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[WEEKLY WEDNESDAY.] *Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.*—Gov. Porter. [BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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Susquehanna—A Tribute to one Departed.*

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

By the blue Susquehanna's stream—
Fair as a poet's morning dream—
Far from the city's busy toil,
Its ceaseless hum and weary coil;
Where the chill breeze of autumn brings
Decaying odors on its wings,
And dusky groves and fading flowers
Seem mourning o'er departed hours—
Here let me pause, awhile, and wake
A song for the Departed's sake!

O, minstrel, loving and beloved!
Old scenes where erst thy footsteps roved,
Where thy young voice in laughter rung,
Whose charms so oft thy muse hath sung—
Here by thine own fair river's shore,
So hallowed by thy lips of yore,
My sorrowing heart hath come, to-day,
A tribute to thy worth to pay!

Thou art departed! yet, meseems,
In every wavelet's transient gleams,
Thine angel-eye, in all its light
And seraph beauty, meets my sight!
I hear thy melting accents still,
Thy harp-notes all around me thrill;
There's not a breeze that murmurs by,
But bears the echo of thy sigh;
There's not a flower that round me springs,
But to my saddened spirit, brings
Some thought that wakes thy memory,
Some sweetly mournful dream of thee!
Sad it is, to think that thou,
Songful once, so silent now,
Conscious of my voice should be,
Nor know the tears I shed for thee!

But is it so? Do spirits ne'er
From the blest shores of Eden, bear
Yearning to behold again
The loved ones that on earth remain?
Have the dear scenes they prized of yore
No power to win them back once more,
No power o'er each long-loved spot
Which, e'en in heaven, is not forgot?
If be so, and thou canst hear
My heart's low pleadings, O, appear!
Stoop, spirit, from thy starry home,
And round me with thy soft eyes come!
Think not my soul will start with fear
To feel thy holy presence near;
Joy to think the loved and dead,
Spirit, all around me tread!

But if too much for mortal eye,
Thy sweet and radiant face to see,
Grant me some token thou art nigh,
And all my soul shall kneel to thee!
Let me but know the shadowing
Of thy all-bright, seraphic wing
Around me shed, and I shall be,
Spirit, more allied to thee!
Shine on me—angel dear and blest,
Thine own pureness fills my breast,
And feelings to my heart are given,
Partaking less of earth than heaven!
Come, for thy presence will not be
A vain revealing unto me!
As stains grow pure beneath the sun,
By being purely shone upon,
So hearts like mine, thine angel eye
From every soil would purify!

Thou comest! O, 'twas not in vain
I prayed that we might meet again!
I feel thy spirit hovering nigh—
My eyes unconscious seek the sky!
A heavenly odor, such as ne'er
Breathed till now, perfumes the air;
A soft, subdued, unearthly light
Mildly beaming on my sight!
Dwell with me! sweet-souled angel, now
Thy kiss is burning on my brow!
The touch through all my being thrills,
And every nerve with rapture fills!
Something of a seraph's flame,
Electric, quivers through my frame—
Forbear! forbear! it is too much,
I faint beneath thy thrilling touch!

It is past! the vision is no more;
My peace is mine unknown before!
A holy calm pervades my breast,
A quiet not to be expressed!
Back to my distant home, I bear
A dream that worldlings may not share—
A dream, that, to my being's end,
With every joy and grief will blend!

But one, adieu! A little space,
And I shall meet thee face to face!

Mrs. Julia H. Scott.

Oh, Sing that Song once Dear.

Sing that song once dear to me,
When happier hours I loved to hear;
Bring back the smile I used to see
Bright when I came, more bright when near.

Recall those hours when by thy side,
When youthful days their gladness gave,
Ere aught of care—could then deride,
Ere life's clear sky! I now must brave.

Ambition's Victim,

Or the New England Physician.

BY MRS. LUCY K. WELLS.

All that the majesty of mind commands—
All that the heart of man insatiate craves,
Is found in Hope's bright page;
And yet the mighty majesty of mind,
Ambition, Fame, are mixed with earthly leaven.

Anonymous.

