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B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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## Crie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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## Poetry and Miscellany.

### THE 'HOUSEHOLD DIRGE.'

From the Knickerbocker.  
By R. H. STODARD.  
I've lost my little May at last!  
She perished in the spring,  
When earliest flowers began to bud,  
And earliest birds to sing;  
I laid her in a country grave,  
A rural, soft retreat.  
A marble tablet o'er her head,  
And violets at her feet.  
I would that she were back again,  
In all her childish bloom,  
My joy and hope have followed her,  
My heart is in her tomb!  
I know that she is gone away,  
I know that she is dead,  
I miss her every where, and yet  
I cannot make her dead!  
I wake the children up at dawn,  
And say a simple prayer,  
And draw them round the morning meal,  
But one is wanting there!  
I see a little chair vacant,  
A little plate apart,  
And Memory fills the vacancy,  
As Time will—nevermore!  
I sit within my room, and write  
The love and weary hours,  
And miss the little maid again  
Among the window flowers,  
And miss her with her toy beside  
My desk in silent play!  
And then I turn and look for her,  
But she has flown away!  
I drop my idle pen and hark,  
And catch the faintest sound,  
She must be playing hide-and-seek  
In shady nooks around.  
She'll come and climb my chair again,  
And peep my shoulder o'er;  
I heard a stifled laugh—but no,  
She cannot nevermore!  
I waited yesterday-night,  
The evening service read,  
And lingered for my little's kiss  
Before she went to bed.  
Remembering she had gone before,  
In slumbers soft and sweet,  
A monument above her head,  
And violets at her feet.

### THE WIFE'S TASK.

From the Western Literary Messenger.  
At the distance of some fifty miles from London, but aside from any of the great country roads, there stood, many years ago, an old manorial residence, which joined to the massiveness of feudal times much of the picturesque of architecture which characterized a later period. The solid masonry of the mansion might, indeed, bid defiance to any ordinary mode of attack, but the clustered chimneys, the noble, projecting windows, the lofty and ornamented portal, the low park wall which seemed one mass of variegated masses, richer and more beautiful than the finest mosaic, spoke of a peaceful power and the protection of individual rights. The Neville, to whom the demesne belonged, had possessed high rank, immense wealth, and great influence. For a time they lived gay and brilliant, though changeable and eventful lives, adhering, by times, to the royal and popular cause, and taking part in all the stirring incidents of each successive period. Some had died on the battle field, some on the scaffold, some with the "pomp and circumstance" of high nobility, beneath the epheral velvet and nodding plumes. A few of the daughters had married into families less more renowned than their own; many had united with their equals, and two or three, descending from their proud position, had found a deeper happiness, a more entire content in the seclusion of cottage homes. But, at length, the fortune which had borne without injury the encroachments of occasional splendour, began to melt away before a succession of reckless heirs, until the last, Sir Henry found himself involved in ruin and struggle with a lost made hopeless by the misdeeds of his fathers. His wife died during the third year of their marriage, leaving him one son, named Edward Neville, who inherited the sparkling beauty, the fine figure and graceful carriage which had long distinguished his race. In him, Sir Henry's heart was bound up. For him he wrought early and late, till the land that remained unallotted, with the help of a few rustics, living on the poorest food, wearing the coarsest clothing, and, dying suddenly, left him a small sum gathered by half-pence, and saved with most exact fidelity. Even in the hour of dissolution, he sought to preserve the little hoard, promptly forbade any pomp at his funeral, and exacted a promise that no monument, not even an unornamented stone, should record his burial. Edward waited until his inheritance, and then, in the weariness of despair, fled from the scene of so much past splendor and present misery. Of his wife's abode he would never speak. It was too full of wretchedness; possibly of crime. However that might be, he returned in a few years, broken and haggard, with a dulled eye, a faded cheek, and a step slow and heavy with the weariness of a breaking heart.  
