THE ERIE OBSERVER.

☞ONWARD.☜

VOLUME 19. SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1848. NUMBER 27.

Select Poetry and Miscellany.

STANZAS.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Strange! that one lightly whispered tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And nought but empty air I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure things.

The lily hath the softest leaf
That ever western breeze hath fanned,
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
So I may take thy hand;
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broidered field

Oh, lady! there be many things,
That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure, not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love!
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.

THE BRIDE OF FATE.

A TALE OF VENICE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,

It was a glad day in Venice. The eve of the feast of the Purification had arrived, and all those maidens of the Republic, whose names had been written in the "Book of Gold," were assembled with their parents, their friends and lovers—a beautiful and joyious crowd—repairing, in the gondolas provided by the Republic, to the church of San Pietro de Castella, at Olivolo which was the residence of the Patriarch. This place was on the extreme verge of the city, a beautiful and isolated spot, its precincts almost without inhabitants, a ghostly and small priesthood excepted, whose grave habits and taciturn seclusion seemed to lend an additional aspect of solitude to the neighborhood. It was, indeed, a solitary and sad seeming region, which to the thoughtless and unmeditative, might be absolutely gloomy. But it was not the less lovely as a place suited equally for the picturesque and the thoughtful; and, just now, it was very far from gloomy or solitary. The event which was in hand was decreed to enliven it in especial degree, and, in its consequences, to impress its characteristics on the memory for long generations after. It was the day of St. Mary's Eve—a day set aside from immemorial time for a great and peculiar festival. All, accordingly, was life and joy in the sea Republic. The marriage of a goodly company of the high-born, the young and the beautiful, were to be celebrated on this occasion, and in public, according to the custom. Headed by the Doge himself, Pietro Candiano, the city sent forth its thousands. The ornamented gondolas plied busily from an early hour in the morning, from the city to Olivolo; and there amidst music and merry gratulations of friends and kindred the lovers disembarked. They were all clad in their richest array. Silks, which caught their colors from the rainbow, and jewels that had imbibed even in the caverns, their beauty from the sun and stars, met the eye in all directions. Wealth had put on all its riches; and beauty, always modest, was not satisfied with her intrinsic loveliness. All that could delight the eye, in personal decorations and nuptial ornaments, was displayed to the eager gaze of curiosity, and, for a moment, the treasures of the city were transplanted to the solitude and waste.

But gorgeous and grand as was the spectacle, and joyous as was the crowd, there were some at the festival, some young, throbbing hearts, who, though deeply interested in its proceedings, felt any thing but gladness.—While most of the betrothed thrilled only with rapturous anticipations that might have been counted in the strong pulsations that made the bosom heave rapidly beneath the close pressure of the virgin zone, there were yet others, who felt only that sad sinking of the heart which declares nothing but its hopelessness and desolation. There were victims to be sacrificed as well as virgins to be made happy, and girdled in by thousands of the brave and goodly—by golden images and flaunting banners, and speaking cymbals—by music and by smiles—there were more hearts than one that longed to escape from all and fly away to some far solitude, where the voices of such a joy as was now present could vex the defrauded soul no more. As the fair procession moved onward and up through the gorgeous avenues of the cathedral to the altar-place, where stood the venerable Patriarch in waiting for their coming, in order to begin the solemn but grateful rites, you might have marked, in the crowded column, the face of one meek damsel, which declared a heart very far removed from hope or joyful expectations. Is that tearful eye—is that pallid cheek—that lip, now so tremulously convulsed—are these proper to one going to a bridal, and that her own? Where is her anticipated joy? It is not in that despairing vacancy of face—not in that feeble, faltering, almost fainting footstep—not, certainly, in anything that we behold about the maiden, unless we seek it in the rich and flaming jewels with which she is decorated, and almost laden down; and these no more declare for her emotions than the roses which encircle the neck of the white lamb, as it is led to the altar and the priest. The fate of the two is not unlike, and so also is their character. Francesca Ziana is decreed for a sacrifice. She was one of those sweet and winning, but feeble spirits which know how to submit only. She has no powers of resistance. She knows that she is a victim; she feels that her heart has been wronged even to the death, by the duty to which it is now commanded; she feels that it is thus made the cruel but unwilling instrument for doing a mortal wrong to the heart of another; but she lacks the courage to refuse, to resist, to die rather than submit.—Her nature only teaches her submission; and this is the language of the wo-begone, despairing glance—but one—which she bestows, in passing up the aisle, upon one who stands beside a column, close to her progress, in whose countenance she perceives a fearful struggle, marking equally his indignation and his grief.