"A most incongruous title" methinks some arrogant favorite of fortune exclaims, with a scornful curl of the lip. "A physician, engaged each day in the performance of his quiet duties, can surely be little exposed to the allurements of ambition." And is it indeed so? Is there nothing in the pursuits of medical science to rouse the energies of the noblest minds? Surely it is something to explore the hidden riches of nature, and the researches of science and bend them all to the beneficent aim of alleviating human sufferings—something to clear the clouds of gloomy despondency from a gifted mind, prostrated to the dust from sympathy with a diseased body—something to arrest the fleeting spirit when just ready to depart from its earthly tenement, and give the loved one to the embrace of friends—to receive the blessing of those who were ready to perish, and to cause "the widow's heart to sing for joy" when the daughter who was the sunbeam of her home, or the son who was the stay and staff of her declining years, is restored to her after hope had its last lingering look, and all but the skilful, untiring physician had abandoned the sufferer in utter despair. So thought Edward Ralston as he folded in his arms his young sister who had just been rescued from death by the persevering skill of her medical attendant.—Edward was a tall, awkward looking boy of fifteen. He was the youngest of four brothers, who had all, except himself, left the paternal home to seek their fortunes in the far west. His father, a small farmer in Connecticut, had set his heart upon this son as the one who should guide his tottering steps down the hill of life. For some years every tree he had planted or pruned, had been for his favorite boy. The neat stone walls with which his farm was enclosed, had been built for him—and as he looked around on the fruits of his industry he would say to himself, these things will remind Ned of me when my gray head is laid in the grave. Hitherto Edward had silently acquiesced in his destination. The capacities of his soul were yet unawakened; and secluded as he was from the world, he hardly suspected there could be a nobler occupation than digging the earth for a subsistence, yet he was thoughtful, and observing of the operations of nature to a degree, which exposed him often to the ridicule of his rough and boisterous school-mates. Where is Ned? would be the inquiry on the play ground; for the kindness and gentleness of his nature made him a universal favorite.—"Oh," said a brawny, red-headed fellow, "the last time I saw him he was counting the colors on a butterfly's wing, and bottling up a handful of bright looking bugs that he had been more than an hour collecting in the garden—and he tried to make me believe they were beautiful, forsooth, the simpleton! I believe he expects to get a living by birds and butterflies, and bits of curious colored stone, and strange outlandish herbs and flowers; for I heard his old father fretting about his filling the kitchen garden full of them." A loud laugh and clapping of hands from the merry group, bore testimony to the truth of their play-fellows portraiture.

Such had been the pursuits of Edward's leisure hours hitherto. His father sometimes scolded and sometimes ridiculed him; but as he was obedient and industrious he generally suffered him to pursue his own course in quietness. But the time had now come which was to give coloring to his future destiny; and when he said to himself, "I will be physician," he fixed his eye upon the star which was to guide his course through life. The capacities and aspirations of his soul which had been a sealed fountain now burst forth, and the stream flowed sparkling on, in equal purity and increasing brightness, to the end of his short but brilliant career. From this moment the employment of the farm became a galling slavery. He procured, I know not how, some simple elementary works on natural philosophy, and the structure of the human frame, and over these he pored day and night. He soon began to make experiments in the profession he had chosen. Not a bruised foot or wounded finger could be bound up without his help—the lame old horse who was a faithful servant of the family for fifteen years, was subjected to many a surgical operation by the young enthusiast in the full belief that he could make him young again; and the gray goose and an unlucky sheep, who had each a broken leg, afforded fine opportunities for the display of his new powers. While his experiments were confined to such cases, his father endured his vagaries with the patience of a martyr; though he had sometimes muttered between his teeth that he believed Ned was going crazy. But unluckily an epidemic among the sheep gave the young devotee an opening for his skill in the Materia Medica. Six of his patients soon rested from their cares and sorrows, and the patients of his much enduring father was buried in the same grave with them. "There Ned," he exclaimed in wrath as they witnessed the dying struggle of the seventh, "take your books and be a doctor, and then if *men* are fools enough to take your drugs, the sin is their own; but for these poor innocent dumb beasts, I will not let them suffer for your learning."

