

## SOMETHING YET.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

They call me beautiful, and fame  
Forever echoes on my name,  
And crowds before me bow;  
Yes, I have loveliness and grace,  
Where years as yet have left no trace,  
And laurels bind my brow,

Like an enchanted palace, raised  
By poet-dreams, when fancy blazed  
With burning glory, seems  
My home! that place of all most blest—  
That ask of refuge and of rest,

That sleeps in golden gleams.

Its graceful marble-spires float high,  
As if to kiss the smiling sky;

And in its dreamy halls,  
Mid all things bright, I pass the hours,  
While far in starlight groves and flowers

Sweet music swells and falls.

And he—no form of marble mold,  
Whose classic charms, all fair and bold;

Stand sadly in the real,  
Where dreams poigns to view,  
Silent and calm and soulless too,

Their idolized ideal—

These, these are scarce more bright than he  
Whose heart and genius shrine for me

A heaven of love and light!

And infant angels in my dreams

Are not more beautiful than seems

My smiling child to-night.

Fame, riches, beauty—ay, and love—

By woman prized all else above,

Are mine—but one regret,

Paint, strange, and shadow, haunts my brain,

And grasps afar—in vain, in vain—

Ah, there's a something yet!

## "EYES OPEN"

"Our minister said in his sermon, last evening," said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous wholesale dry goods merchant on market street, as she dusted her mantel ornaments of procelain and marble, on Monday morning, "that we who wanted to do good must be on the constant look out for opportunities; that God does not find our work, and bring it ready fitted and prepared to our hand; but spreads the world before us, and we are to walk through it as Christ and the Apostles did,

with 'eyes open,' looking for sick and the suffering, the poor and the oppressed.

"Now, I am certain," continued the lady as she replaced a marble Diana in the centre of a mantle, "I should like to do some good every day; one feels much better when they go to rest at night; and I'll just keep my 'eyes open' to-day, and see if I come across any opportunities that, under ordinary circumstances, I should let slip."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Beach was in the nursery, with the washerwoman, who had come for the cloths. "I wish, Mrs. Simms," she said, as she heaped the soiled linen into the basket, "that you would get Tommy's aprons ready for me by Wednesday. We are going out of town, to remain until Saturday, and I shall want a good supply on hand for such a careless little scamp as he is."

"Well, I'll try, ma'am said the washerwoman; 've got behind hand a good deal since Sammy had the whooping cough; but now he's better, I must try to make up for lost time."

"Has he had the whooping cough? poor little fellow? How old is he questioned the lady.

"He was three last April, ma'am."

"And Tom is four," mused the lady—Look here, Mrs. Simms! won't you just open the lower drawer of that bureau, and take out the four green worsted dresses in the corner? Tom's out grown them, you see, since last winter but they're almost as good as new. Now, if you want them for little Sammy, they'll do nicely, without altering, I think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach?" answered the washerwoman, with the tears starting into her dim eyes. "I haven't any words to thank you, or tell you what a treasure they'll be. Why, they'll keep the little fellow warm as toast all winter."

"Well, I'll place them on the top of the clothes," said the lady, smiling to herself, as the thought, My eyes have been open once to-day.

Not long afterwards Mrs. Beach was on her way to the market, for she was a notable housekeeper, when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her family the year before, to do errands, wait on the door, &c. He was a bright, good-hearted, merry-faced lad, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had always felt interested in him; but this morning she was in quite a hurry, and would have passed the child with a cordial but hasty. "How are you, Joseph, my boy. Do come and see us," had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not wear its usual happy expression. She paused, as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind and asked. "Is anything the matter with you

Joseph. You don't look as happy as you used to?"

The boy looked up a moment, with a half-doubting, half-confiding expression into the lady's face; the latter triumphed. Mr. Anderson's moved out of town, he said, pushing back his worn, but neatly brushed cap from his hair, "so I've lost my place, then little Mary's sick, and that makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted. "But never mind, Joseph; I remember only quite before last my brother said he would want a new errand boy, in a few days, for his store and he'd give a good one two dollars a week. Now I'll see him to-day, and get the situation for you if you like."

The boy's whole face brightened. "Oh! I shall be so glad of it Mrs. Beach."

"And see here, Joseph; I'm going to market, and perhaps we can find something nice for little Mary." The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a proud woman, and felt that this world be a delicate way of presenting her gift.

She found some delicious pears and grapes and a nice chicken, to make some broth for Mary, whom she learned, was ill with fever before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that the lady did not see Joseph as he sprang into the chamber where little Mary lay moaning weakly on her bed, while her mother sat stitching busily in one corner, and held up the chicken, and the fruit, crying "Good news, I've got all these nice things for Mary, and a place at two dollars a week!"

Oh! how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears did down her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library, absorbed in some new book, when she heard her husband's step in the hall. Though the morning had been so pleasant, the afternoon was cloudy, and the day had gone down in a low sullen, penetrating rain.

Now, Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife but he was not a particularly demonstrative man, and the first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down into a somewhat bare, everyday, matter of fact existence. But her heart was warm to-night, with the good deeds of the day, and remembering her resolution of the morning, she threw down her book, and ran down stairs.

"Henry, dear, has the rain wet you at all? Let me take off you coat for you.

Thank you, Mary; I don't think I'm anywise injured. But you may help me, just for the pleasure of it; and he stood still while she removed the heavy coat, with all that softness of touch and movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it up, and then her husband drew her to his heart with all the old, lover tenderness.

You are thoughtful of me, Mary my wife," he said.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's heart as she went up stairs—music to the words "Eyes open! eyes open!"

—

Virtues and Vices.

A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under these changeable colors is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points, to clear our mind of prejudice and prepossession, and to rectify that narrowness of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from us.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity; and the more we come downward toward our own times, may observe her a hiding in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you will find that Joseph's face did not wear its usual happy expression.

The ancients were of opinion that Echo was a maiden, who had pined away for love, until nothing but her voice was left.

The following terms, to-wit: one-half in hand, and the residue in six months, from day of sale, the deferred payment to be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned, and with interest from date.

ROBERT SEARS, 181 William Street, New York.

Messrs. Munn & Co., are extensively engaged in procuring patents for new inventions, and will advise inventors, without charge, in regard to the novelty of their improvements.

Feb. 13th 1857.

MUNN & CO.

128 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

&lt;p