Giovanni Gradenigo was one of the noblest cavaliers of Venice—but nobleness, as we know, is not always, perhaps not often, the credential in behalf of him who seeks a maiden from her parents. He certainly was not the choice of Francesca's sire. The poor girl was doomed to the embraces of one Ulric Barberigo, a man totally destitute of all nobility, that alone excepted which belonged to wealth. This shone in the eyes of Francesca's parents, but failed utterly to attract her own. She saw through the heart's simple, unsophisticated medium, the person of Giovanni Gradenigo only. Her sighs were given to him, her loathings to the other. Though meek and finally submissive, she did not yield without a remonstrance, without mingled tears and entreaties, which were vain and unavailing. The ally of a young damsel is naturally her mother, and when she fails her, her best human hope is lost. Alas! for the poor Francesca! it was her mother's weakness, blinded by the wealth of Ulric Barberigo, that rendered the father's will so stubborn. It was the erring mother that wilfully beheld her daughter led to the sacrifice, giving no heed to the heart which was breaking, even beneath its heavy weight of jewels. How completely that mournful and desponding, that entreating and appealing glance to her indignant lover, told her wretched history. There he stood, stern as well as sad, leaning, as if for suppport, upon the arm of his kinsman, Nicolo Malapiero. Hopeless, helpless, and in utter despair, he thus lingered, as if under a strange and fearful fascination, watching the progress of the proceedings which were striking fatally, with every movement, upon the sources of his own hope and happiness. His resolution rose with his desperation, and he suddenly shook himself free from his friend.

"I will not bear this, Nicolo," he exclaimed, "I must not suffer it without another effort, though it be the last."

"What would you do, Giovanni," demanded his kinsman, grasping him by the wrist as he spoke, and arresting his movement.

"Shall I see her thus sacrificed—delivered to misery and the grave! Never! they shall not so lord it over true affections to their loss and mine. Francesca was mine—is mine—even now, in the very sight of Heaven. How often hath she vowed it! Her glance avows it now.—My lips shall as boldly declare it again; and as Heaven has heard our vows the church shall hear them. The Patriarch shall hear. Hearts must not be wronged—Heaven must not be thus defrauded. That selfish, vain woman, her mother—that mercenary monster, miscalled her father, have no better rights than mine—none half so good. They shall hear me. Stand by me, Nicolo, while I speak!"

This was the language of a passion, which, however true, was equally unmeasured and imprudent. The friend of the unhappy lover would have held him back.

"It is all in vain, Giovanni! Think! my friend, you can do nothing now. It is too late; nor is there any power to prevent this consummation. Their names have been long since written on the 'Book of Gold,' and the Doge himself may not alter the destiny!"

"The Book of Gold!" exclaimed the other. "Ay, the 'bride of Gold!' but we shall see!"—and he again started forward. His kinsman clung to him.

"Better that we leave this place, Giovanni. It was wrong that you should come. You will only commit some folly to remain."

"Ay! it is folly to be wronged, and to submit to it, I know! folly to have felt and still to feel! folly surely, to discover, and to live after the discovery, that the very crown that made life precious is lost to you forever!—What matter if I should commit this folly! Well, indeed, if they who laugh at the fool, taste none of the wrath that they provoke."

"This is sheer madness, Giovanni."

"Release me Nicolo."

The kinsman urged in vain. The dialogue, which was carried on in under tones, now enforced by animated action, began to attract attention. The procession was moving forward. The high anthem began to swell, and Giovanni, wrought to the highest pitch of frenzy by the progress of events, and by the opposition of Nicolo, now broke away from all restraint, and hurried through the crowd. The circle dense and deep, had already gathered closely about the alter-place, to behold the ceremony. The desperate youth made his way through it. The crowd gave way at his approach, and under the decisive pressure of his person. They knew his mournful history—for when does the history of love's denial and defeat fail to find its way to the world's curious hearing. Giovanni was beloved in Venice. Such a history as his and Francesca's was sure to beget sympathy, particularly with all those who could find no rich lovers for themselves or daughters, such as Ulric Barberigo. The fate of the youthful lovers drew all eyes upon the two. A fearful interest in the event began to prevade the assembly, and Giovanni really found no such difficulty as would have attended the efforts of any other person to approach the sacred centre of the bridal circle. He made his way directly for the spot where Francesca stood. She felt his approach and presence by the most natural instincts, though without daring to lift her eye to his person. A more deadly paleness than ever came over her, and as she heard the first sounds of his voice, she faltered and grasped a column for support. The Patriarch, startled by the sounds of confusion, rose from the sacred cushions, and spread his hands over the assembly for silence; but as yet he failed to conceive the occasion for commotion. Meanwhile, the parents and relatives of Francesca had gathered around her person, as if to guard her from an enemy. Ulric Barberigo, the millionaire, put on the aspect of a man whose word was law on change. He, too, had his retainers, all looking daggers at the intruder. Fortunately for Giovanni, they were permitted to wear, none at these peaceful ceremonials. Their looks of wrath did not discourage the approach of our lover. He did not seem, indeed, to see them, but gently putting them by, he drew near to the scarcely conscious maiden. He lifted the almost lifeless hand from her side, and pressing it within both his own, a proceeding which her mother vainly endeavored to prevent, he addressed the maiden with all that impressiveness of tone which declares a stifled but still present and passionate emotion in the heart. His words were of a touching sorrow.

