THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak-wall;
And the Baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday;
The Baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride;
While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

Oh! the mistletoe bough! Oh! the mistletoe bough!
"I'm weary of dancing, now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide—I'll hide!
And Lovel, besure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place"—
Away she ran—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovel cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough, &c.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away!
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot
Young Lovel sought wildly—but found her not,
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovel appeared, the children cried
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough, &c.

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid—
And a skelton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
Oh! sad was her fate! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest—
It closed with a spring!—and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh! the mistletoe bough, &c.

THE MOTHER.

The cold winds swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child—
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chill'd—her strength was gone.
Oh God! she cried, in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child.

She stript her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapt the vest,
And smil'd to think the babe was warm;
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sank upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller pass'd by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was on her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale
He moved the robe from off the child;
It liv'd—look'd up—and sweetly smil'd.

STANZAS.

Lady, but once I saw thy face,
And then I gazed in silent sadness;
The joy to meet thee soon gave place
To thoughts of blighted peace and gladness:—
A form like thine I'd seen elsewhere,
When my young heart was free from care.

But once I heard thy voice—and yet
Of visions of the past it telleth;
Those well-known sounds can I forget
That mutely in the still grave dwelleth?—
The music of thy lips hath stole,
Like angels' whispers, to my soul.

Emblem of her I loved so dear!
Ah, why so soon hast thou departed?
I claim from thee a kindred tear,
And pity for the broken-hearted:—
Let me but see thee once again,
Then welcome sorrow, bliss, or pain.

I hate the SLANDERER!
I hate him for his poison breath,
More deadly than the dew of death!
I hate him for his hooded lies,
His peace-destroying calumnies—
His words I hate—so arch, so sly,
So void of generosity—
So deep, so empty, yet so full
Of what will social joy annul!
His heart is gall—his tongue is fire—
His soul too base for generous ire:
His sword too keen for noble use,
His shield and buckler are abuse.
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KAREN TRADITION.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Baptist Register.

DEAR BROTHER—The following is a translation of a tradition among the Karens, which has been handed down from time immemorial, and having been requested for publication, it is at your disposal. The original, of which this is a faithful translation, is in poetry, and is frequently sung by them. According to the purport of this tradition, the Karens, as a people, are expecting the white foreigners to give them the Word of Life.

J. WADE

In ancient time, God created the world;
All things were minutely ordered by him.
He, who in ancient time made the world,
Has power to enlarge, and power to diminish.
God, who made the world in the days of old,
Has power to change, as may suit his own will,
The borders thereof, be it more or less.
God, who in ancient time founded the world,
Ordered what should be for food and for drink.
By him was established the tree of trial.
He gave us a law to guide us in all things;
But Satan seduced our progenitors:
He caused them to eat the fruit of trial.
They believed not in God, nor obeyed his voice,
But turned and ate the fruit of trial.
Then became they the subjects of disease;
They became victims of old age and death.
The Lord commanded, but they gave no heed;
He definitely commanded all things,
But they regarded not the divine word.
God is omnipotent, and he is truth.
Him have we disobeyed and disbelieved.
Had we obeyed, had we believed in God,
Pain and disease had then been far from us.
Whoso returns to obedience and faith,
Prosperity shall attend all his steps.
He who obeys shall not be destroyed;
Distress and want shall be far from him.
Let him who hears God's word, do him homage;
Let him minutely believe and obey.
He that rises to serve and worship God,
He is the same as though he were immortal.
Let us rise, let us serve and worship God;
Then shall prosperity crown all our steps;
The Lord our God has returned unto us;
Joyful to us is the voice of his word;
Manifold are his works; they are perfect.
He who believes, he who obeys his voice,
Shall escape the retribution of sin.
Whoso imbibes the true spirit of love,
He shall never meet with adversity.
Great are the works, great are the blessings of God.
With great facility he wrote a book,
Which he gave to the white men, with a charge
That they should go and distribute the same.
His servants gave the book of God to men:
This book of God, which he wrote on paper,
He sent to the people of every clime.

to most nations.

FAIR HELEN.—PART FIRST.

O! SWEETEST sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care,
Since first I loved thee.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind
As any one that thou shalt find,
Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadest pool, the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
Though he preferred be.

Yet, nevertheless, I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
Though I disdained be.

O! Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet!
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly?

O! Helen brave! but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave.
And dies for love of thee.

PART SECOND.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd* Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair,
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for ever mair,
Until the day I die.

Oh that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST sustains the reputation which this periodical has long been gradually but deservedly establishing for itself. It has now, without the least aid from puffing, estab-

* *Burd Helen*—Maid Helen.

Oh! who hath stood beside the spot, that holiest spot of earth,
Where sleeps the cold unconscious dust of her who gave him birth,
Nor felt the memory of her love from being's earliest years,
Come o'er him with subduing power, and melt his soul to tears!

My mother! as I bend beside thy lowly place of rest,
Beneath the drooping willow-boughs whose foliage shades thy breast,
What rushing thoughts of other times across my spirit sweep,
And thrill my bosom's inmost chords, with anguish keen and deep!

I think of childhood's halcyon days, its sunny hours of glee,
When it was happiness to play around a mother's knee;
When thy consoling voice could all my transient griefs beguile,
And it was bliss supreme to meet thy kind approving smile.

I think of youth's enchanted spring, its scenes of feverish joy, [boy.
When passion swayed, with restless power, thine ardent wayward
And thy still-watchful tenderness, thy still untiring care,
With precious counsel warned my steps from folly's latent snare.

I think of manhood's summer-prime, its aspirations high—
Its cherished hopes—its glorious dreams—its fond idolatry:
And, sad reverse! its sky o'ercast—its prospects veiled in shade—
Its warm and generous feelings chilled—insulted—crush'd—betray'd!

And then I think—(O how the thought can soothe my pensive mind!)
If all the world beside were cold, my mother! *thou* wert kind;
And thy undying love, through time and change still fondly true;
No selfish feeling e'er alloyed, no diminution knew.

For years of painful absence rolled their shadows o'er my heart,
Yet when I met thee once again—too soon again to part!
Soft in thy languid eye still gleamed affection's radiance mild,
And from thy lips love's sweetest tones hailed thy returning child.

Those lips are silent now, with death's mysterious seal imprest;
Those fond emotions are all stilled in deep, undreaming rest;
No wintry storm can ever break the slumber of thy tomb,
Nor summer's glorious sunshine pierce thy grave's unlighted gloom!

And I must breathe th' unheeded sigh that cannot reach thine ear,
And o'er thy chilly couch distil the unavailing tear;
Then turn, perchance, and o'er the world's wide surface seek in vain
A mother's love!—that priceless gem, I ne'er shall find again!

Yet, when I think what heavenly peace, what hopes serene and high,
Around thy passing spirit beamed, and lit thy closing eye—
What more than mortal beauty graced thy pale, unbreathing clay,
And what an air of blest repose on its calm features lay.

Oh no! I would not call thee back to earth's ungenial soil,
Again to bear life's darksome doom—its anguish and its toil:
Forgive, blest shade! my selfish love—I would not drag thee down
From glory's clime, nor from thy brows tear the angelic crown!

For high above the star-lit dome is thy sublime abode,
Amid th' adoring hosts that bend before the throne of God!
And in that undecaying house, a mansion bright is thine,
Procured by thy Redeemer's blood—prepared by hands divine!

Mother, farewell! the evening shades are gathering round my head,
And I must leave thee now to rest with all the quiet dead:
I leave thee but a moment—brief shall this our parting be—
Thy sorrowing son perchance may soon return, to *dwell* with thee!

Oh! if thy sainted spirit bends from its bright seat above,
To watch o'er those on earth who once claimed thy maternal love,
Wilt thou not hover round my path, and bless thy suppliant child,
And guide me while I yet may roam the world's unfriendly wild?

I know thou wilt! and when I cast these mortal garments by,
To soothe my parting soul be thou, my guardian angel, nigh!
O then may earth's endearing ties, so rudely severed here,
Unite where eyes are never dimmed with nature's parting tear!

TO A LITTLE BOY.

BY ROBT. CHAMBERS.

(Never before published in this country.)

My winsome one, my handsome one, my darling little boy,
The heart's pride of thy mother, and thy father's chiefest joy;
Come ride upon my shoulder, come sit upon my knee,
And prattle all the nonsense that I love to hear from thee;
With thine eyes of merry lustre, and thy pretty lisping tongue,
And thy heart that ever more lets out its humming happy song;
With thy thousand tricks so gleesome, which I bear without annoy,
Come to my arms, come to my soul, my darling little boy!

My winsome one, my fairest one, they say that later years
Will sometimes change a parent's hope for bitter grief and tears,
But thou, so innocent! canst thou be aught but what thou art,
And all this bloom of feeling with the bloom of face depart?
Canst thou this tabernacle fair, where God reigns bright within,
Profane, like Judah's children, with the pagan rites of sin?
No—no, so much I'll cherish thee, so clasped we be in one,
That bugbear guilt shall only get the father with the son;
And thou, perceiving that the grief must me at least destroy,
Will still be fair and innocent, my darling little boy!

My gentle one, my blessed one, can that time ever be,
When I to thee shall be severe, or thou unkind to me?
Can any change which time may bring, this glowing passion wreck,
Or clench with rage the little hand, now fondling round my neck?
Can this community of sport, to which love brings me down,
Give way to Anger's kindling glance, and Hate's malignant frown?
No—no that time can ne'er arrive, for whatsoe'er befall,
This heart shall still be wholly thine, or shall not be at all;
And to an offering like this thou can's't not e'er becoy,
But still will be my faithful and my gentle little boy!

My winsome one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy now,
With thy bonnet set so proudly upon thy shining brow,
With thy fearless bounding motions, and thy laugh of thoughtless glee,
So circled by a father's love which wards each ill from thee!
Can I suppose another time when this shall all be o'er,
And thy cheek shall wear the ruddy badge of happiness no more;
When all who now delight in thee far elsewhere shall have gone,
And thou shalt pilgrimage through life, unfriended and alone,
Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled mind,
Save the memory of the love of those who left thee thus behind.
Oh, let me not awake the thought, but, in the present blest,
Make thee a child of wisdom—and to Heaven bequeath the rest:
Far rather let me image thee, in sunny future days
Outdoing every deed of mine and wearing brighter bays;
With less to dull thy fervency of recollected pain,
And more, to animate thy course of glory and of gain!
A home as happy shall be thine, and I too shall be there,
The blessings purchased by thy worth in peace and love to share—
Shall see within thy beaming eye my early love repaid,
And every ill of failing life a bliss by kindness made—
Shall see thee pour upon thy son, then sitting on thy knee,
A father's gushing tenderness, such as I feel for thee;
And know as I this moment do, no brighter, better joy,
Than thus to clasp unto thy soul thy darling little boy!

Presented to Mrs Emma L. Maloney
with the respects of the
author
St Louis July 17. 1848

Poetry

For the Western Watchman.

ON THE DEATH OF THE
REV. ISAAC T. HINTON.

BY ALBERT G. LEARY, ESQ.

" Could not the grave forget Thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head ? "
— *Byron.*

Rest, beloved one ! rest
Deep in the tomb — from which not love could keep
Thy venerated breast.
Rest, noiseless, in that long, undreaming sleep !
Rest, aged pilgrim ; not where thy fathers lay —
Gone to the mansions of undying day.

No more shall that sweet voice,
With eloquence angelic, lead the Christian home
To heavenly joys,
And teach the wandering never more to roam :
Sunk in Death's cold embrace, it silent lies,
To break its silence only in the skies.

Not thine a youthful grave :
The morn of life was thine, and it was bright —
For, Christian, thou didst save
The fainting spirit from infection's blight ;
Brighter thy noon, still farther on thy road —
Brightest thine eve, it gave thee to thy God.

Along the northern lakes,
Where roved, in by-gone years, the Indian Chief,
What voice the silence breaks ?
Why is the pale cheek still paler made by grief ?
And whence this grief — this fulness of the heart ?
Oh ! every day proclaims the loved of earth must part !

The " Sunny South," too, weeps
O'er the grave of the loved, too early lost ;
And the spot where Hinton sleeps
Is dear to a mighty Christian host.
A home on earth is fatherless, a better home is won ;
The spirit's home, with angels shared, round God's eternal throne.

WHY WASHINGTON IRVING DID NOT MARRY.

It was while engaged in writing his "History of New York," that Irving, then a young man of twenty-six, was called to mourn the somewhat sudden death of Matilda Hoffman, whom he had hoped to call his wife. This young lady was the second daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and the sister of those two talented men, Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet, and Ogden Hoffman, the eloquent jurist. In her father's office Washington Irving had essayed to study law, and with every prospect, if industrious and studious, of a partnership with Mr. Hoffman, as well as a matrimonial alliance with Matilda. These high hopes were disappointed by the decease of the young lady on the 26th of April, 1809, in the eighteenth year of her age.

There is a pathos about Irving's recital of the circumstances of her death, and of his own feelings, that is truly painful and tear-impelling. He says: "She was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first; but she grew rapidly worse, and fell into a consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered. . . . . I saw her fade rapidly away: beautiful and more beautiful and more angelic to the very last. I was often by her bedside; and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural, and affecting eloquence, that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful and protracted.

"For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon. . . . I cannot tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind, that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bedroom of my brother, as if the having a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts.

"Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone; but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its catastrophe, seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and throw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it. . . . . I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name, but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly."

Such was the language in which Irving poured forth his sorrows and sad memories, in a letter written many years ago to a lady who wondered at his celibacy and expressed the wish to know why he had never married. Thirty years after her death, Irving was visiting Mr. Hoffman, and a granddaughter in drawing out some sheets of music to be performed upon the piano, accidentally brought with them a piece of embroidery, which dropped upon the floor. "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, "this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship." His biographer describes the effect as electric. "He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before," says Pierre M. Irving, "and he sunk at once into utter silence, and in a few moments got up and left the house."—*Boston Post.*

"We luved ilk ither weel, Willie,
We luved ilk ither lang;
Ah me! how happy was the heart
That trilled the even sang.
We luved ilk ither, Willie, right;
And may God grant it so,
That ye maun luve as we twa luved,
In days lang, lang ago.

"Oh! fondly cherish her, Willie,
She is sae young and fair;
She has not known a single cloud,
Or felt a single care.
Then, if a cauld world's storm should come
The way to overcast—
Oh, ever stand (thou art a man)
Between her and the blast!

"When first I knew a mither's pride,
'Twas when I gazed on thee;
And when my ither flowers died,
Thy smile was left to me.
And I can scarce believe it true,
So late thy life began,
The playful bairn I fondled then
Stands by me now a man.

"Then tell thy bonnie bride, Willie,
She has my first born son:
I tak' the darling from my arms,
And gie him to her own.
Oh! she will cherish thee, Willie;
For when I maun depart,
She, only she, will then be left
To fill thy lonely heart.

"I dinna fear to die, Willie,
I ever wished to gang;
The [illegible] mound in yon kirk-yard
Has lanely been too lang.
And I would lay me there, Willie,
And a' death's terrors brave,
Beside the heart sae leal and true,
If 'tis within the grave.

"Then gang awa', my blessed bairn,
And bring thy gentle dove,
And dinna frown, if a' should greet
To part wi' her they love.
But if a tear fills up her ee,
Then whisper, as they part,
'There's room for thee at mither's hearth,
There's room in mither's heart.'

"And may the God that reigns above,
And sees ye a' the while,
Look down upon your plighted troth,
And bless ye wi' his smile.
And may'st thou ne'er forget, Willie,
In a' thy future life,
To serve the power that gavei to thee
Thy kind and guileless wife."

☞ By way of Louisville we learn that D. R. Miller, has been elected Governor of Texas.

Farewell of the Soul to the Body.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Companion dear—the hour draws nigh
The sentence speeds—*to die, to die.*
So long in mystic union held,
So long in strong embrace compelled,
How canst thou bear the dread decree,
That strike thy clasping nerves from me?
To him who, on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.

If I have ever caus'd thee pain,
The throbbing breast the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turn'd thee pale,
And scorn'd thee when thy strength did fail.
Forgive!—Forgive!—thy task doth cease—
Friend! Lover!—let us part in peace,
If thou did'st sometimes check my force,
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,
Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wing to dust—
I blame thee not, the strife is done,
I knew thou wert the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod;
Constrained to hold the breath of God.

Well hast thou in my service wrought,
Thy brow hath mirror'd forth my thought,
To wear my smile thy lip hath glow'd,
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows flowed,
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies,
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon mine errands run—
Yes, thou hast mark'd my biddlng well,
Faithful and true! farewell, farewell.

Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,
Where I no more shall break
With fever'd dream, nor rudely wake
The wearied eye:
Oh, quit thy hold,
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
And long thy grasp and groan of pain,
Have bound me pitying in thy chair,
Though angels urge me hence to soar,
Where I shall share thine ills no more.

Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain
Remember—we shall meet again.
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
And keep it as a signet ring,
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And naught but ashes mark thy rest,
When stars shall fall and skies grow dark,
And proud son's quench their glow-worm spark,
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.

Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
And, I with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky—
"No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heir of immortality."

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play:
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island, far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies.
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer—'No.'

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace:
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—'No.'

Tell me' my secret soul,
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith!
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death;
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, YES, IN HEAVEN.

A Eulogy on Irving.

On the 6th instant, in the evening, the New York Historical Society held its regular monthly meeting. During the session the death of Washington Irving being under notice, the following remarks were made by the HON. GEORGE BANCROFT:

Memory cherishes the lovely qualities and beautiful career of our friend who has just ceased to be mortal; but words are wanting to portray his genius and his virtues. No American since Washington has taken with him to the grave the undivided affection of the American people like Irving. And it is right that it should be so. He came into the world just as a treaty with England gave our Republic a recognized existence among the nations; and he was lulled in his cradle by the pleasant songs of returning peace. The first great solemnity that he gazed upon in his childhood was the inauguration of the Constitution; so that the early life of him who was called to take the foremost part in creating an American literature, was bathed in the purest dews of our country's morning. As he grew up his genial humor was nursed by the traditions and inspirations of his own native State; he opened his heart to all the pleasant influences that surrounded him; he made himself one with Nature as she reveals herself in her glory along the Hudson; and when he was scarce six and twenty years old he had written what the world will not suffer to be forgotten.

Thus far his literary activity had been the outgoing of the joyousness of youth; his mind was to be ripened, his character to be matured, his rightful career to be made plain by the trials of affliction. He had loved and been beloved; and he watched, to use his own words, "beauty and innocence languish into the tomb." The being was departed whom he had loved as he never again was to love in this world, who had loved him as he was never again to be loved; and the gladsome humor that marked his entrance into life had become, not subdued, but tinged by a sweet-souled melancholy, and a large and more earnest sympathy with his kind. Now, when he stood midway in the path of human life, of a sudden his outward fortune was swept away and disappeared, and he was left in possession of nothing but his own mind. Blessed adversity! that opened to him the treasures which lay heaped up within his soul. Sorrow and misfortune only brought out in its brightness the purity of his nature, and were but as clouds that reflect the sunshine in a thousand hues.

In a foreign land, alone, impoverished, bereaved, he was so good and true, we might also say angels ministered to him. He looked with serene wisdom upon the angry waves that threatened him, and they passed under him without harm.

The career of letters now claimed him for its service. He had not been deeply read in books; but his mind was richly stored with images of beauty and primal truths, and he knew nature by heart. The English language, which better than any other can express the sincerity of affection, the delicacy of sentiment, the freshness of rural scenes, spread out its boundless wealth as his own; and at that period of what he himself calls "his troubled life," he conquered for himself fame and good will wherever that language is spoken.

It was at this period of his life that, during a sommer at Paris, I formed with him that relation of friendly intimacy which grew in strength to the last. Time has in a measure effaced the relative difference of our years, but then he was almost twice as old as I. As we roamed together over the fields round Paris, many an earnest, and noble, and encouraging word fell from him for my behalf; and sometimes he would speak to me of his own occupations. How he proceeded with descriptions, I cannot say; but I found that where he gave expression to feeling, he would write continuously, pouring out as it were at one gush all he intended to give forth. One evening, after we had been many hours together, he took me to his room and read to me what he had written at one sitting, without pause, under one inspiration, and almost without interlineation or erasure.

I remember it to this day: it was his *St. Mark's Eve*, from which the words "I am now alone in my chamber," to the end. He that studies such passages closely will find confessions of Irvings own inward experience and affections.

As an historian, Irving stands in the front rank. His life of Columbus has all kinds of merit—research, critical judgment, interest in the narrative, picturesque description and golden style; exquisite in the melody of its cadences and its choice of words. His life of Washington, which is still dear to the American people, is a marvel. No one has so painted the Father of his Country to the life; modesty disclaiming great extent of original research, he has yet added much that was not known before. But what distinguishes him is the grace and faculty of his movement. He writes American history, as it were, by the aid of special endowments; he takes with him a candor that never falls; a clear, impartial judgment, and an unrivalled keenness of insight into character. He may err in minor details, but never in the general effect. No one has drawn so true, and touching, and vivid a picture of Washington in his retirement as Irving, who published it while suffering from prostration of the nerves, a depression of spirits, and that attack of asthma which harrassed him to the last.

Nor let it be forgotten that Irving is a native of our own New York. Like Chaucer, and Milton, and Pope, and Gray, his birthplace was in the heart of a city. Among the Greeks, when a victor returned from the Olympain games, the citizens of *his own home* esteemed his prizes their own, went out to welcome his return, and would even break down the walls to receive him in greater triumph. Our Irving has wrestled in the game of life and came off the conqueror; he has gone to his long home; on the mildest of winter days we have surrounded him among his kindred, and his spirit in its flight has been borne upward on the affections of countless multitudes. Now, what shall we do here to mark for him our veneration and love? He gave to this city of merchants fame throughout the world of letters. Will not, then, the merchants of New York raise to his memory a statute of purest marble? It would be the payment of a debt to his fame, a just tribute to his virtues, a lesson to the rising generations. Fathers might then take their sons to gaze on his lineaments, and say, "There is the man who during more than fifty years employed his pen as none other could have done, and in all that time never wrote one word that was tainted by skepticism, nor one line that was not as chaste and pure as the violets of spring."

The Palace of the Maremma.

By Mrs. Hemans.

The history of Desdemona has a parallel in the following passage of Dante. Nello della Pietra had espoused a lady of noble family at Sienna, named Madonna Pia. Her beauty was the admiration of Tuscany, and excited in the heart of her husband a jealousy, which, exasperated by false reports and groundless suspicions, at length drove him to the desperate resolution of Othello. It is difficult to decide whether the lady was quite innocent, but so Dante represents her. Her husband brought her into the Maremma, which then, as now, was a district destructive to health. He never told his unfortunate wife the reason of her banishment to be dangerous a country. He did not deign to utter complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in cold silence, without answering her questions, or listening to her remonstrances.—He patiently waited till the pestilential air should destroy the health of this young lady. In a few months she died. Some chroniclers, indeed, tell us, that Nello used a dagger to hasten her death. It is certain that he survived her, plunged in sadness and perpetual silence. Dante had, in this incident, all the materials of an ample and very poetical narrative. But he bestows on it only four verses. He meets in Purgatory three spirits; one was a captain, who fell fighting on the same side with him in the battle of Campaldino; the second, a gentleman assassinated by the treachery of the house of Este; the third was a woman unknown to the poet, and who after the others had spoken, turned towards him with these words:—

"Ricordati di me; che son la Pia;
Sienna mi fé, disfecemi Maremma.
Salsi colui che inannellata pria
Disposando m' avea con la sua gemma."

Edinburgh Review, No. LVIII.

Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin. *Malherbe.*

There are bright scenes beneath Italian skies,
Where glowing suns their purest light diffuse,
Uncultured flowers in wild profusion rise,
And nature lavishes her warmest hues;
But trust thou not her smiles, her balmy breath,
Away! her charms are but the pomp of death!

He in the vine clad bowers unseen is dwelling,
Where the cool shade its freshness round thee throws;
His voice, in every perfumed zephyr swelling,
With gentlest whisper lures thee to repose;
And the soft sounds that through the foliage sigh,
But woo thee still to slumber and to die.

Mysterious danger lurks, a Syren, there,—
Not robed in terrors, or announced in gloom,—
But stealing o'er thee in the scented air,
And veiled in flowers, that smile to deck thy tomb:
How may we deem, amidst their bright array
That heaven and earth but flatter to betray?

Sunshine and bloom, and verdure! can it be,
That *these* but charm us with destructive wiles!
Where shall we turn, O Nature! if in *thee*
Danger is masked in beauty—death in smiles?
Oh! still the Circe of that fatal shore,
Where she, the Sun's bright daughter, dwelt of yore!

There, year by year, that secret peril spreads,
Disguised in loveliness its baleful reign,
And viewless blights o'er many a landscape sheds;—
Gay with the riches of the south, in vain,
O'er fairy towers, and palaces of state,
Passing unseen, to leave them desolate.

And pillared halls, whose airy colonades
Were formed to echo music's choral tones,
Are silent now, amidst deserted shades,*
Peopled by sculpture's graceful forms alone:
And fountains dash, unheard by lone alcoves,
Neglected temples, and [illegible] groves.

And there, where marble nymphs, in beauty gleaming,
Midst the deep shades of plane and cypress rise,
By wave or grot, might Fancy linger, dreaming
Of old Arcadia's woodland deities.
Wild visions!—there no sylvan powers convene,—
Death reigns the genius of the Elysian scene.

Ye too, illustrious hills of Rome, that bear
Traces of mightier beings on your brow,
O'er you that subtle spirit of the air
Extends the desert of his empire now;—
Broods o'er the wrecks of altar, fane, and dome,
And makes the Cæsars' halls his ruined home.

Youth, valor, beauty, oft have felt his power,
His crowned and chosen victims—o'er their lot
Hath fond affection wept—each blighted flower
In turn was loved and mourned, and is forgot.
But one who perished, left a tale of woe,
Meet for as deep a sigh as pity can bestow.

A voice of music, from Sienna's walls,
Is floating joyous on the summer air;—
And there are banquets in her stately halls,—
And graceful revels of the gay and fair,—
And brilliant wreaths the altar have arrayed,
Where meet her noblest youth, and loveliest maid.

To that young bride each grace hath nature given;
Which glows on Art's divinest dream,—her eyes
Hath a pure sunbeam of her native heaven—
Her cheek a tinge of morning's richest dye
Fair as that daughter of the south, whose form
Still breathes and charms, in Vinci's colors warm.†

But is she blest?—for sometimes o'er her smile
A soft, sweet shade of pensiveness is cast;
And in her liquid glance there seems awhile
To dwell some thought whose soul is with the past.
Yet soon it flies—a cloud that leaves no trace
On the sky's azure, of its dwelling-place.

Perchance, at times, within her heart may rise
Remembrance of some early love or woe,
Faded yet scarce forgotten,—in her eyes
Wakening the half-formed tear that may not flow:
Yet radiant seems her lot as aught on earth,
Where still some pining thought comes darkly o'er
our mirth.

The world before her smiles,—its changeful gaze
She hath not proved as yet,—her path sems gay
With flowers and sunshine, and the voice of praise
Is still the joyous herald of her way;
And beauty's light around her dwells, to throw
O'er every scene its own resplendent glow.

Such is the young Bianca, graced with all
That nature, fortune, youth at once can give.
Pure in their loveliness, her looks reveal
Such dreams as ne'er life's early bloom survive;
And when she speaks, each thrilling tone is fraught
With sweetness, born of high and heavenly thought.

And he to whom are breathed her vows of faith
Is brave and noble. Child of high descent,
He hath stood fearless in the rank of death,
Mid slaughtered heaps, the warrior's monument;
And proudly marshalled his *carroccio's* way ‡
Amidst the wildest wreck of war's array.

And his the chivalrous, commanding mien,
Where high born grandeur blends with courtly grace:
Yet may the lingering glance at times be seen,
Of fiery passions, darting o'er his face,
And fierce the spirit kindling in his eye!—
But e'en while yet we gaze, its quick, wild flashes die.

And calmly can Pietra smile—concealing,
As if forgotten, vengeance, hate, remorse,—
And veil the workings of each darker feeling,
Deep in his soul concentrating its force;
But yet *he loves!*—Oh! who hath loved, nor known
Affection's power exalt the bosom all its own.

The days roll on, and still Bianca's lot
Seems as a path of Eden. Thou might'st deem
That grief, the mighty chastener, had forgot
To wake her soul from life's enchanted dream;
And if her brow a moment's sadness wear,
It sheds but grace more intellectual there.

A few short years, and all is changed; her fate
Seems with some deep mysterious cloud o'ercast.
Have jealous doubts transformed to wrath and hate
The love whose glow expression's power surpassed?
Lo! on Pietra's brow a sullen gloom
Is gathering day by day, prophetic of her doom!

tience. The usurpations of the Executive, and the attempt to substitute his arbitrary will for the voice of the people, are, in one word, the causes which have roused me. Of General Jackson I will not, I cannot, speak unkindly. I deeply lament that his laurels have been tarnished by listening to the advice of false friends. I would not tear one leaf from his brow. I am willing that the glory he acquired in his country's defence should adorn the brightest page in the military annals of our country; but I am unwilling that that glory should play upon the free institutions of our country, like the rays of the sun on a palace of ice, melting and wasting the fabric which it beautifies and illumines. I am willing that on the *eighth of January*, the brilliant achievements of New Orleans should be held up to the enthusiasm and admiration of his country, but I am more willing that on the *fourth of March*, the Constitution should be substituted as alone worthy of the homage of an independent people.

I am aware, fellow-citizens, that, for this step, I shall be a mark for the obloquy of the party I have left—or rather, I should say, the party who have left me. I believe that that party has pure and disinterested men in its ranks. I leave among them warm, ardent and sincere friends. If there be a Jackson man present, I would ask him to ponder on these things. I would ask him whether the principles here complained of may not be visited on his children's children. They shrink from the charge of deserting the party; but when is this devotion to a party to cease? Are they blindly to follow the steps of a man whose course they may have approved, though they lead to a precipice? If they now continue on, and like him who reared, on the ruins of the French republic, a splendid despotism, he should declare himself Consul for life, will it then not be desertion to leave him? Or, if in his progress of ambition, he should convert the highest earthly honor—the Presidential chair—into a throne of his power, will it then cease to be treason to abandon him? When, then, is the time to leave him? When you believe his measures are calculated to destroy the liberties of the land, or are you to wait till his power is resistless? But we have never sworn allegiance to Andrew Jackson; we have sworn allegiance to the principles which raised him to power. Or if we have so sworn, at least we may be allowed to insert the proviso in the oath of the proud Aragoncse of the 15th century, in swearing allegiance to a Spanish monarch. "We, each of whom is as good as you, and who together are stronger than you, swear obedience to you, if you maintain our rights, if not, not!" But he has not maintained our rights, and our allegiance is dissolved. If we have departed from our allegiance, it is as the Barons of Runymede departed from theirs when they forced from the hands of the reluctant John, the Magna Charta of England—as Hampden and Sydney and Russel did when they asserted English liberty on the field and on the scaffold—as the patriots of the revolution—as Hancock did when the arbitrary measures of the British King, and his crowd of office holders, compelled them to declare him to be unworthy to be the ruler of a free people, and themselves to be free and independent. I now declare myself to be free and independent! I owe no allegiance but to my country, her constitution and her laws. Under the banner on which that constitution and those laws are inscribed, I enrol myself;—and whether in the battle soon to be fought between the usurpations of Executive power, and the principles becoming American citizens, that banner shall droop in defeat, or wave in triumph [illegible]

The Arctic Lover to his Mistress is so replete with the simple yet beautiful imagery of nature, as well as the purity and gentleness of true poetry, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting it To those who would otherwise pass it coldly by, we have but to say that it is the production of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Gone is the long long winter night,
Look, my beloved one!
How glorious, through his depths of light,
Rolls the majestic sun.
The willows, waked from winter's death,
Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
The summer is begun!

Aye, 'tis the long bright summer day:
Hark, to that mighty crash!
The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
The smitten waters flash.
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While, down its green translucent sides,
The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,
By ocean's weedy floor—
The petrel does not skim the sea
More swiftly than my oar.
We'll go where, on the rocky isles,
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thee where the poppy blows,
With wind-flowers frail and fair,
While I, upon this isle of snows,
Seek and defy the bear
Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
This arm his savage strength shall tame,
And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flamy cloud
Bespeak the summer fled,
And snows, that melt no more, enshroud
The vallies white and dead,
I'll build of ice thy winter home,
With glistening walls and lucid dome,
And floor with skins bespread.

The white fox by thy couch shall play;
And, from the frozen skies,
The meteors of a mimic day
Shall flash upon thine eyes.
And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile,
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
Till that long midnight flies.

To the Editor of the New York American:

In looking over some of the letters of your late travelling correspondent H., I was struck with a request that some friend would throw his beautiful translation of an Indian Serenade into a different dress. Not aware that any one has done it, and trusting that he will pardon the liberty in a stranger, who has read the published letters with avidity and interest, and impatiently awaits the promised volume that is to contain the remainder, I send you the following version.

As I deem the native simplicity of the original translation its chief ornament, I have endeavored as much as possible to preserve it, but fear it has lost much of its beauty by being cramped into rhyme.—If, however, you find it to possess any merit, you are at liberty to correct, and do what you please with it.

Brightest bird of the prairie, awake thee! awake!
Let thine eyes, like the fawn, beam their gladness on me.
As flowers from the dew all their sweet odors take,
So my spirit its happiness borrows from thee.

