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MISCELLANY.

Clar's Tale of the Texan Revolution.

BY CHARLEY CRAYON.

(CONTINUED.)

Clar was, as yet, unconscious of her consoling feelings, while, within her heart, raged a flame of affection that she strove in vain to subdue. The lofty spirit of Amulus; his wild enthusiasm, his every thought flashing with the inspiration of Nature and his every heart-throb swelling high with sympathy; all, all conspired to increase the fervor of her affection more and still more. Her wishes, thro' and impulses took the impress of his, though herself unconscious of the fact. He was what her fancy had ever pictured as the par excellence of nobleness, of virtue, of man. Not a thought he uttered that did not seem to her as pure as though dropped from an angel's lips; and a word spoke he that, did not fall on her ear sweeter than music. When he sat and gazed silently into her mildly floating eyes, she sometimes fancied she could read in that gaze a multitude of deep emotions struggling for utterance. And then, as though to divert his mind from what she thought to be unwelcome, gloomy thoughts; in the artlessness of innocence itself, by a winking smile or a gesture of some wild, enthusiastic thought, she would break the spell that bound him, and an exclamation of half unmeaning admiration would escape his lips.

Thus two beings grew up together, till their whole natures seemed run together in one mould of congeniality. As before intimated, Clara possessed something more than mere personal attractions. Her intellectual accomplishments were of the highest order. She was emphatically Nature's own child. Every thought breathed of nobleness; of a proud spirit and a lofty ambition. Modest and gentle, she was dignified, graceful and enthusiastic. Though Amulus by nature inherited many of these qualities, his constant attendance with Clara imbued him still more with these characteristics. She inspired his naturally ambitious temperament with more fervor—a more ardent emulation, to be great. She taught him to despise the grovelling instinct that governs the great mass of mankind, and lifts them fast in the fetters of subserviency; knowing no loftier aim, no higher aspirations than those that govern the brute creation—to live, gratify all the baser passions, and die without leaving a record that they have been—not one deed as an offspring worthy of immortal minds. The language of her heart found a response in his, and he caught up the inspirations of her lofty mind as they dropped in words—they influenced his thoughts and actions.

Amulus now grew sad and thoughtful. He was unhappy. His mind was overcharged, and he knew of no person on earth to whom he could summon courage sufficient to reveal the emotions that struggled in his bosom; indeed, there was but one whom he would have known the secret, and to that one he could confide every thing else, save that which haunted his waking hours and drove sleep from his presence. Would, thought he, that she might know the whole; but why such a wish for then would life be bitter indeed. Her proud spirit would never look on me, as other than the boyish companion of her girlish days; and the stern rebuke, the cold repulse would quite overwhelm, would drive my soul ascender, should it fall from her lips or be met in her reproachful gaze. She cannot, she will not know it; it shall never escape my lips; she shall ever remain ignorant of a truth, stranger indeed than fiction; and, if possible, stranger than the reality itself. Hush, then, my heart this wild tumult of wild emotions; be still the home of pure affection, and let not love, but friendship only dwell there.

Vain effort, to drive Love from its throne and vainly still the attempt to seat friendship in its place. That is too inferior in its order; by far too little tinged with sympathy to fill the void that's made by smothered affection. Crush, if you will the fondest, the first hope of man; sever the strongest tie; rob the heart of sympathy and drive from it the affections that like fatality have been nursed; then fill the home of all these with cold, calculating, conventional friendship. Hurl the planets from their course and supply the void with sand grains!

Clara noticed the change that had so recently come over the spirit of her cousin, yet knew not its cause. She saw that he was melancholy, was unhappy, and this threw a shade over her feelings. Every means was resorted to by the artless, confiding girl to remove the dark shadows from his mind; to inspire him with courage, with happiness. When Amulus would retire by himself in some mood, to muse on the unwelcome thoughts that crowded upon him with crushing weight; she would often steal unbidden to his presence, raise his drooping head, implant a careless kiss on his cheek; then caress his noble brow, pluck and agitated, with all the fondness of a sister's heart. And then, when she saw the half-formed smile playing on his features, lighting up for a moment his whole countenance and then half sadly dying away, leaving his cheek pale and brow pallid, she feared lest disease might be already corroding his life-strings; and that ere long they might snap asunder, erasing, at the same time, her fondest hopes—her brightest anticipations; leaving a void in her heart that time nor rolling years would heal.

