claims the same birthplace. Gentle she was, too, as the airs which travel thence upon summer's blandest eve.

We were alone—this fair girl and I—alone amid the unmeaning crowd that had no part nor lot in thought and feeling with a being such as her, and fondly did I whisper myself that she lingered amid the desolation for me alone. She seemed like that almost magical flower which the polar discoverer found blooming upon the icy desert—as fresh and fair amid its casing of ice as

if a tropic sun had warmed it into being. It would redeem the darkest lot to find such a flower blooming in one's path, and I cared not that the city was

———"My dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,"

so that I might see, love, live for only her. "We met," we met often, and though "'twas in a crowd," yet did she not "shun me!" for, said I not, that we were all alone in that crowd? But weeks wore on, and she too, that blessed comforter, was to be stolen from me.

I hardly remember now what brought the first warning to my heart of the impending blow. I could not and I would not see that it hung over me. Something there was though of wearying of the town—a little talk of other days—a transient memory of childish sports upon the river, and a mention of an aunt in the country.

Vainly I tried her drooping soul to raise; I spoke cheerfully of the resources near, I painted the verdurous aisles of Washington Square in prospect—I tried to lure her to the Battery. I spoke of Niblo's! She listened—kindly, but not with earnestness. She did not complain, but her

heart was evidently away to the green fields and murmuring brooks and hanging orchards of her kinswoman's villa; there, where her favourite cousin (a boy — a romping boy — a boy of fifteen!) claimed her to share his sports, what time the August sun withdrawn from shady stream should tempt the lazy angler to the woods.

And now I was indeed alone. I saw the low-hung and endless Long Island wagon drag its last length aboard of the South-Ferry steamboat. I heard the relentless engine give its first ponderous jar, and I watched the pea-green bandbox on the top of the stage until it became blended with objects upon the opposite shore; and then, as I mentally exclaimed, "how often will that odious cousin bait his hook for her!" I laughed a laugh — that first half-savage laugh of the over-tasked young spirit which is never laughed but once — I laughed it then! and rushed up White-hall-street.

It boots not to tell how since have passed my hours. Mine is no common lot — and the details of my feelings can, therefore, awaken no general sympathy. Time was when breakfasting alone was to me a luxury — time was when dining with a friend was to me the height of enjoyment: but

now the charm of the first has become so common, the pleasure of the last so rare, that I would share my meals even with a billiard-marker, or a dandyling, to have aught approaching to humanity so near me. The waiters, sitting by the deserted windows of my hotel, scarcely rise from their places when I enter; yet I have not the heart to reprove them for their want of respect to the last member. The fawn has been known to make friends with the lion when thus isolated from all the rest of creation — and besides venturing once or twice into Wall-street, and sliding unobtrusively past a loitering broker, I have found myself more than once wistfully approaching a sheriff's officer. But it did not speak to me — and I slunk away in faintheartedness and dejection. I do not think, however, that there has been any weak surrender to the gloom which such loneliness may well awaken; for I catch at every sight and sound which may let cheerfulness into the windows of my soul. Sometimes I wander in the suburbs, where the deep bass notes of the swine which our city laws have not yet desparked, awaken a rural association. Sometimes I listen to the shrill tenor of the swallows, wheeling like lawyers on a circuit, around the chimneys

of the Bridewell. Sometimes I loiter round the public gardens, and catch a glimpse of green from their diminutive parterres. But here there is always something to disturb the stoicism which I find it so difficult to preserve. I hear songs which remind me of

> The lawless breeze and the glowing sky,
> And bright world shut from my languid eye.

"Away, away, to the mountain's brow" but serves to knit my brow with care; "Some love to roam," reminds me that I must stay at home; "It's my delight of a *shiny* night," only makes me curse *my stars* — and when I hear,

> "Oh, Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
> Nor sigh to leave this flaunting town?"

I gnash my teeth at the thought that Nannie could gang without me, and leave her lover to sigh in vain. As for the theatre, with its *Trees* and *Groves*, and its expected *Woods*, *Forests* and *Meadows*, it but mocks my misery; while *Barnes* in the city raises only a deluding image of a cottage in the country. Now and then I take a sort of savage pleasure in reading the advertisements of country seats for sale, or disport my fancy over

the maps and prospectuses now so common, of new collections of villas, projected by some ingenious persons, who talk about "eligible sites for the ornamental cottage, and grounds of the retired gentleman," upon "nicely levelled lots, in parallelograms of twenty-five feet by a hundred." He who invented the art of packing a quart of wine into a pint decanter, must have given the first hint to these worthies. Thank heaven, I have no such maimed ruralities to offend my eyes as their Procrustean labours would fain create. It is true that my better senses are now all prisoned up in the brick walls around me; but I would rather they should be fettered than perverted. My rural taste may languish for want of nutriment to feed upon, but better thus than that it should become vitiated and cocknified from unnatural aliment. The realms of fancy are still mine; for

> "When breeze and beam, like thieves come in,
> To steal me away, I deem it sin
> To slight their voice, and away I'm straying,
> Over the hills and vales a Maying."

