THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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POWDER.—104 Kegs Rifle, Deer and Blasting Powder, just received and for sale by the keg or less quantity, by
Erie, July 26. R. T. Sterrett & Sons.

Select Poetry.

WAYSIDE DREAM.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

A warm and drowsy sweetness
Is stealing o'er my brain;
I see no more the Danube
Sweep through the royal plain—
I hear no more the peasant girls
Singing amid the grain!

Soft, silvery wings, a moment
Seems resting on my brow;
Again I hear the water,
But its voice is deeper now,
And the mocking-bird and oriole
Are singing on the bough!

The elm and linden branches
Droop close and dark o'erhead,
And the foaming forest-brooklet
Leaps down the rocky bed
Be still my heart! the seas are passed—
The paths of home I tread!

The showers of creamy blossoms
Are on the linden spray,
And down the clover meadow
They heap the scented hay,
And glad winds toss the forest leaves,
All the bright summer day.

Old playmates bid me welcome
Amid your brother-band;
Give me the old affection—
The glowing grasp of hand—
I worship no more the realms of old—
Here is my fatherland.

Choice Miscellany.

BIOGRAPHY OF A BAD SHILLING.

From Dickens' Household Words.

I believe I may state with confidence that my parents were respectable, notwithstanding that one belonged to the law—being the zinc door-plate of a solicitor. The other, was a pewter flagon residing at a very excellent hotel, and moving in distinguished society; for it assisted almost daily at convivial parties in the Temple. It fell a victim at least to a person belonging to the lower orders, who seized it, one fine morning, while hanging upon some railings to dry, and conveyed it to a Jew, who—I blush to record the insult offered to a respected member of my family—melted it down. My first mentioned parent—the zinc plate—was not enabled to move in society, owing to its very close connection with the street door. It occupied, however, a very conspicuous position in a leading thoroughfare, and was the means of diffusing more useful instruction, perhaps, than many a quarto, for it informed the running as well as the reading public, that Messrs. Snapples and Son resided within, and that their office hours were from ten till four. In order to become my progenitor it fell a victim to dishonest practices. A "fast" man unscrewed it one night, and bore it off in triumph to his chambers. Here it was included by "the boy" among the numerous "perquisites," and, by an easy transition, soon found its way to the Hebrew gentleman above mentioned.

The first meeting between my parents took place in the melting-pot of this ingenious person, and the result of their subsequent union was mutually advantageous. The one gained by the alliance that strength and solidity which is not possessed by even the purest pewter; while to the solid qualities of the other were added a whiteness and brilliancy zinc could never display.

From the Jew, my parents were transferred—mysteriously and by night—to an obscure individual in an obscure quarter of the metropolis, when, in secrecy and silence, I was *cast*, to use an appropriate metaphor, upon the world.

How shall I describe my first impression of existence? how portray my agony when I became aware *what I was*—when I understood my mission upon earth? The reader, who has possibly never felt himself to be what Mr. Charlye calls a "sham," or a "solemnly constituted impostor," can have no notion of my sufferings!

These, however, were endured only in my early and unsophisticated youth. Since then, habitual intercourse with the best society has relieved me from the embarrassing appendage of a conscience. My long career upon town—in the course of which I have been bitten, and rung, and subjected to the most humiliating tests—has blunted my sensibilities, while it has taken off the sharpness of my edges; and, like the counterfeits of humanity, whose lead may be seen emulating silver at every turn, my only desire is—not to be worthy of passing, but simply—to pass.

My impression on the world, on first becoming conscious of existence, was, that it was about fifteen feet in length, very dirty, and had a damp, unwholesome smell; my notions of mankind were, that it shaved only once a fortnight; that it had coarse, misshapen features; a hideous leer; that it abjured soap, as a habit; and lived habitually in its shirt sleeves. Such, indeed, was the aspect of the apartment in which I first saw the light, and such the appearance of the professional gentleman who ushered me into existence.

I may add that the room was fortified, as if to sustain a siege. Not only was the door itself lined with iron, but it was strengthened by ponderous wooden beams, placed upright, and across, and in every possible direction. This formidable exhibition of precaution against danger was quite alarming.

