

Poetical Department.

From the Baltimore American. MY MOTHER'S KISS.

I love to hear the music Of a sister's careless glee. And a brother's kindly voice Bringeth melody to me.

My infant lip turn'd eagerly To meet its soft salute, Giv'n with a trembling earnestness That seal'd the giver's mate.

It was then my richest gem, When, some childish lesson o'er, With the wildly gushing joyousness That may visit me no more—

And when at length grown weary Of happiness and play, I sought repose and balmy sleep At close of summer day;

And ever when a wanderer From my love-encircled home, Mid other scenes, with other friends, O'er land or sea I roam;

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Warriors and statesmen have their need of praise, And what they do or suffer men record; But the long sacrifice of woman's days Passes without a thought—without a word;

The Olio.

From the American Messenger.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

I mused as the midnight hour drew nigh, and methought the Old Year stood before me— Weighy and way-worn he seemed, and in his hand was an hour glass, from whence the last sands were fleeing.

As I looked upon his wrinkled forehead, memories both pleasant and mournful came over me. Fain would I have constrained his longer stay, and spake earnestly to him:

"Many blessings hast thou brought me, for which I give thee thanks. Now have they been every morning, and fresh every moment."

"Thou hast indeed, from my heart's garden, uprooted some hopes that I planted there. With their clustering buds they fell, and were never quickened again."

"Then he said, 'Praise God, both for what I gave, and what I took away. And lay up treasures in heaven, that thy heart may be there also. What thou callest blighted hopes, are oft-times changed into the fruits of rich goodness.'"

But I answered, "Thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the revered. Clouds are strewn upon their faces; they reply to my call no more. To the homes that they made so fair they return not, and the places that once knew them, know them no more for ever."

Still he said, "Give praise to God. Trouble not thyself about those that are with him. Rather make thine own salvation sure, that thou mayest go unto them, and be parted no more."

"Then, in a faint voice, he murmured, 'My mission unto man is done. For me, the stone is rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. I shall enter in, and slumber with the years beyond the flood, till the last trumpet soundeth.'"

I gazed upon his wan brow, and to me it was beautiful. Fain would I have swept away the snows that gathered around his hoary temples; but he suffered me not, and stretched himself out to die.

By his side I knelt, and said, "O departing Year! I behold a scroll folded beneath thy mantle. What witness shall it bear of me at the judgment?"

Low and solemn were his last tones. "Ask me not. Thou shalt know when the books are opened, and the dead, small and great, stand before God."

The midnight clock struck. And I covered my face, and mourned for his death who had been to me as a friend. I remembered with pain how oft I had slighted his warnings and the opportunities he had given me of doing good, and had cast away the wealth of time, that priceless boon from the Eternal.

up my head, lo, the New Year stood in the place of the departed.

"Smiling, he greeted me with good wishes and words of cheer, while around me lay many bright tokens of friendship and of love. But I was afraid. For to me he was a stranger; and when I would have returned his welcome, my lips trembled and were silent."

"Then he said, 'Fear not. I come unto thee from the giver of every good and perfect gift.' "New Year, whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou appointed to bring me joy or sorrow, life or death?"

He replied, "I know not. Neither doth the angel nearest to the throne know. Only He who sitteth thereon. Give me thy hand, and question not. Enough for thee, that I accomplish his will. Make that will thine own, and thou shalt wear an angel's smile, even here below."

"I promise thee nothing. Be content to follow me. Take, with a prayer for wisdom, this winged moment. The next may not be mine to give. Yet, if we walk onward together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for eternity."

"If I bring thee the cup of joy, be thankful, and pitiful to those who mourn; and let all men be unto thee as brethren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto thy lip, be not too eager to receive comfort, lest thou betray the weakness of thy faith. God's perfected discipline giveth wisdom. Therefore count them happy who endure."

"When morn breaketh in the east, gird thyself for thy duties with a song of thanksgiving. For God is near to those who trust him, and rejoice in his ways. And when night putteth on her coronet of stars, kneel and ask that the day's sins may be forgiven thee."