CHAPTER III.

"A strange emotion stole within him—more than mere compassion ever waited before." One evening Amulus was sitting alone on the piazza in front of his father's dwelling, watching the glorious day-kings as he dropped to rest behind the western mountains, tinged the brow of even with a flood of gorgeous golden light. Fired as a statue; motionless and pale as marble; his eyes seemed riveted on the distant heavens, and through his brain coursed a multitude of strange thoughts.

The sun disappeared—was gone—and the half-gloomy dusk shadows flitted about fantastically, how hovering nearer quite darkened the air and threw a bard-like spell on all around, and still there he sat, unmoved, gazing on vacancy. The soft breath of evening floated noiselessly by carelessly playing among the night-blooming flowers, then eddying up, rustled merrily among the noble old elms and orange trees that adorned the green spreading lawn. From the distant village choir, rose the solemn vesper hymn, floating out on the pleasant wind and echoing dirge-like through the hollow air, as its plaintive numbers died away, full, solemn and mournfully in the distance.

The hum of Nature mingled with the dashing music of the waterfall, and the low, complaining murmurs of the waning rill, tumbling along its pebbly bed; and the whirring struck up a glad chorus from the depths of his forest home. These all fell upon the ear of Amulus, and bound him as with a mesmeric spell. Strange power of human thought!

How long he would have remained thus it is impossible to divine. Soft steps glided near; a form that looked half-angel, in the shadows of evening, approached him, and a gentle hand was placed on his brow; sweet, silvery tones saluted him. He started like one awakened from a troubled, dreamy sleep; and for a moment looked wildly around, when his eyes met the soft bewitching gaze of Clara. With the sudden impulse of a madman he clasped her to his bosom in a rapt and passionate embrace. She struggled from his grasp, and her queenly form seemed lit up with more than its accustomed dignity. Her eyes, for a moment, flashed with passion, then a cold haughtiness played off her features. Amulus gazed on her for bidding face an instant, then sank back motionless and less dead. His brain reeled and his heart grew sick—it was to him as though the mortal agony of a whole life was crowded into one moment. He stammered out the name of Clara. Her looks assumed their wonted loveliness.

"For woe do vanished brightness enhance The charms of every brightened glance; And dearer seem each dawning smile, For heaven lies in its light awhile."

She rushed forward, threw herself upon his bosom and wept convulsively—she knew not why! The silence was broken by the musical voice of Clara. "Forgive me, dearest cousin, if I have pained you; I would not cause one sigh to embitter a moment of your existence."

"Noble girl," responded Amulus, "your heart is the abode of loveliness, the home of the graces—they color your every thought and constitute your being."

"Come Amulus," said she, in a beseeching tone, "dost melancholy to the winds, and let us stroll to our lovely retreat yonder, for truth this is a lovely eve and I'll strike the guitar for you and we'll be so happy."

Amulus rose from his seat without making any reply; and, with Clara leaning on his arm, turned towards the arbor. She seemed more than usually buoyant in spirits, and when they arrived at the dear old spot, the rich, mellow tones of her voice rang on the empty air more full, more free than ever.

Now list cousin while I strike these sounding strings; and the mellifluous strains of that lone harp rose full of sweetest melody, and floated on the passing zephyr so bland and plaintive, that Amulus felt his whole soul enraptured. Then broke forth the clear, sweet tones of Clara's voice, a fit accompaniment to a seraphic lyre.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this, Where transient and security entwine; Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss, And here thou art a god indeed divine. Here shall no forms strange, no hours confine The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire, Roll on, ye days of raptured infancy, shine! Nor blind with ecstasy's celestial fire Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

