THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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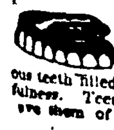
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Poetry and Miscellany.

THE DAY DREAM.

They both were hushed, the voice, the chords,
I heard but once that witching lay;
And few the notes, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away;

Traces remembered here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain;—
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

E'en these, too, are the morning, fled;
And, though the charm still lingered on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded, gone;—

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
Though *what* they were, we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,
I wooed this truant air to come—
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain:—the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face—the very face, methought,
From which had breathed, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought—
Came with its music close to mine;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er—
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before—
All perfect, all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, mid the blest
They meet again, each widowed sound
Through memory's realm had winged in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor even in waking did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talked of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

"OUR BEST SOCIETY."

[CONCLUDED.]

"Why," responded our friend with more of sadness than of satire in his tone, "why are you so exasperated? Look at this scene! Consider that this is, really, the life of these girls. This is what they 'come out' for. This is the end of their ambition. They think of it, dream of it, long for it.—Is it amusement? Yes, to a few, possibly. But listen, and gather, if you can from their remarks (when they make any) that they have any thought beyond this and going to church very rigidly on Sunday. The vigor of polking and of church-going are proportioned; as is the one so is the other. My young friend, I am no ascetic, and do not suppose a man is damned because he dances. But life is not a ball, (more's the pity, truly, for these butterflies) nor is its sole duty and delight, dancing. When I consider this spectacle—when I remember what a noble and beautiful woman is, what a manly man, when I reel, dazzled by this glare, drunken with these perfumes, confused by this alluring music, and reflect upon the enormous sums wasted in a pompous profusion that delights no one,—when I look around upon all this rampant vulgarity in tinsel and Brussels lace, and think how fortunes go, how men struggle and lose the bloom of their honesty, how women hide in a smiling pretence, and eye with caustic glances, their neighbor's newer house, diamonds, or porcelain, and observe their daughters, such as these—why, I tremble and tremble, and this scene to night, every 'crack' ball this winter will be, not the pleasant society of man and women but—even in this young country—an orgie such as rotting Cornith saw, a fernzied festival of Rome in its decadence."

There was a sober truth in this bitterness, and we turned away to escape the sombre thought of the moment. Addressing one of the panting Houris, who stood melting in a window, we spoke (and confess how absurdly) of the Dusseldorf Gallery. It was merely to avoid saying how warm the room was, and how pleasant the company was; facts upon which we had already sufficiently enlarged. "Yes, these are pretty pictures; but, la! how long it must have taken Mr. Dusseldorf to paint them all," was the reply.

By the Farnesian Hercules! no Roman sylph in her city's decline would ever have called the sun god, Mr. Apollo. We hope that Houri melted entirely away in the window, but we certainly did not stay to see.

Passing out toward the supper-room we encountered two young men. "What, Hal," said one "you at Mrs. Potiphar's?" It seems that Hal was a sprig of one of the "old families." "Well, Joe," said Hal, a little confused, "it *is* a little strange.—The fact is, I did'nt mean to be here, but I concluded to compromise by coming, and *not being introduced to the host.*" Hal would come, eat Potiphar's supper, drink his wines, spoil his carpets, laugh at his fashionable struggles, and affect the puppyism of a foreign Lord, because he disgraced the name of a man who had done some service somewhere, while Potiphar was only an honest man who made a fortune.

