



A VOICE FROM THE WINE PRESS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Twas for this they reared the vine,
Foster'd every leaf and shoot,
Loved to see its tendrils twine,
And cherished it from branch to root!
Twas for this, that from the blast
It was screened and taught to run,
That its fruit might ripen fast,
Over the trellis, to the sun.

And for this they rende're tore
Every cluster from the stem;
Twas to crush us till we pour
Out our very blood for them.
Well, though we are tortured thus,
Still our essence shall emot,
Vengeance they shall find, with us,
May be slow, but will be sure.

And the longer we are pent,
From the air and cheering light,
Greater when they give us vent,
For our rest shall be our might,
And our spirits, they shall see,
Can assume a thousand shapes;—
These are words verity,
Uttered by the dying grapes.

Many a stately form shall reel,
When our power is felt within;
Many a foolish tongue reveal
What the recent draught has been;
For a thoughtless, yielding youth,
With his promise all in bloom,
Goes from paths of peace and truth,
To an early, shameful tomb.

We the purse will oft unclasp,
All its hidden treasure take,
And the husband in our grasp.
Leave the wife with heart to break,
While his babies are pinched with cold,
We will bind him to the bowl,
Till his features we behold
Glowing like a living coal.

We will bid the gown-man put
To his lip a glass or two,
Then we'll stab him in the foot,
Till it oversteps the shoe,
And we'll swell the Doctor's hill,
While he purries us in vain;
He may cure, but we will kill
Till our thousand's we have slain.

When we've drawn their peace and health,
Strength and hopes within the bowl,
More we'll ask than life or wealth,
We'll require the very soul!
Ye who from our blood are free,
Take the charge we give you now;
Taste not, till ye wait and see
If the grapes forget their vow.

If Hope be dead.

If Hope be dead—why seek to live?
For what beside has life to give?
Love, Life, and Youth, and Beauty too,
If Hope be dead—say! where are you?
Love without Hope! It cannot be.
There is a vessel on yon sea,
Becalmed' and earless as despair,
And know—'tis homeless Love that's there.
Life without Hope! Oh, that is not
To live, but day by day to rot
With feelings cold, and passions dead—
To wander o'er the world, and tread
Upon its beauties; and to gaze,
O! the vacant, o'er its flow'ry baze;
O! I think, if this be Life—then say,
What lives when hope has fled away?
Yon without Hope! An endless night,
Trees which have felt the cold spring's
blight,
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's
strife,
Tet pine away a weary life.
Which older, would have sunk and died,
Beneath the strokes their youth defied—
But cursed with length of days, are left
To rot at Youth of Hope bereft.
And Beauty too—when Hope is gone,
Has lost the ray in which it shone;
And, seen without this bor'w'd light,
Has lost the beam which made it bright.
Now what avail the silken hair,
The angel smile and genial air,
The beaming eye, and glance refined,
Faint semblance of the purer mind—
As gold dust sparkling in the sun
Points where the richer strain run,
Aye! they now just seem to be
Bestow'd to mock at misery.
They speak of days, long, long gone by,
Then come to cold Reality,
And, with a death-like smile, they say,
"Oh! what are we when Hope's away?"
Thus Love, Life, Youth, and Beauty too,
When seen without Hope's bright boding line,
All sigh in Misery's saddest tone,
Why seek to live if Hope be gone?

HOME.

Prov'd through many a weary round,
I've wandered east and west;
Pleasure in every clime I've found,
But sought in vain for rest.
While glory sighs for other spheres,
I feel that one's too wide,
And think the mate that love endears
Is worth the world beside.

Dr. Franklin recommends a young man in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as his reasons, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

PREDICTION.

A TALE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

[CONCLUDED.]

"And are you the stranger?" she exclaimed, drawing her skinny arms from the suds in which they were immersed, and placing them akimbo; "are you the stranger, who baited at our village years ago, when our husbands and our sons were marching to the wars in the Canadas?"

"I am the same."