ry ill, whether imaged or real, that darkened your aspirations, were known to me. You hesitated not then to pour out the deepest secret of your heart; while you, and you alone were a witness of that which burdened mine. How often in this lovely bowyer have we revealed heart-secrets to each other, when grief weighed down our spirits, and then, as our sympathies mingled together, holy light grew our hearts, even like as the storm-cloud that over-spreads the sky with thickest gloom is chased away by the breath of the whirlwind, revealing the glorious sunlight in greater beauty, so have our spirits often felt lighter and still more joyous when your gushing waters have flowed freely together. The heart must have a confidant of its unhappiness; and now my own partakes deeply of your sombre mood. Speak, cousin, and tell me, can I not as of yore, by some means assuage your grief and calm the storm that rages in your breast?" She was continuing when she was interrupted by Amulus.

"Clara, dearest Clara, you shall know the whole for 'tis your right to know it. But I will first allude to my foolishness and load me down with reproaches. This mental agony I can endure no longer, and life can be no more intolerable though I know the worst; for suspense is agony of itself, and bears with crushing weight."

His tongue was loosed, and all reserve vanished. He poured out his soul; he told her of his love with eloquence, made more eloquent by the throng of pent up passions to which he had now given vent.

"The ocean has its ebbs, as has grief—" "Twas vent to anguish if 'twas not relief—" Continued he; "blame me not, turn not on me that cold look you gave me yonder, 'twould freeze my blood. Blame me not, I say, for 'tis that noble spirit of yours I love. 'Tis that which has chained me, and the generous impulses of your heart that have drawn out the purest affections of mine. I am the slave to a passion of which I never dreamed, and the strength of which I never knew till now. It is stronger than the strings of life, and wants only to be deprived of the object around which it twines to snap them asunder."

He added much more, and when he concluded, rose up, crossed the arbor and seated himself by the side of the astonished maiden, and tears of joy, and kisses blended there, and Amulus was happy. Need I add that Clara's loveliness too, could be repented of by his side? It was late that night when those two joyous hearts felt that old arbor, that had been the lone witness of strange events. The Past, the eventual Past occupied for a long time, their thoughts and engrossed their conversation. Then up came the future as though sailing on pinions of light; and what a host of airy castles were builded there; for fancy's busy hand was present and wove many a fairy gilded web. Not a thought that did not seem all joy, all fondness. No anticipations so wild, so fanciful as not to seem reality, of which the world was a wide realm. And then again the guitar was struck and the seraphic voice of Clara warbled forth the language of her soul.

How sweetly doth the moon-beams smile To-night upon my lonely life; Oh in my fancy's wanderings, I've dreamt that little life had wings; And we wafted its airy bowers Where not a pulse should beat but ours, And we might live, love, die alone. Far from the cruel and the cold. Where the bright eyes of angels only Should come around us to behold A paradise so pure and lovely!"

Thus passed the happy hours away, when, rising from the old, now doubly endeared arbor, like angel forms, they sought the mansion where they had passed their childhood days, and gave themselves away to pleasant dreams. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Who can be surprised that the masses of Great Britain, are in a state of destitution and misery? With a population of 27,000,000 in England, Ireland, and Scotland, Great Britain paid, in 1847, £56,000,000 or \$280,000,000 taxes. Of this \$45,000,000 was derived from property—the tax of aristocracy and gentry—while \$235,000,000 was derived from trade and industry, or rather from the sweat and blood of the masses. William, the first, who founded in the tenth century, the system of English taxation is generally called a robber, but in the period of six centuries, and from his conquest to 1800, English taxes never rose in a single year above \$3,000,000. George I. raised them to \$20,000,000; George III. the odious tyrant, who sought to strangle our liberty, raised them to \$75,000,000; George IV. in 1820, raised them to \$270,000,000, while in 1847, they were increased to \$280,000,000, which, divided among the population of Great Britain is \$10 30 to every man, woman, and child.

LAST WORDS OF WASHINGTON.—"It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; embracing tenderly and inviolably to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and liberty; watching for its preservation with jealousy and anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any manner be abandoned, and indignantly opposing upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country. From the rest of our lives, do you continue to guard this union with every power that God has put in your hands."

THE NEW YEAR'S THRESHOLD.