"And is it thus, my Francesca, that I must look upon thee for the last time? Henceforth are we to be dead to one another? Is it thus that I am to hear that, forgetful of thy virgin vows to Gradenigo, thou art here calling Heaven to witness that thou givest thyself and affections to another?"

"Not willingly, Oh! not willingly, Giovanni, as I live! I have not forgotten—alas! I cannot forget that I have once vowed myself to thee. But I pray thee to forget, Giovanni. Forget me and forgive—forgive!"

Oh! how mournfully was this response delivered.—There was a dead silence through the assembly; a silence which imposed a similar restraint even upon the parents of the maiden, who had shown a desire to arrest the speaker. They had appeared to the Patriarch, but the venerable man was wise enough to perceive that this was the last open expression of a passion which must have its utterance in some form, and if not this, must result in greater mischief. His decision tacitly sanctioned the interview as we have witnessed. It was with increased faltering, which to the bystanders seemed almost fainting, that the unhappy Francesca thus responded to her lover. Her words were little more than whispers, and his tones, though deep, were very low and subdued, as if spoken while the teeth were shut. There was that in the scene which brought forward the crowd in breathless anxiety to hear, and the proud heart of the damsel's mother revolted at an exhibition in which her position was by no means a grateful one. She would have wrested, even by violence, the hand of her daughter from the grasp of Giovanni; but he retained it firmly, the maiden herself being scarcely conscious that he did so. His eye was sternly fixed upon the mother, as he drew Francesca toward himself. His words followed his looks:

"Have you not enough triumphed, lady, in thus bringing about your cruel purpose, to the sacrifice of two hearts—your child's no less than mine. Mine was nothing to you—But here! what had she done that you should trample upon hers? This hast thou done! Thou hast triumphed! What would'st thou more? Must she be denied the mournful privilege of saying her last parting with him to whom she vowed herself, ere she vows herself to another! For shame, lady; this is a two-fold and needless tyranny!"

As he spoke, the more gentle and sympathyzing spirits around looked upon the stern mother with faces of the keenest rebuke and indignation. Giovanni once more addressed himself to the maiden.

"And if you do not love this man, my Francesca, why do you so weakly guide to his solicitatings! Why submit to this sacrifice at any instance? Have they strength to subdue thee?—has he the heart to ensnare thee?—canst thou not declare thy affections with a will? What magic is it that they employ which is thus superior to that of love?—and what is thy right—if heedless of the affections of thy heart—to demand the sacrifice of mine? Thou hadst it in thy keeping, Francesca, as I fondly fancied I had thine!"

"Thou hadst—thou hast!—

"Francesca, my child!" was the expostulating exclamation of the mother; but it failed, except for a single instant, to arrest the passionate answer of the maiden.

"Hear me and pity, Giovanni, if you may not forgive! Blame me for infirmity—for the wretched weakness which has brought me to this defeat of thy heart—this desolation of mine—but do not doubt that I have loved thee—that I shall ever—"

"Stay!" commanded the imperious father.

"What is it thou wouldst say, Francesca? Beware!" was the stern language of the mother.

The poor girl shrunk back in trembling. The brief impulse of courage which the address of her lover, and the evident sympathy of the crowd, had imparted, was gone as suddenly as it came. She had no more strength for the struggle; and as she sunk back nerveless, and closed her eyes as if fainting under the terrible glances of both her parents, Giovanni dropped her hand from his grasp. It now lay lifeless by her side, and she was sustained from falling by some of her sympatizing companions. The eyes of the youth were bent upon her with a last look.