I own many a lot in the fields of imagination, which, though of no marketable value, is nearly

as substantial as those in which people about me are speculating. The last that I have laid out are among the Adirondach mountains, where, wholly unnoticed by the learned gentlemen who have been tracing the sources of the Hudson in that quarter, I have accompanied the surveying party over many a romantic tract, where the magic pencil of Cole was busied a year since. It is grievous, however, to retrace my steps from this sweet and roaming track of my fancy; for

> "Then what a dismal, dreary gloom,
> Settles upon my loathed room —
> Darker to every thought and sense,
> Than if they had ne'er wandered thence."

At such a time as this, I use my washerwoman's album as a sort of safety-valve to let off my pent and pining musings; and the other day, while loitering near the river, and flinging in vain upon the tide the weary thoughts that would ever and anon recur to me, like the valueless chips which, when set afloat by wanton boys, the waves so carefully still return to their feet, the last words of the last man were thus poured out:

River, oh river! thou rovest free,
From the mountain height to the fresh blue sea!
Free thyself, but with silver chain,
Linking each charm of land and main.
From splintered crag, thou leap'st below,
Through leafy glades at will to flow—
Lingering now by the steep's mossed edge—
Loitering now mid the dallying sedge:
And pausing ever, to call thy waves
From grassy meadows and fern-hid caves—
And then, with a prouder tide to break
From wooded valley to breezy lake:
Yet all of these scenes, though fair they be,
River, oh river! are banned to me.

River, oh river! upon thy tide
Full many a freighted bark doth glide;
Would that thou thus couldst bear away
The thoughts that burthen my weary day!
Or that I, from all save them, made free,
Though laden still, might rove with thee!
True that thy waves brief life-time find,
And live at the will of the wanton wind,
True that thou seekest the ocean's flow,
To be lost therein for evermo'—
Yet the slave who worships at Glory's shrine,
But toils for a bubble as frail as thine;
But loses his freedom here, to be
Forgot as soon as in death set free.

THE MISSION BRIDE.

THE MISSION BRIDE.

BY LUCY HOOPER.

When Mr. Judson first proposed for his wife, afterward so well known in the annals of missionary zeal, he stated very distinctly both to herself and friends the difficulties attending the enterprise, and placed in strong contrast the motives which should outweigh them all.

THE rich deep tones fell clearly
Upon the summer air,
And the listeners' hearts were thrilling,
To the noble speaker there;—
"I ask of thee thy daughter,"
The father's eye grew dim,
But woman's cheek such bright blush wore,
As Love alone might win.

"I ask of thee thy daughter—
Alas! that it were mine
To shield alike from care and pain
Such cherished gift of thine;

But, I ask of thee thy daughter,
To leave this home of love,
And bear afar the exile's heart,
At the call of God above!

"I ask of thee thy daughter—
And I know not for what doom,
Upon her future path and mine,
Alike may come the storm;
But if her earthly bliss to guard,
Asked only Love unsleeping,
Then would I bear upon my heart,
Her name in holy keeping.

"But earthly joy and earthly scene
No more my course may stay,
A voice upon my ear hath been,
Its summons I obey;
And I ask of thee thy daughter,
That distant path to share,
Perchance to sooth the martyr's cell,
To join the martyr's prayer.

"Yea! I ask of thee thy daughter,
In the golden bloom of youth,
To bear with me to distant lands,
The holy words of truth;

I ask of thee thy daughter,
And oh! for lot like this
To one, so beautiful and young,
I bring no earthly bliss.

"But the seraph spirit mounteth;—
And woman's e'er hath been,
Like the ministry of angels,
In each dark and fearful scene;
To the captive's lonely cell
She hath come with words of light,
And the dying voice hath blessed her
In the watches of the night.

"So I ask of thee thy daughter,
To tread my path of pain;
Yea, I ask of thee thy daughter,
A heavenly crown to gain;
For shall the race of Faith, alone
With feeble step be trod?
No! I ask of thee thy daughter,
For the altar of thy God!"

And brightly on the speaker's brow,
Were bent the eyes he loved,
And from those eyes the fervent faith,
By years so nobly proved,
Was beaming, as her father cast
One sigh of earthly feeling,
Then solemnly and slowly spoke,
Unto his God appealing.

