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YOUNG LOVE.

We are not old, we are not old;
Our hearts are warm and tender yet;
Our arms are eager to enfold
Still ampler lovers than we met.
And year by year our hearts lay bare
To second chamber to our eyes,
Though dim with passion's lurid air,
Or pure as moons of Paradise.
They give the love whose glory lifts
Droves beyond the realm of sense;
They make us rich with lavish gifts
The wealth of noble confidence.
We must be happy, must be proud,
To crown our love with human trust and truth;
But, ah! the love that first we vowed—
The dear religion of our youth.
Voluptuous bloom, and fragrance rare,
The summer to its rose may bring;
Far sweeter to the wedding air
The hidden love of spring.
Still, still the lovely glow appears,
Too pure and fair to bid depart;
No riper love of later years
Can rival its beauty on the heart.
O splendid soul that shone above!
O green magnificence of earth!
No sun can feel a second birth,
Born once into that world of light.
Dear boyish heart, that trembled so
With fearful fear and fond unrest,
More frightened than the child who knows
The mother bird within its nest!
A love that dreamed with sleepless eye,
Floating in rapture and in pain—
That never could be soothed by night,
And could not choose but seek again.
Sharp thrills of doubt that would not cease;
Faint words addressed—each word a pang;
And led by the hand to the altar,
How like the morning stars you sang!
Love bound up with his boldest knave—
The faith in each that asks no more—
And led by the hand to the altar,
How like the morning stars you sang!
Love led ye, children, from the bowers
Where strength and youth and vigor crown;
You were not time for mortal sorrow—
God's angel brought an swan-herd down.
Our eyes are dim with gathering tears,
Our hearts are dim with gathering care;
That old religion of our youth
Comes never, never, nevermore!

FIGHT FOR THE NIGGER.

—Tues.—Wait for the wagon.
I calculate of warts we shall have our fill.
With Abe's proclamation and the Nigger Army bill,
Who would be a soldier for the Union to fight,
Now, Abe's warts are the warts of the white.
Fight for the nigger.
The warts of the nigger.
The warts of the nigger.
And the abolition crew.
Each soldier must be loyal and his officers obey.
He lives on mounds of blood, and fights without
his pay.
If his wife at home is starving, he must not be dis-
contented with his pay.
Tho' he wait six months for green-backs, worth
forty-five per cent.
Moreover, if you're drafted, do not refuse to go.
You are equal to a nigger, and can make as good a
soldier as he.
And when you are in battle to the Union be true.
But don't forget the darkey is no good man as you.
Fight for the nigger, &c.
If ordered into battle, go without delay.
The slaughter just like cattle, it's your duty to
obey.
For when Jeff is captured, 'praps paid up you
may be?
If you ain't, don't mind the money, don't you sit
the nigger free.
Fight for the nigger, &c.
Three cheers for honest Abe, he will be a great man
Tho' he's loaded with taxes, and burdened with
debts;
He'll tell us little jokes, and little peckering our
pork.
And his hat has made the nigger the equal of him-
self.
Fight for the nigger, &c.
Guard well the Constitution, the Government and
laws.
To every act of Congress don't forget to give ap-
plause.
And when you meet the rebels, be sure and drive
them back.
Tho' you do enslave the white man, you must lib-
erate the black.
Fight for the nigger, &c.
From the Hartford Times.

THE WIFE-EATER.

A TRUE STORY.

BY J. GOLDRICK.

About twenty-five years ago I was a passenger on board an English steamer running between the city of Dublin and Belfast, in the north of Ireland. It was in the beginning of the month of August. The afternoon was exceedingly fine, not a cloud of any kind perceptible, not a breeze to stir a man's hair, and the sea was as smooth as a billiard table. At about half-past seven we left the pier, and soon after the sun set in a flood of purple and crimson glory, behind the dark domes of the receding capital. The scene was transcendently magnificent, as the packet steamed down the bay, amidst a fleet of vessels, coming in, going out, and lying at anchor, with their lights on, and their lights burning. To me, at least, who had never before navigated the bay of Dublin, the sensation was rapturous. All along the shore, at no point far off our starboard bow, the suburbs appeared thickly studded with lights like a forest fire; while the Hill of Howth looming up in the distance, and measuring its gigantic proportions against the dark sky, made me imagine it was arising along the fabled shore of some enchanted island, so picturesque and lovely is that celebrated bay. In a couple of hours we passed Dunleary, now Kingstown, and were in the Irish Channel.