The supper-room was a pleasant place. The table was covered with a chaos of supper. Everything sweet and rare, and hot and cold, solid and liquid was there. It was the very apotheosis of gilt gingerbread. There was a universal rush and struggle. The charge of the guards at Waterloo was nothing to it. Jellies, custards, oyster-soup, ice cream, wine and water, gushed in profuse cascades over transparent precipices of *tulle*, muslin, gauze, silk and satin. Clumsy boys tumbled against costly dresses and smeared them with preserves,—when clean plates failed, the contents of plates already used were quietly "chucked" under the table—heel-taps of champagne were poured into the oyster tureens or overflowed upon plates to clear the glasses—wine of all kinds flowed in torrents, particularly down the throats of very young men, who evinced their manhood by becoming noisy, troublesome and disgusting, and were finally either led, sick, into the hat room, or carried out of the way drunk. The supper over, the young people attended by their matrons descended to the dancing-room for the "German." This is a dance commencing usually at midnight or a little after, and continuing indefinitely toward daybreak. The young people were attended by their matrons, who were there to supervise the morals and manners of their charges. To secure the performance of this duty, the young people took care to sit where the matrons could not see them, nor did they, by any chance, look towards the quarter in which the matrons sat. In that quarter, through all the varying mazes of the prolonged dance, to two o'clock, to three, to four, sat the bediamoned dowagers, the mothers, the matrons,—against nature, against common sense. They babbled with each other, they drowsed, they dozed.—Their fans fell listless into their laps. In the adjoining room, out of the waking sight, even, of the then sleeping mammas, the daughters whirled in the close embrace of partners who had brought down bottles of champagne from the supper-room, and put them by the side of their chairs for occasional refreshment during the dance. The dizzy hours staggered by. "Azalia, you *must* come now," had been already said a dozen times, but only as by the scribes. Finally it was declared with authority.—Azalia went—Amelia Arabella. The rest followed. There was a prolonged cloaking, and lingering farewells. A few papas were in the supper-room, sitting among the *debris* of game. A few young non-dancing husbands sat beneath gas unnaturally bright, reading whatever chance book was at hand, and thinking of the young child at home waiting for mamma who was dancing the "German" below. A few exhausted matrons sat in the robing-room, tired, sad, wishing Jane would come up; assailed at intervals by a vague conviction that it was not quite worth while; wondering how it was they used to have such good times at balls; yawning, and looking at their watches; while the regular beat of the music below, with sardonic sweetness continued. At last Jane came up, had had the most glorious time, and went down with mamma to the carriage, and so drove home. Even the last Jane went—the last noisy youth was expelled, and Mr. and Mrs. Potiphar having duly performed their biennial social duty, dismissed the music, ordered the servants to count the spoons, and an hour or two after daylight, went to bed. Enviable Mr. and Mrs. Potiphar!

We are now prepared for the great moral indignation of the friend who saw us eating our *dinde aux truffes* in that remarkable supper room. We are awaiting to hear him say in the most moderate and "gentlemanly" manner, that it is all very well to select flaws and present them as specimens, and to learn from him, possibly with indignant publicity, that the present condition of parties is not what we have intimated. Or, in his quiet and pointed way, he may smile at our fiery assault upon edged flounces and nuga pyramids, and the kingdom of Lilliput in general.

Yet, after all, and despite the youths who are led out, and caried home, or who stumble through the "German," this is a sober matter. My friend told me we should see the "best society." But he is a prodigious wag. Who made this country? From whom is its character of unparalleled enterprise, heroism, and success derived? Who have given it its place in the respect and the fear of the world?—Who, annually, recruit its energies, confine its progress and secure its triumph? Who are its charactereatic children, the pith, the sinew, the bone of its prosperity? Who found, and direct, and continue its manifold institutions of mercy and education?—Who are essentially Americans? Indignant friend, these classes, whoever they may be, are the "best society," because they alone are the representatives of its character and cultivation. They are the "best society" of New York, of Boston, of Baltimore, of St. Louis, of New Orleans, whether they live upon six hundred or sixty thousand dollars a year—whether they inhabit princely houses in fashionable streets, (which they often do) or not—whether their sons have graduated at Celarius' and the *Jardin Mabille*, or have never been out of their father's shops—whether they have "air" and "style," and are "so gentlemanly" and "so aristocratic" or not. Your shoemaker, your lawyer, your butcher, your clergyman—if they are simple and steady, and whether rich or poor, are unseduced by their sirens of extravagance and ruinous display, help make up the "best society." For that mystic communion is not composed of the rich, but of the worthy; and is "best" by its virtues, and not by its vices. When Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Carrick, Reynolds, and their friends met at supper in Goldsmith's rooms, where was the "best society" in England? When George the Fourth outraged humanity and decency in his treatment of Queen Caroline, who was the first scoundrel in Europe?

