

THE BOY'S LAST REQUEST.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Half-raised upon his dying couch, his head drooped o'er his mother's bosom—like a bud which, broken from his parent stalk, adheres By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lip.

"Mother, dear mother, see your birth-day gift, Fresh and unsolved. Yet have I kept your word, And ere I sleep each night, and every morn, Did read its pages with my humble prayer, Until this sickness came."

He paused—for breath

Came scantly, and with a tiresome strife. "Brother or sister have I none, or else I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say, Come read it on my grave, among the flowers: So you who gave me must take it back again, And love it for my sake." "My son! My son!" Whispered the mourner in that tender tone Which woman in her sternest agony Commands, to soothe the pang of those she loves— "The soul! the soul! to whose charge yield you that?"

"To God who gave it." So that trusting soul, With a slight shudder, and a lingering smile, Left the pale clay for its Creator's arms.

SUBLIMITY AND BEAUTY.

How blest upon some craggy steep, To view old ocean's waves, As o'er the flashing, foaming deep The wild wind madly raves.

To hear the deep-toned thunder mocked, O'er lofty echoing hills around;

While groaning oaks by lightning shocked, Fall crushed and scattered o'er the ground.

'Tis sweet to view the lightning leap From crag to crag, to hear the roar Of mountain billows as they sweep And burst upon the sandy shore;

While o'er the waste of waters free,

The lofty ship obeys the wind,

And like man o'er eternity Leaves not a track or trace behind.

But sweeter far is it to see All nature bursting into bloom;

Like beauty from death's mandate free,

Rising in glory from the tomb,

When April like a tearful maid,

Comes tripping forth with bosom bare,

And May in blushing smiles array'd

Waves her white arms and golden hair.

But Summer's eve when high in Heaven

The moon in majesty appears,

Of all the scenes by God e'er given,

Is loveliest to the young in years.

Oh if existence e'er hath charms

'Tis when the moon illuminates the earth,

And gay romance seeks beauty's arms,

To give to love and friendship birth.

MILTON BARD.

WHEN MAY I COME AGAIN?

BY MISS SHERIDAN.

You may come—when you know I've been pleased, And the world seems composed of gay laughter. But when by cross authors I'm teased, Don't come!—for I'm vexed all day after.

You may come—if you're looking your best, You'll be welcome—if I look the same! But unless you're becomingly drest, Don't come!—at the door leave your name.

You may come when there's something diverting To tell of dear friends we both know; But if you suspect I am flirting, Don't come!—you'll be Mounseur de Trop!

LOVE ALAMODE.

"Tom, you should take a wife." "Now, love forbids! I found you one last night." "The deuce you did!" "Softly, perhaps she'll please you." "Oh, of course!" "Fifteen?" "Alarming." "Witty." "Nay, that's worse!" "Discreet?" "All show?" "Lovely." "To lure the follows!"

High-born? "Ay, haughty." "Tender-hearted, Jealous!"

Talents overflowing? "Ay, enough to sluice me!"

"And then, Tom, such a fortune!" "Introduce me!"

From the *Western Monthly Magazine*.

A SKETCH.

FROM THE BLACK-BOOK OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

"Come what may, you will never find the happiness you ask; you exact too much from the ideal."

The prophetess spoke truth; but I had worshipped the ideal too long to heed the admonition; and I turned again to the ever smiling countenance of Hope, who still urged me onward.

Oh, hope! fair is thy form to the vision of youth and inexperience. Softly dost thou linger with us in the spring time of existence. Beautiful are thy pictures of happiness, and sweet are the tones of promise with which thou dost betray us. Lovely, fair, but ever in the dim distance, is goal of contentment and joy which thou dost point out to us and we struggle forward, amid strife, and toil, and sorrow—still by thee deceived, and still seduced—until we totter to the brink of the grave, to hear the only truth which thou dost ever utter. It tells of peace in heaven.

I stood at morning upon the peninsula of Apschuron, and the restless waters of the Caspian were sparkling before me in the sunlight. Noon came and passed; but the promised boon came not. It never came. Well, well, I exclaimed, I can die here. The cold waves shall sing my requiem, and their mourning shall outlive my name and the record of my fate.

Follow! follow! said my mysterious guide. Follow to the sunny clime of Italy, or die a baffled wanderer, here.