Ned's pale face grew yet paler, and his full black eyes looked as if they would start from their sockets at this mortifying rebuff. But he stole away to his little chamber, and soon lost the memory of his defeat in speculation on the cause why prescriptions so highly recommended for men should not prove equally salutary for sheep. In the evening he seated himself as usual by the bright kitchen fire. His mother whose beamed the very spirit of kindness, pursued her knitting quietly; though Ned thought she now and then cast an unusually sorrowful glance toward him. His fair young sister, whose delicate frame and lovely, intelligent countenance, suited ill with the homely scene, was nestled close by her side, arranging with the taste of a painter the various colors of her "patch work bed-quilt," and often looking from her work to cast glances of deep tenderness around on the only beings she had yet learned to love. His father, with spectacles on his nose, was seated at a little round table, with the Bible, a volume of Foxs' Book of Martyrs, a Treatise on Freedom of the Will, and the last newspaper before him. Each was tried in turn, and thrown aside with an expression of impatience, till at last with a reverend air, he opened that holy book, which had been his guide as he toiled up the hill of life, and whose hopes and promises were his solace now that he was descending the vale of years. For some moments he seemed to be reading, but perhaps an acute observer would have seen that his thoughts were far away, even from the sacred pages. At length, closing the book, he pushed back his spectacles, and said in a hoarse voice, which showed that he was struggling to subdue strong emotion.

"Ned, my boy, I believe your heart is not here in your old father's home, and our little farm, as it used to be."

Ned tried to answer, but his tongue was palsied, and refused to move.

"Well my boy, I see how it is; you want to be pushing your way upwards in the world. God knows I have spent many a weary day and night for my boys, and I hoped for one of you to watch over over me and your old mother, when we are children again. But I never yet tied the hand of my boys.—If you want to try your skill with the rest in swimming on the current of life, why then go. 'Tis little your mother and I can do for you, but that little you shall have, and our blessing too."

He paused, and a slight twitching around the mouth of the stern seeming, but kind hearted old man, alone told what a struggle it cost him to give up the cherished hopes of years. The mother silently wiped a tear from her eye; and Ned after many attempts to speak, finally articulated: "Father, you shall never be ashamed of me," and then retreated to his own room to give vent to his full heart. And now the way was cleared before him, and he proudly threw back the black hair which hung in masses over his broad forehead, and said, I will be something or nothing—I will rise in the world, or—I will not live to be taunted with my fall.

He soon placed himself under the care of the parish minister, a man of polished mind, though unpretending manners, who yet cherished a love for literature and classic lore. He possessed a well furnished library, to which the young scholar had free access, and here while the noble, and the learned of ancient days passed before his mind's eye, he formed that high standard of intellectual and moral excellence, which he ever afterward pursued with unabated action. Here, too, while poring over the songs of the olden bards, was awakened that deep enthusiastic love of the beautiful, and that intense thirst for perfection in his pursuits, which is ever the concomitant of high genius. When his thoughts turned aside from the one purpose to which his highest energies were devoted, he luxuriated in the dreams of loveliness such as exist only in the fancy of the poet. But all these imaginings were buried in the recesses of his own bosom, no kindred spirit had awakened the sympathies of his soul. His books were his world, and he shrunk with the instinctive delicacy of an imaginative and gifted mind from all communion with the uncongenial beings by whom he was surrounded.—The preparatory college studies were mastered with a rapidity which astonished his aged teacher, and drew from him many a fond prediction of future eminence. Alas! he knew not that he was thus fanning the flame which was to consume him.

His college life wrought a wonderful change in the silent recluse. He found there those who could understand and sympathize with him; and from the shy, awkward boy he became an intelligent, noble looking young man. Yet there was even then a care-worn look, which to a practised eye, told of midnight vigils by the pale light—of hours stolen from needful slumber to explore the exhaustless mines of intellectual wealth, which were then opened to his enraptured gaze. The day when he left his Alma Mater was a proud day for him. He left with the highest honors; and his father and young sisters were there to hear the rapturous plaudits which his performance called forth. The old clergyman, who was his earliest teacher, was there, and the applause of others was unhered when the young student saw his face light up with an exulting smile, and then behold him brush the unbidden tear from his eye. "Were you satisfied with me," he whispered to the delighted old man, as they dispersed among the crowd. "Yes, I was proud of you; but remember my boy, that earthly honors will not purchase a seat in heaven. Don't make fame your idol, and worship it, for you will find it but a faithless friend upon a death bed." "I know it well my dear sir," he replied—"I will remember your advice, and seek a heavenly treasure—but now—I *must press forward*—I cannot pause now to think of eternity. When I am established in my profession *I shall be satisfied*, and then I, will follow your kind counsel." Oh how many a young heart has thus silenced the whispers of conscience, and lulled their souls asleep with the vain hope that the time would come when they should be satisfied with wealth, or fame, or pleasure, and be ready to turn their thoughts toward heaven. Did they but know that it is at Bethesda's fountain alone that the heart can find rest, or the severed longings of the deathless mind can be allayed, they would not turn scornfully and ungratefully from the voice of heavenly compassion which says, If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink.