"Well, my old eyes have not failed me yet, in spite of all my sorrow. That was a woful day to many of us, and many a woful day did it bring after it," I inquired after the fate of her husband.

"Good man," she continued, "he has gone to a more peaceful world than this. He was a hard working man, and well to do, and never wronged another of the value of that suds, and that is more than some can say that ride in their gilt coaches. But he is now gone where honesty will turn to better account, than all the gold and dross of this world. If he were but back again, I should not be saving here like a gally slave as I am to find bread for his poor dear orphan boy, Gilbert!" she cried in a shrill tone, and continued: "but I will train him up in the right path, and he will not depart from it. Gilbert!" she again cried with increased energy. "He is the comfort of my age, the joy of my widowed heart. Gilbert, you Gilbert!" she shrieked, "which way can the brat have gone?"

She espied the luckless little raggedurchin hard by, laughing aloud and wrestling with a water dog, dripping wet from the river. "I'll change your note, you undutiful hound—take that," she exclaimed, at the same time suiting the action to the word. The boy made a hasty retreat, crying; and the dog ran after him barking, and rubbing his wet skin on the green sward, in the fullness of joy, which can hardly be attributable to the lad's misfortune.

I inquired of the virago, how her husband, the drummer died.

"Like a soldier on the frontiers. He was shot with a musket ball, and fell by the side of Hugh Cameron, who Heaven bless him, was at the same time maimed, and made a cripple for life. See, you he goes, leaning on the arm of Lucy Gray. Poor souls, their only joy is to be together, but that joy will not last long. I have lived a goodly time, and have seen many, but never a pair like them. Their troth was plighted before the ware; he loved Lucy more than life, from the time he was a boy, and used to break the hush of the mountains with the sound of his flute at midnight, with him who now rests under the cypress tree. Yet when he found himself a cripple, and unable to support his Lucy by the labor of his hands, he sent a letter from the hospital where he was lying, many a long mile from this releasing Lucy from her vows, and making her quite free to marry another if she fancied him."

"It was nobly done on his part; what answer returned Lucy?"

"She wrote to him, that as Hugh Cameron was no longer able to work for Lucy Gray, she was able and willing to work for Hugh Cameron. He no sooner received the letter than he left the hospital, and travelled homewards, for he was impatient to see her that he now loved more than any other. He travelled far and fast, night and day, which brought on a fever, and when he arrived at last, he looked like the shadow of what he was. He lay on his sick bed for weeks, the fever was cured, but it left behind a disease which no medicine can cure."

Lucy and the invalid had by this time entered the village; I felt a curiosity to see more of them, and taking an abrupt leave of the loquacious widow, I rode up to the inn, and was cordially welcomed by my quondam host. I lost no time in directing my steps towards the widow Gray's cottage—as I approached, the unceasing hum of the widow's wheel denoted that she was at her station. I entered, and on making myself known as an early acquaintance of her husband, she recognized me, though her features had escaped my memory. The room was uncommonly neat—the fragrance of the wild flowers, cultivated by Lucy, was perceptible; they were placed in water upon a bureau, in front of a looking glass in a well polished mahogany frame. We passed into it through the back door of the cottage, shaded by an arbor, over which the vines were already gradually stealing. The lovely girl was at the extremity of the little garden, bending over a flower that required her attention.

"Truly," I observed, "her labour has not been idly spent."

"A blessing," continued the widow, "appears to attend all she does."

The invalid appeared intent upon what Lucy was doing, but the praise which escaped the widow's lips, did not escape him. He turned towards us and said— "True, mother, even the drooping narcissus revives at her touch, your aged heart grows glad in her presence, and the weight of years is forgotten; nay, even I dream of coming happiness when I see her smile, but the narcissus will bloom only for a few days longer, then wither and sink to the earth."

"But the flower will revive again in spring," said Lucy, "more beautiful than at the time it faded."