I had not been long brought into this "narrow world" before a low and peculiar tap, from the outside of the door, met my ear. My master paused, as if alarmed, and seemed on the point of sweeping me and several of my companions (who had been by this time mysteriously ushered into existence) into some place of safety. Reassured, however, by a second tapping, of more marked peculiarity, he commenced the elaborate process of unfastening the door. This having been accomplished, and the entrance left to the guardianship only of a massive chain, a mysterious watchword was exchanged with some person outside who was presently admitted.

"Hollo! there's two on you?" cried my master, as a hard, elderly animal entered, followed somewhat timidly by a younger one of mild and modest aspect.

"A green 'un as I have took under my arm," said Mr. Blinks (which I presently understood to be the name of the elder one), "and werry deserving he promises to be. He's just come out of the stone pitcher, without having done nothing to entitle him to have gone in. This was it: a fellow out at Highbury Barn collared him, for lifting snow from his railings, where it was a hanging to dry. Young Innocence had never dreamt of any thing of the kind—bein' a walking on his way to the work'us but books being proverbially otherwise than fly, he got six weeks on it. In the 'Quse o' Correction, however, he met some knowing blades, who put him up to the time of day, and he'll soon be as wide-awake as any of 'em. This morning he brought me a pocket-book, and in it eigh—ty pound flimsies. As he is a young hand, I encouraged him by giving him three pan' ten for the lot—it's runnin' a risk, but I done it. As it is, I shall have to send 'em all over to 'Amberg. Howsomever, he's got to take one pund in home trade: bein' out of it myself, I have brought him to you."

"You're here at the nick o'time," said my master, "I have just finished a new batch—"

And he pointed to the glittering heap in which I felt myself—with the confidence of youth—to be unpleasantly conspicuous.

"I've been explaining to young Youthful that it's the reg'lar thing, when he sells his swag to gents in my way of business, to take part of it in this here coin." Here he took me from the heap, and as he did so I felt as if I were growing black between his fingers, and having my prospects in life very much damaged:

"And is all this bad money?" said the youth, curiously gazing, as I thought, at me alone, and not taking the slightest notice of the rest of my companions.

"Hush, hush, young Youthful," said Mr. Blinks, "no offence to the home coinage. In all human affairs, every thing is as good as it looks."

"I could not tell them from the good—from those made by the government I should say"—hastily added the boy.

I felt myself leaping up with vanity, and chinking against my companions at these words. It was plain I was fast losing the innocence of youth. In justice to myself, however, I am bound to say that I have, in the course of my subsequent experience, seen many of the lords and masters of the creation behave much more absurdly under the influence of flattery.

"Well, we must put you up to the means of finding out the real turtle from the mock," said my master.—"It's difficult to tell by the ring. Silver, if it's at all cracked—as lots of money is—don't ring no better than pewter; besides, people can't try every blessed bit o'tin they get in that way; some folks is offended if they do, and some ain't got no counter. As for the color, I defy anybody to tell the difference. And as for the figgers on the side, wot's your dodge? Why, wen a piece o'money's give to you, look to the hedges, and feel 'em too with your finger. When they ain't quite perfect, ten to one but they are bad 'uns. You see, the way it's done is this—I suppose I may put the young 'un up to a thing or two more?" added Mr. Blinks, pausing.

My master, who had during the above conversation lighted a short pipe, and devoted himself with considerable assiduity to a pewter pot—which he looked at with a technical eye, as if mentally casting it into crown pieces, —now nodded assent. He was not of an imaginative or philosophic turn, like Mr. Blinks. He saw none of the sentiment of his business, but pursued it on a system of matter of fact, because he profited by it. This difference between the producer and the middle-man may be continually observed elsewhere.

"You see," continued Mr. Blinks, "that these here 'bobs' "—by which he meant shillings—"is composed of a mixture of two metals—pewter and zinc. In course these is first jugged raw, and sold to gents in my line of bis'ness, who either manufacters them themselves, or sells 'em to gents as does. Now, if the manufacturer is only in a small way of bis'ness, and is of a mean nature, he merely casts his money in plaster of Paris moulds.—But for nobby gents like our friend here (my master here nodded approvingly over his pipe,) this sort of thing won't pay—too much trouble and not enough profit. All the top-sawyers in the manufatur is scientific men. By means of what they calls a galvanic battery a cast is made of that partiklar coin selected for limitation. From this here cast, which you see, that there die is made, and from that there die impressions is struck off on plates of the metal prepared for the purpose. Now, unfortunately, we ain't got the whole of the mashenery of the Government institootion yet at our disposal, though it's our intention for to bribe the Master of the Mint (in imitation coin) some of these days to put us up to it all—so you see we're obliged to stamp the two sides of this here shilling, for instance (taking me up again as he spoke,) upon different plates of metal, jining of 'em together afterwards. Then comes the *milling* round the hedges. This we do with a file; and it is the himperfection of that 'ere as is continually a preying upon our minds. Any one who's up to the bis'ness can tell whether the article's genuine or not, by a looking at the hedge; for it can't be expected that a file will cut as reg'lar as a masheen. This is reely the great drawback upon our parfession."