"So, when I have no longer any days or nights to give thee, and must myself die, thou shalt bless me as a friend, and a helper on the road to heaven."

L. H. S.

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IS" SLEEP.—The passion for gambling and betting is the master of the individual who gives his mind to it. Not long ago an unoffending old gentleman travelling in the South, put up at an hotel which was so full that he was compelled to take a bed in a room which contained three or four other sleepers, one of whom was a notorious gambler. In the middle of the night, the old gentleman was compelled to search for his handkerchief, which he had left in the pocket of his coat. Not being acquainted with the geography of the room, he went stumbling about, running now and then against some obstacle. While these peregrinations continued, he muttered, or soliloquized aloud, something in this style:

"I'll bet five dollars I shall run into a basin of water or something like it. Confound the darkness! I'll bet ten dollars I shall run into a basin, or a pail. Deuce take the handkerchief, and my gold! I'll bet twenty dollars I go in!"

No sooner was the last wager offered, than clatter, crash, splash! went a large wash basin and pitcher to the floor, deluging the unfortunate man, and almost frightening him out of his wits. The gambler, who was wide awake, immediately on hearing the offer of the wager, and the noise of the accident, which were simultaneous, exclaimed, in a voice of suppressed excitement, but raised to its highest pitch—

"You damned fool! Why didn't you stake all the money you've got—you had a sure thing of it!"

The Boston Transcript states that there are several establishments in Cambridgeport, at each of which 300,000 pounds of family soap are manufactured annually. These establishments likewise send into Boston every year, thousands of boxes of tallow candles.

An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. "Fault, madam," said one, "how can you call that a fault?" "Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir. My husband takes them in the form of brandy!"

An accomplished authoress says, "I look upon the American Tract Society as one of the greatest means of religious culture in our country, and every year swells the importance of colportage. The colporteurs are indeed the sappers and miners of the great Christian army."

CHILDREN.—The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—Rev. Sydney Smith.

A SEVEN-ROUND LADDER.—The scaling ladder which the Christian soldier must use, has seven rounds—hearing, believing, loving, doing, suffering, striving, conquering. When the battle becomes triumph, then we need the ladder no more.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM AND AGE.—In my apprehension, the best way to be useful and happy in this life is to cultivate domestic affections—to love home, and at the same time be temperate and just; to pursue lawful business, whatever it may be, with diligence, firmness, and integrity of purpose, and in the perfect belief that honesty is equally binding in the discharge of public as of private trusts; for when public morals are destroyed, public liberty cannot survive.

If we are aspiring, we ought not to lose our diffidence; and if ardent for reforms, ought not to lose our discretion. We ought to listen to the maxims of experience, and respect the advice and institutions of our ancestors, and above all, we ought to have a constant abiding sense of the superintending goodness of that Almighty Being whose wisdom shines equally in his works and in his word, and whose presence is everywhere, sustaining and governing the universe.—Kent.

Tyler, the Scottish historian, is dead.

A Selected Tale.

A VENETIAN STORY.

[CONTINUED.]

That night they were engaged; the Countess drove home exultingly in the fulfilment of a long-cherished scheme. Trafford went to his lonely lodgings, and long, long wore on the hours before he fell asleep. He dreamed again of the figure, the face, the voice of his vision—"Venezia" was again the word she muttered to him; and again he woke up terrified and agitated. The connexion of Venice with his unknown was perfectly natural, from the fact of the one he had believed her connected with having been an inhabitant and a native of that city.

Trafford woke up to realize over her was an engaged man; and the feeling was far from pleasurable. The idea of the Countess was associated with none of the ecstatic happiness and bewildering tumult he felt might have fallen to his lot, had he succeeded in realizing the fairy dream that each one's youth have nursed and middle age destroyed.

Still he was engaged; and he must now believe himself accordingly. So he rose, and dressed, and went at once to the Hotel de Fleuranges. He stood before the gloomy portal, so soon to own him for a master, and was admitted into the boudoir of the mistress of the mansion.