It was the anniversary of his father's death when he passed before his ancestral home. There it stood, massive, rich, and entire, save the glassless windows, the dilapidated chimneys, and here and there a pointed roof decayed—broken, yet garlanded with the ivy and the vine. There it stood, proud, old and silent amidst the forest-like depth and density of verdure. The cherry, the double peach, the laburnum, the lime and the laurel grew in untamed profusion. The beech and the yew, the yew, the lime, the cedar and the cypress, had overgrown their bounds, joined the fragrant fir that overtopped the emerald meadows, shadowed by clumps of branching oaks and insignificant elms that stooped to kiss their own fantastic image on the green sward. The garden terraces, washed by the rain, would have been undistinguishable but for the marble steps, weathered, stained and cracked by frost, were themselves scarcely visible through the tangled mass of roses and lilies. The statues were overthrown and broken; the antique sun-dials were buried under the verdant moss. There was no door in the park; there was no game in the preserves. No boat danced on the stream as its current washed the old stone landing; the boat-house itself was quite concealed by jessamines and honeysuckles. The nightingales were singing their sweet, and song, and the rooks, wheeling above the coppices, suggested images of English plenty and English hospitality, painful at that place and at that hour.  
The iron gate remained, but the lock was rusty, and the young man sprang over the wall and strode onward to the portal, dashed aside the brambles that had rioted in neglect, and trampling upon the sharp stings of the nettles grown long and strong in the dark atmosphere. He passed from room to room, from hall to hall, glanced at the gilded cornices, the panelled wainscoting, the inlaid floors from which the thick carpets and splendid foot-cloths had vanished, and stopped a moment before each of the glorious pictures which told of a once regal fortune, and a right princely passage of art. As he trod the fine old gallery and thought of all this wealth, his own, yet not his own, he cursed, in his utmost spirit,

the bounding influence which settled upon him like a dark and blighting spell. What did it avail that the demesne, spread out in its richness and beauty, owned him master. Not a fixture could be sold, not a tree felled, not a painting removed. The relative on whom it was entailed, cold, grasping and sordid, would have seen its lord dying at his feet, rather than yield a right, however trivial, or afforded aid, however slight. And he bore no wealth within himself. By education, habit, feeling, he was unfit to carve his way up to fortune, and beside him stood no friend silently and lovingly to subdue his prejudices, to plan, to soothe, to cheer. The atmosphere was impure, and the mingled acents which came heavily upon him from the flower forest, increased the stifling sensation it produced. Less and less firm was the young man's tread, fainter and fainter the echo in the lonely chamber, and when the rising moon shone in through the casement, she revealed no difference of hue between his cheek and his marble pillow.  
Adjoining the Neville Court was a large estate belonging to a family still in its "pride of power and place." Nothing of embellishment and a lavish expenditure, guided by the taste and an acquaintance with high fashion could effect, was wanting. Yet admirable as were the appointments, filled as the house with noble guests, nothing was ever seen there one-fifth as beautiful, nothing that could so satisfy the fancy and fill the heart as the pet, the plaything, the ward of Clarence Norton, the second son of the house; a young man universally admired and thoroughly accomplished, whose fortune enabled him to gratify all his whims, and keep his home family on the best possible terms by lavish and splendid gifts. By these, indeed, he paved the way for Amy's introduction to them, simply announcing her as the child of a dear friend, who, on his death-bed, had bequeathed her to his care, although there was not wanting those who professed to see in her rich complexion, her sprightly tender eyes, her laughing lip, her slight, yet round and graceful figure, and the sparkling blackness of her thick, wavy tresses, the evidences of a tender and close connection. Whatever was the tie between them, it was cordially acknowledged by Mr. Norton. He never returned from a continental tour without piling her dressing-room with presents, rich silks, delicate India muslins, bonnets, and now and then a fine cabinet picture, such as he knew she loved. While he remained, too, he exhibited a sedulous care for her enjoyment. She rode his Arabian, bated, fished, hunted with him, sang to his flute, and mingled with the gay company that thronged the mansion. But when he went away, she gradually returned to her