Here Mr. Blinks, overcome by the complicated character of his subject, subsided into a fit of abstraction, during which he took a copious pull at my master's porter.

Whether suggested on the onslaught upon his beer, or by a general sense of impending business, my master now began to show symptoms of impatience. Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he asked "how many bob his friend wanted?"

The arrangement was soon concluded. Mr. Blinks filled a bag which he carried with the manufacture of my master, and paid over twenty of the shillings to his *protege*. Of this twenty, I was one. As I passed into the youth's hand I could feel it tremble, as I own mine would have done had I been possessed of that appendage.

My new master then quitted the house in company with Mr. Blinks, whom he left at the corner of the street—an obscure thoroughfare in Westminster. His rapid steps speedily brought him to the southern bank of the "fair and silvery Thames," as a poet who once possessed me (only for half an hour) described that unclean river, in some verses which I met in the pocket of his pantaloons. Diving into a narrow street, obviously, from the steepness of its descent, built upon arches, he knocked at a house, of all the unpromising rest, the least promising in aspect. A wretched hag opened the door, past whom the youth glided, in an absent and agitated manner; and, having ascended several flights of a narrow and precipitate staircase, opened the door of an apartment on the top story.

The room was low, and ill-ventilated. A fire burnt in the grate, and a small candle flickered on the table.—Beside the grate, sat an old man sleeping on a chair; beside the table, and bending over the flickering light, sat a young girl engaged in sewing. My master was welcomed, for he had been absent, it seemed for two months. During that time he had, he said, earned some money; and he had come to share it with his father and sister.

I led a quiet life with my companions, in my master's pocket, for more than a week. At the end of that time, the stock of good money was nearly exhausted, although it had on more than one occasion been judiciously mixed with a neighbor or two of mine. Want, however, did not leave us long at rest. Under pretence of going away again to get "work," my master—leaving several of my friends to take their chance, in administering to the necessities of his father and sister—went away. I remained to be "smashed" (passed) by my master.

"Where are you going so fast, that you don't recognize old friends?" were the words addressed to the youth by a passer-by, as he was crossing, at a violent pace, the nearest bridge, in the direction of Middlesex bank.

The speaker was a young gentleman, aged about twenty, not ill-looking, but with features exhibiting that peculiar expression of cunning, which is popularly described as "knowing." He was arrayed in what the police reports in the newspapers call "the height of fashion,"—that is to say, he had travestied the style of the most daring dandies of last year. He wore no gloves; but the bloated rubicundity of his hands was relieved by a profusion of rings, which—even without the cigar in his mouth were quite sufficient to establish his claims to gentility.

Edward, my master, returned the civilities of the stranger, and, turning back with him, they agreed to "go somewhere."

"Have a weed," said Mr. Bethnal, producing a well-filled cigar-case. There was no resisting. Edward took one.

"Whose shall we go?" he said.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mr. Bethnal, who looked as if experiencing a novel sensation—he evidently had an idea. "I tell you what—we'll go and blow a cloud with Joe, the pigeon fancier. He lives only a short distance off, not far from the Abbey; I want to see him on business, so we shall kill two birds. He's one of us, you know."

I now learned that Mr. Bethnal was a new acquaintance, picked up under circumstances (as a member o Parliament, to whom I once belonged, used to say in the House) to which it is unnecessary further to allude.

"I was glad to hear of your luck, by-the-by," said the gentleman in question, not noticing his companion's wish to avoid the subject. "I heard of it from Old Blinks. Smashing's the thing, if one's a presentable cove. You'd do deuced well in it. You've only to get nobby togs and you'll do.