Like their fragrance at noon is thy own balmy breath,
Or their sweetness at eve, when the red leaf is falling—
Of the freshest, my fair one, I've twined thee a wreath;—
Then awaken! awaken! thy own love is calling.

As springs long enchained by cold winter's strong bands,
In gladness bound upward to meet the warm sun,
So my heart leaps to thee, fairest flower of all lands—
So does my blood towards thee in one current run.

My soul sings in joy whene'er thou art near,
As the branches of summer respond to the breeze;
But alas! when away, there is no one can cheer—
Then awaken, and bid my heart sing like the trees.

When thy glance speaks displeasure it saddens my heart,
As the river is darkened when clouds on it fall;
But the smile of thy face can fresh brightness impart,
As the sun, with his light, can the gold wave recall.

The earth smiles in joy and the waters beam bright—
The heavens in thousands of gay lustres shine—
Then awake! my adored! add thy own cheering light—
For without thee I smile not; but in deep darkness pine.

Sept. 1834. ANNA.

TO A LADY, GARDENING.—BY THOMAS MOORE.

O could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air,
And in themselves a lustre bear
A stock of light, still ready there,
Whenever they wish to use it.
So in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of *wit or poesy*
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hovering near,
In this new world of ours my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted:
Unless they're like that graceful one,
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath flitted!

[For the American.]

SONG—ROSALIE CLARE.

Who owns not she's peerless—who calls her not fair—
Who questions the beauty of Rosalie Clare?
Let him saddle his charger and wend to the field,
And though coated in proof, he must perish or yield;
For no falchion can parry, no corselet can bear
The lance that is couched for young Rosalie Clare.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board
Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is poured,
And fond wishes for fair ones around offered up
From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup,—
What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,
Or is whispered more warmly than Rosalie Clare?

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine—
Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno or Rhine;—
Of Houris that gladden the East with their smiles,
Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles;—
But what flower of far away clime can compare
With the blossom of ours—bright Rosalie Clare?

Who owns not she's peerless—who calls her not fair?
Let him meet but the glances of Rosalie Clare!
Let him list to her voice—let him gaze on her form—
And if, hearing and seeing, his soul do not warm,
Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air
Than that which is bless'd by sweet Rosalie Clare. H.

Barthram's Dirge.

They shot him dead at the Nine-Stone Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

* * * * * * *

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside,
She tore her ling [long] yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well,
His wounds so deep and sair,
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
[And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,
As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.]

They buried him at [the mirk] midnight,
[When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspen gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.]

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-stone Burn,
And they covered him [o'er with the heather flower,]
The moss and the [Lady] fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide,
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the headless Cross shall bide.

The manner in which the following ballad was [illegible] with the beau-

THE RAINBOW.—By Felicia Hemans.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token of a covenant between me and the earth."—Gen. ix. 13.

Soft falls the mild reviving shower
From summer's changeful skies;
And rain drops bend each trembling flow'r,
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call
A thousand buds to day,
Which, wanting but that balmy fall,
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell
With fragrance fills the shade;
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark that arch of varied hue
From heaven to earth is bowed!
Haste! ere it vanish, haste to view,
The rainbow in the cloud!

How bright its glory! there behold
The emerald's verdant rays;
The topaz blends its hue of gold
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
Was given the vision fair;
Gaze on that arch of colored light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Fast by the Eternal chain'd,
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,
Awful and unrestrain'd.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
Fix'd by his sovereign will,
Shall, in their course, bid man behold
Seed time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the field,
When vernal zephyrs blow,
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth, which yet
Smiles with each charm endow'd,
Bless thou his name, whose mercy set
The rainbow in the cloud.

The following, by W. M. Praed, is not only a beautiful poem, but one of the best charades ever written:

A CHARADE.

Come from my first, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh!
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought:
So forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light
And sing the hymn of a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,—
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, aye, call!
The lord of the lute and lay!
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day.
Go, call him by his name,
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

THE EVENING HYMN.

By Thomas Miller, Basket Maker.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, tramping deep and loud,
Have left no footmark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rang so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut and still,
And bowed, as if in prayer!

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God! of Thee.
The whispering leaves, the far off brook,
The linnet's warble, fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rook,—
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright guardians of the blue-browed night!
What are ye in your native skies!
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearkened to what science tells;
For, oh! in childhood I was taught
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,—
All, all, is mute below.

And other eyes as sweet as this
Will close upon as calm a day,
And, sinking down the deep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away:
Until eternity is gained,
That boundless sea without a shore,
That without time forever reigned,
And will when time 's no more.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

PARTING HYMN

THOUGHTS OF A STUDENT.

Many a sad, sweet thought have I,
Many a passing, sunny gleam,
Many a bright tear in mine eye,
Many a wild and wandering dream,
Stolen from hours I should have tied
To musty volumes by my side,
Given to hours that sweetly wooed
My heart from its study's solitude.

Oft when the south wind's dancing free
Over the earth and in the sky,
And the flowers peep softly out to see
The frolic Spring as she wantons by,
When the 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.

Then can I hear the earth rejoice,
Happier than man may ever be,
Every fountain hath then a voice
That tells of its glad melody,
For it hath burst the chains that bound
Its currents dead in the frozen ground,
And flashing away in the sun has gone,
Singing, and singing, and singing on.

Autumn hath serious hours, and then,
Many a musing mood I cherish,
Many a hue of fancy, when
The hues of earth are about to perish;
Clouds are there, and brighter, I ween,
Hath real sunset never seen,
Sad as the faces of friends that die,
And beautiful as their memory.

Love hath its thoughts we cannot keep,
Visions the mind may not control,
Waking as fancy does in sleep
The secret transports of the soul,
Faces and forms are strangely mingled,
Till one by one they're slowly singled,
To the voice and lip and eye of her
I worship like an idolater.

Many a big proud tear have I,
When from my sweet and wavering track,
From the green earth and misty sky
And spring and love I hurry back;
Then what a dismal dreary gloom
Settles upon my loathed room,
Darker to every thought and sense
Than if they had never travelled thence.

Yet, I have other thoughts that cheer
The toilsome day and lonely night,
And many a scene and hope appear,
And almost make me gay and bright,
Honor and fame that I would win,
Though every toil that yet hath been,
Were doubly borne, and not an hour
Were brightly hued by fancy's power.

And though I may sometimes sigh to think
Of earth and heaven and wind and sea,
And know that the cup which others drink
Shall never be brimmed by me;
That many a joy must be untasted,
And many a glorious breeze be wasted,
Yet would not if I dared repine,
That toil and study and care are mine.

These lines were written at the early age of *sixteen*; when Mr. Lawrence having terminated his collegiate studies two years previous was ardently engaged in that of the law: and strangely enough to say, in spite of the joyous and confident spirit they breathe, they were composed under alarming ill health and depression of spirits brought on by a too zealous devotion to the profession of which he promised to become so bright an ornament.

[For the American.]

The following li[nes] are s[uggested] by Washington Irving's beautiful story of

A[NNETT]E DELARBRE.

I

Her eyes were [bright] as founts when first
In the April su[n] through the ice they burst,
And the brow [above] like virgin snow,
Ere its flakes h[ave] fallen here below;
Her moistened [lip] had the rich warm hue
Of rubies, brigh[t] blushing through;
Her modest bus[t] was a casket, fit
For the spotless [heart] shrined in it;
Her voice was s[weet] as brooks, when o'er
Their pebbly b[eds] they murmuring pour,
And her step [was] light as the airy tread
Of a fairy ove[r] a gossamer bed.

II

But clouds o'er her sunny brow have crost,
And her voice its silver to[ne] has lost—
Her faded form has now no more
The round[ed] swell which once it wore—
And her languid step, n[ow] slow and sad,
Has not the noiseless fall it had—
Her dark complaining eye appears
At times to be suffuse[d] with tears.
And then that burning look 'twill keep,
As if it never more could weep—
As if her heart's exhausted stream
No more could quench its fev'rish beam.

III

She has a lock of hair—on it,
Gazing for hours, unmoved she'll sit:
And though her mien is then as mild
As slumbers of a sinless child,
'Tis could seem, when on her memory's track
Come jarring thoughts careering back,
The tempests, which her soul assail,
Would drive it from a frame so frail,
Yet lingering still her mind delays
To leave the form on which it preys.
And drains the dregs of sorrow's cup
Ere yield so sweet a mansion up.

IV

She loves upon the sea beat cliff,
To sit and wave her handkerchief,
And watches for her lover's ship,
With straining eye and parted lip;
Till, numb'd with cold and drench'd with spray,
They drag her from the steep away.
She often sings to simple strains,
She learnt upon her native plains,
Some mournful lay whose words discover,
Some wild allusion to her lover,
And in her lucid moments will
Thus dwell upon her story still:

I

Though He could lightly thus forsake,
Could coldly thus deceive,
The[se] cannot ties in hours break
Which years alone could weave.
Tho' often pride and reason will
Within my breast rebel,
Each feeling there as firmly still
Is bound in passion's spell.

2

One sigh for me, one fond regret,
He ne'er may breathe or feel
Or know what is my heart! yet
Consuming it—conceal.
But I—I ask nor sigh nor tear—
The love to him I gave
Will live while I may linger here,
Will perish in my grave.

CASPAR.

LOOK ALOFT.

BY THE LATE JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JUNIOR.

To the Editor of the American.

I do not remember any thing which has produced so pleasing an impression on my mind as the little story which is said to have been told by the late Dr. Godman to his friends, of the boy who was about to fall from rigging, and was saved only by the mate's impressive exclamation: "Look aloft, you lubber." The story and the application were somewhat in the style of Dr. Franklin, and would not have been unworthy of his fame. The following verses cannot claim the merit of the slightest originality, but their insertion will amply reward the author, if they recall the anecdote which prompted them, or enforce its beautiful morality.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart—
"Look aloft" and be firm, and the fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrow like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rain-bow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and thro' tears of repentant regret
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart—
The wife of the bosom—in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb.
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And oh! when death comes, in terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart!

The sentiments breathed in the above beautiful verses, which have been copied far and wide in the newspapers since they appeared originally in the American two years ago, make them not an unfit accompaniment here to the professional tribute to the worth of the writer, which is published below. But there is a fresh buoyancy of thought, a wild luxuriance of poetic feeling in those that follow from the same hand, which go at once to the heart, and call up a thrill of admiration and regret for the aspiring young spirit that has so soon mounted above the sphere of its earthly ambition.

POETICAL DEPARTMENT.

POOR MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose widly-fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharg'd to express'
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care:
Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare; and her cheek
Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary, the manic, has been;
The trav'ller remembers, who journey'd this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,
As she welcom'd them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She lov'd, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hop'd to be happy for life;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delght
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

'"'Tis pleasant,' cry'd one, 'seated by the fireside,
'To hear the wind whistle without.'
'A fine night for the abbey,' his comrade reply'd,
'Methinks a man's courage would now be well try'd,
'Who should wander the ruins about.

'I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear
'The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
'And could fancy I saw, half pursuaded by fear,
'Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,
'For this wind might awaken the dead.'

'I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cry'd,
'That Mary would venture there now.'
'Then wager and lose!' with a sneer he reply'd,
'I'll warrrnt she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
'And faint if she saw a white cow.'

'Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?'
His companion exclaim'd with a smile;
'I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
'And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough
'From the alder that grows in the aisle.'

With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd,
And arriv'd at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear—
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over head:
She listen'd—naught else could she hear.
The wind ceas'd her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins, distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurry'd by—
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd:
She fell—and expected to die.

'Curse the hat!' he exclaims; 'nay come on, and first hide
'The dead body,' his comrade replies—
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supply'd,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gaz'd horribly eager around;
Then her limbs could support her faint burthen no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, O God! what cold horror thrill'd thro' her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew.

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
The trav'ller beholds it, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.—*Snowden, New York.*

The August number of this work which has just appeared, is entirely filled with original articles. The prominent contributors are J. Howard Payne, E. Burke Fisher, Rev. J. H. Clinch, R. W. Griswold, Miss Beasley, and Miss C. Cushman. Many of the articles are decidedly meritorious, and the whole number is much more interesting than *some of its predecessors.*

From an article entitled "Random Scraps and Recollections," by Mr. Payne, we take the following:

I hope there are persons in Baltimore who can bring to mind some of SAM POE'S stories. I have a faint recollection of one of them. It relates to Ellicott's Mills, some thirteen miles from the city. SAM acted all the parts—mills and all; and the story, as nearly as I can recall it, runs as follows:

A Frenchman, looking for these mills which are in the country, blundered to Ellicott's wharf in the city. The poor fellow, getting to the head of the wharf, stared round, and seeing no mills, wished to inquire for them, but could not remember Ellicott's name. He recollected, indeed, that it sounded like the English word for *habit*, coat, but what that English was, he could not with all the scratchings of his pate, bring to mind. In this state of perplexity, he skipped up to a sailor, and, after bowing and scraping, with that extravagant civility which never forsakes a Frenchman, especially when in a puzzle, the following dialogue took place between them;—

Frenchman. Hoos you do, sair.

Sailor. How are you, my hearty.

Frenchman. (taking hold of the Sailor's round-about jacket.) Is you do me de complemong for tell me vot is daht?

Sailor. Why, what the dickens should it be? That's a jacket, to be sure.

Frenchman. Vill you honnair me for tell me is he note de plays vot he live dat have von name dat hees no jahkayte, but hees *lyke* von jahkayte?

Sailor. My eyes, what d'ye mean by your no jacky, Munchee? Hey?

Frenchman. Pardong—I mean—Ha! ha! Pardong—I mean who is he vot keeepee de playce fo maykee dee floo? Vous no de playce fo do floo! Vot go whurr, whurr, whurr, whurr, whurr?—(making rapid circles with his hand,)

Sailor. Sink me, if I know any thing at all of what you'd be at, with your floo. What the dickens is the floo, hey?

Frenchman. (irritated.) Quel bête! You not know de playce of de floo? De playce of de floo be de playce vot for makee de plahsh, plahsh, plahsh:—(the sailor shakes his head.) Millre tonneres! Vous not no? Vous not no notting! Vot de vortaires com and he whurr, whurr, whurr—den he go plahsh, plahsh, plahsh. Vot you col heem (grasping the jacket again, and impatiently) ven hee von grahnd jahkayte!

Sailor. Do you mean a monkey jacket!

Frenchman. Monkey Diable! (with great vehemence and rapidity.) Nong, nong, ah nong, Monsieur. No monkey jahkayte—von jahkayte long—jahkayte grande—vot you col daht!

Sailor. I'll be blow'd if I know what you'd be arter; for I never seed a jacket that went whurr, whurr,—plahsh, plahsh,—No, nor a coat neither!

Frenchman. (with a grin of delight.) Aha! ha! ha! ha!—Oui, oui, oui!—Cote—la cote—a la cote! Is he note de playce vot leeve Meestair—Meestair—

(here the Frenchman's countenance became again disturbed; he had forgotten the name once more, and extremely discomposed, asked,)

Vot you say den?

Sailor. Why, confound the fellow, he's been talking about Ellicott's all this while!—(comprehending the Frenchman's blunder, he added.) Go to that store. There you'll find Mr. Ellicott.

Frenchman. (bowing.) Oui, Monsieur, bien obligee. Mille remerciemens. Je shawl note foregait.

(and away he goes into the neighboring store, exclaiming all the way, so as not to lose the hardly gained name)

Meestrahlahcote, ahlahcote—Mees-trahlahcote!

(leaving the Sailor in a roar of laughter at the scene which had just taken place, and the confusion which must soon arise from the Frenchman's discovery that he is yet more than thirteen miles from the Mills of his friend "*Mees-trahlacote.*"

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, that's *lose*, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;
Who call and take some favorite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you,
I, of my "Spencer" quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my "Bacon."
And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
Like Hamlet's, backward go;
And as my tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my "Rowe."
My "Mallet" served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker;
And once, while I was out of town,
My "Johnson" proved a "Walker."
While a dying o'er the fire one day
My "Hobbes" amidst the smoke;
They bore my "Colman" clean away,
And carried off my "Coke."
They picked my "Locke," to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore
Without a "Home" on earth.
If once a book you let them lift,
Another they conceal;
For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"
As swiftly went my "Steele."
"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,
Where late he stood erect;
But what is strange, my "Pope" himself
Is excommunicated.
My little "Suckling" in the grave
Is sunk, to swell the ravage,
And what 'twas Crusoe's fate to save
'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."
Even "Glover's" works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote,"
My "Bunyan" has been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went;—oppressed
My "Taylor" too must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
In vain I offered "Bayle."
I "Prior" sought, but could not see
The "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
Oh! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"
I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,
Yet could not "Tickle" touch;
And then, alack! I miss'd my "Mickle"—
And surely Mickle's much.
'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
My sorrowe to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
Nor even use my "Hughes;"
My classics would not quiet lie,
A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry
"My 'Livy' has eloped!"
My life is wasting fast away—
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray,"
There's grey upon my locks.
I'm far from "Young"—am growing pale—
I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my *ail*,
"'Tis 'Burton,'" I reply.
They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For, oh! they've cured me of my "Burns,"
And eased my "Akenside:"
But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn:
For as they never found me "Gay,"
They have not left me "Sterne."