"It is all over then," he exclaimed. "Thy hope, unhappy maiden, like mine, must perish because of thy weakness. Yet there will be bitter memories for this," he exclaimed, and his eyes now sought the mother—"bitter, bitter memories!—Francesca farewell! Be happy if thou canst!",

She rushed toward him as he moved away, recovering all her strength for this one effort. A single and broken sentence—"Forgive me, O, forgive!"—escaped her lips, as she sunk senseless upon the floor. He would have raised her, but they did not suffer him.

"Is this not enough, Giovanni?" said his friend reproachfully. "Seest thou not that thy presence but distracts her?"

"Thou art right, Nicolo, let us go. I am myself choking—undo me this collar!—There! Let us depart."

The organ rolled its anthem—a thousand voices joined in the hymn to the Virgin, and as the sweet but painful sounds rushed to the senses of the youth, he darted thro' the crowd, closely followed by his friend. The music seemed to pursue him with mockery. He rushed headlong from the temple, as if seeking escape from some suffocating atmosphere in the pure breezes of Heaven, and hurried forward with confused and purposeless footsteps. The moment of his disappearance was marked by the partial recovery of Francesca. She unclosed her eyes, raised her head, and looked wildly round her. Her lips once more murmured his name.

"Giovanni!"

"He is gone," was the sympathizing answer from more than one lip in the assembly; and once more she relapsed into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER II.

Giovanni Gradenigo was scarcely more conscious than the maiden when he left. He needed all the guidance of his friend.

"Whither?" asked Nicolo Malapiero.

"What matter! where thou wilt," was the reply.

"For the city then," and his friend conducted him to the gondola which was appointed to await them. In the profoundest silence they glided toward the city. The gondola stopped before the dwelling of Nicolo, and he, taking the arm of the sullen Giovanni within his own, ascended the marble steps, and was about to enter, when a shrill voice challenged their attention by naming Giovanni.

"How now signor," said the stranger. "Is it thou? Wherefore hast thou left Olivolo? Why didst thou not wait the bridal."

The speaker was a strange, dark-looking woman, in coarse woolen garments. She hobbled as she walked, assisted by a heavy staff, and seeming to suffer equally from lameness and from age. Her thin depressed lips, that ever sunk as she spoke into the cavity of the mouth, which, in the process of time, had been denuded of nearly all its teeth; her yellow wrinkled visage, and thin gray hairs, that escaped from the close black cap which covered her head, declared the precence of very great age. But her eye shone still with something even more lively and impressive than a youthful fire. It had a sort of spiritual intensity. Nothing, indeed, could have been more brilliant, or, seemingly more unnatural. But hers was a nature of which we may not judge by common laws. She was no common woman, and her whole life was characterized by mystery. She was known in Venice as the "Spanish Gipsy;" was supposed to be secretly a Jewess, and had only escaped from being punished as a sorceress by her profound and most exemplary public devotions. But she was known, nevertheless, as an enchantress, a magician, a prophetess; and her palmistry, her magic, her symbols, signs and talismans, were all held in great repute by the superstitions and the youthful of the ocean city. Giovanni Gradenigo himself obeying the popular custom, had consulted her; and now, as he heard her voice, he raised his eyes, and started forward with the impulse of one who suddenly darts from under the gliding knife of the assassin. Before Nicolo could interfere, he had leaped down the steps, and darted to the quay from which the old woman was about to step into a gondola. She awaited his coming with a smile of peculiar meaning, as she repeated her inquiry:

"Why are not you at Olivolo?"

He answered the question by another, grasping her wrist violently as he spoke.

"Did you not promise that she should wed with me—that she should be mine—mine only?"

"Well!" she answered calmly, without struggling or seeking to extricate her arm from the strong hold which he had taken upon it.

"Well! the rites are now in progress which bind her to Ulric Barberigo!"

"She will never wed Ulric Barberigo," was the quiet answer. "Why left you Olivolo?" she continued.

"Could I remain and look upon these hated nuptials—could I be patient and see her driven like a sheep to the sacrifice? I fled from the spectacle, as if the knife of the butcher were already in my own heart."

"You were wrong; but the fates have spoken, and their decrees are unchangeable. I tell you I have seen your bridal with Francesco Ziani. No Ulric weds that maiden. She is reserved for you alone. You alone will interchange with her the final vows before the man of God, But hasten, that this may find early consummation. I have seen other things! Hasten—but hasten not alone, nor without your armor! A sudden and terrible danger hangs over San Pietro di Castella, and all within its walls. Gather your friends, gather your retainers. Put on the weapons of war and fly thither with all your speed. I see a terrible vision, even now, of blood and struggle! I behold terrors that frighten even me!—Your friend is a man of arms. Let your war galleys be put forth, and bid them steer for the Lagune of Caorlo. There will you win Francesco, and thenceforth shall you wear her—you only—so long as it may be allowed you to wear any human joy!"