studies, her painting, her embroidery, and dwelt in her own chamber, and in the dear old woods, next in her affections to her guardian himself. In vain did the young ladies of the family strive to turn her exquisite taste to account in the decoration of themselves and their drawing rooms. Although uniformly willing to fill the vase, arrange the ornaments to the most advantage, to devise fancy dresses, and give an air of elegance to the flowers and ribbons destined to set off the beauty of her fair friends, she as uniformly resisted quietly, respectfully, but firmly, all attempts to fritter away her energies in a waiting-woman's services. But in all tasks of love and charity, she was unwearied. Her melancholy took the form, not of languid musing, but of untiring activity, a restlessness of endeavor that seemed struggling to break through. Her foot often fell in peasant homes, her voice sustained the old, and gave a new impulse to the young. She knew the detail of the farmer's housekeeping, and the small economy that makes the riches of the poor. She wrought of well as saw. Her busy fingers plaited the Sunday cap of the tottering grandmother, remodelled the faded garment of the orphan child, concocted the generous cordial, and prepared the delicacies which tempted the falling appetite.  
It was when her guardian had been long abroad, when an intensity of sadness had gathered in her eye, and her form drooped like a snow-drop when the storm state upon it, when, more than ever before, her woman's heart ached for his unceremonious solitude, that she met Edward Neville in her lonely walks. At first, a bow was the only recognition, then, a friendly salutation, then, some slight courtesy, an offered flower or a basket of choice fruit. Then followed short conversations under the cool shadows, and, finally, long, delightful ramblings among woodland labyrinth, or beside the brimming stream. The similarity of their position in some points, produced in each a blinding feeling, half admiration, half pity, and each generously and truly sought to translate into action the thoughts which found rest in words their fitting language. Amy brought her choicest books, sketched the spots they visited, and the flowers they gathered, sang the songs her companion loved, quoted his favorite poetry, treasured his slightest expressions; while he brought out the wealth of a brilliant and highly cultivated mind, ransacked the regions of philosophy, poetry and art for their brightest gems, and interspersed them with life-like pictures from his own varied experience.  
How is it possible that they should long continue to meet only as friends? When together, she breathed a purer atmosphere, saw a brighter sun, and found a temporary repose from the memory of their sorrows. They heard not in their "sweet delirium," the suggestions of prudence, they forgot that friends would frown, and the world laugh. What was there for them but their own unaccommodated happiness! The illusion could not last. Edward Neville was noble minded, and he awoke to the magnitude of his folly. Even in the gayest moments of adventurous youth, when surrounded by night aid in the difficult ascent to independence, he had fled from the smile of woman; and now, when utterly forgotten, when he habit of hopelessness had impaired his energies, and years of inaction had made him avers to effort, now, in the depth of his poverty, poverty both of the outward and inward man, should he link another to his fate? Should he darken forever another's sky? Involve another in a perpetual and desperate struggle? He sternly put aside the strong suggestions of his overflowing love, and forced himself to reveal all the humiliating, crushing circumstances which ground him to the very earth. Then, with the calmness of despair, he renounced all claim upon the beautiful being who had made one sunny spot in his depressing life, offered one healthy draught to his fevered and thirsty lips.  
And Amy? How did she listen to his words? Had she doubted the sincerity of his affection, or could she have suffered alone, who would have remained silent. But gently, and self-distrustful as she was, she yet knew that upon her rested her lover's sole chance of extricating himself from his embarrassments, of rising superior to his fate, of becoming happy and free. She rightly estimated the source of his discouragements. She perceived the weak as well as the strong points of his character, and she knew that she alone could strengthen the first and direct the last. But she could not say this, how then could she, without overstepping the bounds of maidenly delicacy, urge the fulfillment of their unspoken vows? It was easier than she thought. The pleading gaze, and the grasp of the slight fingers, unconsciously convulsed and strained in the passion of sudden grief changed in a moment resolutions fortified by a long night of bitter self-upbraidings.  