[English paper.]

with the rest of the company, highly delighted with [illegible] of the night.

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.*—By Mrs. Hemens.

There were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls
And the cup-bearers filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed
But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below,
The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow:
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbals' tone;
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the sea!
But, oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?
—I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,
And the soft breath of thine orange bowers is mournful to my soul.

"My brother! oh! my brother! thou art gone, the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave:
There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on;
There was one to love me in the world—my brother! thou art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
We stood together, side by side: one hope was our's—one path:
Thou hast wrapt me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast,
Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh! bravest heart, and best!

"I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull sad world they shine;
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro! where is *thine?*
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply—
Oh! brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry!

"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my *friend* hath passed away!
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again!

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of chivalry!

* The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish ballads, in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

Clinton Bradshaw, or the Adventures of a Lawyer. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.—An American novel puts forth considerable claims to attention, and we in general make it a point to go through its pages with some degree of care, in or to put forth anopinion concerning its merits or demerits on the earliest possible opportunity. We confess, however that we do not intend to do so in the present instance, we have turned the leaves of this book over in a cursory manner, and while we have discovered *no scene of power or striking incident*, we have ascertained that it is a *modern society novel*, a class of work, which we consider contemptible, even when aided by the highly artificial manners, and the brilliant extravagancies of fashionable Europe, but which when adapted to the matter-of fact simplicity of the American world, we think utterly nugatory, out of place, and foolish. Clinton Bradshaw may afford what is called very good easy reading for those who admire that style of stuff, but not being ourselves of that class we shall beg leave to be excused its further perusal.'

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

CLINTON BRADSHAW, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A LAWYER. 2 Volumes. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. New York, WILEY AND LONG.—The following notice of this novel, has been sent to us from a source which we confide in. We have not had time to read the work itself. "A writer in the Courier, tells us, in noticing this work, that 'An American novel *puts forth* considerable claims to attention.' If he means by this, that literature among us being still in its infancy, the effort of every individual to promote its progress, should be promptly and fairly noticed, we heartily concur with him; as we also do in his 'making it a point to go through its pages with *some degree* of care;' for how otherwise could he be qualified to pass a judgment on its 'merits or demerits?' And, moreover, we have no objection that his decision should be '*put forth*,' aye, 'on the *earliest* opportunity,' provided the qualification for this *putting forth* have resulted from the application of the *some degree* of careful perusal of the author, whom he is about to censure or to praise.

But we entirely dissent from the very unceremonious confession of his intention, 'in the present instance,' to violate his general rule, combined, as it is, with the total condemnation of that, of which he professes himself to be designedly ignorant. He has, indeed, 'turned the leaves of this book over in a *cursory* manner;' of this, we have not the slightest doubt. 'And while he has discovered no scene of power, or striking incident,'—perhaps he turned the leaves too quickly—'he has, however, ascertained, that it is a modern society novel, a *class of works*, which he considers contemptible, even when this *class of work* is *aided by*,'—we suppose he means *pourtrays*—'the highly artificial manners, and brilliant extravagancies of fashionable Europe; but which, when *adapted to*'—that is, when it *depicts*—foolish.' Now all this we deem to be 'foolish,' if not 'out of place and nugatory.' The excellence of a novel, considered merely as a literary production, must depend, for the most part, on its verisimilitude to the subject it would represent, be that subject what it may. As to the *choice* of a subject, 'the world is all before' the novelist; and if he select American modern society, even with 'its matter-of-fact simplicity,' in preference to the more brilliant periods of chivalrous Europe, or some wilder legend of our Aborigines, we may indeed call in question his own *taste* in this matter; but his literary merit, or demerit, must, nevertheless, depend on the truth of the representation. And why American modern society, does not fall within the range of subjects legitimately open to the American novelist, we confess ourselves unable to perceive. We like to see our national character exhibited under all its phases; to observe the operation of our government and institutions on the lives and manners of every class in the community; and, as Americans, we rejoice to find that a "matter-of-fact simplicity" is still the characteristic of our higher circles, in contradistinction to the more brilliant affectations of modern Europe. It is 'a token to us for good,' that we yet remain independent in character as in position; and we feel ourselves under obligation to an author, who does not consider it a degradation of his powers, to convince us that such is the case. We think, moreover, that there is a false taste prevalent in American works of fiction. An author, who sits down for the purpose of *making a book*, considers it all-important to his success to produce a *striking* effect—that is, to evince his *power*, as he is pleased to term it, by placing his characters in all sorts of unusual, if not impossible, circumstances, and to astonish his readers by the skill he displays, while causing them to become the victims, or the conquerers, in some over-wrought description of mental or physical conflict. And yet more, he imagines it necessary to maintain a *perpetual* warring—in other words, each individual chapter must *strike*, must contain within itself some powerful incident, or it is good for nothing. Now, in order to accomplish his end, it is evident that he must lay the scene in some period, or place, beyond the observation, or information, of the generality of his readers, where, doubly armed with his own genius, and their ignorance, he may play what tricks he will with his imagination, and be sure of his proper meed of approbation and applause. Now, we are of the number of those who do not like to be subjected to this incessant operation of *striking*—that is, to be struck till we are *numb*. We profess not to enjoy having our sensibilities blunted in this way—it is too monotonous—it wants contrast—action and re-action—it resembles too closely the list of atrocities headed 'accidents' in a newspaper, we become accustomed to them—hardened—indurated. We have no objection to an occasional hearty *strike*, but we like a breathing space, in [illegible]

The author of Clinton Bradshaw has, we think, avoided, if we may so speak, this literary error of the day; he has had the boldness not only to describe society, as it may fall within the observation of the majority of his readers, but to be natural in the description, and herein lies the peculiar charm of the work—it is so natural we think it must be true; neither is it wanting in pathos or power, of which, we confidently leave our readers to judge for themselves, in the following description of the death of the felon Adams. [We are reluctantly compelled to omit this extract.]

Now this is 'good easy reading,' certainly, but notwithstanding, it is the very 'style of stuff,'' if we rightly comprehend the phrase, which we, ourselves admire, and think the writer of the article in question has acted unwisely, at least, in excusing himself from its 'further perusal.'

[illegible] AND OTHER POEMS BY M[illegible]

Lucia, or the Betrothed.—We have just finished reading this work. It is a translation from the Italian of Alessandro Manzoni, who stands at the head of the writers of romantic fiction in Italy. The story is one of singular interest, the characters are various and well drawn, and throughout the whole we perceive distinct and evident indications that the author is both a man of genius and a deep thinker. It would take up too much space to enter on a particular detail of the plot and incidents of this tale, and we doubt the utility of forestalling the reader, by this mode of letting him into secrets beforehand. We will therefore content ourselves with an honest and sincere recommendation of this work to the patronage of our readers and the public at large.

It cannot fail of proving an additional recommendation, when they learn that the translation is by a lady of this city, one well known and remembered as an ornament to the circle in which she moved, and whose genius and mental accomplishments eminently qualify her for higher literary exertions than those called for on this occasion. All she had to do she has done in a manner to call forth our almost unqualified approbation. She has rendered the original with great truth and felicity, and in a fine, chaste, harmonious English style, such as we do not often meet even in original works in that language. The translation is indeed far superior to the hasty and inaccurate *doings* of the stock writers usually employed in these off-hand jobs, and fully equal to the best specimens of this kind of literary labor we have seen for a long time. We commend this work of a lady to the notice of the ladies of this country, who are bound to encourage it for the honor of the sex, and to the gentlemen, whose indifference would bespeak a want of taste as well as gallantry.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

I AM WEARY.

I am weary of staying—oh fain would I rest
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

I am weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew,
I long for that land whose blest promise alone,
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth,
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blighting's of youth, and the weakness of age.

I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Savior! of grieving thy love;
Oh, when shall I rest in thy presence above;
I am weary—but oh, let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine,

LIGHT READING.

THAT BURIED VOICE.

"That buried voice where all is hushed
In soft repose around,
Breathes thro' some flower the winds have crush'd
Too early to the ground.
I hear it, as the breezes wave
The tall and slender grass
For o'er thy sad and lonely grave
Those summer breezes pass.
And they have linger'd by thy mound,
To bring me back its buried sound."

"That buried voice—theres not a breeze
But wafts it to mine ear,
There's not a murmur thro' the trees,
But that soft tone I hear.
It twines round me its blessed spell
To lead me where thou art,
To follow where the angels dwell,
This music of my heart;
To where my soul shall yet rejoice
In concert with "That Buried Voice."

C. H. W.

MY ARM CHAIR.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedew'd it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallowed seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me! 'twas there she died
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

GOOD BYE.

Farewell! farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part!
'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing day,
To be sung beath a summer's sky;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of a courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh;
The [illegible] of Friendship bursts and glows
In the warm frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother sending forth her child,
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes thro' her tears, her doubts and fears,
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell lives
Within her closing sigh;
But the deepest sob of anguish giver—
"God bless thee, boy! Good bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is as cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand,
A long—a last "Good bye!"

THE TOWER OF THE TEMPLE.

"WHAT IS OUR LIFE?"

We are born, we laugh, we weep;
We love, we droop, we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas! not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts, that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil, through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We live, we lose—and then ere long
Stone dead we lie!
O Life! is *all* thy song
"Endure and—die!"

[Knickerb.

RESIGNA[illegible]

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mourning for the dead;
The heart of Rachael for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps
What seems to us but dim, funeral tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of Mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone into that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grow more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

Army Hymn.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Old Hundred."

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

For treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

It has become so customary to speak and write of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race over the blood of other nations, that it is tedious to repeat the expression, whether true or not, though the belief is almost universal that it is so.

There is no doubt whatever but that the mixture of the Norman-French with the Saxon race, at the time and soon after the invasion of William the Conqueror, produced, in a few generations, a body of men superior, both physically and mentally, to either of the original races. Physiologists tell us that constant intermarriage in families produces degeneration of intellect and strength, and, if carried on for a series of years, ends in the imbecility of the last generation.

If this be true, in our country, we need have no fear of becoming a nation of fools. We are a mixture of all races—the superstructure pure Anglo-Saxon. Who knows but the breed will constitute the grandest "cross" of all?

But the Dutch and Yankee intermixture, as the original settlers of our soil, has invariably held pre-eminence, not only for its purity of origin, but for development of intellect. The phlegmatic Dutchman and the "go ahead Yankee"—the combined races—"can't be beat."

This is the stock from which springs OGDEN HOFFMAN. He is a native of Orange county, and the son of the late Hon. Josiah Ogden Hoffman, who was himself one of the most distinguished members of the New York bar as early as the days of Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, John Sloss Hobart, John Morin Scott, and contemporary with Elisha Williams, John Wells, Thomas Addis Emmett, and others, whose names have spread so much lustre on the New York bar. Surely, "there were giants in those days."

The elder Hoffman was Recorder of the city during the last war, and at the time of his death was associate judge with Messrs. Jones and Oakley, on the bench of the Superior Court of this city. He was a man eminently distinguished for his legal knowledge and acquirements, both as counsel and judge.

During the war, Ogden Hoffman, then between fourteen and fifteen years of age, received a midshipman's warrant, and his first cruise was under the gallant Decatur in the frigate President when she was captured off Long Island by a British squadron, after one of the most desperate defences on record.

The United States frigate President, one of the finest vessels of her class in the navy, sailed from this port on the 14th of January, 1815, on a cruise. In going over the bar she grounded, and thumped heavily for an hour and a half. At high water she was forced over, and although Decatur wished to put back and repair, the wind blew so strong from the west, that he was compelled to go to sea. An unfortunate result, as the sequel proved.

The same day he was chased by a squadron, consisting of the Majestic, (razee,) Endymion, Pomone, Fenedas, frigates; and Despatch, brig. The chase continued until the next day at three, when the Endymion, the headmost ship, commenced the engagement; but she was soon silenced, and would have been taken but for the approach of her consorts—nor did she fire another gun during the action. The Pomone and Fenedos now came up and continued the engagement, which was spiritedly met by the President; but their force was so overwhelming that longer resistance would have been butchery, and Decatur reluctantly struck his flag, after a chase of two days, and an engagement, off and on, of six hours, with four vessels, either of which would have been considered his equal. In this fight he had four lieutenants and twenty men killed, and fifty-five officers and men wounded, or nearly one-fifth of his crew.

In this action young Ogden Hoffman displayed great bravery, and was highly spoken of by his superior officers.

After his return to the United States, peace having been declared, he resigned his midshipman's warrant, and commenced the study of the law. After being admitted to the bar, his talents and eloquence soon brought him a fair practice, and he was for some time district attorney of Orange county.

In this city, his brilliant and melodious style of oratory soon placed him among the first pleaders at the criminal bar. He was appointed, about the year 1828, district attorney of New York, which situation he held for four years, but was not reappointed, in consequence of a change in his politics.

In 1837, he was nominated by the whigs for Congress, and was elected for two consecutive sessions by large majorities, and in both instances was ahead of the rest of the ticket—an honorable compliment from some of his political [illegible] tion of General Harrison, he declined a nomination, and was by that lamented man appointed United States attorney for this district, which office he now holds.

Mr. Hoffman's eloquence is of a peculiarly fascinating nature. His voice is melody itself—soft, yet at the same time as clear and ringing in its tones as the loudest trumpet. He is always listened to with the deepest attention by a jury. In popular assemblages, no man is more warmly and cordially greeted and applauded. Our readers will recollect the celebrated Robinson case, in which Mr. Hoffman was counsel for the defence. Perhaps to him more than any one else was Robinson indebted for his acquittal. The "innocent boy," as Mr. Hoffman styled him in his glowing eloquence, escaped with life, but nothing else—all else was gone.

In person Mr. Hoffman stands above the middle height—his figure and carriage graceful; and though his face is by no means a handsome one, yet it is very expressive, and when lit up by the fire of his genius before a jury or a popular assemblage, if a strange listener was asked afterwards what sort of a looking man Mr. Hoffman was, ten chances to one the reply would be, "he was the handsomest man he had ever seen." His age is about forty-five.

MELODIES

And other Poems,

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN,

Author of 'A Winter in the West,' 'Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie,' 'Greyslaer,' &c. &c. &c

Now First Collected.

We read every day of A the poet, and B. the poet, and C. the poet; but who ever saw that title appended to the name of CHARLES F. HOFFMAN? No one, we trow; it was never so printed. The author of works which entitle him to be ranked among the first lyric poets who have written in the English language, he has permitted his effusions, under various unique signatures of his own invention and the names of popular foreign bards, to have their periodical career in the gazettes, delighting all readers by their exquisite melody and the beauty of their thoughts, unclaimed and by himself unvalued. A number of the songs which we give below may be purchased at the music stores with the name of Thomas Moore upon their title-pages;—but with all Moore's excellencies, and all his fame, he never produced melodies superior to 'Sparkling and Bright,' 'She loves but 'tis not me she loves,' 'The Myrtle and Steel,' and several others by our American Anacreon.

C. F. HOFFMAN is a brother to the Honorable OGDEN HOFFMAN, the distinguished member of the last Congress from New-York, and was born on the banks of the noble Hudson, near that city, in 1806. His boyhood was passed principally at Poughkeepsie, where he attended a grammar school kept by some petty tyrant, who, never winning his respect nor confidence, failed of course to do him any benefit. From Poughkeepsie he went to Columbia College, where he graduated when nineteen years old, having distinguished himself above all his classmates, in belles-letters, and won the affections of every one with whom he associated, by his admirable social qualities. Soon after he left his alma mater he commenced the study of the law with the Hon. HARMANUS BLEECKER, of Albany, now *Charge d' Affaires* of the United States to the Hague. When twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar, and for the succeeding three years he practised in the courts of the city of New-York. During this period, he wrote anonymously for the New-York American, (having while in Albany made his first essay as a writer for the gazettes, by contributing a series of lively sketches to the 'Argus' and the 'Daily Advertiser;') and we believe finally become associated with Charles King, Esq. in the editorship of that paper. Certainly he gave up the legal profession, for the successful prosecution of which he appears to have been disqualified by his love of books, his friends, the rod, and gun, and has since devoted his attention almost constantly to literature.

