

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
SUMMER'S PAST.

Autumn, in sober shades, is coming
O'er hill and dell;
The lone night insects and are humming
Summer's farewell;
Dim blight the flowers are shading,
The deep green leaves are fading—
Time journeys fast,
And moulderling, dark destruction aiding—
Summer's past.

In quick succession, seasons changing,
Return and go;
To dark oblivion forever ranging—
All thing is below;
To crumbling ruins drifting,
Their stations, courses shifting;
Why stand aghast!
Thy thoughts to present objects lifting—

Summer's past.

The brilliant sun, his glory flinging
Down western skies,
The rosy eastern morn is bringing
Unto our eyes,
Then moon and stars bright glowing,
The night thy lamps are showing—
Thy glory hast;
But, ah! this summer never more bestowing—
Summer's past.

And human joy, hopes pleasure flying,
Save no bright ray;
But soon in disappointments dying,
Pass, fade away.
Aught that on each we can wish,
In mourning, sorrow vanish
To dust at last.
Therefore all dreaming baubles banish—
Summer's past.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

BY BULWER.

My son! not a tear shall be shed,
Though my heart be as dark as the grave;
To weep would dishonor the dead—
For Greece hath no tears for the brave!

In thy fall thou hast triumph'd, my son!
And all Sparta has conquered with thee;
The race of thy glory is run—
But thy country, thy country is free!

When thy hand gave thy father his shield—
As he left his last kiss on thy brow,
He said, "Go forth to the field—
But for Greece for glory like thou!"

Yes if Hellas our hero should claim,
Oh! remember thy breast is her wall!
He said—and he went to his fame—
He fell—as a Spartan should fall!

And when years had bro't strength to thine arm,
And I gave thee the sword of the slain,
I felt not a moment's alarm—
But I arm'd thee myself for the plain.

As I braced on thy helmet, I smiled
At the valor that flashed from thine eye,
I gave thee no lessons, my child—
I knew that thou never couldst fly.

Away with each whisper of woe!
Thou hast met with the fate that hast braved,
But thy feet were not turned from the foe,
And thy Sparta, thy Sparta is saved!

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

You've a hard row to hoe, noble knight of the sod,
But to till in the earth is the mandate of God;
And if by the sweat of your brow you must win
Your bread, it is time, it is time to begin;

Then go to, go,
If your bread by the sweat of your brow you must win,
Hoe out your row.

In the rough row before you though rugged the soil,
'Twill repay in due season the cultur's toil;
Tha' wild grass and weeds so profusely abound,
Perseverance and patience will mellow the ground;

Apply the hoe,

Perseverance and patience will mellow the ground;
Hoe out your row.

Though the young tender plant is now feeble and pale,

Let not faith in the promise of harvest time fail;
Nor deem you are tired as a motive to stop,

If you would be sure of a plentiful crop;

Your progress tho' slow,

If you would be sure of a plentiful crop,
Hoe out your row,

Let it never be said that you flagged on the way,
Or that idly you turned from your labor to play;

Not heed wind nor weather, nor yet burning sun,
But go ahead manfully till you have done:

Quick wield the hoe,

And go ahead manfully till you have done—
Hoe out your row.

Soon shall the tender plant broadly expand,
And loftily rise 'neath a cherishing hand;

Already, methinks, greener, fairer it looks—
Then carefully nurse its young delicate shoots,

And bid it grow;

Then carefully nurse its young delicate shoots—
Hoe out your row.

I admit that your row is peculiarly hard,
But bountiful heaven insures your reward;

I own it is long—but believe me, my friend,

If you hold on your way you will come to the end,
With certainty know,

If you hold on your way you will come to the end,
Hoe out your row.

When done, you may rest; while with pride and joy,
You behold the result of your useful employ,

And reflect that e'en toil hath a blessing and charm;

It nerves the free spirit, adds strength to the arm;

Then speed the hoe—

With invincible spirit and vigorous arms,
Hoe out your row.

Bold Yeoman, proceed and when finished your task,
You then may presume Heaven's blessing to ask;

And the author of Nature will graciously smile

On FIRM PERSEVERANCE and VIRTUOUS TOIL,

Then go, man go,

Hoe out your row.

The first session of the Legislature of Tennessee, under the new constitution, commenced on the 5th instant; Col Jonathan Webster was elected Speaker of the Senate, by a majority of one vote, and Col. E. M. Foster was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, without opposition.