Her voice, look, manner, sudden energy, and the wild fire of her eyes, awakened Giovanni to his fullest consciousness. His friend drew nigh—they would have conferred together, but the woman interrupted them.

"You would deliberate," said she, "but you have no time! What is to be done must be done quickly. It seems wild to you, and strange, and idle, what I tell you, but it is nevertheless true; and if you heed me not now, bitter will be your repentance hereafter. You, Giovanni, will depart at least. Heed not your friend—he is too cold to be successful. He will always be safe, and do well, but he will do nothing further. Away! if you can but gather a dozen friends and man a single galley, you will be in season. But the time is short. I hear a fearful cry—the cry of women—and the feeble shriek of Francesca Ziani is among the voices of those who wail with a new terror! I see their struggling forms, and floating garments, and disheveled hair! Fly, young men, lest the names of those whom Venice has written in her Book of Gold, shall henceforth be written in a Book of Blood!"

The reputation of the sybil was too great in Venice to allow her wild predictions to be laughed at. Besides, our young Venetians—Nicolo no less than Giovanni, in spite of what the woman had spoken touching his lack of enthusiasm—were both aroused and eagerly excited by her speech. Her person dilated as she spoke—her voice seemed to come up from a fearful depth, and went thrillingly deep into the souls of the hearers. They were carried from their feet by her predictions. They prepared to obey her counsels. Soon had they gathered their friends together, enough to man three of the fastest galleys of the city. Their prows were turned at once toward the Lagune of Caorlo, whither the woman had directed them. She, meanwhile, had disappeared, but the course of her gondola lay for Olivolo.

CHAPTER III.

It will be necessary that we should go back in our narrative but a single week before the occurrence of these events. Let us penetrate the dim and lonesome abode on the confines of the "Jewish Quarter," but not within it, where the "Spanish Gipsy" delivered her predictions. It is midnight, and still she sits over her incantations.—There are vessels of uncouth shape and unknown character before her. Huge braziers lie convenient, on one of which, amidst a few coals, a feeble flame may be seen to struggle. The atmosphere is impregnated with a strong but not ungrateful perfume, and through its vapors objects appear with some indistinctness. A circular plate of brass or copper—it could not well be any more precious metal—rests beneath the eye and finger of the woman. It is covered with strange and mystic characters, which she seems busily to explore, as if they had a real significance in her mind. She evidently united the highest departments of her art with its humblest offices; and possessed those nobler aspirations of the soul, which during the middle ages, elevated in considerable degree the professors of necromancy. But our purpose is not now to determine her pretensions. We have but to exhibit and to ascertain a small specimen of her skill in the vulgar business of fortune-telling—an art which will continue to be received among men, to a greater or less extent, so long as they shall possess a hope which they cannot gratify, and feel a superstition which they cannot explain. Our gipsy expects a visitor. She hears his footsteps. The door opens at her bidding and a stranger makes his appearance. He is a tall and well made man, of stern and gloomy countenance, which is half concealed beneath the raised foldings of his cloak.—His broad, old forehead beneath is seen to stream down eagerly and anxiously bright. But for a certain repelling something in his glance, he might be considered a very handsome man—perhaps by many persons he was thot so. He advanced with an air of dignity and power.—His deportment and manner—and when he spoke, his voice—all seemed to denote a person accustomed to command. The woman did not look up as he approached—on the contrary she seemed more intent than ever in the examination of the strange characters before her. But a curious spectator might have seen that a corner of her eye, bright with an intelligence that looked more like cunning than wisdom, was suffered to take in all of the face and person on the visitor that his muffling costume permitted to be seen.—*Concluded next week.*

A WORD TO THE LADIES.—Is not much of the folly and dissipation of the times chargeable to the ladies? Do they not give their sweet smiles and their pleasant voices to those who dress the best and are most extravagant?—Will a lady be so particular as to stop in the street and talk with a mechanic as she will to a well dressed gentleman?—*pauper*, we were about to say. We can point to many a woman, who gave her heart and hand to a mealy-mouthed, delicate-skinned, oily-haired, fashionable young man, who has bitterly rued the day of her choice. A man who has but little buisness, except to curl his hair, consult the tailor, and talk insipidly, is not fit for a husband—we care not how much money he may count. So long as young women are so unwise as to smile on such, there will be folly and dissipation among our young men. Ladies should be wise and consult their duty and future happiness. Lady, will you not reflect upon this subject? Will you not pursue a course, in regard to choosing your partner through life, that will be the means of your future happiness and blessedness, instead of choosing one who will be the means of your troubles, and who will, perhaps, be the cause of bringing you to an early grave with a troubled brow and a broken heart? We say this for your benefit—reflect, and be wise.