"All things look glad in spring," he continued, "the notes of the various birds are more melodious, the buds burst forth, the mountain trees put on their rich attire, the flowers of the valley dispense their hidden fragrance, the ice-bound brook is freed from its fetters, and every breeze is fresh with fragrance; but I, amid this general revival must fade and die alone. I would the autumn were already arrived, and the leaves were falling, for then to die would be natural, and I should leave the world with less regret."

We returned to the cottage, and the widow resumed her station at the wheel, while Lucy prepared the tea table, which was covered with fine bleached linen, which the widow mentioned with an air of pride, was the product of her hands. The humble meal was soon ready, and was eaten with thankfulness and delight by the cottagers, a joy unknown to those who have not, by their own labour, first produced the sustenance of life.

The meal being over, the widow returned to her wheel, and recounted the occurrences of former days, until the sadness of the present was forgotten in the remembrance of the past. The brow of the invalid became more cheerful, and Lucy's spirits resumed their natural buoyancy from the transient gleam of sunshine that lighted up the face of her lover. She sung—her voice was sweet, and there was a thrilling wildness in it, seldom to be found in those more refined and cultivated. It was powerful and spirit stirring—Hugh Cameron dwelt upon each note with intense interest—His features became animated, and he mangled his voice with her's. The widow stopped her incessant wheel and lifted her head to listen. The invalid suddenly raised his voice, and cried, "that note again, Lucy, that note again."

She repeated it with so full a tone, and so clearly, that the glasses in the window, and on the cupboard, vibrated with the sound.

"Hush; that is the note I know it well. Now listen." He attempted to imitate the note, but he failed, for his voice was too feeble. He then added, "Not yet, Lucy, not yet; my time is not come yet."

The cheerfulness of the poor girl was suddenly changed to sadness, she ceased to sing; the widow's countenance fell, and she resumed her labour in silence.

The evening was now considerably advanced, and I arose to take my departure. The invalid accompanied me towards the inn. I expressed my curiosity to know what he meant by his observation, when he failed to imitate the note.

"That," said he, "was the note to which the heavenly spheres were attuned, when concord prevailed throughout the creation; when the plan was first set in motion, and God pronounced all good."

I looked at him with astonishment, he continued: "I have heard that note at midnight, proceed from the voice of my dog, as he howled beneath my chamber window at the moon—it was ominous. I have heard it in the voice of the screech owl, while perched on the large cypress tree in the church yard: I have heard it in the echoes of the mountains when I have shouted—in the howling of the tempest; in the murmuring of the waters, and the rustling of the trees; for every thing, animate and inanimate retain that sound, to which universal harmony will again be attuned by the masterhand. And when that sound proceeds from this voice, I shall cease to think of earthly matters. I perceive you doubt the truth of my theory. If you suspend a piece of metal or glass by a thread, and strike the note which lies dormant therein, upon a musical instrument, you will draw it forth; the substance will respond, and when the heavenly harps are attuned, and their notes are permitted to extend to the numberless spheres, all created things, both animate and inanimate, will join in the concord, the discordant particles will be reconciled and all be harmony again. All things partake of heaven."

Even the drowsy of the valley and the wild flowers of the mountain, retain and diffuse a portion of the aromatic atmosphere which prevails in purer regions than this. As we approach death, the sense of smelling becomes more acute and delicate; so much so, that I can already discover in the flowers of the season, that fragrance which belongs to this world, and that which is ethereal. There are numberless omens in nature, which warn the wise man of approaching change, and they are not to be illy slighted." With these remarks, we arrived at the inn; he pressed my hand at parting, and slowly retraced his steps to the widow's cottage.