"As Mary poured her precious gifts
Upon the Saviour's head,
So would I on that holy shrine,
My costliest offerings spread,
Strengthen this feeble human heart,
Oh! Lord of Paradise!
I strive not with thy perfect will,
Take thou, my *Pearl of price!*"

Oh! Joy and Grief were strangely blent
With holy hope that night,
And still with Joy and Grief we trace
Their path of onward light,
Joy for the pledge so nobly kept—
Grief for the ties so riven—
And holy hope that every link
Is bound again in Heaven!

THE CHERUB'S MISSION.*

BY JANE L. SWIFT.

I LEAVE the land of spirits pure,
And come to earth again;
With healing on my viewless wings,
With balm for ev'ry pain.
I seek the home, where late they smiled
So tenderly on me;
And find them weeping o'er the clay,
Where I have ceased to be.

They call me by the tender names
Familiar to my ear;
Then, turn with sick'ning hearts away,
Unthinking I am near.
From heaven's cloudless realms I've come,
A mission to fulfil —
To shed the peace, that God can give,
O'er those who mourn me still.

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* Suggested by the death of Willets, the interesting son of John Keese, who perished by drowning on the 21st of April, 1843.

Oh! could ye see the infant throng
That round his altar stands,
With golden harps to tune his praise,
And palms within their hands—
Could ye but see our white array,
So free from spot or stain;
Ye would not call your loved one back,
To weep on earth again.

Could ye but know whose arms enfold
Your little darling now—
Could ye but see the crown of light
That sparkles on his brow—
Could ye but feel the rapture pure
That wakes his angel-strain;
Ye would not surely call him back,
To sigh on earth again.

Could ye recline within the shade,
Of our sweet, Eden bowers;
And see my infant playmates wreath
Their little brows with flowers—
Could you but know how free we are
From sickness, sin, or pain;
Ye would not, could not call me back,
To sin and death again.

Joy! joy! the precious tear-drops flow!
I've touched their welling springs;
And God has sent the holy balm
Of healing on my wings.

Peace! for the spirits reconciled
To his unerring will;
Peace! to the hearts that bend, not break—
That weep, yet trust Him still.

Ah! 'mid the flight of weary years,
I oft to earth will come;
To shed the rays of heavenly hope
Around my former home.
I'll watch my parents' couch beside—
I'll be with them in prayer—
Then, bear their wishes up to heaven,
And plead those wishes there.

And when the cord of life is rent,
That separates us now;
When Death his signet-seal hath set
Upon each parent brow;
My harp shall be the first to hymn
Their welcome to the skies;
My form shall be the first to meet,
Their rapture-beaming eyes.

Farewell, farewell, my mission 's done—
I have not come in vain;
Ye would not, if ye could, recall
My soul to earth again.
Live on, for those who yet remain
To need your loving care;
Live on—your hearts will not be dark,
For God's own light is there.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

There are no times nor seasons unto Him,
Who fashioned forth this fearful wondrous frame;
The stars revolving, weary grow and dim,
The Pleiad leaves in heaven no lingering flame,
Creations spring to birth, in age decay,
And as a scroll the heavens shall pass away.

Yet He, who formèd all, enthroned in light,
Primal in being, as when first awoke,
The dewy planets in the morning bright,
And starting on their joyous course forth broke
The choral hymn that marshalled worlds in space,
He changeth not, nor knoweth time nor place.

And as a point to Him, man's fleeting life—
Not by declining sun, nor changeful moon—
Mark not by these his agony and strife;
Oh! not by these his youth, his fervid noon,
Thronged by emotions crowded to a span,
Ages concentred in the life of man.

And Thou to whom all seasons are the same,
Though blindly erring, devious in our way,
Remember Thou the weakness of our frame;
Forgive, though late, we bow to thee and pray—
Though at the Eleventh Hour the offering be,
Spurn not the spirit, seeking thus to thee;
For unto thee, oh God, a thousand years
Is as man's yesterday of sighs and tears!

STANZAS.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Forgotten, as a dead man out of mind."—*Psalms.*

And is this then the common lot,
The end of earthly love and trust,
To be by cherished ones forgot,
When the frail body sleeps in dust?
Shall hearts which now with love run o'er,
Retain for us no deeper trace
Than leaves the footprint on the shore,
Which the next wavelet may efface?

Shall those who only seemed to live
Within the sunshine of our smile,
To whom existence could not give
A joy unshared by us the while;
Shall they mid other joys live on,
And form again affection's tie,
When we from earth's delights are gone,
Forever hid from human eye?

Aye, thus it is th' eternal laws
That rule our nature are obeyed—
Not in mid conflict may we pause
To linger long where Love is laid;
We pile the sod above the breast
Which pillowed oft our aching head,
Then turn, and leave unto its rest
Our loved, but half-forgotten dead.