Pause yet a moment, indignant friend. Whose habits and principles would ruin this country as rapidly as it has been made? Who are enamored of a puerile imitation of foreign splendors? Who strenuously endeavored to graft the questionable points of Parasian society upon our own? Who pass a few years in Europe and return sceptical of republicanism and human improvement, longing and sighing for more sharply emphasized social distinctions? Who squanders with profuse recklesness the hard-earned fortunes of their sires? Who diligently devote their time to nothing, foolishly and wrongly supposing that a young English nobleman has nothing to do? Who, in fine, evince by their collective conduct, that they regard their Americanism as a misfortune, and are so the most deadly enemies of their country? None but what our wag facetiously termed "the best society."

If the reader doubts, let him consider its practical results in any great emporium of "best society." Marriage is there regarded as a luxury, too expensive for any but the sons of rich men, or fortunate young men. We once heard an eminent divine assert, and only half in sport, that the rate of living was advancing so incredibly, that weddings in his experience were perceptibly diminishing. The reasons might have been many and various. But we all acknowledged the fact. On the other hand, and about the same time, a lovely damsel (ah, Clorinda!) whose father was not wealthy, who had no prospective means of support, who could do nothing but polka to perfection, who literally knew almost nothing, and who constantly shocked every fairly intelligent person by the glaring ignorance betrayed by her remarks, informed a friend at one of the Saratoga balls, whither he had made haste to meet the "best society," that there were "not more than three good matches in society!" *La Dame aux Camelias*, Marie Dublessis, was, to our fancy, a much more feminine, and admirable, and moral, and human person, than the adored Clorinda. And yet what she said was the legitimate result of the state of our fashionable society. It worships wealth, and the pomp which wealth can purchase, more than virtue genius or beauty. We may be told that it has always been so in every country, and that the fine society of all lands is as profuse and flashy as our own. We deny it flatly. Neither English, nor French, nor Italian, nor German society, is so unspeakably barren as that which is technically called "society" here. In London, and Paris, and Vienna, and Rome, all the really eminent men and women help make up the mass of society. A party is not a mere ball, but it is a congress of the wit, beauty and fame of the capital. It is worth while to dress, if you shall meet Macaulay, or Hallam, or Guizot, or Theirs, or Landseer, or Delaroche—Mrs. Norton, the Misses Berry, Madame Recamier, and all the brilliant women and famous foreigners. But why should we desert the pleasant pages of those men, and the recorded gossip of those women, to be squeezed flat against a wall, while young Doughface pours oyster-gravy down our shirt-front, and Caroline Pettitoes wonders at "Mr. Dusseldorf's industry?"

If inteligent people decline to go, you justly remark, it is their own fault. Yes, but if they stay away it is very certainly their great gain. The elderly people are always neglected with us, and nothing surprises intelligent strangers more, than the tyrannical supremacy of Young America. But we are not surprised at this neglect. How can we be if we have our eyes open? When Caroline Pettitoes retreats from the floor to the sofa, and instead of a "polker" figures at parties as a matron, do you suppose that "tough old Joe" will be ungallant enough to desert the young Caroline upon the floor, for Madame Pettitoes upon the sofa? If the pretty young Caroline with youth, health, freshness, a fine, budding form, and wreathed in a semi-transparent haze of flounced and flowered gauze, is so vapid that we prefer to accost her with our eyes alone, and not with our tongues, is the same Caroline married into a Madame Pettitoes, and fanning herself upon a sofa no longer particularly fresh, nor young, nor pretty, and no longer budding but fully blown,—likely to be fascinating in conversation? We cannot wonder that the whole connection of Pettitoes, when advanced to the matron state, is entirely neglected.—Proper homage to age we can all pay at home, to our parents and grandparents. Proper respect for some persons is best preserved by avoiding their neighborhood.