Up to this time the evening continued perfectly calm, and the passengers, of whom there might have been over two hundred on board, were enjoying themselves in singing, dancing, and various other diversions for we had a motley squad of all characters, callings and grades, on deck; with cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry. Every indulgence was allowed by the captain, so far. Dublin gamblers, pickpockets, and sleight-of-hand men, were busy at their dishonest avocations; while shoulder-biters, and lovers of the ring, were having their set-to amidst the hurrahs and vociferations of their backers.

I was a deck passenger; for let me honestly confess that through all the changing scenes of my eventful life, limited means were one of my peculiar misfortunes; but as the present trip was a short one, and without inconvenience I felt little or no annoyance from this mode of accompaniment. I was well muffled to endure the cold sea-air of the night—had a full bicent, a cut of cheese, and a full bottle of Kenman's best malt whisky; then, "Who could grive," as the song says—Not I, by a jug-full; I was one of the happiest dogs on board the packet.

Among the passengers, I observed one conspicuous looking, odd kind of personage, a tall, narrow-shouldered gentleman, not perhaps over twenty-five years of age, fashionably attired, and wearing a dark Spanish cloak, which he had thrown around his neck; he was hanging loosely upon his back, and he had his hands tucked under the deck, with measured tread, scarcely ever deigning to look at the various ludicrous performances going on around him. Now and then, he would halt in his marching, to look at a slender female figure reclining against the bulwarks of the vessel, and apparently suffering severely from sea-sickness, but little did the gentleman seem to care about her, for after administering the cold comfort of hot passing water, the cloaked gent would gather the folds of his heavy muffer closer around his person, and resume his marching. I was kind of curious (as the Yankee says) to learn something about the relation which this strange gentleman bore to the lady, and wished for some feasible opportunity of speaking to, and assisting her, if at all in my power.

Three months after landing in Ulster, I was on special business in the City of Londonderry. It was my second night at the tavern of a jolly, good-natured Scotchman, whose cosy little inn stood close to the great wall of this renowned old city. Though but two days in Derry, I was half inclined to like the place, and had already formed the acquaintance of one or more sprightly young fellows, who kindly volunteered to keep me posted on all that was worth seeing in the city. "Come," said one, after tea, "you must see Lofie, the great Irish wizard! It is his last night in Derry; he goes to Strabane to-morrow, and from that to God knows where. I swear, Mr. McDonald, addressing the innkeeper, 'he beats Bannagher, and that's the best of the devil, you know. Did you see him night before last, how he swallowed the pen-knives, by jabsers! a bushel basket full of them, I am sure, for every one present furnished a knife to be swallowed.' 'I see'd it,' replied the Scotchman, 'and had o'goshen! how they did go down point foremost, as muckle, I ween, as fifty or sixty, in a few minutes.' 'He must be the diel,' said a young fellow who was taking his goblet at a side table, and pitching unceremoniously into the conversation. 'I see'd him last night, by the holy sailor, eat blacksmith's anvil, hole-a-holes, down his belly, as easy as I could a penny bun.' 'He's more of a devil than a mon, Joe,' said the inn-keeper's wife, putting down the last round of dandies, I called for, to treat the whole party.

"That's sure as a gun, my love," said the Scotchman, in reply to his better half's last remark, "I see'd him last night, by the holy sailor, eat blacksmith's anvil, hole-a-holes, down his belly, as easy as I could a penny bun." "He's more of a devil than a mon, Joe," said the inn-keeper's wife, putting down the last round of dandies, I called for, to treat the whole party.

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lighted at the lady's recovery, and the amazing volubility of tongue the draught had communicated to my new acquaintance. The bottle, no longer useful on board, I heaved to the porpoise, and all went over as a marriage bell for the rest of the night.

When the morning sun arose, bright and glorious, the prospect of the Irish coast was truly enchanting. Steaming along on our course at the rate of ten knots an hour, seven or eight miles distant from the shore, the Isle of Man and the bold, rugged bluffs of bonny Scotland, were, in the light of the morning, quite visible. At ten o'clock, the Castle of Carrickfergus, heaved in sight, and two hours later we dropped anchor in the placid waters of the lough, then about half a mile from Belfast. All went on shore, and after finishing half a pint of Jamaica at the first tavern we met, I bid good-bye to my gallant shipmate and his fascinating lady, now fully recovered, and beautiful as the first rose of summer.