Tears—the heart's desolating rain—
Awhile upon our path may fall,
But Hope's sweet sunbeam smiles again,
And we no more the past recall;
Anon, the dirge's mournful measure
Is changed to some less saddening strain,
And soon the echoing voice of pleasure
Tells grief and love alike were vain.

We form new schemes of future bliss,
New flowers spring up to cheer our way,
And scarcely from our side we miss
The partners of life's earlier day.
Alas! how vain our noblest feelings,
How idle would affection seem,
Did not God give us bright revealings
Of Life where Love is not a dream.

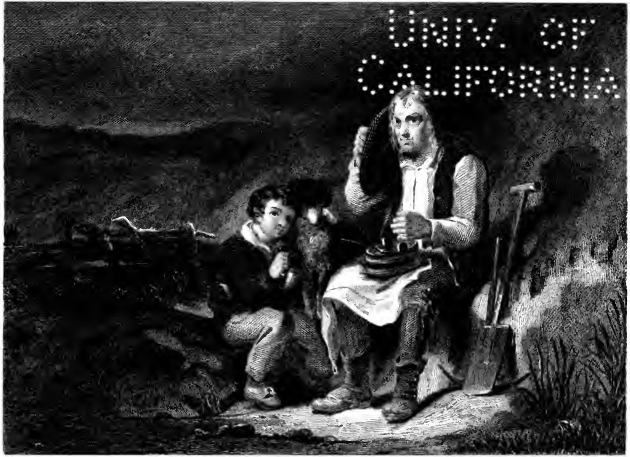
THE GREEN OLD AGE.

BY JANE L. SWIFT.

As the fading sun at even
  Sinking to th' horizon's verge,
Sheds a glow o'er earth and heaven,
  Gilding e'en the ocean surge;
So do hopes and chasten'd pleasures
  Still illume life's closing page;
If the heart retain its treasures
  In the days of green old age.

Memories, that now are fading
  In the hurried flight of years—
Joys, that worldly strife is shading
  With the ban of earth-born fears—
Will return—and cheer the ending
  Of life's chequer'd pilgrimage;
Purest peace and lustre lending
  To the days of green old age.

Tears of childhood, quickly falling,
  Pearl-drops from a living spring,



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Sorrows of our youth recalling—
Slight the pang these mem'ries bring!
For the joys of childhood, breathing
O'er life's worn, yet hallow'd page;
Hang the blossoms they've been wreathing,
On the shrine of green old age.

Ties of kindred—they may perish—
Forms we lov'd, be seen no more—
Still the heart must ever cherish
Those it priz'd in days of yore;
Lineaments in dust reposing,
Come again upon life's stage;
Fair they seem, as night is closing
Round the hopes of green old age.

Dreams of love, now past forever,
Leave their record writ in tears;
Yet the future may not sever
One strong link of by-gone years.
Chains of earth that early bind us,
Will defy time's with'ring gage;
Happy, if the last link find us
On the verge of green old age.

Wedded love—the tie that strengthens
As all other ties decay;
How its sum of comfort lengthens,
As we journey day by day.

Kindly deeds each wish preventing,
Halve the cares of pilgrimage;
No repining — no repenting —
Mars the peace of green old age.

Children's children round us springing,
Like a wreath of early flowers;
To the heart sweet incense bringing —
How they cheer this world of ours!
Soon they 'll strive as we have striven —
Cares like ours will them engage;
Well — if good example given
Make them bless our green old age.

If the lamp of faith be burning,
What bright hopes life's close illume!
Dust to kindred dust returning,
Finds no terror in the tomb.
Calmly to our rest descending,
We complete our pilgrimage;
Joy beginning — sorrow ending
At the grave of green old age.

ARE WE NOT EXILES HERE?

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Are we not exiles here?
Come there not o'er us memories of a clime
More genial and more dear
Than this of time?

When deep, vague wishes press
Upon the soul and prompt it to aspire,
A mystic loneliness,
And wild desire;

When our long baffled zeal
Turns back, in mockery, on the weary heart,
Till at the sad appeal,
Dismayed we start;

And like the deluge dove,
Outflown upon the world's cold sea we lie,
And all our dreams of love
In anguish dio.

Nature no more endears—
Her blissful strains seem only breathed afar,
Nor mount nor flower cheers,
Nor smiling star.

Familiar things grow strange,
Fond hopes, like tendrils shooting to the air,
Through friendless being range
To meet despair.

And nursed by secret tears,
Rich but frail visions in the heart have birth,
Till this fair world appears
A homeless earth!