I arose early the succeeding morning, and continued my journey towards the border line of New York. I was absent about two weeks from the village, and it was a calm evening as I again approached it, through the valley formed by the Delaware. Before the village appeared, I heard the solemn tolling of a church bell, which grew louder and fainter, as the breeze that swept up the valley rose and died away. The evening was spent in reading such passages of the scriptures to him as he pointed out. His mind continued firm

as I drew nigh to the village, it appeared quite deserted. I rode up to the tavern, but my attentive host did not make his appearance. I remained, seated on my horse, with my face towards the Blue Ridge—the winding road which led across the mountain, though nearly concealed by the towering trees, was at intervals to be seen, perfectly bare, from the village—a long retinue appeared crossing one of those interstices; it moved slowly along, and was lost in the shades of the forest. When the last had disappeared, I alighted, and discovered at a short distance, a lad with his eyes fixed intently on the spot, over which the mournful train had passed. It was little Gilbert, the drummer's child—I inquired the reason of the village being deserted, and he sobbed, "Hugh Cameron's dead, and they are now burying him where he wished to be buried." The boy, still weeping, led the way to the stable, and supplied the horse with food.

What are the promises of this world! There was a time when fancy whispered to Hugh Cameron, the ceaseless hum of the widow's wheel would be silenced; her chair would occupy the most conspicuous place around his fire side, and clambering on her knees would be seen, a little image of his lovely Lucy. The dream was a joyous one, and life is but a dream. He whose fancy can paint the hopes of to morrow in the most vivid colours, attains the summit of all earthly bliss; for there is much, very much in anticipation—but little, very little in fruition.

In the evening I went to condole with the mourners. Lucy had already retired, for her's was a sorrow to outstrip upon which, would add to its pungency.

"The day you left us," said the widow, "the departed crossed the river with Lucy and little Gilbert. They strolled up the cypress hollow until they arrived at his favourite retreat, where

the torrent dashes impetuously down the side of the mountain, and the surrounding precipices sends back numberless echoes. He seated himself, and listened instantly to the roar of the waters. Not a sound escaped him, and every note was tried by his ear. He stooped by the stream where the water gurgled over its pebbly bed, and discovered notes imperceptible to any ear less acute than his own. A sudden gust of wind agitated the tall pines; he stood erect, paused and pointing to the bending tops of the trees, exclaimed, "it is there too, Lucy, even in that hollow moan of the monarch of the forest I detect it." He shouted, and the valley rang with echo; he repeated it—listened to every sound, and his face became animated as he caught the faint return made by the most distant hill. His dog raised his ears and barked, "it is there too, Lucy," he exclaimed, "even the voice of poor Carlo is full of melody, and your voice, Lucy, even when you first told me that you loved, sounded not so musically, so heavenly sweet." He directed Gilbert to gather for him, the mountain honeysuckle, the cypress branches, the laurel, and such flowers and blossoms as were putting forth. The boy came with his arms full, and laid them at the feet of the invalid. "My sense of smelling," he said, "was never so acute. The fragrance arising from those branches almost overpowers me. Yet I enjoy it, and although widely different in their odours, I can perceive a portion of the same subduing fragrance proceeding from each. Their colours are more vivid—sounds are more distinct, and my touch more sensible than formerly.—These changes tell me that I shall never visit this valley again." He rose from the rock upon which he was seated, took Lucy by the arm, and proceeded towards the village in silence. Carlo walked closely and dejectedly by his master's side, and even the reckless Gilbert did not venture to break the silence until he had safely paddled them across the river, and was left alone to secure the canoe.

"From that day," continued the widow, "he grew worse, and it was evident to all that the dear boy would not be long with us. The evening preceding his death, he was lying on the bed, and Lucy and myself were taking our solitary meal with little appetite, for he who dispensed joy around our board, was unable to take his wonted place. He turned in his bed, and said in a voice scarcely above his breath, 'mother what time does the moon go down?' I told him the hour; and inquired why he asked. 'Nothing,' he added, 'only this mother, say all you have to say to me, before the moon goes down.' His voice was scarcely articulate. Lucy burst into tears, and removed her chair to the head of the bed. He perceived her grief, and pressing her hand to his feverish lips, said, 'do not weep Lucy, indeed I have more cause to grieve than you, though my heart feels little of sorrow at present. She asked him his cause of grief. 'It is this, Lucy, that I can not repay your matchless love, and unwearied care of me.' The poor girl's tears flowed afresh, and her heart sobbed as if it would break. The evening was spent in reading such passages of the scriptures to him as he pointed out. His mind continued firm