From 1834 to 1837 he edited the American Monthly Magazine, which, under him and his successor, Mr. Park Benjamin, was equal if not superior in merit to any literary periodical of similar character ever published in this country. The first impression of his 'Winter in the West,' was published in 1834, and immediately after reprinted in London. In England and in this country it has since passed through several editions and it will continue to be popular, so long as graphic descriptions of scenery and character, and richness and purity of style, are admired. His 'Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie' has reached a third edition in London, where it was first printed in 1837. His next work, 'Greyslaer,' was published last year by the Harpers, in New-York, and subsequently reprinted by Colburn, in London, and Lea and Blanchard, in Philadelphia. The last mentioned publishers, it is understood, have now in press a new romance from his pen, which will appear in the ensuing autumn.

We learn from a recent list of 'Appointments by the President,' that Mr. Hoffman has received an honorable office in the custom-house of his native city. May no changes in the political world deprive him of it, so long as he prefers 'sitting at the receipt of custom,' to wandering among the wild scenes of the forest, the mountains and the lakes.

The poems which follow probably are but a small proportion of those which Mr. HOFFMAN has written; but they are all we have been able gather from the magazines and gazettes in our to possession; and they constitute the *first* collection of our author's melodies which has been before the public. Many of them have never before been printed under Mr. HOFFMAN's name; and some of them doub less contain errors, as nearly all similar productions do from constant and careless republication in the journals;—the reader may be confident that if there is anything wrong or imperfect about them it is not the author's fault. We shall hereafter give the best works of more of 'Our Neglected Poets,' being confident that for all such labors we merit and shall receive the thanks of our intelligent readers.—*Editor.*

But now, bright Peri of the skies, descending
Thy pearly ear hangs o'er yon mountain's crest,
And Night, more nearly now each step attending,
As if to hide thy envied place of rest,
Closes at last thy very couch beside,
A matron curtaining a virgin bride.

Farewell! Though tears on every leaf are starting
While thro' the shadowy boughs thy glances quiver,
As of the good when heavenward hence departing,
Shines thy last smile upon the placid river.
So—could I fling o'er glory's tide one ray—
Would I too steal from this dark world away.

MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

Written at West Point.

I'm not romantic, but, upon my word,
There are some moments when one can't help feeling
As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirred
By things around him, that 'tis vain concealing
A little music in his soul still lingers
Whene'er its keys are touched by Nature's fingers:

And even here, upon this settee lying,
With many a sleepy traveller near me snoozing,
Thoughts warm and wild are through my bosom flying,
Like founts when first into the sunshine oozing:
For who can look on mountain, sky, and river,
Like these, and then be cold and calm as ever?

Bright Dian, who, Camilla like, dost skim yon
Azure fields—Thou who, once earthward bending,
Didst loose thy virgin zone to young Endymion
On dewy Latmos to his arms descending—
Thou whom the world of old on every shore,
Type of thy sex, *Triformis*, did adore:

Tell me—where'er thy silver barque be steering
By bright Italian or soft Persian lands,
Or o'er those island-studded seas careering,
Whose pearl-charg'd waves dissolve on coral strands;
Tell if thou visitest, thou heavenly rover,
A lovelier spot than this the wide world over?

Doth Achelous or Araxes flowing
Twin-born from Pindus, but ne'er meeting brothers—
Doth Tagus o'er his golden pavement glowing,
Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of mothers,
The storied Rhine, or far-famed Guadalquiver,
Match they in beauty my own glorious river?

What though no turret gray nor ivied column
Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear?
What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn
Of despots tell and superstition here—
What tho' that mouldering fort's fast-crumbling walls
Did ne'er enclose a baron's bannered halls—

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud
An echo to the war-blown clarion's peal,
As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd
As ever beat beneath a vest of steel,
When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest day
Called forth chivalric host to battle fray:

For here amid these woods did He keep court,
Before whose mighty soul the common crowd
Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought,
Are like the Patriarch's sheaves to Heaven's chosen bowed—
He who his country's eagle taught to soar,
And fired those stars which shine o'er every shore.

And sights and sounds at which the world have wonder'd
Within these wild ravines have had their birth;
Young Freedom's cannon from these glens have thundered,
And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;
And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary
But treasures up within the glorious story.

And yet not rich in high-souled memories only,
Is every moon-touched headland round me gleaming,
Each caverned glen and leafy valley lonely,
And silver torrent o'er the bald rock streaming:
But such soft fancies here may breathe around,
As make Vaucluse and Clarens hallow'd ground.

Where, tell me where, pale watcher of the night—
Thou that to love so oft hast lent its soul,
Since the lorn Lesbian languished 'neath thy light,
Or fiery Romeo to his Juliet stole—
Where dost thou find a fitter place on earth
To nourish young love in hearts like theirs to birth?

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Swear ye for the glorious cause,
Swear by Nature's holy laws
To defend your Father-land.
By the glory ye inherit—
By the name mid men ye bear—
By your country's freedom swear it—
By the Eternal—this day swear!
Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Fling abroad the starry banner,
Ever live our country's honor,
Ever bloom our native land.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Let the earth and heaven hear it,
While the sacred oath we swear it,
Swear to uphold our Father-land!
Wave, thou lofty ensign glorious,
Floating foremost in the field,
While thy spirit hovers o'er us
None shall tremble—none shall yield.
Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Fling abroad the starry banner,
Ever live our country's honor,
Ever bloom our native land.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Raise it to the Father spirit,
To the Lord of Heaven rear it;
Let the soul 'bove earth expand.
Truth unwavering—Faith unshaken,
Sway each action, word, and will,
That which man hath undertaken,
Heaven can alone fulfill.
Raise the heart—raise the hand,
Fling abroad the starry banner,
Ever live our country's honor,
Ever bloom our native land.

WRITTEN IN SPRING-TIME

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
From winter's sleep!—
Bursting with voice of mirth
From icy keep;
And laughing at the Sun,
Who hath their freedom won,
Thy waters leap!

Thou wak'st again, oh Eart
Freshly again,
And who by fireside hearth
Now will remain?
Come on the rosy hours—
Come on thy buds and flowers
As when in Eden's bowers,
Spring first did reign.
Birds on thy breezes chime
Blithe as in that matin time,
Their choiring begun:
Earth *thou* hast many a prime—
Man hath but one.

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
Freshly and new,
As when at Spring's first birth
First flow'rs grew.
Heart! that to Earth doth cling,
While boughs are blossoming,
Why wake not too?

Long thou in sloth hath lain,
Listing to Love's soft strain—
Wilt thou sleep on?
Playing, thou sluggard hear
In life no manly part,
Though youth be gone.
Wake! 'tis Spring's quick'ning breath
Now o'er thee blown;
Awake thee! and ere in death
Fulseless thou slumbereth,
Puck but from Glory's wreath
One leaf, glory!

INDIAN SUMMER, 1828.

Light as love's smiles the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air she carols faintly quiver;
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;
Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels shiver;
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That gaily deck the slow-declining year;
I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each failing leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too, brief;
I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
As on the wind she pours her parting lay,
And wings her loitering flight to summer climes away.

Oh, Nature! still I fondly turn to thee
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were;—
Though wild and passion-tost my youth may be,
Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
I still can, child-like, come as when in prayer
I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,
And deemed the world, like her, all truth and purity.

SONG OF BALT THE HUNTER.

There was an old hunter camped down by the rill,
Who fished in this water and shot on that hill;
The forest for him had no danger nor gloom,
For all that he wanted was plenty of room.
Says he, "The world's wide, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

He wove his own mats, and his shanty was spread
With the skins he had dressed and stretched out overhead;
The branches of hemlock, piled deep on the floor,
Was his bed as he sung when the daylight was o'er,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

That spring, half choked up by the dust of the road,
Through a grove of tall maples once limpidly flowed;
By the rock whence it bubbles his kettle was hung,
Which their sap often filled, while the hunter he sung,
"The world's wide enough there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

And still sung the hunter—when one gloomy day
He saw in the forest what saddened his lay,
'Twas the rut which a heavy-wheeled wagon had made,
Where the greensward grows thick in the broad forest glade—
"The world's wide enough there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

He whistled to his dog, and says he, "We can't stay;
I must shoulder my rifle, up traps, and away."
Next day, mid those maples, the settler's axe rung,
While slowly the hunter trudged off as he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood, if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

EPITAPH UPON A DOG

An eye that caught my slightest tone
In kindness or in anger spoken;
An eye that ever watched my own
In vigils death alone has broken;
Its changeless, ceaseless and unbought
Affection to the last revealing;
Beaming almost with human thought,
And more—far more than human feeling!

Can such in endless sleep be chilled,
And mortal pride disdain to sorrow,
Because the pulse that here was stilled
May wake to no immortal morrow?
Can faith, devotedness, and love,
That seem to humbler creatures given
To tell us what we owe above!
The types of what is due to Heaven?

Can these be with the things that *were*,
Things cherished—but no more returning;
And leave behind no trace of care,
No shade that speaks a moment's mourning?
Alas! my friend, of all of worth,
That years have stol'n or years yet leave me,
I've never known so much on earth,
But that the loss of thine must grieve me.

THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

One bumper yet, gallants, at parting,
One toast ere we arm for the fight;
Fill round, each to her he loves dearest—
'Tis the last he may pledge her, to-night.
Think of those who of old at the banquet
Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
The patriot heroes who hallowed
The entwining of Myrtle and Steel!
Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
Fill around to the Myrtle and Steel.

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
Like the music that's said from the ocean
To rise ere the gathering storm,
That her image around us should hover.
Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
We may breathe mid the foam of a bumper,
As we drink to the Myrtle and Steel.
Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
Fill around to the Myrtle and Steel.

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing
To marshal the host for the fray,
Where proudly our banner is flinging
Its folds o'er the battle array:
Yet gallants—one moment—remember,
When your sabres the death-blow would deal,
That MERCY wears *her* shape who's cherished
By lads of the Myrtle and Steel.
Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that ever loved a fair maid,
Fill round to the Myrtle and Steel.

THE WESTERN HUNTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Wend, love, with me, to the deep woods, wend,
Where far in the forest, the wild flowers keep,
Where no watching eye shall over us bend
Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.
Thou shalt gather from buds of the oriole's hue,
Whose flaming wings round our pathway flit,
From the saffron orchis and lupin blue,
And those like the foam on my courser's bit.

One steed and one saddle us both shall bear,
One hand of each on the bridle meet;
And beneath the wrist that entwines me there
An answering pulse from my heart shall beat.
I will sing thee many a joyous lay,
As we chase the deer by the blue lake-side,
While the winds that o'er the prairie play
Shall fan the cheek of my woodland bride.

Our home shall be by the cool bright streams,
Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat,
And our hearts shall smile like the sun's warm gleams
Through the branches around the lodge that meet.
Then wend with me, to the deep woods wend,
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
Where no watching eye shall over us bend,
Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.

SONG—ROSALIE CLARE.

Who own's not she's peerless—who calls her not fair—
Who questions the beauty of Rosalie Clare?
Let him saddle his courser and spur to the field,
And though coated in proof, he must perish or yield;
For no gallant can splinter—no charger can dare
The lance that is couched for young Rosalie Clare.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board
Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is pour'd,
And fond wishes for fair ones around offered up
From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup,—
What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,
Or is whispered more warmly, than Rosalie Clare?

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine—
Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine;—
Of the Houris that gladden the East with their smiles,
Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles;
But what flower of far away clime can compare
With the blossom of ours—bright Rosalie Clare?

Who owns not she's peerless—who calls her not fair?
Let him meet but the glances of Rosalie Clare!
Let him list to her voice—let him gaze on her form—
And if, seeing and hearing, his soul do not warm,
Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air
Than that which is blessed by sweet Rosalie Clare.

SERENADE.

Sleeping! why now sleeping?
The moon herself looks gay,
While through thy lattice peeping;
Wilt not her call obey!
Wake, love, each star is keeping
For thee its brightest ray;
And languishes the gleaming
From fire-flies now streaming
Athwart the dewy spray.

Awake, the skies are weeping
Because thou art away.
But if of me thou'rt dreaming,
Sleep, loved one, while you may;
And music's wings shall hover
Softly thy sweet dreams over,
Fanning dark thoughts away,
While, dearest, 'tis thy lover
Who'll bid each bright one stay.

INSCRIPTION FOR A LADY'S FLORA.

Bright as the dew, on early buds that glistens,
Sparkle each hope upon thy flower-strewn path;
Gay as a bird to its new mate that listens,
Be to thy soul each winged joy it hath;
Thy lot still lead through ever-blooming bowers,
And Time for ever talk to thee in flowers.

Adored in youth, while yet the summer roses
Of glowing girlhood bloom upon thy cheek,
And, loved not less when fading, there reposes
The lily, that of spring-time past doth speak.
Never from Life's garden to be rudely riven,
But softly stolen away from Earth to Heaven.

THY NAME.

It comes to me when healths go round,
And o'er the wine their garland's wreathing
The flowers of wit, with music wound,
Are freshly from the goblet breathing;
From sparkling song and sally gay
It comes to steal my heart away,
And fill my soul, 'mid festal glee,
With sad, sweet, silent thoughts of thee.

It comes to me upon the mart,
Where care in jostling crowds is rife;
Where Avarice goads the sordid heart,
Or cold Ambition prompts the strife;
It comes to whisper if I'm there,
'Tis but with thee each prize to share,
For Fame were not success to me,
Nor riches wealth, unshared with thee.

It comes to me when smiles are bright
On gentle lips that murmur round me,
And kindling glances flash delight
In eyes whose spell would once have bound me.
It comes—but comes to bring alone,
Remembrance of some look or tone,
Dearer than aught I hear or see,
Because 'twas worn or breathed by thee.

It comes to me where cloistered boughs
Their shadows cast upon the sod;
Awhile in Nature's fane my vows
Are lifted from her shrine to God;
It comes to tell that all of worth
I dream in heaven or know on earth,
However bright or drear it be,
Is blended with my thought of thee.

MORNING HYMN.

Genesis i. 3.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow'd.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
Whispered again his fiat forth,
And shed the Gospel's light abroad.
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise
In lonely cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the Orient first
Flushes the signal light for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul,
To Him, whose mercies, like his light,
Are sted abroad from pole to pole.

CHANSONETTE.

She loves—but 'tis not me she loves:—
Not me on whom she ponders,
When in some dream of tenderness
Her truant fancy wanders.
The forms that flit her visions through
Are like the shapes of old,
Where tales of Prince and Paladin
On tapestry are told.
Man may not hope her heart to win,
Be his of common mould!

But I—though spurs are won no more
Where herald's trump is pealing,
Nor thrones carved out for 'ladye fayre'
Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling—
I loose the falcon of my hopes
Upon as proud a flight
As those who hawked at high renown,
In song-ennobled fight.
If *daring* then true love may crown,
My love she must requite!

TIPPECANOE.

And let them shut their senses up
Against the truth who can—
The few who have the hardihood
The general grief to ban:
The nation mourns her President—
His countrymen THE MAN!

He was a gallant gentleman,
A noble and a true
As e'er fought under Washington,
When first our eagle flew;
Though many breathed throughout the land
Where now there breathe so few.

Throughout the land which still can mourn
Those men of other days.
Albeit a dwarfed and dwindled race
Would stint them of their praise;
Would stint those hearts of generous blood
Whose ways are not *their* ways.

His mind—it was a *Patriot's* mind!
(The narrow-souled may start
At what they cannot comprehend!)
In affluence of heart
He was so rich, it sent a glow
To every mental part.

His country, she was *all* to him,
The man of days long past—
Since first his youthful pulses stirred
At Wayne's wild bugle blast,
Till when he breathed in death for her
That prayer which was his last.

Those dying words!—what charging cheer,
When battling for the right,
E'er broke from dying hero's lips
Amid the reeking fight—
What words more glorious than those
Which sealed his speech that night?

He was a gallant gentleman,
A noble and a true;
The last, perchance, of that high race
Which once the broad land grew—
The primal growth which springs but once
From out a soil that's new.

God's blessing on his memory, then!
God's malison on those
Who'd tear the sod that covers him
Before the greensward grows!
Sleep on, old chief! thy countrymen
Will guard thy last repose.

WE PARTED IN SADNESS.

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;
We talked not of hopes that we both must resign,
I saw not her eyes, and but one teardrop starting
Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine:
Each felt that the past we could never recover,
Each felt that the future no hope could restore,
She shuddered at wringing the heart of her lover,
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Long years have gone by, and the springtime smiles ever
As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their birth.
Long years have gone by, yet that parting, oh! never
Can it be forgotten by either on earth.
The note of each wild bird that carols toward heaven,
Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that were mine,
And the dew that steals over each blossom at even,
Tells me of the teardrop that wept their decline.

'WHERE DOST THOU LOITER SPRING?'

Where dost thou loiter Spring,
Whilst it behoveth
Thee to cease wandering
Where'er thou roveth,
And to my lady bring
The flowers she loveth.

Come with thy melting skies
Like her cheek blushing,
Come with thy dewy eyes
Where founts are gushing;
Come where the wild bee hies
When dawn is flushing.

Lead her where by the brook
The first blossom keepeth,
Where, in the sheltered nook,
The callow bud sleepeth;
Or with a timid look
Through its leaves peepeth.