And what, think you, is the influence of this extravagant expense and senseless show upon these same young men and women? We can easily discover. It saps their noble ambition, assails their health, lowers their estimate of men and their reverence for women, cherishes an eager an aimless rivalry, weakens true feeling, wipes away the bloom of true modesty, and induces an ennui, a satiety and a kind of dilettante misanthropy, which is only the more monstrous, because it is undoubtedly real.—You shall hear young men of intelligence and cultivation, to whom the unprecedented circumstances of this country offer opportunities of great and beneficient career, complaining that they were born within this blighted circle—regretting that they were not bakers and tallow chandlers, and under no obligation to keep up appearances—deliberately surrendering all the golden possibilities of that future which this country, beyond all others, holds before them—sighing that they are not rich enough to marry the girls they love, and bitterly upbraiding fortune that they are not millionaires—suffering the vigor of their years to exhale in idle wishes and pointless regrets—disgracing their manhood by lying in wait behind their "so gentlemanly and 'aristocratic" manners, until they can pounce upon a "fortune" and ensnare an heiress into matrimony; and so having dragged their gifts, their horses of the sun, into a service which shames out of them all their native pride and power, they sink in the mire, and their peers and emulators exclaim that they have "made a good thing of it."

Are these the processes by which a noble race is made and perpetuated? At Mrs. Potiphar's we heard several Pendennises longing for a similar luxury, and announcing their firm purpose, never to have wives nor houses, until they could have them as splendid as jeweled Mrs. Potiphar, and her palace, thirty feet front. Where were their heads, and their hearts, and their arms? How looks this craven despondency, before the stern virtues of the ages we call dark? When a man is so voluntarily imbecile as to regret he is not rich, if that is what he wants, before he has struck a blow for wealth; or so dastardly as to renounce the prospect of love, because, sitting sighing, in velvet dressing gown and slippers, he does not see his way clear to ten thousand a year; when young women coiffed *a merveille*, of unexceptionable "style," who, with or without a prospective penny, secretly look down upon honest women who struggle for a livelihood, like noble and Christian beings, and, as such, are rewarded; in whose society a man must forget that he has ever read, thought, or felt; who destroy in the mind, the fair ideal of woman, which the genius of art and poetry, and love their inspirer, has created; then it seems to us, it is high time that the subject should be regarded not as a matter of breaking butterflies upon the wheel, but as a sad and sober question, in whose solution, all fathers and mothers, and the state itself, are interested. When keen observers, and men of the world, from Europe, are amazed and apalled at the giddy whirl and frenzied rush of our society—a society singular in history, for the exaggerated prominence it assigns to wealth, irrespective of the talents that amassed it, they and their possessor being usually hustled out of sight—is it not quite time to ponder a little upon the Court of Louis XIV., and the "merrie days" of King Charles II.? Is it not clear that, if what our good wag, with caustic irony, called "the best society," were really such, every thoughtful man would read upon Mrs. Potiphar's softly-tinted walls, the terrible "mene, mene" of an imminent destruction?

Venice, in her purple prime of luxury, when the famous law was passed, making all gondolas black, that the nobles should not squander fortune, upon them, was not more luxurious than New York to-day. Our hotels have a superficial splendor, derived from a profusion of gilt and paint, wood and damask.—Yet, in not one of them can a traveler be so quietly comfortable as in an English Inn, and nowhere in New York can the stranger procure a dinner, at once so neat and elegant, and economical, as at scores of Cafes in Paris. The fever of display has consumed comfort. A gondola plated with gold was no easier than a black wooden one. We could well spare a little gilt upon the walls, for more cleanliness upon the public table; nor is it worth while to cover the walls with mirrors to reflect a want of comfort. One prefers a wooded bench to a greasy velvet cushion, and a sanded floor to a soiled and threadbare carpet. An insipid uniformity is the Procustes-bed, upon which "society" is stretched. Every new house is the counterpart of every other, with the exception of more gilt, if the owner can afford it. The interior arrangement, instead of being characteristic, instead of revealing something of the taste and feelings of the owner, is rigorously conformed to every other interior. The same hollow and tame complaisance rules in the intercourse of society.—Who dares say precisely what he thinks upon a great topic? What youth ventures to say sharp things, of slavery, for instance, at a polite-dinner table? What girl dares wear curls, when Martelle prescribes puffs or bandeaux? What specimen of Young America dares to have his trowsers loose or wear straps to them? We want individuality, heroism, and if necessary, an uncompromising persistence in difference.