GROANING AND CRYING.—A French surgeon lately published a long dissertation on the beneficial influence of groaning and crying on the nervous system. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which Nature allays anguish, and that he has uniformly observed that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it is unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He is always pleased by the crying and violent roaring of a patient during the time he is undergoing a sever surgical operation, because he is satisfied that he will thereby so sooth his nervous system as to prevent fevor, and ensure a favorable termination. From the benefit hysterical and other patients (nervous) derive from groaning and crying, he supposes that by these processes of Nature the superabundant nervous power is exhausted, and that the nervous system is in consequence rendered calm and even, the circulation of the blood greatly diminished. He relates a case of a man who by crying and bawling reduced his pulse from 120 to 60 in the course of two hours That some patients often have a great satisfaction in groaning, and that hysterical patients often experience great relief from crying, are facts which no person will deny. As to restless, hypochondriacal subjects, or those who are never happy but when they are under some course of medical or dietetic treatment, the French surgeon assures them that they cannot do better than groan all night and cry all day. By following this rule, and observing an abstemious diet, a person will effectuall escape disease, and may prolong life to an incredible extent.

☞Coleridge tells a story of meeting a stranger whose silence, during dinner-time, and his attention to what others said, without interrupting them, gave him a favorable impression of his understanding; till, unfortunately, on the appearance of some apple-dumplings toward the close of the repast, the delusion was dissipated by the stranger suddenly exclaiming—"Them's the jockies for me!"

Leaves from a Scrap-Book--No. 1.

TO A NOVITIATE.

Young heart without a stain!
Why 'mid the convent's melancholy gloom,
Wilt thou, forgetful of the world, again
Thy blessed wealth entomb?
It is no fitting place
For one to whom so much of worth is given
And dark-eyed beauty, and the winning grace
Of thoughts which tell of Heaven.

Ye, o'er whom virtues spell
Has been a thread of gossamer—a hair—
Whose haunted breast remorse has made a hell,
Ruled by the fiend despair.
Ye, who have felt the frown
Of disappointment blight what promise gave,
Have seen the last, best bosom friend go down
Unto the voiceless grave.

Ye, in whose future sky
No cheering star of kindly hope appears:
Along whose desert path the streams are dry,
Save those, alas! of tears—
Fly from the world apart
To mercy's shrine—the habitance of prayer,
And, with a humble and repentant heart
Seek rest and refuge there.

But thou whose buried years
No shade of guilt, no spectre-thought attends,
With every charm that virtue's smile endears,
Glad home and circling friends—
Why court the cloistered shade
Where undeplored, love's richest blossoms fall?
Thou, whose bright spirit was in kindness made
To grace the coarsly hall!

Are thy heart's wounds so sore,
So deeply laid, so fully fraught with harm,
That hope hath not within her healthful store
For them a healing balm?
And Heaven-born Hope replies
"Child of the stricken soul, believe it not:
I have a solace for its deepest sighs,
Peace for its darkest lot.

"Though clouds are o'er thee now,
And down thy pale cheek unbidden steal
Gushes of secret tears, and on thy brow
Stern care hath set his seal
Clear skies shall yet be thine,
Serene and bright as beamed in Eden's bowers
And chastened joys from feeling's holiest shrine,
Shall cheer thy coming hours.

"Sweet words from friendship's tongue
Shall round thy heart like seraph-music play,
And many a flower from pure affection sprung,
Breathe fragrance on thy way.
And many a beacon light
Far o'er thy path shall cheering dawn,
And guardian ministers, by day and night,
Shall lead thee on."

O, then, fair futured maid,
Wilt thou not list affection's pleaded prayer?
And seek not the convent's withering shade
Peace, vainly sought for there!
Stay, for the social hearth,
The festal hall, where woman's charms regale;
She that hath smiles to make a Heaven of earth,
Should wear no shrouding veil!

WISCONSIN—GERMANS—MILWAUKIE.

We copy the following from the letter of a correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser.