Then must we summon back
Blest guides who long ago have met the strife,
And left a radiant track
To mark their life.

Then must we look around
On heroes' deeds—the landmarks of the brave,
And hear their cheers resound
From off the wave.

Then must we turn from show,
Pleasure and fame, the phantom race of care,
And let our spirits flow
In earnest prayer.

THE MARINER'S ORPHAN.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

That cold, faithless moon looking down on the wave!
How dark grows my heart with her beaming!
And yonder she smiles on the new-covered grave,
While tears drown my sight in their streaming.

For there lies my father, down, down in the deep,
O'erwhelmed by the black, heavy billow!
And now have they borne off my mother, to sleep
Where damp clods of earth are her pillow.

How oft did she kneel, when that moon from above,
Hung mild o'er a calm, sparkling ocean;
And lift her sweet voice in thanksgiving and love,
To Him of her evening devotion!

And, when into clouds all their brightness was cast,
With looks full of woe and imploring,
She bowed like a reed, at the rush of the blast;
And prayed while the tempest was roaring.

Then, pale at the noise of the storm and the sea,
While tears rolled, as crystal-drops shining,
She threw her fond arms round my brother and me,
Her trembling to stay by their twining.

But, oh! when they told her the whole fatal tale,
By silence her anguish was spoken.
She heard the torn bark had gone down in the gale;
Then sunk! for her heart-strings had broken.

And since, when I see the bright moon beaming clear,
With stars gathered thickly around her,
I think of that night, when no ray would appear,
To light the frail bark that must founder.

The sound of the waves, as they die on the shore,
It fills me with sadness and sighing:
To me they bring back a dear father no more —
They show me a mother, when dying.

MY FAMILIAR.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Yes! *My* Familiar—Sir Reader—Socrates had his good dæmon—Brutus his evil one,—Abhur-Ben-Mohammed a pair of them; while Niblo has his *three* Diavolos;—and why not *I*, John Smith, my attendant spirit? If Nature and Fortune have combined to distinguish me from other Smiths of the name of John—how could they do better than to give me my tutelary genius—than to have me ever attended and watched over by the Schmidt-Gheist? Alas! this air of jesting is, I fear, but ill-feigned—a sense of horror still breaks through my hollow mirth, and goads my fevered spirit with strange doubts and incredulities, almost to madness. The mysterious being that haunts me, may after all, be only a brain-wrought spectre—the bewildering exhalation of a seething fancy. Or, if indeed he be a

living essence incorporal—accident—a blind mischance alone, has, perhaps, connected me with his motions;—and a score of my fellow mortals may, perhaps, share his mysterious visits, and suffer, like myself, under the spell of his presence.

The story of my troubles, if the reader is disposed to hearken to it, is this:—I am a "man of chambers;" it boots not whether bachelor or widower, but I do actually belong to this independent and enviable class of the community. My rooms, by those who have drank my claret and smoked my Havannas, are generally allowed to be the pleasantest belonging to any man of chambers in town. I always have a bottle ot Lynch's best, with an extra Regalia or two for an acquaintance; and my particular friends know where they can most readily get a glass of hock and soda, when the accessories of a late supper have carried them unsteadily into the deeper watches of night. Let not the reader think from this, however, that I am dissipated. No! though thus socially disposed towards my fellows, and fixed, I trust, as a man of chambers for life, I may say without vanity that I am more domestic in my habits than many a housekeeper who is most admired by sober

wives and prudent mothers. A week's trouting, in the season, at Carman's,—a day or two with the snipe at Fire Island, or a quiet excursion after quail and woodcock in Westchester, are the only occasions when I ever leave my house. My folder is just where I left it in the last new novel; and the latest Review lies bent open upon my table at the very page where I have paused at finding some especial matter for doubt or reflection.

For years now, life has glided on in this untroubled current,—the gay and thoughtless, like young trout who rise always to flies of the gaudiest colour, springing often by me to catch at its very bubbles, while I, like some maturer tenant of the brook, have loitered contentedly in its calm and silent eddies. Fate, however, envious of such repose, has come at last like an old fisherman to break up my unmolested haunts.

The continual changes which are going on in this ancient city of my love drove me a few months' since from the quarters which I had so long occupied to my satisfaction. I resisted to the last point, when I found that my landlord was determined to renovate the building I occupied, by placing a row of granite stores in the basement; but it was all in vain. I clung to my quarters

indeed, until, looking out of my window one morning, I found the whole upper part of the house suspended upon a couple of temporary supports of most equivocal thickness. They had knocked away some dozen square yards of brick wall beneath me, and I was fairly improved out of the premises.