Lead her where on the spray,
Blithely carolling,
First birds their roundelay
For my lady sing—
But keep, where'er she stray
True-love blossoming.

OH BOLD AND TRUE.

Oh bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.
In fort or field,
Untaught to yield
Though Death may close his story—
In charge or storm,
'Tis woman's form
That marshals him to glory.
For bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.

In each fair fold
His eyes behold
When his country's flag waves o'er him—
In each rosy stripe,
Like her lip so ripe,
His girl is still before him.
For bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier lad that will fight for you.

WHAT IS SOLITUDE!

Not in the shadowy wood,
Not in the rock-ribbed glen,
Not where the sleeping echoes brood
In caves untrod by men;
Not by the sea-swept shore
Where loitering surges break,
Not on the mountain hoar,
Not by the breezeless lake,
Not on the desert plain
Where man hath never stood,
Whether on isle or main—
Not there is Solitude!

There are birds in the woodland bowers,
Voices in lonely dells,
And streams that talk to the listening hours
In earth's most secret cells,
There is life on the foam-flecked sand
By the ocean's curling lip,
And life on the still lake's strand
Mid the flowers that o'er it dip;
There is life in the rocking pines,
That sigh on the mountain's crest,
And life in the courser's mane that shines
As he scours the desert's breast.

But go to the crowded mart,
Mid the busy haunts of men.
Go there and ask thy heart,
What answer makes it then?
Ay! go where wealth is flinging
Her golden lures around,
Where the trump of Fame is ringing,
Where Pleasure's wiles abound;
Go—if thou wouldst be lonely—
Where the phantom Love is wooed,
And own that there—there only—
Mid crowds, is Solitude.

ASK ME NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

Ask me not why I should love her,
Look upon those soul-full eyes!
Look while mirth or feeling move her,
And see there how sweetly rise
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast,
Which is of innocence the nest—
Which, though each joy were from it shred,
By truth would still be tenanted!

See from those sweet windows peeping,
Emotions tender, bright, and pure,
And wonder not the faith I'm keeping
Every trial can endure!
Wonder not that looks so winning
Still for me new ties are spinning;
Wonder not that heart so true,
Keeps mine from ever changing too.

"THEY SAY THAT THOU ART ALTERED."

They say that thou art altered, Amy,
They say that thou no more
Dost keep within thy bosom, Amy,
The faith that once it wore;
They tell me that another now
Doth thy young heart assail;
They tell me, Amy, too, that thou
Dost smile on his love tale.

But I—I heed them not, my Amy,
Thy heart is like my own;
And still enshrined in mine, my Amy,
Thine image lives alone:
Whate'er a rival's hopes have fed,
Thy soul cannot be moved
Till he shall plead as I have plead,
And love as I have loved.

I WILL LOVE HER NO MORE.

I will love her no more!—'tis a waste of the heart
This lavish of feeling—a prodigal's part—
Who heedless the treasure a life could not earn,
Squanders forth where he vainly may look for return.

I will love her no more—it is folly to give
Our best years to one, when for many we live.
And he who the world will thus barter for one,
Ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more—it is heathenish thus
To bow to an idol who bends not to us: [aught,
Which heeds not, which hears not, which recks not for
That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love her no more—for no love is without
Its limit in measure, and mine hath run out.
She engrosseth it all, and till some she restore,
Than this moment I love her—how can I love *more?*

TO A WAXEN ROSE.

Go, mocking flower,
Thou plastic child of art,
Back to my lady's bower;
Go and ask if thou,
False rose, art proven now
An emblem of her heart?

Tell her, that like thee,
That heart 's of little worth,
However kind it be;
Which any hand with skill
May mould unto its will;
Too pliant from its birth.

Go, cheating blossom,
Scentless as morning dew,
Go ask if in her bosom,
Although love's bud may be
As seeming fair as thee,
It owns no fragrance too.

But if fadeless, yet
Like thee her love blooms on;
Tell her—oh, ne'er forget
To tell her, from my heart
Affection will not part
When all life's flowers are gone.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would wish to dream in.
Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The grey-beard of his pinions
To drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt,)
One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled while Venus looked on
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
But JULEPS the drink of immortals became,
When JOVE himself added a handful of hail.

I DO NOT LOVE THEE.

I do not love thee—by my word I do not!
I do not love thee—for thy love I sue not!
And yet, I fear, there's hardly one that weareth
Thy beauty's chains, who like me for thee careth:
Who joys like me when in thy joy believing—
Who like me grieves when thou dost seem but grieving.
But, though I charms so perilous eschew not,
I do not love thee—trust me that I do not!

I do not love thee!—pr'ythee why so coy, then?
Doth it thy maiden bashfulness annoy, then;
Sith, the heart's homage still will be up-welling,
Where Truth and Goodness have so sweet a dwelling?
Surely, unjust one, I were less than mortal,
Knelt I not thus before that temple's portal.
Others may dare to love thee—dare what I do not—
Then oh! let me worship, bright one, while I woo not!

IMPROPTU TO A LADY BLUSHING.

The lilies faintly to the roses yield,
As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,
(Who would not strive upon so sweet a field
To win the mastery?)
And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes revealed,
Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unsealed.

could not wish that in thy bosom aught
Should e'er one moment's transient pain awaken,
Yet can't regret that thou—forgive the thought—
As flowers when shaken
Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind,
Should, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

I LIED IN WHAT I WRIT.

lied in what I writ upon this page,
Saying that *more* than now I could not love thee!
Others, like me, may, at thy budding age,
Hold every feeling in sweet vassalage
Unto thy charms. But I—by all above me!—
Will prove thee Suz'raine of my soul more nearly;
When Time his arts shall 'gainst thy beauty wage,
To break their serfdom—serving thee more dearly.

Mark how the Sunset, with its parting hues,
The heaving bosom of yon river stameth!
To yield those tints the grieving waves refuse,
Nor yet that purpling light at last will lose
Till Night itself, like Death, above them reigneth!
So *more* and *more* will brighten to the last,
The light, which once upon my true soul cast,
Reflected there, still true till death remaineth.

THE FAREWELL

The conflict is over, the struggle is past,
I have look'd—I have lov'd—*I have worshipp'd my last,*
And now back to the world, and let Fate do her worst
On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nurst—
To thee its best feelings were trusted away,
And Life hath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I resign;
I blame not—upbraid not, one motive of thine;
I ask not what change has come over thy heart,
I reck not what chances have doomed us to part;
I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more,
And I still must obey where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one—oh! loved but too well,
Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell—
Farewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust,
Thou hast torn from this bosom its hope and its trust!
Yet if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell!

MELODY.

When the flowers of Friendship or Love have decayed,
In the heart that has trusted and once been betrayed,
No sunshine of kindness their bloom can restore;
For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more!

Hope cheated too often, when life's in its spring,
From the bosom that nursed it forever takes wing!
And Memory comes, as its promises fade,
To brood o'er the havoc that Passion has made.

As it's said that the swallow the tenement leaves
Where the ruin endangers her nest in the eaves,
While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall,
And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.

A HUNTER'S MATIN.

Up, comrades up! the morn's awake
Upon the mountain side,
The curlew's wing hath swept the lake,
And the deer has left the tangled brake,
To drink from the limpid tide.
Up, comrades, up! the mead-lark's note,
And the plover's cry o'er the prairie float,
The squirrel he springs from his covert now
To prank it away on the chestnut bough,
Where the oriole's pendant nest high up,
Is rocked on the swaying trees,
While the humbird sips from the harebell's cup,
As it bends to the morning breeze.
Up, comrades, up! our shallops grate
Upon the pebbly strand,
And our stalwart hounds impatient wait
To spring from the huntsman's hand.

LOVE AND FAITH.

'Twas on one morn in Spring-time weather,
A rosy, warm, inviting hour,
That Love and Faith went out together,
And took the path to Beauty's bower.
Love laughed and frolicked all the way,
While sober Faith, as on they rambled,
Allowed the thoughtless boy to play,
But watched him, whereso'er he gamboled.

So warm a welcome, Beauty smiled
Upon the guests whom chance had sent her,
That Love and Faith were both beguiled
The grotto of the nymph to enter;
And when the curtains of the skies
The drowsy hand of night was closing,
Love nestled him in Beauty's eyes,
While Faith was on her heart reposing.

Love thought he never saw a pair
So softly radiant in their beaming;
Faith deemed that he could meet no where
So sweet and safe a place to dream in;
And there, for life in bright content,
Enchained, they must have still been lying,
For Love his wings to Faith had lent,
And Faith he never dream'd of flying.

But Beauty, though she liked the child,
With all his winning ways about him,
Upon his Mentor never smiled,
And thought that Love might do without him;
Poor Faith abused, soon sighing fled,
And now one knows not where to find him;
While mourning Love quick followed
Upon the wings he left behind him.

'Tis said, that in his wandering
Love still around that spot will hover,
Like bird that on bewildered wing
Her parted mate pines to discover;
And true it is that Beauty's door
Is often by the idler haunted;
But, since Faith fled, Love owns no more
The spell that held his wings enchanted.

SONG.

I know thou dost love me—ay! frown as thou will,
And curl that beautiful lip
Which I never can gaze on without the guilt
Of burning its dew to sip.
I know that my heart is reflected in thine,
And, like flowers that over a brook incline,
They toward each other dip.

Though thou lookest so cold in these halls of light,
'Mid the careless, proud, and gay,
I will steal like a thief in thy heart at night,
And pilfer its thoughts away.
I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,
And thy soul in secret shall own the power
It dares to mock by day.

CHANSONETTE.

They are mockery all, those skies! those skies!
Their untroubled depths of blue;
They are mockery all, these eyes! these eyes!
Which seem so warm and true;
Each quiet star in the one that lies,
Each meteor glance that at random flies
The other's lashes through.

They are mockery all, these flowers of Spring,
Which her airs so softly woo;
And the love to which we would madly cling,
Ay! it is mockery too.
For the winds are false which the perfume stir,
And the lips deceive to which we sue,
And love but leads to the sepulchre;
Which flowers spring to strew.

ANACREONTIC.

Blame not the Bowl—the fruitful Bowl!
Whence wit, and mirth, and music spring,
And amber drops elysian roll,
To bathe young Love's delighted wing.
What like the grape Osiris gave
Makes rigid age so lithe of limb?
Illumines Memory's tearful wave,
And teaches drowning Hope to swim?
Did Ocean from his radiant arms
To earth another Venus give,
He ne'er could match the mellow charms
That in the breathing beaker live.

Like burning thoughts which lovers hoard
In characters that mock the sight,
Till some kind liquid, o'er them poured,
Brings all their hidden warmth to light—
Are feelings bright, which, in the cup
Though graven deep, appear but dim,
Till filled with glowing Bacchus up,
They sparkle on the foaming brim.
Each drop upon the first you pour
Brings some new tender thought to life,
And as you fill it more and more,
The last with fervid soul is rife.

The island fount, that kept of old
Its fabled path beneath the sea,
And fresh, as first from earth it rolled,
From earth again rose joyously;
Bore not beneath the bitter brine,
Each flower upon its limpid tide,
More faithfully than in the wine,
Our hearts will toward each other glide.
Then drain the cup, and let thy soul
Learn, as the draught delicious flies,
Like pearls in the Egyptian's bowl,
Truth beaming at the bottom lies.

SONG OF THE DROWNED.

Down, far down, in the waters deep,
Where the blooming surges around us sweep,
Our revels from night till morn we keep:
And though with us the cup goes round
Upon every shore where the blue waves sound,
Yet here, as it passes from lip to lip,
Alone is found true fellowship;
For only the Dead, where'er they range,
'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

What boots your pledges, ye sons of Earth;
Or to whom ye drink in your hours of mirth,
When gathered around your festal hearth?
Ye fill to love! and the toast ye give
Will hardly the fumes of your wine outlive!
To friendship fill! and its tale is told,
Almost ere the pledge on your lip grows cold!
For only the Dead, where'er they range,
'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

Then come, when the 'bolt of death is hurled,'
Come down to us from that bleak, bleak world,
Where the wings of Sorrow are never furled:
Come, and we'll drink to the shades of the past;
To the hopes that mocked in life to the last;
To the lips and eyes we once did adore,
And the loves that in death can delude no more!
For the Dead, the Dead, wherever they range,
'Tis only the dead who never change.

WITHERING—WITHERING.

Withering—withering—all are withering—
All of Hope's flowers that Youth hath nurs'd—
Flowers of Love too early blossoming;
Buds of Ambition, too frail to burst.
Faintily—faintily—oh! how faintily
I feel Life's pulses ebb and flow:
Yet Sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily,
With one who should not wish to live moe.

Nay! why, young heart, thus timidly shrinking?
Why doth thy upward wing thus tire?
Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,
When they should only waft thee higher?
Upward—upward, let them be waving,
Lifting thy soul tow'rd her place of birth.
There are guerdons there more worth thy having—
Far more than any of these lures of Earth.

NO HEART ALONE.

'I have learned,' says the melancholy Pestalozzi, 'that in this wide world, no one heart is able or willing to help another.'

O say not, we through life must struggle,
Must toil and mourn alone;
That no one human heart can answer
The beatings of our own.

The stars look down from the silent heavens
Into the quiet stream,
And see themselves in its dewy depths
In fresher beauty gleam.

The sky, with its pale or glowing hues,
Ever painteth the wave below,
And the sea sends up its mist to form
Bright clouds and the heavenly bow.

Thus does each of the other borrow
A beauty not its own,
And tells us that no thing in nature
Is for itself alone.

Alone, amid life's griefs and perils,
The stoutest heart may quail;
Left to its own unaided efforts,
The strongest arm may fail.

And though all strength still comes from Heaven,
All light from God above,
Yet we may sometimes be his angels—
The apostles of his love.

Then let us learn to help each other,
Hoping unto the end—
Who sees in every man a brother,
Shall find in each a friend.

Who is Guilty?

POETRY.

[From the Youth's Monthly Visiter.]

WHEN SHALL WE PRAY?

Pray at the early dawn,
When the dew is on the flowers,
And offer to Heaven as incense pure,
The morning's rosy hours.
Pray when the heart is calm and free,
And the fetters of earth are cast from thee.

Pray at the noontide hour,
'Midst the weary toils of life—
So shalt thou gather strength and power
To succor thee in the strife.
Pray when thy burden is hardest to bear,
And thy heart is throbbing with anxious care.

Bend low in the dewy eve,
And pour out thy spirit in prayer,
And the voice that spake to the troubled sea,
Shall whisper sweet comfort there.
The tempest of passion shall sink to rest,
And the sunlight of heaven illumine thy breast.

Pray when thy cup of joy
Is sparkling to the brim;
Pray when with base alloy
The gold of life is dim.
Prayer shall win thee a treasure untold,
Better than treasures of silver or gold.

'Mid sunshine and shadow,
'Mid pleasure and gloom,
In the morning of life,
On the verge of the tomb—
Pray, ever pray, and good angels beside thee,
Shall watch o'er and shield from the ills that betide thee.

M. L. B.

Cincinnati, August, 1847.

THE MOTHERLESS.

You 're weary, precious ones; your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her, who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide;
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim?—
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove!
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng!
Cling, as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds! the accustomed strain;
Come, warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you 're weeping all,
You 're sobbing in my ear!
Good night—go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed;
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide,
Amid the thorns of life;
His care protect those shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife;
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like the mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?—
Dear, smitten flock!—Good night!

THE BIRD'S FAREWELL.

There is a beautiful poetic fiction which represents a *bird of Mexico* as singing but *once* in its life, when overcome by the ravishing sweetness of its notes, it dies, warbling strains of the most thrilling and touching melody.

In the calm hushed stillness of night is heard,
Thy impassioned song, thou lonely bird,
And the bearded sweets of a whole life long,
Are poured on the ear in that touching song.

In groves where the palms are dressed in green,
Thou hast heard each tone of the wings, I ween,
But their gentlest murmurings only fell,
On thy tranced ear with a silent spell.

Thou hast had no hymn, thou lonely one,
For the morning light nor the noon-day sun;
No song when the evening sky was fair,
And the fragrance of flowers abroad on the air.

But though winds and flowers have failed to win
One note from the hidden fount within,
Yet have they thrilled thee not the less,
With the mute rapture of joy's excess.

Ah! and who may tell of the many dreams,
That have haunted thee long, by wood and streams,
Of the lovely things that have lingered around,
'Till thy only thought was to give them sound?

And now thou art bidden adieu to earth,
To the bright green things that with us have birth,
And thou pourest out *life* in a last farewell,
To the silent wood and the shaded dell.

Thou pourest out life—but givest vent
With a passionate burst to thoughts long pent,
And 'tis joy thus to die! thou hast lived not in vain,
On the earth, thou bird of a *single* strain!

Like to thee, thou bird, is the human heart,
That hath garnered thoughts that will never depart,
'Till the strength of the spirit is worn away,
With the fire of its own intensity.