"Have I not followed thee faithfully and far? Have I not journeyed with thee through many a strange land! The banks of the Euphrates are imprinted with our footprints, and in the grove of Damascus and beneath the cedars of Mount Lebanon have we reposed. We have stood in sorrow by the entombed grandeur of Lakson, and in the ever green valley of Quito, we have loitered in vain. Through climes of eternal snow—through deserts of burning sands—through ocean's calms and storms, with thee have I toiled—with thee have I journeyed—and thou—thou hast even mocked me!" Oh! deceiver, I will follow thee still!"

Gloriously the moonbeams glittered on these towering spires of St. Peter's. Softly they shone upon the buildings of the Vatican. Silence reposed upon the bosom of night, and sweet flowers mingled their perfume with the breath of the zephyrs. Who could have told that, on such a night, the dark angel of destruction was unfurling his banner.

A piercing cry broke the stillness of the hour, and shrieks of fire! resounded wildly through the air. I started from the column against which I had been leaning, & flew towards the part of the city from which the alarm proceeded. Dashing onward through hurrying men and terrified women, and shrieking children, the broad bright blaze of the destroying element soon broke upon my sight. It rose from the dwelling of the Signor di Valendi.

"Save her! save her! for the sake of the holy virgin, save my child," cried a gray-haired man, as I reached the spot. His eyes and hands were raised in agony towards the upper part of the building, as he spoke. Casting a single glance in the direction indicated, I beheld his daughter leaning, pale, and apparently paralyzed, against the side of one of the windows, at a fearful height from the ground.

The fire originated in a back apartment below, and the building was almost entirely enveloped in flame. Below—above—around—all was smoking, blazing and crackling.

A few, urged by feelings of humanity, or cries of the aged father, made attempts to enter the blazing pile and rescue his daughter, but they were driven back by the flames that began to curl in red wreaths along the flight of stairs that arose from the hall.

My coat and cap were upon the ground in an instant. My eye caught the prostrate form of Carlo, who was crouching and whining before me.

"If I perish, God bless thee, Carlo!" I forgot in that moment that he was a dog.

I flew into the smoking hall and bounded up the fiery stairs with the speed and strength of a tiger. I reached the third story, and found myself in a back apartment, without ceiling or roof, amid the red flame and smoke, and falling brands, while the red rafters threatened destruction from above. I saw a smoking door before me which seemed to lead into an apartment fronting the street. I did not stop to reflect, but rushing forward, the iron bolt gave way at my touch, and in another instant the object of my search was in my arms. Flying again to the door at which I had entered, I saw a sight that chilled my heart to the very core. Large pieces of timber had fallen upon the stair case, and were blazing, and crackling, and sending up, and around hot flames—but as the flames of hell.

"God of heaven do not forsake me, now," I exclaimed, as I pressed my unconscious burden closer to my heart. At that instant I saw a flight of stairs that led to an upper apartment, from the room in which I then stood. I remember that I passed up those stairs, forced my way through a skylight, and found myself upon that part of the roof which looked upon the street. The flames were curling over the cone. Large flakes of fire were falling around me. I saw the roof of an adjoining building which the destructive element had not reached. I rushed towards it along the very verge of the eaves, and found that a chasm several feet wide separated the two houses. Ah! it was no time to despair—no time to doubt. I made the leap. I reached the roof, and fell, and rolled with my senseless burden to the very verge—but I grasped with one hand an iron rod that passed along the eaves—and I knew that I had saved the old man's child. Ay—I saw that I grasped her wrist with my right hand. I saw that my fingers were buried in the flesh. And I knew that she was safe!

I looked down upon the silent crowd. The light of the flames shone full upon them. They spoke not—they moved not—but with pale cheeks and parted lips, they stood statue-like, gazing up at me, as I hung suspended from the roof.