Mr. Joe, it appeared, in addition to his ornithological occupations, kept a small shop for the sale of meals and potatoes; he was also, in a very small way, a timber merchant; for several bundles of firewood were piled in pyramids in his shed.

Mr. Bethnal's business with him was soon dispatched; although not until after the latter had been assured by his friend, that Edward was "of the right sort," with the qualification that he was "rather green at present;" and also into Mr. Joe's up-stairs sanctum.

In answer to a request from Mr. Bethnal, in the jargon to me then unintelligible, Mr. Joe produced from some mysterious depository at the top of the house, a heavy canvas bag, which he emptied on the table, discovering a heap of shillings and half-crowns, which by a sympathetic instinct, I immediately detected to be of my own species.

"What do you think of these?" said Mr. Bethnal to his young friend.

Edward expressed some astonishment that Mr. Joe should be in the line.

"Why, bless your eyes," said that gentleman, "you don't suppose I gets my livelihood out of the shed down stairs, nor the pigeons neither. You see, these things are only dodges. If I lived here like a gentleman—that is to say, without a occupation—the p'lees would soon be down on me. They'd be obleeged to take notice on me. As it is, I comes the respectable tradesman, who's above suspicion—and the pigeons helps on the business wonderful."

"How is that?"

"Why, I keeps my materials—the pewter, and all that—on the roof, in order to be out o' the way, in case of a surprise. If I was often seed upon the roof, a-looking arter such-like matters, inquisitive eyes would be on the look out. The pigeons is a capital blind. I'm believed to be devoted to my pigeons, out o' which I takes care it should be thought I makes a little fortun—and that makes a man respected. As for the pigeon and coal and 'tater business, them's dodges. Gives a opportunity of bringing in quiet-looking sackfuls o' things, which otherwise would compel the 'spots'—as we call the p'lees—to come down on us."

"Compel them!—but surely they come down whenever they've a suspicion?"

"You needn't a told me he was green," said Mr. Joe to his elder acquaintance, as he glanced to the youth with an air of pity. In the first place, we take care to keep the work-shop almost impregnable; so that, if they attempts a surprise, we has lots o' time to get the things out o' the way. In the next, if it comes to the scratch—which is a matter of almost life and death to us—we stand no nonsense."

Mr. Joe pointed to an iron crowbar, which stood in the chimney-corner.

"I does nothing to criminate friends, you know," he added significantly to Mr. Bethnal, "but you remember wot Sergeant Higgley got?"

Mr. Bethnal nodded assent, and Mr. Joe volunteered for the benefit and instruction of Edward, an account of the demise and funeral of the late Mr. Sergeant Higgley. That official having been promoted, was ambitious of being designated, in the newspapers, "active and intelligent," and gave information against a gang of coiners; "Wot was the consequence?" continued the narrator. "Somehow or another, that p'leeman was never more heerd on. One fine night he went on his beat; he did n't show at the next muster; and it was a'posed he'd bolted. Every inquiry was made, and the 'mystorious disappearance of a p'leeseman' got into the noespapers. Howsomever, he never got any wheres."

"And what became of him?"

Mr. Joe then proceeded to take a long puff at his pipe, and winking at his initiated friend, proceeded to narrate how that the injured gang dealt in eggs.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, you see, eggs is not always eggs." Mr. Potter then went on to state that one night a long deal chest left the premises of the coiners, marked outside "eggs," for exportation. They were duly shipped, a member of the firm being on board. The passage was rough, the box was on deck, and somehow or other, somebody tumbled it overboard."

"But what has this to do with the missing policeman?"

"The chest was six feet long, and—"

Here Mr. Bethnal became uneasy.

"Well," said the host, "the firm's broke up, and is past peaching up, only it shows you, my green 'un, what we can do."

I was shaken in my master's pocket by the violence of the dread which Mr. Joe's story had occasioned him.

Mr. Bethnal, with the philosophy which was habitual to him, puffed away at his pipe.

"The fact o' the matter is," said Mr. Joe, who was growing garrulous on an evidently pet subject, "that we aint afeerd o' the p'lees in this neighborhood, not a hap'orth; we know how to manage them." He then related an anecdote of another policeman who had been formerly in his own line of business. This gentleman being, as he observed, "fly" to all the secret signs of the craft, obtained an interview with a friend of his for the purpose of purchasing a hundred shillings. A package was produced and exchanged for their proper price in currency, but on the policeman taking his prize to the station house to lay the information, he discovered that he had been outwitted. The roulean contained a hundred good farthings, for each of which he had paid two pence half-penny.