She was there. In her eyes shone the light of successful love. She never looked handsomer or happier; but Trafford felt his heart sink into morbid and morbid apathy. He saw before him one who, for his sake, had given up every prospect held out by an alliance with wealth and rank, and yet he taxed himself with ingratitude and coldness for feeling so little the vast sacrifice she made on his account.

He tried in vain to rouse himself from his melancholy mood. He made every effort to appear as happy as so prosperous a lover should, but the vanity, and folly, and emptiness of his life, had never before struck him so painfully. The woman before him then was to be the end and final background of the future he had reserved so long to himself. The vague mist that had hung over the one he was at last to find, and worship, had cleared off, and had left full in his view a handsome French widow, with cinquante mille livres de rente, certainly. But Trafford had no covetous love of money, and would rather have left unsatisfied his avarice than his romance.

The following evening he went late to the house of Madame de Fleuranges. He knew she was out. She had gone to see a friend at Chantilly; but he had left a book in the morning on the table, which he had intended to take away. He went into the boudoir where they had spent the morning together. The book (it was Scott's *Monastery*, then just published, 1820) he could not find. He looked on all the sofas, chairs, and couches. He thought it must have been put away by some of the servants. He would not leave the house without it. His fancy had been thoroughly fascinated by the hurried glance he had taken of the sayings and doings of that most successful of ghosts, the White Lady of Avenel. Without her company he would not spend a solitary evening in his lodgings. Through the airy lips of the spirit of Avenel spoke the voice of his own lost vision to his crazed imagination:—

What I am I must not shew,
What I am thou couldst not know,
Something betwixt Heaven and hell—
Something that neither stood nor fell—
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thee good, may work thee ill!"

He searched every corner. At last he left the boudoir, and went into another room. There were some books on the table he approached; a figure with a light in her hand entered at that moment. He turned. It was an old, dark-eyed woman, dressed in a somewhat primitive style. He looked at her steadily. She approached. It was a remarkable face, with the fire of an Italian eye, and white hair braided in grisly contrast to the smooth olive brow beneath.

"Cosa vuol ella," she said, letting the light fall on his face.

"Cerco un libro," said Trafford, "Non lo trovo pero." He went to a bookcase near, or what appeared such, and opening its folding doors, observed some drawers. The old woman drew near, and opened one—there was nothing in it.

"Non v'incomodi, vi prego," said Trafford, carelessly.

"Oh! serva sua!" said the old Italian, and opened another.

Trafford looked in with vague curiosity. The light fell full on a small portrait. Trafford almost fainted when he recognized the face of his long sought vision.

"Ma cosa ha signor!" cried the woman amazed.

"Chi e' chi e'?" gasped Trafford. "Per amor del Cielo dittoni—chi e'!"

"Quella! Oh! la laguna dela Contessa!"

Trafford instantly asked her name, her residence, her position in life, and where he could find her soonest? He found the lady's name was Nina Manfroni; that she was a first-cousin of Madame de Fleuranges; that they both had been in Paris for a week, during the time of the fete at Saint Cloud; that the woman herself remembered their going there; that they had then returned to Burgundy; and that the Signorina Manfroni was now in Venice with her friends, living in the Casa Manfroni, on the Canal Grande—if she were not married, that was to say.

"Married!" cried Trafford. "Was there any report of her marriage?"

"Sicuro!" said the Italian, who considered the question as expressing insult, or rather the doubt of there being any lack of suitors for so beautiful a young lady as she described her to be. The family were very poor, very noble, and very proud. The marriage of the Countess had given great satisfaction, as it had put her in a position to benefit the rest of her connexions.

"And does she often have the young Venetian with her?" said Trafford, anxiously.

"Yes, undoubtedly," replied the Italian.

"They correspond frequently—at least they used to do so—but of late there has been a coolness. I know not why."

"Oh!" thought Trafford, as he hurried home, "she has not chained me yet."