This is the present state of parties. They are wildly extravagant, full of senseless display; they are avoided by the pleasant and intelligent, and swarm with reckless regiments of "Brown's men." The ends of the earth contribute their choicest products to the supper, and there is every thing that wealth can purchase, and all the spacious splendor that thirty feet front can afford. They are hot, and crowded, and glaring. There is a little weak scandal, venomous, not witty, and a stream of weary platitude, mortifying to every sensible person. Will any of our Pendennis friends intermit their indignation for a moment, and consider how many good things they have said or heard during the season? If Mr. Potiphar's eyes should chance to fall here, will he reckon the amount of satisfaction and enjoyment he derived from Mrs. Potiphar's ball, and will that lady candidly confess what she gained from it beside weariness and disgust? What eloquent sermons we remember to have heard in which the sins and the sinners of Babylon, Jericho and Gomorrah were scattered with holy indignation. The cloth is very hard upon Cain, and completely routes the erring kings of Judah. The Spanish Inquisition, too, gets frighful knocks, and there is much eloquent exhortation to preach the gospel in the interior of Siam. Let it be preached there, and God speed the word. But also let us have a text or two in Broadway and the Avenue.

The best sermon ever preached upon society, within our knowledge, is "Vanity Fair." Is the spirit of that story less true of New York than of London? Probably we never see Amelia at our parties, nor Lieutenant George Osborne, nor good gawky Dobbin, nor Mrs. Rebecca Sharp Crawley, nor old Steyne. We are very much pained, of course, that any author should take such dreary views of human nature. We, for our parts, all go to Mrs. Potiphar's to refresh our faith in men and women. Generosity, amiability, a catholic charity, simplicity, taste, sense, high cultivation, and intelligence, distinguish our parties. The statesman seeks their stimulating influence; the literary man, after the day's labor, desires the repose of their elegant conversation; the professional man and the merchant hurry up from town to shuffle off the coil of heavy duty, and forget the drudgery of life in the agreeable picture of its amenities and graces presented by Mrs. Potiphar's ball. In this account of the matter, or "Vanity Fair" the satire? What are the prospects of any society of which that tale is the true history?

There is a picture in the Luxembourg gallery at Paris, "Decadence of the Romans," which made the fame and fortune of Couture, the painter. It represents an orgie in the court of a temple, during the last days of Rome. A swarm of revellers occupy the middle of the picture, wreathed in elaborate intricacy of luxurious posture, men and women intermingle; their faces, in which the old Roman fire scarcely flickers, brutalized with excess of every kind; their heads of disheavelled hair bound with coronals of leaves, while from goblets of antique grace, they drain the fiery torrent which is destroying them. Around the bacchanalian feast stand, lofty upon pedestals, the statutes of old Rome, looking marble calmness and the severity of a rebuke beyond words upon the revellers. A youth of boyish grace—a wreath woven in his tangled hair, and with red and drowsy eyes, sits listless upon one pedestal, while upon another, stands a boy, insane with drunkenness, and proffering a dripping goblet to the marble mouth of the statute. In the corner of the picture, as if just quitting the court—Rome finally departing—is a group of Romans with care-worn brows, and hands raised to their faces in melancholy meditation. In the very foreground of the picture, which is painted with all the sumptuous splendour of Venetian art, is a stately vase, around which hangs a festoon of gorgeous flowers, its end dragging upon the pavement. In the back-ground, between the columns, smiles the blue sky of Italy—the only thing Italian not deteriorated by time.—The careful student of this picture, if he has been long in Paris, is some day startled by detecting, especially in the faces of the women represented, a surpassing likenes to the women of Paris, and perceives, with a thrill of dismay, that the models for this picture of decadent human nature, are furnished by the very city in which he lives.

MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—A case of bigamy was recently tried in Cheraw county, South Carolina, and discharged. In the charge of his honor, Judge Frost, to the jury, he remarked that there was no law in the State of South Carolina prescribing a marriage ceremonial. If Mr. A. and Miss G. jump over a broom, the former saying I take this woman to be my wedded wife, and the latter, I take this man to be my wedded husband, and go to house-keeping, they are legally married, have entertered intered into a bond of union which cannot be annulled, so long as they both do live.

☞ Why is a lady's dress so extravagant? Because it is made with *such a waist*.

I WAIT FOR THEE.

The hearth is swept, the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea:
The cloth is spread, the lamps are light,
The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee.

Come home, love, home—thy task is done;
The clock ticks listeningly;
The blinds are shut, the curtains down,
The warm chair to the fire-side drawn,
The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, home—his deep fond eye
Looks round him wistfully,
And when the whispering winds go by,
As if thy welcome step was nigh,
He crows exultingly.

In vain; he finds the welcome vain,
And turns his glance on mine,
So earnestly that yet again
His form unto my heart I strain—
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done—we miss thee here;
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
No heart will spread such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like these will wait thee home.

At last, along the crisp walks fast
That well known step doth come;
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
The babe is wild with joy at last—
A thousand welcomes home?

The Dead Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so busied, so unwearied in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your head may have unwitingly planted. Her noble tender heart, lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity.—But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

Many a husband may read this in the silence of a broken home. There is no white arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up in the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur—"Oh! it is so sad."

The little one whose nest death has rifled, gazes in wonder at your solemn face, puts up his tiny hand to stay the tears, and then nestles back to his father's breast, half conscious that the wing that sheltered it most fondly is broken.

There is so strange a hush in every room! no light footsteps. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes and ticks—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

It strikes one! the fatal time when the death warrant rang out—"there is no hope." Two! she lies placidly still—sometimes smiling faintly, sometimes grieving a little, for she is young to tread the valley of the shadow. Three! The babe has been brought in, its little face laid on her bosom for the last time. Four! her breath becomes fainter, but a heavenly joy irradiates her brow. Five! There is a slight change—O! that she might live! Father spare her.

"Thy will be done."

It was her soft broken accents. Yes! Heavenly Friend, who gavest her to bless me—Thy will be done.

Six! there are footsteps near. Weeping friends around. She bids them farewell as she murmurs, "meet me in heaven." The damp drops gather upon her palid features at the seventh hour. She lies very still—sometimes she hears sweet music.—Eight passes away so gently! But her hand yet clings to yours, and so she lies while that old house-clock tolls forth nine, ten, eleven, twelve—solemn strokes. You spring to your feet. The lips are still—cold to your lips. The small hand has fallen back; its touch grows icy. She is gone. She will never speak to you again on earth. You must bear that cold gaze that love so lately kindled—and you fall weeping by her side.

And every day that clock repeats that old story.—many another tale it telleth too—of joys past—of sorrow shared, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel—O! how often, that the grave cannot keep her. You know she is in a happier world, yet that sometimes she is by your side, an angel presence. You look at your innocent babe and think that a seraph is guarding it. Cherish these emotions, they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections, give her spirit a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she loved you. Be tender of her memory—so you may meet her with a soul unstained—a bright and beautiful spirit-bride, where no one shall say any more forever, "she is dead."—*Olive Branch.*

DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.—Few things appear so very beautiful as a young child in the shroud. The little innocent face looks sublimely simple and confiding amidst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, the little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and pure image—no hatred, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face. Death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing harsh or cruel in its victory. The yearnings of love indeed cannot be stifled, for the prattle and smiles and the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in his presence, for we are looking on death; but we do not fear the lonely voyager—for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its All-wise father. Of such we know is the kingdom of Heaven.