Amy's friends were in London whither she had declined accompanying them, and her letters announcing her engagement were received with polite surprise and expressed remonstrances, veiling, or intended to veil, a real satisfaction under an appearance of regret. A few handsome presents formally offered, and as formally accepted, finished the connection of the lovely girl with the proud family which had endured her presence only from

regard to a brother's wealth. Thus, quite alone—for she had persuaded Edward to look after some business that required his presence in an adjoining county—she commenced preparing for her simple housekeeping.  
Many years before, the lord of Neville Court had wedded a delicate, drooping woman, who, having been brought up in the seclusion of a country house, wore of the splendid dissipation in which her marriage had involved her. She pined for a solitude, broken only by bird or bee, for a spot where she might sing the songs of her childhood unheard by human ear, or sit with her husband sometimes, in the soft twilight, and recall, undisturbed, the bright dream of their wooing. A gay and elegant man was her husband, a successful courtier, sought and cared for by whole troops of lords and ladies, and fond of the white and scarlet of his brilliant life. But he was also warm hearted, and loved the gentle being he had won to his side. His early romance had not all vanished, and he applied himself with the ardor of a young lover to the erection of a pretty hermitage. Entirely out of sight of the great mansion, and just where one would least expect to find it, rose, as if by magic, a little stone cottage, irregular enough for a painter, with three pointed roofs, and casement windows, here and there, set with the choicest colored glass through which fell the softened rays, making a graceful and elusive light within. The gem-like glass was gone, the arras, and the dainty cushions, but the cottage was still entire, thank to its almost indestructible material, and a very small sum sufficed to make it half a paradise. Quite a paradise it became pleasant associations, and agreeable recollections, for, when it became known that it was to be the abode of her benefactress, many of the sturdy villagers came with full hearts and ready hands to assist in the labor. The mason and carpenter, the painter and mat maker; the farmer's wife with her dairy produce; the gardener from the hall, a boy of girls with mops and brooms, and the quiet, sorrowful seamstress, whose small cupboard had been often stocked with cordials, offered their services with pleased alacrity. To crown the whole, a bright lass of fifteen, who might have rivalled Gay's "Black Eyed Susan," offered her assistance for the continuance of such instruction as she had been accustomed to receive from her fair patroness.  
The work went merrily on, performed by nimble fingers, quickened by thorough good will. Fordford did Amy receive into her bosom for the patient gentleness with which she had entered into the details of the poor man's life, suggesting, planning, making the little seem the much. Fordford was she rewarded, not alone by the gratitude of the benefitted, but by the practical industry she had gathered, which enabled her to order skillfully her own narrow means. It was really wonderful how she contrived to double her possessions. The cottage, which she feared would look cold and bare, was almost crowded. That little, sunny parlor, so little and so sunny, with its Turkey carpet, its large deep window filled even to the top with plants and bird-cages, its fine cabinet pictures, with her own humble, yet well painted sketches, its books and engravings, its harp and piano, its small table, with that pretentious pot of orange marmalade, a work basket, full of light evidence of former industry, how sociably how enjoyably it looked! Then the sleeping room adjoining, bright-like, with white draperies and folds of India muslin, the toilet filled with gills, then the other rooms, and the tiny nook for the young maiden's toilet and clean. It was very lovely, too, without. The green solitude was alike soothing to the eye and heart. Behind was a sunny slope, flowery to profusion, and haunted by cowbells and wild hyacinths, pansies and heart's-easies, which fairly danced with the roses and honey-suckles that garlanded the cottage. Stretching away upon either side were rich coppices and dark fern with many an abrupt ascent, on whose broken terraces grew the primrose and periwinkle, and patches of underwood, thorns and ferns, gay dancing ferns waving plume-like over the many tinted meadows. In front lay the meadow, so deeply, richly green, the full, calm river spanned by an ivied bridge, and, beyond, the peaceful hills with a far off view of the distant church, the cloud-like smoke rising from the hamlet beneath. As the loving girl looked around and felt her own soul refreshed and animated, she not only hoped, but believed, that the outward peace would bring also a peaceful spirit of peace.  