And the soul with such passionate dreams is fraught
That the brow grows pale with the cast of thought,
And its spirit strings have been learned to thrill,
Ere the chords are mute, and its music still.

HARRIET E. SPENCER.

Massillon, Ohio,

THE WANING MOON.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I'VE watched too late; the morn is near,
One look at God's broad, silent sky!
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die!

Even while your glow is on the cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.

See, where, upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars,
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wanest, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon,
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
Well may thy sad, expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine then for forms that once were bright,
For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lips.

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shall cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shine all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

COME, TELL ME THY SORROW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Come, tell me thy sorrow, and if I can aid thee,
My heart and my purse are both thine to the end;
If not, seek support from the Being who made thee,
But mourn not as if without solace, my friend.
Though the sky be now dark, there is hope on to-morrow,
A sunlight to come, which the morn may restore;
Then cheer! bid thy soul spring immortal o'er sorrow,
Thou hast one friend at least, if thou canst not find more.

Ne'er fancy thine own disappointments are greater
Than theirs who seemed right, whatsoever they do;
Misfortune finds all, either sooner or later;
Life's mourners are many—the mirthful are few.
Then vex not thy spirit with fear and surmises,
But wrestle with care, and thy firmness restore;
There's a star for thee yet, and till brightly it rises,
Thou hast one friend at least, if thou canst not find more.

MENOMINEE DIRGE.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

We bear the dead—we bear the dead,
In robes of the otter habited,
From the quiet depths of the greenwood shade
To her lowly couch on the hill-top made.
There, there the sun, when dies the day
Flings mournfully his parting ray;—
In vain the winds lift her tresses black—
"Ke-ton-ee-mi-coo wa-was-te-nac!"

When ploughs tear up the forest floor,
And hunters follow the deer no more;
When the red man's council-hearth is cold,
His glory like "a tale that's told,"
Spare, white man, spare one oak to wave
Its bough above the maiden's grave,
And the dead will send a blessing back—
'Ke-ton-ee-mi-coo wa-was-te-nac!"

The flower of our forest-maids is gone,
And a night of woe is coming on;
Soon will the homes of our people be
Far from the bright Menominee;
But yearly, to yon burial-place,
Some mourning band of our luckless race,
To smooth the turf, will wander back—
"Ke-ton-ee-mi-coo wa-was-te-nac!"

The soul of our peerless one took flight,
While moaned the wind of yesternight;
She heard a voice from the chime of souls,
Sweet as the lay of orioles,
Say—"Come to that bright and blissful land
Where Death waves not his skeleton hand,
Where the sky with storm is never black"—
"Ke-ton-ee-mi-coo wa-was-to-nac!"

Mr. Hosmer is one of the most promising poets of the age. His residence is in the valley of the Genesee, in western New York, one of the most lovely countries in the east. Tho' he has not yet attained the meridian of life, he has written poems which the future will class among the productions of those men "who were not born to die." "Themes of song" will not suffer in comparison with the first class of poetry of the 19th century.

THE LIFE CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen;
That beateth on—and beateth on
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks, the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

O, wondrous is that work of art
Which knells the passing hour.
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceiv'd,
The life clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth and pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When Life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,
And Hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing oft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till that strange life is ended.

"Warriors and *Statesmen* have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer men record,
But the long sacrifice of *Woman's* days,
Passes without a thought, without a word.
And many a holy struggle for the sake
Of duties, sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and trace behind!"

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torch-lights to illume;
No parting glance, no heavy tear,
Is seen to fall upon the bier.

There is not one of kindred clay,
To watch the coffin on its way;
No mortal form, no human breast,
Cares where the pauper's dust may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer;
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap.

'Tis he who was the poor man's mate;
And made him more content with fate;
The mongrel dog that shar'd his trust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head as though
He thought to hear a voice below—
He pines to miss a voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.

The sun goes down, the night is come—
He needs no food—he seeks no home;
But stretch'd upon the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polish'd marbles tell;
For temples, built on church-yard earth,
Are claimed by riches more than worth.

But who would mark with undimm'd eyes,
The mournful dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave,
Such Love and Faith to guard his grave.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past;
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.
Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled
That steered with us from that early mark—
Oh, friends! we are growing old!

Old in the dimness of the dust
Of our daily toys and cares—
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burthened memory bears,
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met;
But oh! the changes we have seen,
In the far and winding way—
The graves in our paths that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winter still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold;
But we see its snows upon brighter hair,
And friends, we are growing old!

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear;
But where are the living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page;
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?
Will it come again when the violet wakes
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes
Where the bloom is deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring time then,
But the joy was faint and cold;
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old!

[From the United States Gazette.]

LINES,

BY MRS. M. T. W. CHANDLER.

As bending o'er this little mound of earth,
Recalling bitterly the painful past,
My panting soul doth struggle to give birth
To thoughts, which crowd its portals all too fast.
For once again I stand beside thy tomb,
Oh, child, so fondly loved—so early lost!
While shrouded silently in deepest gloom,
My spirit wrestles—lone and tempest-tost.

Oh! 'tis a dread and fearful thing to feel
The heart's sole stay, its last support, to fail—
To weep hot tears—to wildly pray—to kneel—
And crave of Heaven, what yet can naught avail!
I see thee still in slumber, oh, my child!
I clasp thy little tender hand in mine,
I gaze within those eyes, divinely mild,
And lay my cheek, once more, all close to thine.

And yet—and yet—I would it were not so—
For it is loneliness too darkly drear,
To start—to wake—and all too soon to know,
That my arms hold thee not—thou art not here.
I pass along the busy, crowded street,
So thronged with happy childhood's budding charms,
And every lovely little one I meet,
I yearn to clasp within my longing arms.

Ever before me is that little head,
The fillet bound about the golden hair—
Then comes the sudden thought that *thou art dead*,
And my heart sickens with its own despair.
I gaze around upon the darkened room,
I hold within my hand thy little toys,
Till my soul shudders at the sudden
So soon succeeding to departed joys.

Oh! 'tis the work of many a weary day,
To school to softer thoughts the o'ertasked heart—
To teach the stricken soul to bend and pray,
And bear in silence its allotted part.
Give me, oh, God! this healing truth to know,
That though my heart be sorely tried and riven,
Though now a mourning mother here below,
A blessed angel waits for me in Heaven.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

LINES

On the death of Inez Meta, little daughter of Rev. H. I. and Jane E. Miles Humphrey.

BY MRS. S. L. MILES FASSETT.

Weep we? Yes, our flower is withered,
Gone our little prattling one;
She who late hath brought such gladness
To our now sad lonely home.
We had dreamed not o'er our treasure
Such a blight so soon would come;
That our hearts so soon must sever,
From our little cherished one.

Oh how fondly wert thou twining
Round our hearts, as day by day,
We have watched the bud unfolding—
Doomed alas to swift decay.
Cold and still beside us lying
In thy little coffin bed;
Rest thee, we will watch thy sleeping,
Till we lay thee with the dead.

Cold the little lips we're pressing,
And they give us no reply;
And the heavy lids are closed,
O'er the little dreamy eye.
Must we look our last sweet Inez
On thy little Angel face,
May we never, never hold thee
In another loved embrace?

Oft methinks we'll *turn* to meet thee
With thy little arms outspread;
Oft in dreams we'll clasp thee closely,
Pillowing thy little head.
And thy soft and tiny foorfall,
Shall we hear it, never more;
Will those loving smiles ne're greet us
As they oft have done before?

No! thou cherished little Idol,
Those sweet tones we'll hear no more—
We have loved thee but too fondly,
And our dream of joy is o'er.
Now upon thy cold, cold forhead
We must press the last fond kiss;
Thy pure spirit now is roaming
In a better world than this.

Sterling, August 1849.

POETRY. 1849.

Hide Them Away.

BY ANN PAGE.

Hide them, O, hide them all away—
His cap, his little frock;
And take from out my aching sight
Yon curling, glowing lock;
Ah! once it waved upon his brow,
Ye torture me anew—,
Leave not so dear a token here,
Ye know not what ye do.

Last night the moon came into my room,
And on my bed did lie;
I woke, and in the silver light
I thought I heard him cry.
I leaned towards the little crib,
The curtain drew aside,
Before, half-sleeping, I bethought
Me that my boy had died.

Take them away! I cannot look
On aught that breathes of him,
O, take away the silver cup,
His lips have touched its brim.
Take the straw hat from off the wall,
'Tis wreathed with withered flowers;
The rustling leaves do whisper me
Of all the loved, lost hours.

The rattle, with its music bells—
O, do not let them sound,
The dimple hand that grasped them once,
Is cold beneath the ground.
The willow wagon on the lawn
Through all my tears I see—
Roll it away, O gently roll,
It is an agony!

His shoes are in the corner, nurse,
His little feet no more
Will patter like the falling rain,
Fast up and down the floor.
And turn that picture to the wall—
His loving, mournful eye
Is piercing through my very heart—
Again I see him die!

O, anguish! how he gazed on me
When panting out his breath!
I never knew before
How terrible was death,
My boy—my own—my only one—
Art thou forever gone?
O, God! help me to bear the stroke
That leaves me all alone.

FANNY FORRESTER'S BIRD.

[We mentioned the other day that a paragraph in the Maulmain Free Press announced that a daugher had been born to Mrs. Judson, of the mission to Maulmain, formerly known under the *nom de plume* of Fanny Forrester. We are glad to have more decided confirmation of the fact from the lady's own testimony, which is not so metaphorical that there will be any question of its signification. The lines which follow, and which bear date Maulmain, January, 1845, (Fanny is at the antipodes, you must remember,) are from the June number of the Columbian Magazine, where they appear under the title of "My Bird."—Newburyport Herald.]

MY BIRD.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rosy leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
Oh God thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me, to me thy hand hast given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom—
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh my God! one earnest prayer;
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

We cannot but commend the following touchingly beautiful poem to the especial attention of our readers. We are not often moved to tears, but who could refuse such a tribute to the mournful pathos of this perfect gem?

Gie Me thy Blessing, Mither.

BY GRETTA.

"Gie me thy blessing, mither,
For I must now away,
To meet my bonny Agnes, mither,
Upon her bridal day.
I've luved her lang and weel, mither,
And thou my luve hast known;
Then lay thy hand, upon me, mither,
And bless thy kneeling son."

"Ah! Willie, how my heart o'erflows
When thus I hear thee speak;
My tears are glistening on thy hair,
And dropping on thy cheek.
And oh! how memory calls up now
The days of auld lang syne,
When I a winsome bride first called
Thy sainted father mine.

"Ye look so like him, Willie dear,
Ye look sae like him now;
Ye hae the same dark, tender een,
The same broad, noble brow.
And sic a smile was on his face
When he that morning came
To bring awa, as ye maun do,
A lassie to his hame.

"Puir child, her heart is beating now,
As it never beat before;
Puir child, I ken her hazel een
Wi' tears are runnin o'er.
She luves thee, Willie, but she feels
To wed's a solemn thing—
I weel remember how I felt,
When looking on the ring.

"I weel remember, too, the hour
When, wi' a heavy sigh,
I turn'd, a wife sae young and sad,
To bid them a' good bye.
The tears were gushing then, I know,
For I luved my kindred weel,
And though my ain was by my side,
I could na' help but feel.

"But then, how kind he took my hand,
And gently whisper'd—'Come:
The same soft star shines o'er my cot
That shines above thy home.'
And, Willie, aften, since he's dead,
I've watch'd that distant star,
And thought I saw his gentle face
Smile in it from afar.

Judge Douglas in New Orleans—Great Enthusiasm.

The New Orleans *True Delta*, of Friday last, gives a lengthy account of the reception of Judge Douglas in that city on the previous day. There was a very large crowd awaiting him at the depot, and the enthusiasm in his favor seems to have been in no wise dampened by the news of his defeat. We make the following extract from the report by the *Delta* of his greeting at the depot:

Surrounded by well known friends stood the Douglas, and, in front of him, an immense concourse of people—notwithstanding a shower not at all light—who strove to see and hear all that was said and done on an occasion which, to them, was most apparently of exceeding interest. When the enthusiastic cheers and exclamations of the crowd subsided, Soule addressed Judge Douglas as follows:

ADDRESS OF PIERRE SOULE.

SENATOR DOUGLAS: I welcome you to our good city on behalf of the vast assemblage which you see congregated here, and especially in the name of those who have fought to the last, and fought bravely, in the cause of which you have been so noble, so faithful, so uncompromising a champion.

When the frowns of power, the seductions of preferment, inveterate prejudices, fostered up by an irreconcilable malignity, and treason, under the garb of sectional pride and sectional susceptibility, were breaking our ranks and carrying away from democratic allegiance the timid and the ambitious, the vain and the weak-minded, these stout-hearted friends of yours have stood the brunt of the battle with an ardor, a devotion and gallantry that have commanded, not only the respectful regard, but the unqualified admiration of their most decided opponents.

And they salute you, vanquished, with the same cordiality, the same enthusiasm, with which they would have saluted you victorious.

They are in no manner disheartened by the defeat they have met in the mighty contest, for they know that as good a cause as that under which they were enlisted has many a time encountered a similar disaster, without lacking anything of its vitality. They have an abiding faith in the future; and, in spite of the clouds which so ominously darken the horizon, they cling to the hope that your wisdom and influence in the councils of the nation—your firmness, your patriotism, and the prestige of that halo of glory and of might which so conspicuously illumines your brow in the midst of the universal gloom will still enable you to avert the storm which threatens to sink in a common wreck our peace, our prosperity, our greatness.

We welcome—we rejoice that we have you as our guest. In these days of abject corruption and sordid venality, we deem it a high privilege that we can honor, in our chief and leader, the statesman unpolluted by any of the ignoble traffics into which the highest political trusts have of late degenerated—the fearless confessor of his principles; the pure, the untainted Democrat, Stephen A. Douglas!

To the eloquent address of welcome of Mr. Soule, Judge Douglas replied as follows:

RESPONSE OF JUDGE DOUGLAS.

MR. CHAIRMAN—Each time I visit New Orleans, the kindness of my friends and your citizens place me under increased obligations. I appreciate this reception. This vast crowd in the midst of this pouring and drenching rain, and with a still darker cloud hanging over our country, calculated to depress the heart of the patriot, shows that there is yet hope for our glorious Union.

This is no time to despair or to despond. The bright sun will soon chase away these clouds, and the patriots of the land, laying aside partizanship and forgetting former partizan strife, will rally as one man and throttle the enemies of our country. (Cheers.) Although an abolitionist may have been elected to the presidency of the United States, the gallant fight which the Democracy have made in the Northern States has secured representatives enough, united with the South, to put Lincoln and his administration in a minority in both houses of Congress. (Cheers.) There is no act he can do which will violate or impair the rights of any citizen of any State of this Union. (Cheers.) This is no time to indulge in crimination and recrimination. The contest for the presidency has ended, and with it allow the asperities which it has generated to pass away. (Cheers.) But we must never forget the principle upon which we stand. Cheers. I can make any sacrifice short of principle. Men are of no consequence, principles are everything. (Cheers.) In the contest then, with the flag of the Union over us and non-interference by Congress on the subject of slavery still emblazoned upon our banners, the National Democracy will drive back abolitionism, put down sectionalism and restore peace and harmony to this glorious country. (Cheers.) I renew to you, sir, and to these assembled friends, my grateful acknowledgments for your kindness on this occasion. (Immense applause.)

Judge Douglas having concluded, he was escorted to his carriage, which was followed, in its way to the hotel, by a long procession, with bands of music and banners flying. Among the inscriptions upon the banners was one with "1864," which was greeted with peculiar enthusiasm. Arrived at the hotel, a crowd of several thousands gathered, who insisted upon hearing their gallant champion again. He accordingly addressed them briefly from the balcony of the St. Charles. In his speech he counseled moderation on the part of the South. Upon this point he says:

I believe that if we are faithful to the constitution, there is no grievance which cannot be remedied under that instrument and within the Union, [Cheers.] If we are true to ourselves, there is no grievance for which disunion would be a remedy. [Cheers.] All we have to do is to maintain inviolate every provision of the Constitution, perform faithfully, every duty it requires, and fulfill every

America has many champions, Ireland none. I have spoken for Americans; I intend to say a word for the Irish. It chills my senses to hear you jeer, and sneer, and throw contempt upon that gallant race. Two millions of Irishmen are countrymen of mine (cheers), and I will not sit quietly and hear in an English audience Ireland trod down and abused. I like the Irish race. Ireland has done much for England; but what has England done for Ireland? What a record of crime, despotism and tyranny! What a page of violence, injustice and bloodshed! Mr. —— says no; show me, then, an oasis in the desert of her history; show me a ray of sunshine in the darkness of her horizon. Poor Ireland! rich in nature; in mountains and in rivers; with fruit in her gardens and fish in her streams; the unhappy mother of a brave people made humble by despotic and corrupt government. Poor Ireland! the land of Curran, and Grattan, and Shiel; where Power acted, and Moore sung his sweet melodies, and Sheridan Knowles wrote some of the finest dramas in our language—who last week, in his seventy-eighth year, made a beautiful speech, full of affection and tears, for his native mountains.