"A ladder?" I exclaimed in a voice which I did not recognize as my own. The words had an electric effect. The whole mass below appeared to be in agitation. Another moment, and a ladder was raised against the wall. I felt my feet upon one of the rounds. Releasing my hold of the rod, I began to descend. My frame seemed to be of iron. Not a muscle shook, not a nerve trembled. I reached the ground in safety. I saw the old man clasp his child to his heart. I saw no more—I remembered no more of what passed that night. The roaring of a thousand cataracts sounded in my ears, and I staggered, and reeled, and fell. *

How long I remained insensible I know not. I awoke as from a dream, and found myself reclining upon a sofa in a gorgeous apartment, which was lighted by a lamp that burned feebly upon a small table near me. I was just awakening from the fever of delirium, and it was some time I could collect my wandering senses. The events of the night of the fire, however, soon recurred to my mind; and I remembered all. But I knew not where I was. Looking around the dimly lighted apartment, I saw a female form. She seemed to be gazing on me with a look of the sweetest tenderness. Those features could not be mistaken. I should have known them in eternity. It was the daughter of the Signor di Valendi. A sudden light burst upon my soul. Was my pilgrimage at last ended? Was the boon at last to be found? Would she love me? Why would she not? My heart again felt the thrill of the spring time of youth. My blood ran wild through my veins. I arose from the couch. I knew her before her. I spoke long and incoherently. I told her all my sorrows and all my hopes. I was bewildered with the intensity of my own feelings. She did not turn from me. Her face was not averted, and I thought I saw by the flickering light, a deep blush suffusing her cheeks, I thought I saw her white bosom heave with emotion while a tear seemed to be stealing to her soft blue eyes. I believed she would love me. How could I doubt it. Madmen with ecstasy, I arose from my kneeling posture, and rushing forward, clasped to my heart—lifeless—soulless—cold.

Slowly did I unclasp that embrace. Steadily did I gaze for one moment on the portrait before. I did not faint—not fall—not falter. But I laughed—ay, I laughed—long—loudly—bitterly.

A CONTENTED WIFE.

A man named Johnson, who resides in Bargeyard was charged with having disturbed the neighborhood with the very sound of the blows which he inflicted upon his wife Louisa, who appeared before the Lord Mayor with a hideous black eye.

A watchman stated that when Johnson took an extra pint of gin, he was seized with a cruel appetite to blacken his wife's eyes. On the previous night he happened to exceed his usual quantum, and the moment he entered his lodging, he began to labor at his favorite amusement. When the neighbors flock to the room to prevent murder, they saw the defendant beating his wife as industriously as if he was paid regular wages for his exertion.

The Lord Mayor (to the wife.) Well, I suppose you have come to complain of your husband?

Mrs. Johnson. No I haven't.

Didn't he give you that black eye? Not he, indeed. I've got a violent cold in my eye. To be sure he sometimes gives me a dab in the face; but that's only between he and I—it's nothing to nobody else.

As you take it so kindly, I dare say he often indulges you in that way! Why, we have our bits of quarrel, like all other married people.

What, all? All I ever knew or heard of, to be sure. I dare say I ain't a bitter than him. At any rate he is father to my children, and he works for 'em; and why shouldn't I stand a thump now and then, if he fancies it?

The Lord Mayor. Then you have no complaint to make against him! Complaint! What would I complain against him for! I have a right to complain of those that wouldn't let him alone.

The Lord Mayor. You deserve to be treated well, my poor woman. He must be a great brute who would strike you, and I must protect you against the violence of this man.

Mrs. Johnson. Why then God bless your lordship, and leave us to settle the business ourselves; (laughter.)

Mr. Hobler. She will manage him better than we can, my lord. I heard of a young woman, who complained that her husband had not affection for her. What's your reason for supposing so, said her confidant? Because, replied she, I have been married to him a whole month, and he has not walloped me once in all that time, (laughter.)

The defendant here vowed that he never would raise his hand to his wife again, and

The Lord Mayor permitted him to go to his employment, upon the assurance that he would never take a drop of gin again, except in the company of his wife.

In South Africa, a slave who makes a complaint against his master is himself imprisoned till the owner finds it convenient to answer the complaint!

Present meaning for certain popular Words.

GENTLEMAN—One who feels ashamed to be in the company of those who labor for a living; is to be seen at the theatre looking at the ladies through a double barrelled opera glass.

LADY—A female in the shape of a pair of saddle bags, small in the middle and big at both ends—and who is ever and anon spinning street yarn.

COMMON PEOPLE—Those who prepare the feast and stand looking on, while *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* eat it.

LOWER ORDERS—Farmers, Mechanics, and all other laboring people.

