"THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY."

BY CHRISTIE'S OBSERVER.

I would not if I could undo my past,
Tho' its sake my future is a blank;
My past, for which I have myself to thank
For all its faults and follies first and last.
I would not cast aside the lot once cast,
Or launch a second ship for one that sank,
Or drag with wounds the bitterness I drank,
Or be by feasting my perpetual fast.
I would not if I could; for much more dear
Is the remembrance than a hundred joys.
More than a thousand hours of pure jubilee,
Dearer the music of one tearful voice
That unforgotten calls and calls to me,
"Follow me here, rise up and follow here."

What sockets then for in the unknown land?
I hope I follow joy one goal to attain.
In hope and fear persistent more and more,
As the dry desert lengthens out its sand,
Whilst day and night I carry in my breast
The golden key to ope the golden door
Of golden honor, yet my cry weepeth sore,
For the long journey that must make no stand.
And who is this that veiled doth walk with me?
Lo, this is Love that walketh at my right.
One side he holds as both, and we who bound
To self-same home joys in the land of light,
Weeping then walkest with him; weepest half—
Some sobbing weep, some weep and make no sound.

A dimmer story glimmers here
Thro' veils and distance from the space remote,
A faintest far vibration of a note
Reaches to us and seems to bring us near,
Causing our face to glow with tender cheer,
Making the sacred mist to stand aloof,
Subduing languor with an antidote
And strengthening love almost to cast out fear,
Till for one moment pulses in our ears
Rise booming on us, golden walls of home,
Lights of our eyes until the darkness fled
Then thro' the outer darkness burdensome
Your again the sobbing calls,
"Follow me hither, follow, rise and come."

A HOME IN THE OCEAN.

Minot Ledge Light.—The Mountainous Waves at Cohasset Lodge—The Great Well under the Lighthouse—Isolation in a Storm—Life in a Wooden Belly.

(Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.)

Let us visit Minot Ledge Lighthouse now, while this storm is at its height. The ledge is covered by water, except for a short time at a very low tide. It rises in Boston bay, about twenty miles from the Boston, and one mile and a half from Cohasset. Into it are fitted and bolted down the stones of the tower, which are dovetailed and bolted into each other in such a fashion that no stone can be moved without lifting the tower and with it. The tower light, and all, is 114 feet in height; yet even it, clean to the very top, the waves are dashing. Does not their thunder make your very heart tremble? But these keepers do not even look pale.

For forty feet the tower is built up solid, except the well, which is in the centre, is 5 feet deep. It holds a supply of water for one year. The water keeps good and pure. The well holds 2,000 gallons. It is rather warm in the summer, and in the winter becomes, as one of the keepers says, "a kind of porridge ice." It will supply water to the tower from a boat. To do so we should either climb a ladder, which they have fitted into the side of the tower, or be swung up in a chair. At the top of the ladder are two sets of oaken doors, against which are now beating the hungry waves.

Between the outer doors and the inner is an entry about three feet long. Entering this room (which is the office) from the outer door, seen on the right hand the coal and the wood. There stands also a flour barrel, and over these, suspended on hooks, hang hundreds of various articles of clothing, doubtless, many

Up again, a second bedroom similar to the first. Up again, and we come to the oil room. About the walls are ranged oil tanks, copper-colored; oil cans, trays, &c., show that we are nearing the light-room. There is one water tank in this room, also a work bench and a box of glass for the lantern. There are here an oil measure, a tool chest and a spare lamp. Another of the steep, narrow stairways brings us to the watch-room—sitting-room of the tower.

Here is a table, an arm-chair, a stove, books, papers, a few pictures, and the machine for ringing the fog bell.

From this room we may now, since the storm has ceased to send the waves so high, pass out to the balcony that surrounds it. Well for us that the iron railing is so strong. There—now you've no choice but to go home bareheaded. Why did you not cling to your hat and wig? Tuk wind is enough to take hair out by the roots, even if it leaves the head itself.

What a scene! what a noise! We cannot describe it, nor endure it. Let us go in. One moment more, and we are in the light room. Here is the object for whose elevation and continuance all this masonry was made—all this skill and labor called forth.

"And the light is the life of men." Thus we wrote it. At sunset the lamp is lit, and till sunrise it shines on in the darkness—a beacon and a warning to all who sail on that dangerous sea.

The lamp has three concentric wicks, and is in the centre of a lens four feet in diameter and ten feet high. Step within and look at your friends through these prisms—how do you like the looks of faces three feet long! This magnifies the power of the light, and the glass walls of this room probably have this same effect.

There is another walk and balcony without, but we will not try it. It is only one inch clear evenings that being out there is agreeable. But within, not all the cold, and the storm and stress of winter, at its worst, can affect one's bodily comfort. One is as thoroughly protected as if he was in his own home. Yet if these keepers ever have a nervous fancy that they are entombed, they have ample room for the first balcony, about three feet wide, we should have seen the fog-bell, could we have seen anything for the wind and spray. It weighs 1,600 pounds, and is hung up against the wall of the tower.

CITY BULLETIN.

SALE OF STOCKS AND REAL ESTATE.—Messrs. Thomas & Sons sold at the Exchange, yesterday, the following stocks and real estate, viz:

Three-story brick dwelling, No. 2025 Brandywine street, $3,750.

Ground rent, $288 a year, $4,300.

Ground rent, $36 a year, $450.

Ground rent, $20 a year, $425.

Ground rent, $30 a year, $600.

Six-story, Northampton county, Pennsylvania, $13,325.

Superior five-story brick store, No. 126 Chestnut street, 29 feet front, $63,000.

Four-story iron front store, 205 and 207 Chestnut street, $35,000.

Very valuable store, No. 819 Chestnut street, $104,000.

Store, Nos. 56 and 58 South Second street, $18,200.

Store and dwellings, No. 710 Race street, $9,100.

Tavern and dwelling, New Market and Coates streets, $3,300.

Store, No. 1422 Lombard street, subject to a yearly ground rent of $100; 36, $4,000.

Valuable lot, Kensington, north west of Venango street, $2,925.

Two lots, above, $2,925.

Lot adjoining the above, 1115 Lombard street, $4,800.

Modern dwelling, 1115 Lombard street, $4,800.

Three-story brick dwelling, No. 1027 Kater street, subject to a yearly ground rent of $75, $4,150.

Three-story brick dwelling, No. 1029 Kater street, subject to a yearly ground rent of $75, $4,150.

Three-story brick dwelling, No. 1031 Kater street, subject to a yearly ground rent of $75, $4,150.

Three-story brick dwelling, No.