Upon looking around for new chambers, the only rooms I could obtain were in a tall house upon a side hill, in the lower part of the city; where the inequalities of the surface enable you often to overlook a whole neighbourhood when thus situated. The street was narrow and disagreeable, but I did not mind that; I came to live in the house, not in the street—and the commanding height of my chambers made them sufficiently airy. My books were again unpacked; my ancient sofa extended before the fire-place; my hookah enthroned upon the mantel-piece; and after the only portrait I possess had been hung up in the pier, and a breathing landscape of Weir's, and a gem of Inman's, which I am fortunate enough to own, were suspended in their proper lights, I felt myself once more settled and at home. "This," said I mentally, as Jasper removed the cloth, and stretching my legs before the fire, I be-

gan to sip my solitary Hock—"this is privacy and seclusion—the turmoil of the busy world may rage around me, but I have neither part nor lot in its struggles nor vexations—the roar of its surges may, indeed, reach my ear on this high perch, but they cannot agitate my resting place nor affect my tranquillity. I am in the midst of a crowd where each is watching his own concerns with an eagerness that prevents him from observing his own neighbour; and, unwatched myself, I can in such a vicinage pursue my favourite study of character without molestation."

As these thoughts passed through my mind, I naturally raised my eyes to the window, to view the general appearance of the neighbourhood I was thus mentally eulogizing. My rooms were in the rear of the building, and, looking round, a wilderness of houses seemed clustered near, the roofs of which, from their being upon a lower plane than was that wherein I lived, were generally brought upon an immediate line with my windows. I was sufficiently annoyed to find my position thus commanded; but what was my concern and vexation to see a person coolly reconnoitring it from the hostile eminence—yes! as I live, there lay upon the flat modern roof of a house opposite,

the figure of a man—basking, as it were, in the mild autumnal sun, while he amused himself by looking as coolly into my apartment as if he were examining the cage of a menagerie. There were neither blinds nor shutters to the room, and it seemed impossible to exclude the gaze of the fellow. I gave him a look that ought to have rolled him into the gutter, if it really reached him; but it did not even make him alter his position upon the leads. I tried another with the same effect, though, as Colonel Crockett would say, it was a grin that must have taken the paint off the spot, if it struck the roof near him. The calm stare with which he answered it, told at once that it was impossible to bring the wretch to action that way. It was a siege he meditated, and he had no idea of risking anything by meeting me in a mere sally.

Provoked beyond endurance at such impertinence, and provoked at myself at being so provoked, I seized my hat in a fit of vexation and sallied out in the street. A walk on the Battery cooled my feelings, and the infinite diversity of objects upon the bay, which a glorious sunset burnished into gold, gave a new turn to my ideas. I continued walking long after the veil of twilight

had stolen the purple heights of Staten Island, and the storied shores of Communipaw, from view. The evening was so still that I fancied I could almost hear the thick-throated chuckle of the clam-catching negroes who yet linger in that singular fastness of old Dutch peculiarities, gurgling over the calm water like voices from another planet: and soothed by the tranquillity that reigned around me, I at last returned to my chambers in a mood so genial, that I retired for the night wholly forgetful of every source of irritation.

If there is any hour in the whole day when I really do take comfort, it is that when in dressing-gown and slippers I sit with a very mild segar over my cup of coffee and newspaper at breakfast. I don't think that any thing in the world can make me form an engagement for any moment before eleven ante-meridian, lest the perfect luxury of that hour should be in some wise trenched upon; and yet there is no hour of the day when my benevolence is more expansive, and when my plans for bettering the condition of the whole human race are more active. The philanthropy of Howard himself though would have been turned into hatred of his species, had his gentle nature been practised upon as mine was at this moment.

I was just tenderly turning over a very delicate muffin with my fork, pondering whether I should coquette with another piece, or swallow my coffee and commence upon the segar, when my eyes rested upon that infernal face glowering upon me from a dormer-window opposite. It was the same imperturbable rascal who had fixed his evil eye upon me the afternoon before. He looked and I looked—but where was the use of flinging look for look with such a creation as that? His fixed and stony glance had no effort in it, and yet I knew that there was speculation in his eyes, for I felt their searching gaze all over my body. It was horrible, methought, to be subject the live-long day to such an influence.—Nay, I thought I should go mad with vexation at the idea of a single hour being past in this unwelcome communion with a stranger; and when that hour was the one of all others in the whole twenty-four which I must wish to call my own, to have it so —— Zounds! the thought was past endurance.—It was * * * * * * * * * *