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AMERICA THE FRIEND OF IRELAND.

[A Voice: "Ireland is now prosperous."] Yes, said Mr. Train, but what has made her so? America! Who have added wealth to our land? the Irish. Who build our factories, our canals, and railways? the Irish. And in their well-paid labor, because well-earned, they find large sums of money, which they have been sending back to their people for many years! Ten millions sterling since the famine. A noble trait of the Irish character. I like the Irish people, and your attacks on Ireland, on account of the recent agrarian outrages, are most unfair. Look over your criminal record and you will find more brutal murders in England during the last year than in Ireland. Have you forgotten the Stepney murder and the Road murder, and that of Nottingham Forest and Coventry? or even, last week, *that* at Manchester, and another in London? You have as dark deeds on your calendar as Ireland has, and I cannot bear to hear a land I like so much so unkindly spoken of as she is in England.

DEMOCRATIC MEMBERS OF CONGRESS

TO

THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Times.

WASHINGTON, May 8.

The democratic members of Congress, headed by the gallant Richardson, of Illinois, have issued the following address to the democracy of the United States. It is regarded here as of great importance, as foreshadowing and indicating future political movements affecting the whole country.

The recent passage of the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia; the probable passage of ultra and fanatical confiscation and emancipation bills; the action of the House, to-day, in applying the Wilmot proviso to every acre of land under the control of the Federal government, —these, and other signs, signifying that hereafter the whole strength and power of the administration will be applied to crushing out the rights of a portion of the people of the country, and promoting the schemes of ultra abolition agitators, have induced the publication of this address.

The perilous condition of our country demands that we should reason together. Party organization, restricted within proper limits, is a positive good, and indeed essential to the preservation of public liberty. Without it the best government would soon degenerate into the worst of tyrannies. In despotisms the chief use of power is in crushing out party opposition. In our own country the experience of the last twelve months proves, more than any lesson in history, the necessity of party organization. The present administration was chosen by a party, and in all civil acts and appointments has recognized, and still does, its fealty and obligations to that party. There must and will be an opposition. The public safety and good demand it. Shall it be a new organization or an old one? The democratic party was founded more than sixty years ago. It has never been disbanded. To-day it numbers one million five hundred thousand electors in the States still loyal to the Union. Its recent numerous victories in municipal elections in the western and middle States prove its vitality. Within the last ten months it has held State conventions and nominated full democratic tickets in every free State in the Union. Of no other party opposed to the republicans can the same be said.

SHALL THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY BE NOW DISBANDED?

Why should it? Are its ancient PRINCIPLES *wrong*? What are they? Let its platforms for thirty years speak:

"*Resolved*, That the American democracy place their *trust in the intelligence, the patriotism, and the discriminating justice of the American people.*

"*That we regard this as a distinctive feature in our political creed, which we are proud to maintain before the world, as the great moral element in the form of government springing* from and upheld by the POPULAR WILL; and we contrast it with the creed and practice of federalism, under whatever name or form, which seeks to palsy the will of the constituent, and which conceives no imposture too monstrous for the popular credulity.

"That the Federal government is one of limited power, derived *solely* from the CONSTITUTION; and the grants of power made therein ought to be strictly construed by all the departments and agents of the government; and that it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional powers."

And as explanatory of these the following from Mr. Jefferson's first inaugural:

"The support of the STATE GOVERNMENTS in all their rights as the most competent administrations of our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies.

"The preservation of the GENERAL GOVERNMENT in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.

"A jealous care of the right of election by the people.

"THE SUPREMACY OF THE CIVIL OVER THE MILITARY AUTHORITY.

"Economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened.

"The honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith.

"FREEDOM OF RELIGION, FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, AND FREEDOM OF PERSON UNDER PROTECTION OF THE HABEAS CORPUS AND TRIAL BY JURIES IMPARTIALLY SELECTED."

Such, democrats, are the principles of your party, essential to public liberty and to the stability and wise administration of the government, alike in peace and war. They are the principles upon which the constitution and Union were founded; and, under the control of a party which adheres to them, the constitution would be maintained and the Union could not be dissolved.

IS THE POLICY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY WRONG, THAT IT SHOULD BE DISBANDED?

Its policy is consistent with its principles, and may be summed up, from the beginning, as follows: The support of liberty as against power; of the people as against their agents and servants; and of State rights as against consolidation and centralized despotism; a simple government; no public debt; low taxes; no protective tariff; no general system of internal improvements by Federal authority; no National Bank; hard money for the Federal public dues; no assumption of State debts; expansion of territory; self-government for the Territories, subject only to the constitution; the absolute compatibility of a Union of the States, "part slave and part free;" the admission of new States, with or without slavery, as they may elect; non-interference by the Federal government with slavery in State and Territory or in the District of Columbia; and, finally, as set forth in the Cincinnati platform in 1856, and reaffirmed in 1860, absolute and eternal "repudiation of ALL SECTIONAL PARTIES AND PLATFORMS concerning domestic slavery, which seek to embroil the States and incite to treason and armed resistance to law in the Territories, *and whose avowed purposes, if consummated, must end in* CIVIL WAR AND DISUNION."

Such, democrats, was the ancient and the recent policy of the democratic party, running through a period of sixty years—a policy consistent with the principles of the constitution, and absolutely essential to the preservation of the Union.

DOES THE HISTORY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY PROVE THAT IT OUGHT TO BE ABANDONED?

"By their fruits shall ye know them." Sectional parties do not achieve Union triumphs. For sixty years from the inauguration of Jefferson on the 4th of March, 1801, the democratic party, with short intervals, controlled the power and the policy of the Federal

America has many champions, Ireland none. I have spoken for Americans; I intend to say a word for the Irish. It chills my senses to hear you jeer, and sneer, and throw contempt upon that gallant race. Two millions of Irishmen are countrymen of mine (cheers), and I will not sit quietly and hear in an English audience Ireland trod down and abused. I like the Irish race. Ireland has done much for England; but what has England done for Ireland? What a record of crime, despotism and tyranny! What a page of violence, injustice and bloodshed! Mr. —— says no; show me, then, an oasis in the desert of her history; show me a ray of sunshine in the darkness of her horizon. Poor Ireland! rich in nature; in mountains and in rivers; with fruit in her gardens and fish in her streams; the unhappy mother of a brave people made humble by despotic and corrupt government. Poor Ireland! the land of Curran, and Grattan, and Shiel; where Power acted, and Moore sung his sweet melodies, and Sheridan Knowles wrote some of the finest dramas in our language—who last week, in his seventy-eighth year, made a beautiful speech, full of affection and tears, for his native mountains.

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to slavery, can the Union as it was be restor
and no other Union, except the UNITY OF D
POTISM, can be maintained in this country; s
this last we will resist, as our fathers did, w
our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

But it is said that you must disband the den
cratic party "to support the government."
answer that the democratic party has always su
ported THE GOVERNMENT; and while it was
power preserved the government in all its vig
and integrity, not by force and arms, but by w
dom, sound policy, and peace. But it nev
did admit, and never will, that this a
ministration, or any administration, is "t
government." It holds, and ever has hel
that the Federal government is the agent
the PEOPLE of the several States composing th
Union; that it consists of three distinct depar
ments—the legislative, the executive, and the ju
dicial—each equally a part of the governmen
and equally entitled to the confidence and suppo
of the States and the people; and that it is th
duty of every patriot to sustain the several de
partments of the government in *the exercise of a*
the constitutional powers of each which may be nec
essary and proper for the preservation of the gov
ernment in its principles and in its vigor and integ
rity, and to stand by and defend to the utmost th
flag which represents the government, the Union,
and the country.

In this sense the democratic party has always sustained, and will now sustain, THE GOVERNMENT against all foes, at home or abroad, in the North of office, in peace or in war. [illegible] in office or out

If this is what the republican party mean by supporting the government, it is an idle thing to abandon the old and tried democratic party, which for so many years and through so many trials supported, preserved, and maintained the government of the Union. But if their real purpose be to aid the ancient enemies of the democracy in subverting our present constitution and form of government, and, under pretence of saving the Union, to erect a strong centralized despotism on its ruins, the democratic party will resist them as the worst enemy to the constitution and the Union, and to free government everywhere.

We do not propose to consider now the causes which led to the present unhappy civil war. A fitter time will come hereafter for such discussion. But we remind you now that COMPROMISE made your Union, and COMPROMISE fifteen months ago would have saved it. Repeated efforts were made at the last session of the Thirty-sixth Congress to this end. At every stage, the great mass of the South, with the whole democratic party, and the whole constitutional Union party, of the North and West, united in favor of certain amendments to the constitution, and chief among them the well-known "CRITTENDEN PROPOSITIONS," which would have averted civil war and maintained the Union. At every stage, all proposed amendments inconsistent with the sectional doctrines of the CHICAGO PLATFORM were strenuously and unanimously resisted and defeated by the republican party. The "Crittenden propositions" never received a single republican vote in either house. For the proof we appeal to the journals of Congress and to the *Congressional Globe.*

We scorn to reply to the charge that the democratic party is opposed to granting aid and support to the Federal government in maintaining its safety, integrity, and constitutional supremacy, and in favor of disbanding our armies and succumbing to the South. The charge is libelous and false. No man has advocated any such proposition. Democrats recognize it as their duty as patriots to support the government in all constitutional, necessary, and proper efforts to maintain its safety, integrity, and constitutional authority; but, at the same time, they are inflexibly opposed to waging war against any of the States or people of this Union in any spirit of oppression, or for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, or of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of any State. Above all, the democratic party will not support the administration in anything which looks or tends to the loss of our political or personal rights and liberties, or a change of our present democratical form of government.

But no, democrats, it is not the support of the government in restoring the Union which the party in power require of you. You are asked to give up your principles, your policy, and your party, and to stand by the administration of the party in power in all its acts. Above all it is demanded of you that you yield at least a silent support to their whole policy, and withhold all scrutiny into their public conduct of every kind, lest you should "embarrass the administration." You are thus asked to renounce one of the first principles and the chief security of a democratic government—*the right to hold public servants responsible to their master, the people; to render the representative accountable to the constituent; the ancient and undoubted prerogative of Americans, to canvass public measures and public men.* It is this "high constitutional privilege" which Daniel Webster declared he would "defend and exercise within the House and out of the House, and in all places, *in time of war, in time of peace, and at all times!*" It is a right secured by the constitution—a right inestimable to the people, and formidable to tyrants only.

If ever there was a time when the existence and consolidation of the democratic party upon its principles and policy was a vital necessity to public and private liberty, it is now.

Unquestionably the constitution gives ample power to the several departments of the government to carry on war, strictly subject to its provisions, and, in case of civil war, with perfect security to citizens of the loyal States. Every act necessary for the safety and efficiency of the government, and for a complete and most vigorous trial of its strength, is yet wholly consistent with the observance of every provision of that instrument, and of the laws in pursuance of it, if the sole motives of those in power were the suppression of the "rebellion," and no more. And yet the history of the administration for the twelve months past has been and continues to be a history of repeated usurpations of power, and of violations of the constitution, and of the public and private rights of the citi
zen. For the proof we appeal to facts too recent to need recital here, and too flagrant and heinous for the calm narrative which we propose. Similar acts were done and a like policy pursued in the threatened war with France in the time of John Adams, and with the same ultimate purpose. But in two or three years the people forced them into an honorable peace with France, rebuked the excesses and abuses of power, vindicated the constitution, and turned over the Federal government to the principles and policy of the democratic party. To the "sober second thought of the people," therefore, and to the ballot-box, we now appeal when again in like peril with our fathers.

But if every democrat concurred in the policy of prosecuting the war to the utter subjugation of the South, and for the subversion of her State governments with her institutions, without a convention of the States, and without an overture for peace, we should just as resolutely resist the disbanding of the democratic party. It is the only party capable of carrying on a war; it is the only party which has ever conducted a war to a successful issue, and the only party which has done it without abuse of power, without molestation to the rights of any class of citizens, and with due regard to economy. All this it has done; all this, if need be, it is able to do again. If success, then, in a military point of view be required, the democratic party alone can command it.

To conclude: Inviting all men, without distinction of State, section, or party, who are for the constitution as it is and the Union as it was, to unite with us in this great work upon terms of perfect equality, we insist that—

The restoration of the Union, whether through peace or by war, demands the continued organization and success of the democratic party;

The preservation of the constitution demands it;

The maintenance of liberty and free democratical government demands it;

The restoration of a sound system of internal policy demands it;

Economy and honesty in the public expenditures, now at the rate of four millions of dollars a day, demand it;

The rapid accumulation of an enormous and permanent public debt demands it—a public debt already one thousand millions of dollars, and equal at the present rate, in three years, to England's debt of a century and a half in growth;

The heavy taxation, direct and indirect, State and Federal, already more than [illegible]

Cheerfulness.

"Cheerful looks make every dish a feast." Cheerfulness is the sunshine of the soul, and the pleasing influence is not confined to *self*, but it diffuses happy light and genial warmth to the domestic and social circles. It is a true inward joy, an agreeable and sober emotion, which, while it banishes melancholy, is readily distinguished from mirth, that, like lightning, breaks through the gloom, dazzles for a moment, when all becomes dark again. Merriment is transient and often spasmodic—but cheerfulness is a permanent and glowing serenity of the mind. The man who enjoys this happy disposition, is not felicitous in his thoughts, but he controls his temper, and his impulses become amiable; while he feels a prevailing gratitude to the Giver of all good, for the many blessings that have been vouchsafed to him. His family rejoice in the sunshine of his smile, and his friends unconsciously and irresistably partake in his presence, of that galvanic but agreeable excitement, which with a mysterious mental sympathy, speeds like electricity from soul to soul, through groups and even entire congregations of the human family.

Thus the cheerful man is a living fountain of good humor to those of his fellow beings with whom he may come in contact. His imagination is clear, his judgment undisturbed by ungenerous, suspicious or bigoted prejudices. He looks at the world with a hopeful if not a laughing eye, sees cheerfully the bright side of things, chases away the dismal visions and spectres that haunt the idler's fancy, labors with contentment, and enjoys the fruit of his toil with an exquisite relish. He pries not into the flying scandals of the hour that may involve his friends, and ridicules or lives down the calumnies that affect himself—thus disarming the point and edge of slanderous weapons, and rendering their venom inocuous. Good will is the general sentiment felt towards him—for he is affable and obliging, qualities that are naturally reciprocated by all with whom he converses—and whether in business or pleasure has a kindly effect upon the hearts of acquaintances, elicits a kindred friendship and a mutual or amicable emotion. Indeed, cheerfulness may be regarded as a surest manifest sign of wisdom. For as in our lives, so in our studies and thoughts, it is becoming and prudent to temper this faculty with gravity, in order that the mind may not be filled with mournful ideas and sad forebodings.

The virtue which is so universally admired, infers an acquiescence in the decrees of Providence, and a desire to dispense, so far as in our power lies, additional happiness to all around, and a measurable contentment with our own condition of life. We are not only happy, if good hnmored ourselves, but we are anxious that our friends should likewise partake of the serene pleasure that we experience. Proneness to melancholy is the sad condition of many men. They regard the present with dissatisfaction, and view the future—always an imaginary future—with alarm. They look forward to their coming destiny as replete with woe, and dwell upon pictures of improbable ruin conjured up by a morbidly creative fancy, with such terrible tenacity, that their minds are enveloped in gloom, and thus they first give way to a nervous despondency, then to blank despair, which not unfrequently conducts the unhappy victim to suicide.

With such doleful persons, who are constantly supposing and building up in their fantastic brains what they conceive to be insurmountable and inevitable obstacles, but which have no real existence, either present or prospective—the conversation of a cheerful companion dispenses the balm of an awakened felicity, and kindles the pure flame of hope; and then the heart of the hypochondriac becomes softened and brightened. He sees his condition and prospects in gayer and more vivid colors, and while he resolves to arouse his faculties from the depressive nightmare of sickly fancies, he soon finds that—

> "Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
> Adorns and cheers the way;
> And still, as darker grows the night,
> Emits a brighter ray."

How important, then, and how gratifying also, will ever be the endeavors of all who encourage a cheerfulness of disposition! It is a faculty that will banish from the soul all that secret heaviness and vain sorrow, which many men are liable to, who labor under no real affliction. It deprives the unvoidable evils and adversities of life of half their bitterness, and is a treasury even in hours of severe and multiplied trials, like Pandora's box, a casket full of ills, with *hope* at the bottom—and so are the ills counteracted. Cheerfulness promotes virtue, reproves vice, and improves temper.—Properly appreciated, it will be recognized as a portion of the "Divinity that stirs within us."