No person who is not familiar with the landing of immigrants in New York is prepared to form an idea of the Wisconsin. Not a boat comes up the lakes without bringing scores of them, while many bring hundreds. I have observed these immigrants at every stage of their progress from the quarantine at Staten Island, to the far West, but their landing on the shores of Wisconsin is the most interesting scene of all. Hitherto they seemed the subject of "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." They had come to America, indeed, but even here they had to run the gauntlet of more than a thousand miles, with sharpers and rogues on either hand, ready to take advantage of their ignorance or their necessities. Now at last they had reached the far-off land of their adoption, and their luggage was to be thrown ashore for the last time. What satisfaction reigned in the countenances of young and old, but especially of the young! Nothing could exceed the innocent mirthfulness of a load of these urchins, hatless and shoeless, mounted upon a grotesque load of chests, bundles, and furniture, starting off for their forest home. A few months ago they were the children of oppression, and the tools of European despotism. Now they are numbered among the sovereign people of America, and forever escaped from the sway of a tyrant. With their artless but foreign accents they seem to be shouting hurrah to

"The land of the brave, and the home of the free."

Milwaukie is literally filled with Germans, whole sections of the town seeming to have no other inhabitants, while the vicinity contains a large proportion of the same class of people.

This city is twelve years old, and its population is now estimated at 14 to 15,000. Thirteen years since it was only inhabited by a French and Indian trader, who, contrary to the usual course of persons of that class, now remains a citizen of the town that has grown up under his eyes. This person, Mons. Junot, purchased at an early day the whole tract of land lying east of the river and extending to the lake shore. The tract west of the river was purchased by a gentleman from Ohio. An active competition sprang up between these persons and their several friends on opposite sides of the river, and to some extent it still prevails, each side claiming the ascendancy and advantages, and each passing by the local cognomen of its principal patron.

Junottown is located upon a lofty and commanding bluff, with but one good business street along the margin of the river. Kilbourntown occupies the rich bottom lands on the western bank of the river, and is better adapted to all mechanical purposes. Junottown rejoices in the finest stores, residences, gardens and prospects; Kilbourntown in its iron foundries, its mills and its water power; and its high bluffs at a distance around are beginning to be surmounted with elegant buildings.—Doubtless the internal rivalry of these two section of the city has contributed to its growth and expansion as a whole. Rapid as its growth has been, Milwaukie is probably destined to grow still faster in future. It is the principal port and market place of Eastern Wisconsin, and as such it must have immense, and, for a long time to come, increasing trade. It would doubtless improve faster were a portion of its surrounding country prairie, instead of being heavily timbered. Perhaps, however, its permanent prosperity will be quite as well secured in its present circumstances. A goodly number of churches adorn the place, and from my observation, I should judge that a fair proportion of the people reverence and honor the Sabbath day. I noticed, however, flagrant exceptions to the general good conduct in this respect.—Drinking and gambling in certain public places were remarkably prominent and unblushing, while the loud music of a recruiting party in the midst of the city betokened but little respect for the inhabitants who desired to keep the Sabbath day holy.

☞Sambo, why is a *chimley* sweep one ob de happiest men alive!" "I 'spose—kase he knows de joys ob de *fire-side!*" "No, dat aint it. Do you gub it up!" "Sartin Jake, sartin!" "Well, den, kase he's easily suited (sooted)."

A FACT.—Somebody says, "blessed are they that do not advertise, for they shall rarely be troubled with customers."

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Despise not the day of small things. This sentence contains wisdom and philosophy, as well as scripture. It is very easy and natural to sneer at small beginnings and humble means, but it is not always wise to do so. It is better to commence on an humble scale, and come out in good style at last, than to suffer a severe colapse after an extensive and ridiculous flourish. Some men will do better with a capital of a sixpence, than they would if half the fortune of Astor had been given them to commence with. We have heard it told of a man worth his millions, that he commenced by selling fruit at a street stall. We have seen boys at school roll a handful of snow upon the ground, till, by its accumulated matter, it became so bulky that a dozen could scarcely move it.—Sands make the mountains, moments make the year, drops make the ocean; and so, little endeavors, earnestly, unceasingly and honestly put forth, make the great men in the world's history.

We say, then, do n't despise the day of small things. If you have an undertaking to accomplish, a good thing to bring about, begin according to your means, and never be discouraged because you cannot make so magnificent a commencement as you could wish. Old King John, the Frenchman, five hundred years ago, took it into his head to found a library; and he began with—what do you suppose!—*ten volumes.* But he knew what he was about: for that library—the Royal Library of Paris—is now the most magnificent public Library in the world, and contains 700,000 volumes.

A whale one day came frolicking into the harbor of Nantucket, a short time after the first settlement of that Island, and as for many hours it continued there, the enterprising inhabitants were induced to contrive and prepare a large barbed iron with a strong cord attached, with which they finally succeeded in securing this aquatic monster. A small matter, truly; but it was the commencement of a business which has added millions to the wealth of the people—the incipient introduction to an enterprise which nearly three-quarters of a century ago extorted a noble tribute of admiration from Edmund Burke, on the floor of the British Parliament.