"Then, what is the bad money generally worth?" asked Edward, interrupting the speaker.

"As a general rule," was the answer, "our sort is worth about one-fifth part of the wallie it represents. So, a sovereign—(though we aint got much to do with gold here—that's made for the most part in Brummagem)—a 'Bram' sovereign may be bought for about four-and-six; a bad crown piece for a good bob; a half-crown for about fivepence; a bob for two pence half-penny and so on. As for the sixpennys and fourpennys, we don't make many on 'em, their wallie bein' too insignificant." Mr. Joe then proceeded with some further remarks for the benefit of his protege:

"You see you need have no fear of passing this here money if you're a respectable looking cove. If a gentleman is discovered at anything of the kind, it's always laid to a mistake; the shopman knocks under, and the gentleman gives a good piece o' money with a grin. And that's how it is that so much o' our mannyfactur gets smashed all over the country."

The visitors having been somewhat bored, apparently, during the latter portion of their host's remarks, soon after took their departure. The rum-and-water which Mr. Joe's liberality had supplied, effectually removed Edward's scruples; and on his way back he expressed himself in high terms in favor of "smashing," considered as a profession.

"Of course," was the reply of his experienced companion. It aint once in a thousand times that a fellow's nailed. You shall make your first trial to-night. You've the needful in your pocket, hav'n't you. Come, here's a shop—I want a cigar."

Edward appeared to hesitate; but Mr. Joe's rum-and-water asserted itself, and into the shop they both marched.

Mr. Bethnal, with an air of most imposing nonchalance, took up a cigar from one of the covered cases on the counter, put it in his mouth, and helped himself to a light. Edward, not so compusedly, followed his example.

"How much."

"Sixpence."

The next instant the youth had drawn me from his pocket, received sixpence in change, and walked out of the shop, leaving me under the guardianship of a new master.

I did not remain long with the tobacconist; he passed me next day to a gentleman, who was as innocent as himself as to my real character. It happened that I slipped into a corner of this gentleman's pocket, and remained there for several weeks, he, apparently, unaware of my existence. At length he discovered me, and one day I found myself, in company with a good half-crown, exchanged for a pair of gloves, at a respectable-looking shop. After the purchaser had left, the assistant looked at me suspiciously, and was going to call back my late owner, but it was too late. Taking me then to his master, he asked if I was not bad.

"It don't look very good," was the answer. "Give it to me, and take care to be more careful for the future."

I was slipped into the waistcoat pocket of the proprietor, who immediately seemed to forget all about the occurrence.

That same night, immediately on the shop being closed, the shopkeeper walked out, having changed his elegant costume for garments of a coarser and less conspicuous description, and hailing a cab, requested to be driven to the same street in Westminister in which I first saw the light. To my astonishment, he entered the shop of my first master: how well I remembered the place, and the coarse countenance of its proprietor! Ascending to the top of the house, we entered the room, to which the reader has been already introduced—the scene of so much secret toil.

A long conversation, in a very low tone, now took place between the pair, from which I gleaned some interesting particulars. I discovered that the respectable gentleman who now possessed me was the coiner's partner—his being the "issue" department, which his trade transactions and unimpeachable character enabled him to undertake very effectively.

"Let your next batch be made as perfectly as possible," I heard him say to his partner. "The last seems to have gone very well; I have heard of only a few detections, and one of these was at my own shop to-day. One of my fellows made the discovery, but not until after the purchaser had left the shop."

"That, you see, will 'appen now and then," was the answer; "but think of the number on 'em as is about, and how sharp some people is getting—thanks to the noespapers, as is always a interfering with wot don't concern 'em. There's now so much of our metal about, that it's almost impossible to get change for a suff'rin newhere without getting some on it. Every body's a-taking of it every day; and as for them that's detected, they're made only by the common chaps as aint got our mashenery,"—and he glanced proudly at his galvanic battery. "All I wish is, that we could find some dodge for milling the edges better—it takes as much time now as all the rest of the work put together. Howsomever, I've sold 'em and on 'em in Whitechapel and other places, since I saw you. And as for this here neighborhood, there's scarcely a shop that don't deal in the article more or less."