and clear. About midnight he desired that the casement of the window might be thrown open—it opened upon a full view of the river—The night was bright and almost as bright as day. An owl was hooting from the grave yard, and the whip-poor-will was flying low and screaming—poor Carlo howled sorrowfully—the sounds did not escape the notice of the dying man. Two or three canoes were in the middle of the river, with a bright blazing fire kindled in the stern of each. He said in a low voice, 'the villagers are preparing to spear the salmon trout—the moon must be nearly down.' His bed lay beside the window, and he desired to be removed to the extremity, that he might look out upon the sky. He did so—his face became animated, and as we replaced him in his former position, he said, 'the works of God never before appeared to me so exquisitely beautiful; and yet his whole life had been past in adopting the works of God. He whispered to me, that it was time to take our last farewell. My heart, in the course of a long life, met only once with so trying a moment as that of parting with the boy; but my Lucy—my poor Lucy; I thought her heart would break outright. He then desired the window to be closed; the light to be removed into the next room, and not to be disturbed. At a short distance, we listened to the rattling in his throat, for about an hour, when it suddenly ceased. Lucy imagined he slept, and softly approached the bed. I put my hand under the bed cover, and felt his feet—they were stone cold—animal heat had forsaken his extremities, and the chills of death were fast invading his heart. I undressed my child to return to her chamber, under the belief that he slept, and she did not learn his fate until she arose in the morning." Thus ended the widow's simple narrative.

Poor Lucy Gray! No being is more deserving of commiseration than an amiable female brooding over the sorrows of hopeless love. If her afflictions are occasioned by the treachery of man, the bitterness of thought poisons the very sources of life, and works a sure and rapid decay. Even a deviation from the path of rectitude, may be philosophised into a virtue, when occasioned by one beloved, but it will rise up in judgment, when passion has lost its influence, and the fatal conviction flashes upon the mind, that the object was unworthy of the sacrifice. But she who has watched by the death bed of him she doated on, and by her angel presence, drawn him to heaven, and taught him resignation; who kissed his soul when parting from his lips, and watched the glazed eye that even in death expressed his tenderness, until she fancied that he lingered still, and paused to hear him breathing—such a one may mingle in society, and pass along unnoticed with the rest of the crowd; she may join the sportive dance and seem to partake of its merriment; the wound may apparently be healed, and the cheerfulness may enlighten her countenance, but still her midnight thots are working in the grave, and straining near to madness to picture the being that is moulder in there. She fades, without being conscious herself of gradual decay, and like the tulip, becomes more lovely, in consequence of disease engendered at the root. Such has been the fate of myriads of the fairest and best of creation; and such was the destiny of Lucy Gray.

Good Advice.—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully skipping light over the thorns and briars that obstruct your way, than to sit down under every hedge, lamenting your hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary—but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

The Tailor's dream.—A tailor of Bagdad during a severe illness, dreamed that an angel appeared before him, bearing an immense flag formed from the pieces of cloth which he had abstracted at different times from his customers, and that he chastised him severely with a rod of iron while he waved the flag before his eyes. He awoke in agony of terror, and vowed that he would never again steal cloth from his employers. Fearing, however, the influence of future temptations, he ordered his servant to remind him of the flag, whenever he saw him too sorely tempted. For sometime the servant's hint checked the tailor's avarice; but at length a nobleman sent him a piece of rich brocade to make a robe, whose beauty proved too strong for the tailor's resolution. "The flag, the flag," shouted the servant, when he saw the shears taking a suspicious direction. "Curse you and the flag, answered the tailor, there was not a bit of stuff like this in it; besides there was a piece wanting in one of the corners, which this remnant will exactly supply."