I know not how I got through that agitating and most miserable day—but I *did* survive it; nay, more, I saw it followed by another and another, each marked by the same causes of disquiet,

until now, resigned to my fate but not hardened to its endurance, I am become but the shadowy memorial of what I once was. My strange watcher, indeed, no longer fixes his withering regards on me as at first, but I can never look from my window without seeing him walk up and down the roofs, and along the gutters of the houses opposite—scarce a minute in the day but his person or his shadow flits by my window, and falls like a blight over any sunshiny moment that may be breaking upon me. Even at night I am never sure that I am alone. Often by the clear moonlight I see my unaccountable familiar stalking along the eaves or climbing the gables of the neighbourhood, and pausing ever and anon to throw a penetrating glance within my casement. Nay, when there is nothing but the stars to light his eccentric path, his dark figure will appear suddenly drawn against the horizon, so erect and motionless that I sometimes mistake it for a chimney, until one of the arms is raised as if pointing toward where I am sitting. Sometimes I behold him pacing up and down the leads with agitated strides, as if impatient to overcome the space between us, and thrust himself still more closely upon my intimacy, while again he appears

to be roving from roof to roof without any object whatever. His attitudes are then grotesque in the extreme—continually his steps will approach the very edge of the eaves, and then suddenly, checking his rapid movement, he will pause, bending over the precipitous heights as if about to plunge upon the destruction that yawns beneath. A thrill of horror has more than once seized me at the moment when apparently I was thus about to be relieved of my persecuting companion—and then again as his swaying form became once more erect, and with steady steps he retired from the giddy verge, I could fancy his withering laugh ringing in my ears, at having practised so successfully upon my sympathies. But why should I thus harrow longer those of my readers? Singular as is my fate, I have learnt in a measure to endure it—aye, as the worried wolf endures the toils that waste his vigour away by driblets. I find myself by some strange combination of chances subjected to a peculiar intelligence—placed beneath an eye, which, though probably mortal like mine own, is still fixed upon me in ceaseless watchfulness. I am the slave and victim of an ever vigilant inquisition. The victim, I say; for though philosophy may tell me that

the sleepless spectator of my every action and movement cannot penetrate into the secrets of my soul—yet my heart somehow seems never to beat so freely, nor to hold the same communion with my brain, since another has become privy to each act that volition may prompt. The winged eye that followed the doomed sachem, in Indian story, was not more blighting in its glances than are the looks of my remorseless sentinel.—The laughing demon at the banquet of ——. By heavens! My Familiar is at this moment glowering upon me through that window, and I can no more.

THE DEW-DROP AND LILY.

BY G. ALVAN HOWARD.

'Twas verdant June;—the evening air,
Leaving awhile the chrystal'd cave,
Stole laughingly forth from its drowsy lair
To dip its wing in the rippling wave,
And frolic away the vesper hour,
With the dimpling spring, and the fragrant flower.
The stars that jewel'd the Spirits' way,
Faded before the moon's bright ray—
Stealing silently one by one away,—
As, half the maiden, half the queen,
She blushing rose the hills between;
And still, with modest firmness trod
Steadily onward to her throne,
'Till her silvery light on all abroad
Like a glance of conscious power was thrown;
And the azure realm of the cloudless sky
Brighten'd beneath her gentle eye;
While earth, from lakelet, rill, and main,
Gave timidly back her smiles again.

Touched by her light, the trembling grove
Cast on the sward a deeper shade;
Like the quiet sadness ever made
(Shadows dark from the light above,)
In the earnest hearts of those that love.

Studding the plain, bright flowers were seen,
Twining themselves with the blended green;
A brilliant band of rivals they,
With graceful forms and vestures gay;
Spreading each one its tiny bell,
And breathing a perfum'd witchery up,
To meet the dews that sparkling fell,
And lure them into its scented cup.
One glittering drop, as it left the sky,
And hovered down on its silvery wing,
Sought with a wandering glance to spy
By rippling rill, or welling spring,
Its favourite bloom; and many a one
Trembled and blush'd, as his brilliant eye
Rested awhile on her alone,
Bending modestly down while he lingered nigh.

With simple grace, in a little dell,
Its beauty but half revealed,
A delicate lily raised its bell,
And its sweets from the zephyr concealed.
Thither the sparkling wanderer flew,
For her pure and innocent loveliness
Was a greater charm to the spotless dew,

Than a gaudy bloom, and a flaunting grace.
Did she yield consent when he gently sued
To cheer with his love her solitude?
Not a word, I trow, did the fair one say;
But he caught the glance of her modest eye,
As she timidly turned her head away,
And waited, I ween, no bolder reply.
O, happy was he while nestling there!
For he gave not a thought to the morning hour,
When he must leave, for the realms of air,
The verdant earth, and his beautiful flower;
But sweetly whiled the hours away,
With answering smile, and words that stray,
And cease at times, in rapt delay.
Telling her tales of his wanderings wide
On the wings of the wind; on the wild rushing tide;
In the still, lucid stream, gliding through the dark glade,
Or silently stealing along the green lea;
Of his leap from the hills in the foaming cascade;
And his eddying dive to the depths of the sea.
Of many a bright and vernal land,
Where flowers in beauty and pride expand,
Of stately form, and lasting bloom,
In gorgeous hues of beauty drest,
With purple robe, and golden crest,
And petals rich in a sweet perfume.
And she timidly listened to hear him swear,
With all their queenly pride and show,
He thought not one of them half so fair
As she who listens to him now!