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with their eyes open. My own feeling of horror and disgust was worked up to such a pitch of frenzy, that had I a pistol, I would have blown his brains out on the platform, as he sat bloated and bloody-mouthed before me. The execrations of the whole house, men and women, fell like thunder-bolts on the head of the Juggler as he kicked and tossed his arms about him, in the convulsive agony of apparent despair. After crying so for about five or six minutes, with not a soul to pity him, he retired behind the curtain.

A voluptuous swell of instrumental music rose from within, and amidst its ravishing strains, he sat walking the conjurer, accompanied by his beauteous wife, happy, gay, and smiling as a queen of May. A wild burst of acclamation rose from pit and gallery. A song from fair Julia succeeded, a short speech from my friend of the steam packet, thanking the good people of Derry for their patronage; after which, the curtain dropped, and so ends my story of the Wife-Eater.

In a private note, the author says:—'Hundreds of Irishmen, now in America, I am confident in stating, must have seen this Wife-Eater.'

The Old Congregation.—The members of the old congregation have gone up to loftier courts, and we shall see them no more. The grandmother an sober black, that came tottering in with their white handkerchiefs smothered and laid on arms; the fair-browed girls that sang the alto and the air; the children with the sprigs of caraway and dill; the deacon whose beard blossomed like an almond tree by the pulpit door; the women that in winter brought the tin foot-stoves for a sale; the little paper fans that waved, when days were summer, like so many lit, wings about the church, as if the old minister had a family of cherubim for the audience; the old dogology they used to sing last in the afternoon; the trembling benediction, like the blessing of a patriarch, they received—these we shall never see and hear again as they were.

No longer, in Sabbath noons, do they sit upon the grass beneath the old poplars, and talk in tones subdued, while taking their frugal meal; no longer do they linger among the old grave-stones of the burying-ground, that is since a cemetery, and contemplate the stone willows that never put forth a leaf; for the times have changed and there is but one sermon a day, and these who brought their tin foot-stoves, have sat down, the most of them, to the feast of the Lamb, where the tree of life, the true tree of heaven, and no poplar, is blooming forever.

The deaf who sat on this pulpit stairs in these old times, can hear the wailing of a seraph's wings to-day; for the daughters of music have been lifted from the dust wherein they were lying. The old blind man whose doubtful fingers eyed the guide, lives now in morning light. And old black Jonah, that stole softly in, and sat down in a pew beside the door, has been made white at last, and bidden to come up higher.

We think it ought to be set down upon a map somewhere, the old church was very near the 'house not made with hands' only the graveyard's breadth removed. We think it ought to be set down upon a map somewhere, the old church was very near the 'house not made with hands' only the graveyard's breadth removed.

ROMANTIC LOVE SCENE.—'This past the hour of midnight. The golden glow of day, who yesterday drove his embrowned chariot through the heavens, has ceased shining, and the earth, and a black path, bright over the lower portion of our city. Nothing is heard save the distant step of the melancholy bill poster as he pursues his homeward way! Suddenly a sound breaks the stillness—it is the voice of Frederick William calling in plaintive tones upon his beloved Florence Amelia.

'Throw open the lattice leve, and look down upon the casement, for I, your dear Frederick am here.'

'What brings thee at this time of the night, when all is still and gloomy? I come to offer thee my heart. Upon my soul I love thee—truly, wildly, passionately love thee. Dost thou reciprocate?'

'The maiden blushed as she hesitated. 'Ah,' cried he, and the face of our hero lit up with a sardonic smile, 'thou lovest another?'

'No! no! no!' cried Florence. 'Thou why not rush to this bosom that is bursting to receive thee?'

'Because,' replied the innocent, but still trembling damsel, 'I AM UNDRESSED!'

'Sam,' said a late minister to his man-of-all-work, 'you must bottle the cough of whisky this afternoon; but as the vapor from the whisky is so injurious, take a glass of it before you begin, to prevent intoxication.' Now Samuel was an old soldier, and never was in better spirits than when bottling whisky; and having received from his master a special license to taste, went to work most heartily. Some hours after the minister visited the cellar to inspect the progress; and was horrified to find Sam lying his full length on the floor.

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