SPANISH MANNERS. The belles of St. Sebastian are represented as justly vain of their superior foot and ankle, and spend much of their time, perched upon one leg, on the cross iron bar of the balcony, swinging the other backwards and forwards in the air, for the benefit of the spectators.

N. Y. Transcript.

SOMETHING NEW. A Norman gentleman has invented a snuff box in the shape of a pistol, which by the help of a spring fires the snuff up the nose without the trouble of snuffing.

It is stated that the notorious Robert Potter, who was expelled some time ago from the Legislature of North Carolina, is now engaged in organizing the militia of Taxes to oppose the Mexican troops.

"NORMAN LESLIE."

We have been favored, by a friend, with a chapter from the new novel, now in the press of the Messrs. Harper, which will be read with interest.

"It was the first night of the carnival of Rome.—There was a masked ball. Lords, dukes, princes, and noble ladies thronged the splendid dome. A gorgeous tide of fashion heaved and swelled to its utmost height.

Could all the thoughts and feelings—all the burning passions—the cunning schemes—the bright hopes—the blank suspicions—the joy, the agony, that went upon beneath those floating plumes and sparkling stars—could they be laid open to the day, what flashing characters mingled in the whirl! Hark to the young sweet voices—watch the actions of each passing incognito. Who are they? The husband is there watching his wife—the lover his mistress; jealousy rolls its eyes unsee; hate lurks beneath a painted smile; the very air is full of mysteries.

A gay harlequin and one in palmer's weeds met.

"Hist! Speak!"

"The bright stars above us," murmured one.

"And the hell beneath," replied the other.

"Right," said the first in secret whisper; "is he here?"

"By the Virgin! I saw him. But there are two in the same dress, and it has thrown me off the track."

"Whist!—look!"

"Can it be?"

"It is."

"The plume of the right one is touched with crimson."

"I will speak with him," said the palmer.

"In ten minutes meet me by the column where we parted."

"Off—he comes!"

They separated.

"Holy Mother!" cried a cavalier, muffled in a dark mantle, his broad hat looped up with a diamond, and shaded by a sable plume, "both—both are here.—God! could I mistake!—there two fraternal friends! See—see how the same stealthy pace shows in each the same quiet, soft, hellish hate! Now nerve me Heaven! Palmer's weeds, and the many colored harlequin—I shall not forget, and both on the blood-track after him. Be still, deep-fraught breast, thy time is almost come!"

Gilding swiftly after the first two speakers the cavalier disappeared.

All eyes were turned upon him as he passed, so prudently was his port. The young knight won hearts in all directions. Beautiful he must have been, though the features could not be distinguished behind the visor bars; his armour glittered in the almost noon-tide splendour; the plume floating over his helmet was touched with crimson.

"From the Holy land, sir knight?" asked a palmer.

"Ay, good pilgrim."

"And the blood of the infidels on thy plume? I would, sir knight, that they stained with blood were all the red tokens as fairly as thou!"

"Ha!" cried the knight.

The palmer was gone.

Again they separated.

A harlequin stood leaning against a column.

"Holy sir palmer!"

"Merry fool!"

"Did you rightly guess?"

"When was I ever mistaken? I touched his master-chord, and it trembled beneath my hand. It is himself!"

"The red plume!"

"Ay, you cannot be mistaken."

A glimmer from the mask of the harlequin showed the flash of fiery eyes.

"It is well."

"Can I aid you?"

"Not alone—alone, I do it! Headless shall lie at lefty plume ere to-morrow's sun!"

The graceful and slender cavalier drew his dark feathers lower over his brow, and while the harlequin stole through the crowd, followed close on his track.

Two stately forms swept by in royal robes. The one, a man of imposing aspect, crowned, and in his hand a sceptre; the other, a lady, a diadem on her brow. On the monarch's arm hung a girl unmasked, and beautiful as morning. The young knight saw her, and started so abruptly with an exclamation of delight and amazement.

"Fair lady," he said after an interval, during which, with the license of the place, he had regarded her attentively, "may an honorable knight-errant lay her at your feet his heart, and ever do battle in your name!"

"No, sir knight," said Flora, smiling, for it was she; "seek, I pray you, some other love—some wretchedness."

"There was no answer. He changed his position.

As he suspected, his informant had disappeared.

He sent keen glances round amid the thousands.—Palmers and harlequins were passing and repassing him in every direction.

"The red plume!"

"Well, my fair page!"

"Beneath the vase, on your pedestal, lies a scroll.

"It is for you; but read it not till you are alone."