Two fishermen in Holland once had a dispute in a tavern, on the question whether the fish takes the hook, or the hook takes the fish. From this trivial circumstance arose two opposing parties, the "Hooks," and the "Cobble-Joints," who for two centuries divided the nation, and maintained a contest not unlike that between the red and white roses of England.

There is a traditionary counterpart to this in our own history. We allude to the story of the pig, whose stupid obstinacy, we are gravely told, involved us in a war with Great Britain, in 1812—There is nothing incredible about it, however, and, as most of our readers are too young to recollect the anecdote, we will venture to repeat it "Two neighbors, both of the old federal school of politics, who had lived in the city of Providence, chanced to quarrel. And so it happened, one was the owner of a pig, who had an irresistible inclination to perambulate in the garden of the next neighbor. The owner of the garden complained of the pig-sty being insufficient to restrain the pig, and the neighbor replied, it was all because he kept his fences in such ill repair. The pig was taking his morning walk when he was surprised in the act of rooting up some very valuable bulbous roots; this was the last "feather:" the owner of the garden put a pitchfork into his tender sides, and killed him outright.—A candidate for a seat in the legislature, and failed by one vote, the vote of his incensed neighbor, who voted against him. At the election of a Senator, the Democratic candidate was elected by one vote—and when the question of war with England was before the Senate, it was declared by the majority of one vote—so that but for this pig we should have been probably saved from this war."

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that when a boy, he was one day observed by a gentleman in the neighborhood of Sheffield, very earnestly engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing; and with great simplicity the boy replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this, the gentleman asking to see what he had done, and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, presented the youth with a sixpence.—This may be reckoned as the first money Chantrey ever receiged for the production of his art; and from such a beginning it was that arose this greatest of modern artists.

Again we say, despise not small beginnings, nor look with supercilious contempt upon every thing which appears insignificant and trifling. Trifles are not so plenty in this world as many of us imagine. A philosopher has observed that wars, involving mischief to great nations, have arisen from a ministerial despatch being written in a fit of indigestion! When Alexander Pope received his present of Turkey figs, he little thought that a twig from the basket was to be the means of introducing the weeping willow into England and America. So is this world made up of and governed by trifles, at first too small to attract notice; and the wise man will not only cultivate sharp eyes, but attentive habits, making the most and the best of every thing, and despising nothing small, but small souls.—*National Library.*

A DIVING "BELLE."—A funny incident happened a few days since on the railroad between Boston and Lawrence, Mass. A substantial wholsome looking Irish lady, was so intent in her gossip with a friend in the cars, just as they were starting from Lawrence, that she did not wake up to the reality until she was making a course for Boston at a twenty mile speed. The instant she perceived this she rushed for the door. Conductor Billings, a very gallant man, and exceedingly tender of woman kind, started to stop her, and arrived at the platform just as the affrighted woman made her leap. Luckily the cars were upon the canal bridge; and as she shot out the speed of the train turned her over in the neatest of all possible somersets, and then down she went, straight as a meal bag, bonnet first, into the canal. The dive was beautiful, and as she arose, puffing with fright, a board was thrown to her, and she soon found herself dripping like a fat nanid, upon dry land, unharmed, but a good deal scared, as well she might be. The next night she went up in the cars, looking as nice as a sunflower, and calm as a summer morning. Great doubt has been expressed as to the probable result of the tussle, had the gallant conductor succeeded in clasping her before the leap was made.

WHAT MAY BE BOUGHT FOR £5 IN ENGLAND.—If you are a married man, you may buy these luxuries for the sum of £5:—You may with your clenched fists beat your wife until her eyes shall be "dreadfully bruised and swollen."—You may "take the bellows from her hand," and with them "strike her several blows upon the head," until she falls "senseless on the floor."—You may further kick and beat her "while she is down." These things—free and enlightened Englishmen, blessed with laws that make you the envy of surrounding nations—these things you may do, if you have £5!

"But how"—you ask—"if I have not £5?" Why, then, inhuman pauper—hard-hearted outcast—penniless miscreant—why, then, in default of payment of £5, you shall taste the bitterness of captivity and oakum-picking for two statute months! For an illustration of this ennobling legal truth, see Marylebone Police Report, in the case of Michael Gore, late of 25 Orchard-Place, now on a two months' visit to Colonel Chesterton, at the House of Correction. Michael Gore is punished—not, in very truth, for beating his wife—but for not having £5 to pay for it. Is not this the highest triumph of property?