"Well," said Mr. Niggle's (which, I learned from his ambladzed door-posts, was the name of my respectable master,) "be as careful about these as you can. I am afraid its through some of our money that that young girl has been found out."

"Wot, the young 'oeman as has been remanded so often at the p'lees court?"

"The same. I shall know all about it to-morrow. She is to be tried at the Old Bailey, and I am on the jury, as it happens."

Mr. Niggles then departed to his suburban villa, and passed the remainder of the evening as became so respectable a man.

The next morning he was early at business; and, in his capacity of citizen, did not neglect his duties in the court, where he arrived exactly two minutes before any of the other jurymen.

When the prisoner was placed in the dock, I saw at once that she was the sister of my first possessor. She had attempted to pass two bad shillings at a grocer's shop. She had denied all knowledge that the money was bad, but was, notwithstanding, arrested, examined, and was committed for trial. Here, at the Old Bailey, the case was soon dispatched. The evidence was given in breathless haste; the judge summed up in about six words, and the jury found the girl guilty. Her sentence was, however, a very short imprisonment.

It was my fortune to pass subsequently into the possession of many persons, from whom I learnt some particulars of the after-life of this family. The father survived his daughter's conviction but a few days. The son was detained in custody; and as soon as his identity became established, charges were brought against him which led to his being transported. As for his sister—I was once, for a few hours, in a family where there was a governess of her name. I had no opportunity of knowing more; but—as her own nature would probably save her from the influences to which she must have been subjected in jail—it is but just to suppose, that some person might have been found to brave the opinion of society, and yield to one so gentle, what the law calls "the benefit of a doubt."

The changes which I underwent in the course of a few months were many and various—now rattling carelessly in a cash-box; now loose in the pocket of some careless young fellow, who passed me at the theatre; then, perhaps, tied up carefully in the corner of a handkerchief, having become the sole stock-in-hand of some timid young girl. Once I was given by a father as a "tip" or present to his little boy; when, I need scarcely add, I found myself ignominiously spent in hard baks ten minutes afterwards. On another occasion, I was, in company with a sixpence, handed to a poor woman in payment for the making a dozen shirts. In this case I was so fortunate as to sustain an entire family, who were on the verge of starvation. Soon afterwards I formed one of seven, the sole stock of a poor artist, who contrived to live upon my six companions for many days. He had reserved me until the last—I believe because I was the brightest and best-looking of the whole; and when he was at last induced to change me, for some coarse description of food, to his and my own horror, I was discovered!

The poor fellow was driven from the shop; but the tradesman, I am bound to say, did not treat me with the indignity that I expected. On the contrary he thought my appearance so deceitful, that he did not scruple to pass me next day, as part of change for a sovereign.

Soon after this, somebody dropped me on the pavement, where, however, I remained but a short time. I was picked up by a child, who ran instinctively into a shop for the purpose of making an investment in figs. But coins of my class had been plentiful in that neighborhood, and the grocer was a sagacious man. The result was, that the child went figless away, and that I—my edges curl as I record the humiliating fact—was nailed to the counter as an example to others. Here my career ended, and my biography closes.

Original Poetry.

For the Erie Observer.

MEMENTO MORI.

Make room, make room, sweet flowers, my child would pass to heaven.—*Willis.*

Six weary days, six weary nights,
By vainest hope beguiled,
We watched beside the little crib
Of our sweet dying child.

We saw upon her pale pure cheek,
The beetle come and go,
Like sunset's wav'ring, crimson flush
On banks of stainless snow.

And to her eyes a strange light rose,
A light—a gleam of fire,
As if the soul, with outspread wings,
All burning with desire,

Were gazing upward into heaven,
Yet waiting patiently
For death to ope the prison door
With his bright golden key.

We loved her with a love divine,
She was our Summer child;
A bud unfolding in our path
To cheer earth's rugged wild.

Our thoughts clung to her pining form
Like bees to the sweet May—
To us she was the star of night,
The brightness of each day.

The flowing out of her pure soul,
The sunshine of her eyes,
Made summer in our hearts like that
Where not a shadow lies;

And O! the music on her lips—
No happy birds that fly
Have songs one half as sweet as hers,
Embalmed in memory!

Oh! no! we could not, could not think
Of that fair child and death,
That she should lie so low and lone,
The cold moist turf beneath!