The bride was all unlike those of the former heirs of the stately house. But the song of the nightingale and the cooing of the wood pigeons were sweeter far than the blithe strain of the minstrel; and the morning, the thickets, with their treasures of anemones and wood anemones; the snow-white blossoms of the thorn and the cherry; the budding, blooming beauty of all around, were far more suggestive of blissful thoughts, more sustaining than the gayest pageantry.  
Time passed, and there was no want in the cottage. True, the brown loaf, with honey from the hives under the lime trees, and a pitcher of fresh milk often furnished the frugal meal, but lost at the board, and the homely fare grew sweeter than the viands at the banquet of princes.  
How is it possible that they should long continue to meet only as friends? When together, she breathed a purer atmosphere, saw a brighter sun, and found a temporary repose from the memory of their sorrows. They heard not in their "sweet delirium," the suggestions of prudence, they forgot that friends would frown, and the world laugh. What was there for them but their own unaccommodated happiness! The illusion could not last. Edward Neville was noble minded, and he awoke to the magnitude of his folly. Even in the gayest moments of adventurous youth, when surrounded by night aid in the difficult ascent to independence, he had fled from the smile of woman; and now, when utterly forgotten, when he habit of hopelessness had impaired his energies, and years of inaction had made him avers to effort, now, in the depth of his poverty, poverty both of the outward and inward man, should he link another to his fate? Should he darken forever another's sky? Involve another in a perpetual and desperate struggle? He sternly put aside the strong suggestions of his overflowing love, and forced himself to reveal all the humiliating, crushing circumstances which ground him to the very earth. Then, with the calmness of despair, he renounced all claim upon the beautiful being who had made one sunny spot in his depressing life, offered one healthy draught to his fevered and thirsty lips.  
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The work went merrily on, performed by nimble fingers, quickened by thorough good will. Fordford did Amy receive into her bosom for the patient gentleness with which she had entered into the details of the poor man's life, suggesting, planning, making the little seem the much. Fordford was she rewarded, not alone by the gratitude of the benefitted, but by the practical industry she had gathered, which enabled her to order skillfully her own narrow means. It was really wonderful how she contrived to double her possessions. The cottage, which she feared would look cold and bare, was almost crowded. That little, sunny parlor, so little and so sunny, with its Turkey carpet, its large deep window filled even to the top with plants and bird-cages, its fine cabinet pictures, with her own humble, yet well painted sketches, its books and engravings, its harp and piano, its small table, with that pretentious pot of orange marmalade, a work basket, full of light evidence of former industry, how sociably how enjoyably it looked! Then the sleeping room adjoining, bright-like, with white draperies and folds of India muslin, the toilet filled with gills, then the other rooms, and the tiny nook for the young maiden's toilet and clean. It was very lovely, too, without. The green solitude was alike soothing to the eye and heart. Behind was a sunny slope, flowery to profusion, and haunted by cowbells and wild hyacinths, pansies and heart's-easies, which fairly danced with the roses and honey-suckles that garlanded the cottage. Stretching away upon either side were rich coppices and dark fern with many an abrupt ascent, on whose broken terraces grew the primrose and periwinkle, and patches of underwood, thorns and ferns, gay dancing ferns waving plume-like over the many tinted meadows. In front lay the meadow, so deeply, richly green, the full, calm river spanned by an ivied bridge, and, beyond, the peaceful hills with a far off view of the distant church, the cloud-like smoke rising from the hamlet beneath. As the loving girl looked around and felt her own soul refreshed and animated, she not only hoped, but believed, that the outward peace would bring also a peaceful spirit of peace.  