He saw now the reasons of the untruths told by Madame de Fleuranges. She certainly loved him to distraction; and, with the quick perception of an Italian, had seen the flame kindled by her young connexion. But now the spell was broken, and the next twelve hours should see him on his way to Venice. He almost felt as if he had broken an appointment there, however unwillingly.

He got his passport. He made all his arrangements hurriedly and secretly; and at day break he left Paris for Italy, with all the speed he could. For the Countess he left a note:—

Je pars demain pour Venise. Jamais je ne reverrais celle qui m'a indignement trompe. Maintenez desabusee—je vous abandonne a jamais.

He reached Venice in an incredibly short space of time. He arrived at the hotel on the great canal (Leon Bianco) late in the evening. He was overpowered with the fatigue and rapidity of his journey, and called for wine. He drank, and sat at the window half stupified, looking out on the lights glittering from the windows of the neighboring palaces. He felt he might, perhaps, on the very morrow, meet, find, the one he sought so fiercely. He stayed up till the city was quiet; and watched, unable to sleep, till the gray dawn of the March morning broke over the still lagunes. Then as soon as the sun rose, ordering a gondola, went out on the canal.

His gondolier paused for directions. Then a sense of the wildness of the chase came over the frenzied heart of Trafford—of the idle desperation that had led him so far. He answered the man almost savagely, and by his own command was taken to Saint Mark's Place. For the whole day did Trafford wander about the bridges, alleys, and churches in Venice, in the excitement of vain hopes and expectation. He had, of course, inquired for the Casa Manfroni, and had indeed found it easily enough. But the house was empty; the inhabitants were gone on a visit for some weeks. In three they would return. The servant—the only attendant, it appeared—did not know where the family were; and so Trafford had only to wait.

He did. He spent hours opposite the house, until every stone, and every crevice of the gray front, was impressed and engraven deep on his memory. When he thought of the possibility of the stranger turning coldly from his love, he became almost deranged. He would die—he could die. Either for her he would willingly die, or without her he should as certainly die; and so days passed on, leading Trafford through all the wildest extravagances of the maddest illusion a maniac ever indulged himself with.

One evening late, he was watching at his window, for he had taken a lodging opposite the Palazzo Manfroni; a gondola flew up to the doors, and three persons disembarked and entered the house—a man and two women. Trafford looked as if his life depended on it. One was a young girl—at least the slight form told she was so; she was veiled according to the fashion of the city; and, as she left the gondola, her back was turned to Trafford, so that he could not see her face or profile.

The whole of that night Trafford watched the spot he now thought might contain the treasure he had so long sought in vain. The moonlight rested as cold as ever on the closed windows and carved balconies.—Trafford felt the whole world was for him centered within those dim and dismal walls.

Early next day, very early, he sat in his gondola beneath the windows. One was opened, a step was heard on the balcony above. The morning was fine and warm, and a figure in white leaned over the balcony balustrade and looked out.

"Hah!" said Trafford, in a suppressed voice, clasping his hands convulsively. It was the one he had so long sought. Tears rushed in his eyes—the goal appeared to be won!

She looked down calmly. Her eyes fell like starlight on the mad and trembling creature at her feet. He was wrapped in a cloak, and did not dare even to rise. He felt perfectly abject with fear, awe, adoration and despair. At a distance, he had conjured up many, many words he could pour out in hearing of his idol; but he was under the sway of that passion, whose chief peculiarity has been well described by a master hand, "Eloquent in absence, dumb presence." So Trafford remained speechless and the lady returned into her rooms.

He watched her in a gondola, and followed her to mass. He followed her to three different places; and having seen her within her own doors again, he went back to the last shop she had entered. It was that of a man who sold pictures, and every kind of

thing to tempt the extravagance of strangers and tourists. He found, after making diligent, though well managed inquiries, that Manfroni Palace belonged to a noble family, greatly impoverished; that the young Lady Nina was *devota assai*. She was living quite out of the world; no one ever saw her at masque or ball or opera; and that her father and mother were anxious to sell some of the pictures, once heir-looms in one of the best families in Venice, but now to be disposed of to keep them from starving.