But when the seventh morning dawned
'Twas o'er, the feverish strife—
To her it was the dawning of
Another, better life.

God did but lend her unto us,
She was not wholly ours,
And earth was all too cold and drear
For one of heaven's flowers.

We do not think of her as dead,
But only gone before
To seek, dove-like, for those she loves,
The bright immortal shore;

That shining house not made with hands,
That palace of the King's,
Where angels hover round the Throne,
And Love waves her bright wings. G. V. M.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

A few months since it was announced that a large fortune had been left to a citizen of the United States by a foreigner, who, some years before, had "become ill" while traveling in this country, and whose sick bed was watched with the utmost care and kindness by the citizen referred to. The stranger recovered, continued his journey, and finally returned to his own country. The conduct of the American at a moment so critical, and when, without relatives or friends, the invalid was languishing in a strange land, was not forgotten. He remembered it in his thoughtful and meditative moments, and when about to prepare for another world, his gratitude was manifested in a truly signal manner. A year or two ago, an individual in this city was laboring under great pecuniary difficulty. He was unexpectedly called upon for a considerable sum of money; and although his means were abundant, they were not at that time immediately available. Puzzled and perplexed, he hesitated as to his best course, when, by the merest chance, he met an old acquaintance, and incidently mentioned the facts of the case. The other referred to an act of kindness that he had experienced years before, said that he had never forgotten it, and that nothing would afford him more pleasure than to extend the relief that was required, and thus show his grateful appreciation of the courtesy of former years! The kindness alluded to, was a mere trifle, comparatively speaking, and its recollection had passed entirely from the memory of the individual who had performed it. Not so, however, with the obliged. He had never forgotten it, and the result proved, in the most conclusive manner, that he was deeply grateful.

We have mentioned the two incidents with the object of inculcating the general policy of courtesy and kindness, of sympathy and assistance, in our daily intercourse with our fellow creatures. It is the true course under all circumstances. "Little kindness" sometimes makes an impression that "lingers and lasts" for years. This is especially the case with the sensitive, the generous and high-minded. And how much may be accomplished by this duty of courtesy and humanity! How the paths of life may smoothed and softened! How the present may be cheered, and the future rendered bright and beautiful!

There are, it is true, some selfish spirits, who can neither appreciate nor reciprocate a courteous or a generous act. They are for themselves—"now and forever"—if we may employ such a phrase, and appear never to be satisfied. You can never do enough for them.—Nay, the deeper the obligation, the colder the heart.—They grow jealous, distrustful, and finally begin to hate their benefactors. But these, we trust, are "the exceptions," not "the rule." Many a heart has been won, many a friendship has been secured, many a position has been acquired, through the exercise of such little kindnesses and courtesies, as are natural to the generous in spirit and the noble of soul—to all, indeed, who delight, not only in promoting their prosperity, but in contributing to the welfare of every member of the human family.—Who cannot remember some incident of his own life, in which an individual, then and perhaps now a stranger—one who has not been seen for years, and never may be seen again on this side of the grave, manifested the true, the genuine, the gentle spirit of a gentleman and a Christian, in some mere trifle—some little but impulsive and spontaneous act, which nevertheless developed the whole heart, and displayed the real character! Distance and time may separate, and our pursuits and vocations may be in paths distinct, dissimilar and far apart. Yet, there are moments—quiet, calm and contemplative, when memory will wander back to the incidents referred to, and we will feel a secret bond of affinity, friendship and brotherhood. The name will be mentioned with respect if not with affection, and a desire will be experienced, to repay in some way or on some occasion, the generous courtesy of the by-gone time. It is so easy to be civil and obliging—to be kindly and humane. We not only thus assist the comfort of others but we promote our own mental enjoyment. Life, moreover, is full of chances and changes. A few years, sometimes, produce extraordinary revolutions in the fortunes of men.—The haughty of to day may be the humble of to-morrow,—the feeble may be the powerful,—the rich may be the poor. But, if elevated by affluence or by position, the greater the necessity, the stronger the duty, to be kindly, courteous and conciliatory to those less fortunate. We can afford to be so, and a proper appreciation of our position, a due sympathy for the misfortunes of others, and a grateful acknowledgment to the Divine Providence, require that we should be so. Life is short at best. We are here a few years—we sink into the grave—and even our memory is phantom-like and ev