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The traveler who is passing through Vermont is arrested in his course by the beautiful situation of a little village, on a high swell of land two miles from the Connecticut. In the aspect of the hamlet itself there is nothing remarkable. A few neat, quiet looking dwellings are dispersed around a verdant square; while the ample church, which opens its doors as a refuge appointed by heaven to point the weary and the broken hearted to that home where sorrow and sighing shall flee away; and the air of quiet and repose which hang as a broad mantle over the scene, tell that there, if any where on earth, every warring passion in the breast of man should be hushed. It was there that young Ralston fixed his residence, among a people simple indeed in their manners, but possessed of sufficient intelligence to estimate and feel

"The power of thought, the magic of the mind."

They possessed, too, that refinement and delicacy of feeling which results from *moral* culture. On the Sabbath, every nook, and hill, and valley sent out its inhabitans, and all, from the gray haired patriarch down to the unconscious infant, assembled in the house of prayer. The purifying and softening influence of public worship were not lost upon that unsophisticated people. Their religious teacher was a man of more than ordinary intellectual power. He was ardently and devotedly pious, and possessed that singleness of mind and energy of purpose which gives unlimited sway over the minds of others. His people had grown up under his teaching—they loved and venerated him as a father. I knew him well, for that quiet hamlet was the residence of my maternal relatives. Often in my childhood and early youth did I listen to his instructions, and the tones of mingled kindness and severity with which he would reprove the erring and recall the wandering to the path of duty, yet ring in my ear. I remember, too, the intelligence, the acute discriminating mind, and the delicacy of perception which would gleam out like sunbeams through a mist, from beneath the antique garb and the unpolished exterior of many of his parishioners.—Perhaps the scenery by which they were surrounded was not without its influence upon their minds and hearts.

They who habitually look upon nature in her loveliness and grandeur, especially if they have been taught to see in the wonders of creation the hand of unerring wisdom united with untiring love, and infinite power, can hardly become enslaved by the base and degrading passions of our nature. The Connecticut flowed beneath them bordered by meadows which rivalled in beauty and fertility the vale of Tempe; the curtain of mist which hung over it in the morning, was festooned in ten thousand fantastic shapes along the sides of the richly wooded hills, now hiding, now revealing to view, some deep glen or some quiet cottage scene, and lighted up by the rising sun, reflected the gorgeous hues of the rainbow; while far away into the distance the White Mountains, rising high toward heaven, carried the thoughts to Him, who dwelleth in light unapproachable.

Here young Ralston commenced his professional career. There was no rival to obstruct his path, for his superior powers and profound knowledge in his profession, placed him at once far above all competitors in this vicinity. For a time his progress was gradual, and while needful slumber was allowed, and the Sabbath could be to him a day of rest, he bore up against the anxiety which his sensitive mind endured when he felt the lives of others entrusted to his care. He was constant in the house of prayer, and there the overtasked brain, turned to yet higher and nobler themes, could rest from the depressing and exhausting toils of the week. Oh, the Sabbath is indeed one of Heaven's best gifts to man; not less necessary is its holy rest to the cultivated intellect and the polished mind, than to him who eats his bread in the sweat of his brow. Then in the house of worship in the presence of the great and benificent Parent of all, the petty rivalries of literary strife are forgotton, the aspirations of ambition are hushed, and the soul feels the nothingness of earth-born cares and hopes when placed in competition with the interests of eternity.

But soon with success came an increase of labor and anxiety—labors more exhausting, anxieties more depressing, because the best feelings of his heart, as well as the energies of his mind were all enlisted in the profession he had chosen. And now fame began to breathe its seductive music in his ear. Not in the coarse notes of flattery from which a delicate mind shrinks instinctively; but it came