Bewildered, half believing himself in a romantic dream, he made his way to the spot designated. Passing with a cautious hand moved the small vase. Passing his fingers over the marble, he seized a strip of paper.

Trembling with curiosity, hoping that he was about to make the discovery which would lift him at once to bliss unutterable, he forgot the caution he had so singularly received respecting the harlequin; and, after wrapping around him a heavy black mantle which he had left in the corridor, without waiting for his carriage, he hastened—he almost flew into the street.

The moon was just emerging from a silver cloud that lay like a bar along the sky. Its light fell broadly down from the eaves of an immense palace. Pausing in a narrow lane, he held up the scroll. It contained only a line:—"By twilight, meet me tomorrow night, at St. Peter's, before the altar of St. Leo the Great. Your life, more than your liberty, depends on it."

A short, deep exclamation at his side startled him; and the glimmer of a bright blade trembled in the moonbeam.

"Hast at last!" cried a well-known voice, as a dagger was lifted over his breast.

Off his guard, unarmed, utterly exposed, death once again gleamed before him; from which all his personal strength and courage would have been unable to defend him, when a figure darted upon them and threw a heavy cloak over the arm of the assassin. Grasping him, thus entangled, Norman brought him to the ground, and tore off his mask. The face of Chaimont met his eyes. It was black with passion. He wrenched the knife from his hand—a dreadful feeling flashed across him; but muttering, "No—no blood!" he flung the blade fiercely away. "Dog! assassin! you shall come with me!"

A crowd of revellers burst suddenly round the corner—several rushed to the spot. Norman stood alone—His victim, with a sudden and desperate struggle, had wrenched himself away; leaving only a few shreds, of various colors, in the hand of his foe.

MORE OF THEIR LORDSHIPS. We understand that it was not in this city alone, and in breaking lamps and watchman's heads, that the Marquis of Waterford and his gallant peers exhibit their noble bearing. As they were travelling lately abroad on one of the southern boats, they took occasion, as the old lady said, to "show their brought up." They went aboard in the garb of common sailors; but as their inclinations were somewhat more aspiring than their dress seemed to indicate, they were not careful to confine themselves to sailor's quarters.

He paused, and resumed again in a tone yet lower and deeper—

"Yes, dear, most beloved Flora! the bosom once more, after long and weary years, heaves at the sound of your voice, has learned nothing from absence but love, although more hopeless—but adoration, although offered in despair. Farewell again—now, perhaps, for ever."

"Stay—stay! she cried, pale as monumental marble, yet uttering not the last exclamation to render the interesting interview less interrupted by others.

The knight obeyed.

"Something tells me," said she, after a short pause, and with a voice that trembled with emotion, "that I speak to one whom I have met in a distant land."

"It's an exile added the stranger, "whose years of agony would be repaid a thousand fold, if but one kind word from your lips would bless with hope that deep and faithful love which absence could never weaken, nor even despair destroy."

"Mr. Leslie!"

His very heart stood still. Those same eyes which had haunted him in the remotest climes were now turned on him with increased loveliness and feeling. At this moment the cavalier with the sable plume approached, and said,

"Ho, sir knight—a word with you!"

He to whom this was addressed showed little inclination to accept an invitation so abruptly given, and was turning away, disdaining reply, when the speaker, shading his brows with one hand, half-lifted the mask. Beneath it glanced the eyes of Countess D.

At such periods, years of thought flash over us in a moment. That remarkable face—he had first seen it with Howard, and saved her from the mad steeds; it had floated afterward, darkly, ominously, in his delirious dreams; then the haughty coldness with which it had mingled in the giddy circles at Florence—the firmness with which Morton had identified it at Cascine.—The consummate skill which had guided her through his interviews with her, and now again to fling the suspicion from his mind; and now, here, beneath a mask, in man's attire, the same glance—but its coldness changed to fire—its meaning and its mystery unveiled, gleaming on him amid terror and confusion of this magnificent scene! Even Flora was forgotten.

"Norman Leslie!" she said after a gaze of singular agitation, "you are in danger!"

"How! from whom?"

"Your life—you are watched!"

"My life I value not; but, mysterious woman, you know me—you are then she! By Heaven!" he grasped her wrist, "you shall not leave me till—"

"For God's sake! I am your friend; stand aside but for one moment. Seem not to regard me. Eyes are on us—eyes of hate, fire, and revenge. More presently."

She glided away, leaving Norman almost motionless with astonishment. He turned to Flora—she also was gone.

"I will speak with him," said the palmer.

"In ten minutes meet me by the column where we parted."</