And soon the little flatterer knew
The innocent flower did love him well;
Closer her snowy cup she drew,
And prayed him ever with her to dwell,
Shielded from harm in that verdant dell.
Till he fondly swore he never would leave
So sweet a flower for him to grieve.
Alas! his vows were all in vain—
E'er the hour returned again
The light breeze came from its gladsome play
With the frolicsome waves of the ruffled sea;
Over the lovers he wing'd his way,
And, mischief-mov'd, in sportive glee,
Kiss'd the unwilling flower—the dew
Shook from its clasping bell, and flew
Away, the laughter-loving gale,
To tell some other flower the tale,
Nor cared that Flora's pet did mourn
In silent grief for her lover gone.

The stars twinkle brightly as ever above;
The flowers on Earth are as gay;
The dews are as bright; and the light zephyrs rove
With the fountains and flowers at play;
But lonely, and sad, from that hour, 'tis said,
The lily-bell never has raised its head.

THE PILGRIM TURNETH HIS BACK UPON THE WORLD.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

I pass before them cold and lone,
  I ask no smile, I claim no tear,
And like some form of chiselled stone,
  Doomed words of mockery to hear;
To meet with eyes that yield no ray,
  No touch that might the life-pulse wake,
No tone that feeling might betray,
  No self forgotten for its sake;

So pass they all, and it is well!
  I would not they should read the mind
Where hidden tenderness may dwell
  Like gem in icy cave confined;
I would not every eye should read
  What *one* alone should ever know;
One, only one by fate decreed,
  To bid those icy fetters flow.

They deem that changeful, struggling still
For that nor time, nor earth can give,
Misled by fancy's aimless will,
I in the cold Ideal live—
Oh, it is well, for holier far,
Is all I cherish thus apart—
Pure as the brightness of a star,
Deep as the fountains of the heart.

THE DEVOTED.*

BY ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER.

STERN faces were around her bent,
And eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake,
Of torture, stake, and fire:
Yet calmly in the midst she stood,
With eye undimm'd and clear,
And though her lip and cheek were white,
She wore no sign of fear.

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* It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had *hidden him*. This confession caused her to be carried before the governor, who told her that naught but confession *where* she had hidden him, could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the governor, "I will pass my word for your safety, on that condition." "Then," replied she, "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him."

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said;
A half-form'd smile of scorn,
That curled upon her haughty lip,
Was back for answer borne;—
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again,
In fiercer tones they said,
And sternly pointed to the rack,
All rusted o'er with red!

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free,
But in a crimson flood,
O'er pallid lip, and cheek, and brow,
Rush'd up the burning blood;
She spake, but proudly rose her tones,
As when in hall or bower,
The haughtiest chief that round her stood
Had meekly own'd their power.

"My noble lord is placed within
A safe and sure retreat"—
"Now tell us where, thou lady bright,
As thou wouldst mercy meet,
Nor deem thy life can purchase his—
He cannot 'scape our wrath,
For many a warrior's watchful eye
Is placed o'er every path.

"But thou mayst win his broad estates,
To grace thine infant heir,
And life and honour to thyself,
So thou his haunts declare."

She laid her hand upon her heart;
Her eye flash'd proud and clear,
And firmer grew her haughty tread—
"My lord is hidden here!

"And if ye seek to view his form,
Ye first must tear away,
From round his secret dwelling-place,
These walls of living clay!"
They quail'd beneath her haughty glance,
They silent turn'd aside,
And left her all unharm'd amidst
Her loveliness and pride!

THE SPRIG OF WINTERGREEN.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

It grew not in the golden clime
  Where painted birds, in bowers as gay,
Their notes on Tropic breezes chime,
  While Nature keeps her holiday!
'Neath northern stars its leaflets first
  Expanded to the wooing air,
And, in the lonely wild-wood nurst,
  It learn'd the northern blast to bear.

Transplanted from its simple home —
  By rocky dell or wind-swept hill —
Like birds in stranger climes that roam,
  And keep their native wood-notes still —
Still in its glossy verdure dressed,
  It blooms, unchanged with change of scene,
An emblem on its wearer's breast
  Of Truth and Purity within.