Trafford instantly got a note of introduction from the man he had spoken to. Furnished with this, he set forth at last fairly to besiege the doors. He was admitted. No devotee entering the inner sanctuary of his all-powerful idol ever felt the throbs of fear that agitated the awe struck Trafford as he went silently up the wide, chill, echoing stair, and then passed on into a suite of inner apartments.

The room he entered was a vast, dimly lighted saloon, uncarpeted, unfurnished, save that on one wall hung a splendid picture of Titian—a "Holy Family" was the subject.

The Venetians rose at his entrance. Before him, at last, stood the young and lovely Nina. But it was not her beauty that enslaved his soul, for there was a spiritual loveliness in her eyes and her brow that carried him far, far beyond the earthly feeling he called love. She was not speaking, but he drew near her at last. His voice failed, his frame shook, as he tried to speak unconcernedly,—

"Alfin son," he began. She looked up; and a faint recollection seemed to come slowly over her as she looked in the face of Trafford. Her parents were talking together in the other end of the room.

Trafford spoke rapidly,—of Saint Cloud,—the evening he met her; the vain hope with which he had chased through Paris after her. He made no mention of Madame de Fleuranges, but he found to his great joy, that he was listened to, at least, with patience, and therefore, might still hope for the favor he longed to obtain.

He bought the picture at an extravagant price, but only to restore it to the daughter of the poor old nobleman who sold it. He never let a day pass without bringing to his Nina every thing of the richest and the rarest he thought she would like the best. If his search had begun vigorously, the prosecution of his desire afterwards was to the full as singular in its devotion and constancy.

The young Venetian looked on him more in pity than tenderness; but it was impossible that a heart so gentle could remain untouched with the despairing passion of one so madly in love as the Englishman.

A fortnight after he had first seen her, he implored her, in the most extravagant language of idolatry, to become his wife. She told him she did not mean to marry.

"Do not tell me that!" cried Trafford, "without you I will not, I cannot, live!—What should I do? Where should I go? Do not turn from me, for the hour I see there indeed, no hope of moving you, I will destroy myself."

A cloud came over the beautiful face of the Venetian. She looked reprovingly at the wretched Trafford. He covered his face with his trembling hands, and burst into tears. She was touched, and laid her hand on his,—

"Caro mio, ascoltami!"

Trafford seized her hand in his own. He implored, he entreated, he raved; and that evening Nina promised to marry him.

She was a very devout Catholic; but Trafford readily promised that every one of the future family should be Catholic; or anything else she pleased. That she should be his all he desired. To be her slave was what he believed he ever could be. He was to live in Venice to please her, he was to live in the Manfroni Palace, furnished by himself; no will, no wish would he, could he have, but what originated in Nina.

They were married in June. They went to stay a fortnight at Como, and there, on the banks of the enchanting lake, Trafford spent the first days of his union with his Venetian love. They went on to Switzerland. They led for two months a solitary life amongst the loveliest and loneliest haunts of the mountain land.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

ABOUT RIGHT.—Some forty years ago, when a man's respectability depended much on his taking a newspaper, a certain shrewd old fellow was one morning enjoying the luxury of his paper, (although he labored under the great disadvantage of not knowing a single letter of the alphabet,) when a more knowing neighbor of his happened in—perhaps to borrow his paper—observed to him that he had his paper wrong end up. The old gentleman, drawing himself up, in all the pomposity of affronted dignity, exclaimed—"I would have you know sir, that if I take a paper and pay for it, I have a right to read it which end up I please."

THE "REVENUES" TAXER.—The Lawrence (Mass) Courier (Whig professionalist) says:

"If industry really does bring its reward, the reward of the Bay State mills (woollen manufactory) in Lawrence, must be rich enough to satisfy the most eager and enthusiastic of the tolling millions. For several months past two sets of hands have been employed, and the works have been kept moving night and day."

This is the place where the same work is done by machinery for four cents, which in Scotland costs twenty-two cents, per yard.

Delta.