The bride was all unlike those of the former heirs of the stately house. But the song of the nightingale and the cooing of the wood pigeons were sweeter far than the blithe strain of the minstrel; and the morning, the thickets, with their treasures of anemones and wood anemones; the snow-white blossoms of the thorn and the cherry; the budding, blooming beauty of all around, were far more suggestive of blissful thoughts, more sustaining than the gayest pageantry.  
Time passed, and there was no want in the cottage. True, the brown loaf, with honey from the hives under the lime trees, and a pitcher of fresh milk often furnished the frugal meal, but lost at the board, and the homely fare grew sweeter than the viands at the banquet of princes.  
How is it possible that they should long continue to meet only as friends? When together, she breathed a purer atmosphere, saw a brighter sun, and found a temporary repose from the memory of their sorrows. They heard not in their "sweet delirium," the suggestions of prudence, they forgot that friends would frown, and the world laugh. What was there for them but their own unaccommodated happiness! The illusion could not last. Edward Neville was noble minded, and he awoke to the magnitude of his folly. Even in the gayest moments of adventurous youth, when surrounded by night aid in the difficult ascent to independence, he had fled from the smile of woman; and now, when utterly forgotten, when he habit of hopelessness had impaired his energies, and years of inaction had made him avers to effort, now, in the depth of his poverty, poverty both of the outward and inward man, should he link another to his fate? Should he darken forever another's sky? Involve another in a perpetual and desperate struggle? He sternly put aside the strong suggestions of his overflowing love, and forced himself to reveal all the humiliating, crushing circumstances which ground him to the very earth. Then, with the calmness of despair, he renounced all claim upon the beautiful being who had made one sunny spot in his depressing life, offered one healthy draught to his fevered and thirsty lips.  
And Amy? How did she listen to his words? Had she doubted the sincerity of his affection, or could she have suffered alone, who would have remained silent. But gently, and self-distrustful as she was, she yet knew that upon her rested her lover's sole chance of extricating himself from his embarrassments, of rising superior to his fate, of becoming happy and free. She rightly estimated the source of his discouragements. She perceived the weak as well as the strong points of his character, and she knew that she alone could strengthen the first and direct the last. But she could not say this, how then could she, without overstepping the bounds of maidenly delicacy, urge the fulfillment of their unspoken vows? It was easier than she thought. The pleading gaze, and the grasp of the slight fingers, unconsciously convulsed and strained in the passion of sudden grief changed in a moment resolutions fortified by a long night of bitter self-upbraidings.  
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## DISUNION!

### A Eloquent Extract!

Hon. JOHN A. McCLELLAND, one of the Democratic members from Illinois, Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the House, and well-known as one of the ablest and most accomplished men in the Union, made a speech on the 10th of June, on the above question, which has been well and widely praised and printed by the Democratic press of the nation. We give the following truly eloquent and striking extract on Disunion. We are confident we could lay before our readers nothing so acceptable or appropriate at this particular time:  
"But, sir, in another view: what must follow if these unhappy differences are not settled? This is a momentous question, rising far above all others I have yet considered, and concerns not only the condition of our territories, but the welfare of twenty millions of free people; yes, the cause of human liberty throughout the world. I hesitate to approach it; it is too vast for finite comprehension; it is too fearful for voluntary contemplation. We read, sir, of the rise and fall of great empires, whose career makes up the history of antiquity—of Assyria, and of Persia, and of Greece, and of Rome, who successively averaged the destinies of the world, and are now degraded or perished among the ruins of earlier times. But the fall of this Government—this Union, would mark a still more disastrous and awful period in the annals of the world; it would mark not merely the reflux of despotic power upon its devoted authors, and agents, not