"Like the perfumes on the wind
Which none may stay or bind"—

in the half muttered "God bless you" of the mother who clasped again to her bosom her little one, that seemed her as one raised from the dead—in the respectful look and kindly words of the uncultivated tiller of the soil, a homage whose sincerity could not be questioned—in the eloquent though brief acknowledgements of the richly endowed and polished mind from which he had lifted the pall of despondency and gloom, cast over the soul by a diseased body; and in the soft though fervent tones of woman's gratitude which sounded sweet in his ears as his gentle sister's voice. Thus lured onward, he paused not in his career; pressing on and reaching forward to yet higher distinctions without consciousness that he needed rest. His professional cases and duties absorbed his whole soul. He formed none of those kind and gentle ties which, by dividing the thoughts and awakening the affections, tend to silence the clamors of ambition, which ever cries "give, give!" No wife welcomed his return to the domestic fireside, no little ones clung fondly around him; a boarding house was his home, and when rest and relaxation were in his power, books were his only resource. But the softening influence of domestic charities were not all his spirit needed. The hallowing influence, the calming as well as exalting hopes of the christian, were strangers to his heart. He drank only of earth's troubled fountains, and though he had not yet found their gall and bitterness, for life's cup still sparkled for him, he drank but to thirst again and again. Some years thus passed away in unremitting labors on his part, rewarded by unrivalled fame within his own circle, and it was not a narrow one.

At this period a young man of brilliant talents and fascinating manners, offered his services as physician in the vicinity of Ralston; and soon after, a severe and wide spreading epidemic called for renewed exertions, while at the same time, it awakened fears that his more showy rival would have it in his power to supplant him. He now knew no repose either body or mind. The day was spent in administering to the sick—the night in making prescriptions, and consulting his books. He became emaciated, and looked pale and care-worn. His step once firm and vigorous was now at times alternately hurried, or feeble and unsteady; and some, more observant than others, noticed that he often pressed his hand upon his brow, as if thought and recollection cost him a painful effort. These appearances, were, however, only momentary. On the contrary, there was never before a time when his efforts of success were so brilliant. He seemed indeed like a being all soul, all spirit. There was a dazzling brightness in his eye, a quickness and vividness in his perceptions, which inspired both admiration and awe. After a time, a shadow of unutterable gloom would pass for a moment over his countenance, and he began to whisper to the very few friends whom he trusted, of strange fantasies; he hinted of plots formed against him; and wild and groundless suspicions of his younger rival haunted his imagination. His friends knew not what to fear, but listened in silent wonder. At length, after a day of intense exertion, he returned home at a late hour to his lodgings, and entering with a pale and haggard look, sunk apparently exhausted in a chair. "There, he has done it at last," he muttered in a low tone, "I have received a violent blow upon the top of my head which knocked me off my horse. How long I lay insensible I know not—Oh! there is such a weight here," he whispered faintly, putting his hand to his head.

His kind hearted hostess administered such simple remedies as her very limited knowledge could supply; but he seemed rapidly decaying. An incident, trifling in itself, first gave his friends to fear that the spirit which had been like a powerful and sweet toned harp, vibrating at the slightest touch, was now hopelessly unstrung and shattered. It was a lovely evening in June, Supported on the arm of his hostess' son a young man whose life he had saved, and in whom he felt a deep interest, he was walking in the garden and enjoying the balmy freshness of the evening air. The hour and the scene softened his heart, and removed for a time the guard he habitually placed over the expression of his feelings. He spoke of his early home—of his fathers' worth, of his mother's kindness, in tones of deep emotion; and when he named his sister, and dwelt on her deep tenderness and love for him his voice faltered. He then alluded to his own history—to his brilliant success—to the fame he had acquired—but, he continued:

"I have been pursuing a shadow.—There has been no rest, no quiet at my heart. If I could but know that peace which beamed in my beloved mother's face, when she returned to us from her sacred hour of secret communion with her God, how gladly would I lay down all—all I have been toiling and struggling for years to obtain. I am like that child," he continued, pointing to a little girl who was forming a boquet of flowers, "see, she just grasped a—a"—he paused, and pressed his hand upon his brow—"oh, I cannot remember the name—what is that flower which is surrounded with thorns?"

"A Rose!" inquired his companion.

"Yes, yes—a rose; she has just grasped a beautiful rose, but the leaves have all fallen at her hand. But how strange I could not remember a name so perfectly familiar to my memory. The truth is," he continued in a tone of deep and melancholy foreboding, "I am not, I shall never again be what I have been. I feel that I am prostrated. At times I think little of it—suppose at such times *all* my mind revives, so that I feel the extent of my weakness and decay, my anguish is such that insensibility is preferable."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FOURTH.]