JUSTICE—This word, though frequently used, does not seem to mean much of any thing at the present day; it is generally applied to those who *gheat* the Printer, and is sometimes used in reference to *Quack Lawyers*, who very charitably underrate the productions of an Editor, because they have neither the genius or capacity to *imitate him*. "He who steals my purse steals trash"—but 'tis useless to cast pearl before swine—so we bid these small insects good night.

HONESTY—To get money any way you can by grinding the face of the poor.

ESQUIRE—A *Republican* title applied to *Lawyers*—gentlemen who wish to lead the people by the nose.

PROTECTION—An indirect tax upon imported articles which tend to make the rich man richer, and the poor man poorer.

BURSTERS—One who lives without work, rides much, and drives fast, gets drunk at night and sleeps those who follow suit in the day time, dresses fine, and minds every body's business but his own; abh, he's a *fourth proof "burster"*—a gentleman of the first water.

Going Ahead. In the course of the past summer, a young lady of this city, whom we shall designate as Miss A., obtained the service of a friend whom we may style Mr. B., to escort her to Bordentown, on her way to New York. They arrived at Chester street, wharf about five minutes before the time of starting, and the gentleman having handed the lady on to the deck of the inner boat, (that for Baltimore,) left her with the direction, "Go ahead, and I'll look after your baggage." The lady not understanding that to *go ahead* she must *go across*, quietly walked herself to the stern of the boat on which she was, and took her seat on one of the settees, musing perchance as she gazed upon our *beautiful quays*, when the Delaware Avenue prescribed by Mr. Gerard would be begun. In the mean time Mr. B. having found the Knight of the Wheelbarrow, causes Miss A.'s trunk and bandboxes to be conveyed on to the New York boat and safely deposited. This had been scarcely accomplished when the clock struck, and the New York and the Baltimore boats pushed off. Knowing as Miss A. did that Mr. B. was a member of the Temperance Society, she felt no uneasiness at not seeing him immediately, but that the boats should go so far *down the river* excited much astonishment. "Bless me, (said she to an elderly lady on her right hand,) what a long turn the boat is going to make!" Why we are nearly opposite the Navy Yard." "We are not going to make any turn, my dear," said the lady addressed; "this is the right way to go to Baltimore." "Yes, no doubt," said Miss A., "but this is the Baltimore boat." "Indeed, Indian," rejoined Miss A., "you must be laboring under some delusion. I am going to New York, and this is the New York boat." The debate waxing a little warm, the question was referred to the Captain, who of course decided against Miss A.

In the mean time Mr. B. was looking "up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," for the fair object of his escort—but no Miss A. was to be seen, nor had the steward, the captain's clerk, the cook, the waiters and the chamber-maid set eye that morning upon such a lady as he described. At length Mr. B. came to the conclusion that Miss A. had remained on the wrong boat. Miss A., who was probably had been left on shore, proceeded to New Castle. Mr. B. was deposited at Burlington. How they amused themselves during the day in this state of involuntary separation, has not been mentioned, but the evening boats took Mr. B. and the bandboxes *down*, and Miss A. *up* to Philadelphia, and arriving at the same time, the travellers stopped like John Gilpin, at the starting point, and walked up Chestnut street together; the gentleman resolved in future to have an eye to each part of the *baggage*, and the lady determined to adopt as her guide the *whole* of Col. Crockett's excellent advice, "Be always sure you're right, then Go Ahead."

Philadelphia *Gazette*.

Historical fact. During the troubles in the reign of Charles the First, a country girl went from George's Cross, near this town, to London, in search of a place as a servant maid; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carry out beer from a brewery, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer, observing a well looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his house as a servant, and after a while married her; but he died while she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to apply to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James the Second, and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

Manchester *Guardian*.

Preachers. The Editor of the *Portland Advertiser* is an admirable satirist, and has a charming way of "rapping folks over the knuckles." He is at present in Canada, writing letters to his elbow chair. In his last, he mentions having gone to Church on a Sunday, where a British regiment were at service. He says of the officiating priest: "A sensible man preached for us, who did not care much what he was saying, and of course his auditors did not care much about him. If a minister preaches like a man talking in his sleep, an audience are not to blame if they close their eyes also."

We have received "Davy Crockett's Go-Ahead Alman