

POETRY.



A VOICE FROM THE WINE PRESS.

BY MISS H. E. 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,
O'er the trellis, to the sun.

And for this they rudely 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 endure,
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 verily,
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 danger has been:
Many a thoughtless, yielding youth,
With his promise all in bloom,
Gone from paths of peace and truth,
To an early, shameful tomb.

We the purse will oft unclasp,
All its golden 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 pown-man put
To his tip a glass or two,
Then we'll stab him in the foot,
Till it overshoots the shoe,
And we'll swell the Doctor's bill,
While he parries us in vain;
He may cure, but we will kill
And our thousands we have slain.

When we've drained 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 you sea,
Reckless and careless as despair,
And know—his hopeless 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,
On a vacant, o'er its flow'ry meads;
Oh! I am sick, if this be Life—then say,
What lives when hope has fled away?
Youth without Hope! An endless night,
Trees which have felt the cold spring's
blight,
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's
strife,
Yet 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 borrow'd light,
Has lost the beam which made it bright.
Now what avail the silken hair,
The angel smile and gentle air,
The beaming eye, and glance refined,
Faint semblance of the purer mind—
As gold dust sparkling in the sun
Points where the richer strata run,
Alas! they now just seem to be
Bestow'd to mock at misery.
They speak of days, long, long gone by,
Then point 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'ning hue,
All sigh in Misery's saddest tone,
Why seek to live if Hope be gone?

Home.

I've roved 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 more 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 emu-
lation acquire more accomplishments,
and know more, and do more than a
single child spoiled by parental fond-
ness.

PREDICTION.

A TALE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

[CONCLUDED.]

"And are you the stranger," she ex-
claimed, drawing her skinny arms from
the suds in which they were immersed,
and placing them akimbo; "are you the
stranger, who bated 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 in-
quired 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
slaving here like a gaily 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 lockless little ragged ur-
chin hard by, laughing aloud and wrest-
ling with a water dog, dripping wet from
the river. 'I'll change your note, you
undutiful hound—take that," she ex-
claimed, at the same time snatching 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 village, how her hus-
band, 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 truth was plighted before
the wars; 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 Ca-
meron 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 hos-
pital, 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
incessant 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 ex-
tremity 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 silent 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 at-
tire, the flowers of the valley disperse
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 al-
ready arrived, and the leaves were fall-
ing, 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 re-
turned to her wheel, and recounted the
occurrences of former days, until the sad-
ness 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 buoy-
ancy from the transient gleam of sun-
shine that lighted up the face of her
lover. She sang—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 dwelled
upon each note with intense interest—
his features became animated, and he
murmured his voice with her's. The wi-
dow stopped her incessant wheel and list-
ened her head to listen. The invalid sud-
denly 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 depa-
rture. The invalid accompanied me to-
wards the inn. I expressed my curiosity
to know what he meant by his observa-
tion, when he failed to imitate the note.

"That," said he, "was the note to
which the heavenly spheres were attun-
ed, when concord prevailed throughout
the creation; when the plan was first
set on 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 cham-
ber window at the moon—it was omin-
ous. I have heard it in the voice of the
screach 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
everything, animate and inanimate re-
tains that sound, to which universal har-
mony will again be attuned by the mas-
terhand. 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 re-
spond, and when the heavenly harp is
attuned, and their notes are permitted to
extend to the numberless spheres, all
created things, both animate and inani-
mate, will join in the concord, the dis-
cordant particles will be reconciled and
all be harmony again. All things partake
of heaven. Even the daisy of the moun-
tain, 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 flow-
ers 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 idly 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
boarder line of New York. I was absent
about two weeks from the village, and it
was a calm evening as I again approach-
ed it, through the valley formed by the
Delaware. Before the village appear-
ed, 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. Every hill responded
to the knell. I quickened my pace, and
as I drew nigh to the village, it appear-
ed quite deserted. I rode up to the tav-
ern, 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 ac-
ross the mountain, though nearly con-
cealed by the towering trees, was at in-
tervals to be seen, perfectly bare, from
the village—a long retinue appeared
crossing one of those interstices; it mov-
ed slowly along, and was lost in the shades
of the forest. When the last had disap-
peared, 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 con-
spicuous 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 col-
ours, 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 retir-
ed, for her's was a sorrow to obtrude
upon which, would add to its pain-
nancy.

"The day you left us," said the wi-
dow, "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 surround-
ing 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 imper-
ceptible 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 rung with echo; he re-
peated it—listened to every sound, and
his face became animated as he caught
the faint return made by the most dis-
tant hill. His dog raised his ears and
barked, 'it is there too, Lucy,' he ex-
claimed, '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 heav-
enly sweet.' He directed Gilbert to
gather for him, the mountain honey-
suckle, 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 fra-
grance arising from those branches al-
most 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 vi-
vid—sounds are more distinct, and my
touch more sensitive 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 Gil-
bert 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 wi-
dow, "he grew worse, and it was evi-
dent to all that the dear boy would not
be long with us. The evening preced-
ing 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 press-
ing 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 still
and almost as bright as day. An owl was
hooting from the grave yard, and the
whip poor-will was flying low and scream-
ing—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 sal-
mon trout—the moon must be nearly
down.' His bed lay beside the window,
and he desired to be removed to the ex-
tremity, that he might look out upon the
sky. He did so—his face became animat-
ed, and as we replaced him in his
former position, he said, 'the works of
God never before appeared to me so ex-
quisitely beautiful; and yet his whole
life had been passed in admiring the
works of God. He whispered to me,
that it was time to take our last fare-
well. 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 re-
moved into the next room, and not to be
disturbed. At a short distance, we listen-
ed to the rattling in his throat, for about
an hour, when it suddenly ceased. Lucy
imagined he slept, and softly approach-
ed 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 induced my
child to retire to her chamber, under the
belief that he slept, and he did not learn
his fate until she arose in the morning."

Thus ended the widow's simple narra-
tive.

Poor Lucy Gray! No being is more
deserving of commiseration than an un-
happy female brooding over the sorrows of
hopeless love. If her afflictions are oc-
casioned by the treachery of man, the
bitterness of thought poisons the very
sources of life, and works a sure and ra-
pid 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 sac-
rifice. But she who has watched by
the death bed of him she devoted on, and
by her angel presence, drawn his thoughts
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 breaking—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 thoughts
are working in the grave, and straining
near to madness to picture the being that
is mouldering 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 my-
riads 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 un-
der 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 des-
ponding. Prudent conduct in the con-
cerns of life is highly necessary—but
if distress succeed, dejection and des-
pair 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 Tailors dream.—A tailor of Bag-
dad during a severe illness, dreamed
that an angel appeared before him,
bearing an immense flag formed from
the pieces of cloth which he had ab-
stracted at different times from his cus-
tomers, and that he chastised him se-
verely with a rod of iron while he wa-
ved 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 in-
fluence of future temptations, he order-
ed his servant to remind him of the flag,
whenever he saw him too sorely tempt-
ed. For sometime the servant's hint
checked the tailor's avarice; but at
length a nobelman sent him a piece of
rich brocade to make a robe, whose
beauty proved too strong for the tail-
or'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.