BY J. T. WEADELY.

This threshold of a New Year is a pausing spot in man's existence, where he can scan the past and ponder the future. Up to this threshold the old year comes, and gazing for a moment on the future, which it cannot enter, it turns away to lie down with the years that have already marched round the earth. As we look on its retiring form, we see its giant shadow flung over the past, as it slowly sinks into its grave, to wait his resurrection with "the years beyond the flood." While we look and muse, the New Year approaches fresh from the hand of Time, with its brow unscarred and uncrinkled by the months that must have furrowed there; and with an eye bright with the light of hope and promise, extends its welcome hand to the weary generations that come to meet it.

Say what men will of life, the voice of the New Year is cheerful and congratulatory. The Old Year is sad with memories—the New Year cheerful with hope, and with the same spirit and the same cheerfulness do we extend the hand to our friends, and echo its voice of congratulation—reiterate its words of promise—"There is a time to weep and a time to laugh, and if one spot in our existence is more proper than any other for the former, it is when we bury the Old Year. The monuments that line its pathway stand over lost friends, disappointed hopes and broken promises. There is also the good that could have been done and was not—the error committed that can never be recalled—the pleasures we received gone with the objects that created it,—and the hours that we squandered, lost beyond the power of redemption, and why should we not be sad? But as we turn to the New Year, we may smile at its words of encouragement. Its lap is full of blessings, and life again offers us the power of doing good. With our animosities buried, we may start with fresh resolutions and fresh encouragements. We can, if we will, help the weary, feed the hungry, cheer the lonely-hearted, brighten the hut of poverty, and turn the erring and the wicked to paths of truth and happiness. The warm grasp of those we love tells of the pleasures of friendship that are in store, while the glad countenances about us are but indices of the blessings with which the year promises to strewn our way. These gifts are to be taken to our bosoms with hope, in order to strengthen us for the struggles we are to enter upon. Cheerful hope is as powerful an ally as stern resolve in accomplishing good both to ourselves and others, therefore let the heart brighten up with the encouraging words the New Year whispers in our ears. Besides, the plans of Duty are to move on towards their consummation, and we are resolved to aid their progress and receive in our own hearts the reward of doing good. The weary earth staggers blindly on in its path, yet each year breaks one of the links of its fetters, brightens up one new star in its heaven, and sends it one step farther on towards the paradise it lost. All hail, then, the New Year, with its untold scenes and new experiences!

Still it is with thoughtful feelings we should cast our eyes before us. The great things of this life do not happen in cycles, but in single years. In a single year the flood swept the world, and a new year rose on a buried race and a new earth. In a single year the Son of God was born on the plains of Asia. Within each year transpire all the events that go to make up the history of man. In some single year have occurred all the fumes and pestilences and earthquakes that have swept men into eternity. In a single year did Christ die, redeem a world. In a single year has each man entered upon his changeless state. If, then, in some one year all the great events of life have transpired, and all that makes it so, come to us will transpire, how appropriate to make the threshold of the New Year a breathing spot—a thinking place in our feverish and hurried existence. As we pass through time it is to us as if a bell was suspended in the dome of the vast sky. Through the revolving year it hangs motionless and silent, but as the year departs it swings, sending its deep and solemn peal round the wide earth echoing "A Year has fled!"

As if an angel spoke, I hear the solemn sound. It is a signal demanding despatch; causing man's hopes and fears to start up from their repose, and amid the brightness and blessings of an opening year, bidding him be thoughtful in his rejoicings.

The New Year also bids man remember that nothing is permanent here—that there is nothing constant but change. The year is made up of revolving seasons—the weeks of make up of revolving seasons—the weeks of successive days and nights, and alternate sunshine and storm. Every thing, like a lofty wheel, keeps turning, turning, like the shadows of night, changing changing. The moon keeps rolling, the earth revolving, and the sun itself with all its family of worlds, is passing onward through the heavens with each revolving year. Did not our Father, who is the stars, have his feet upon the axis, that seem to retain the same place from age to age, are also in motion, and each year approach nearer the fulfillment of their destiny. The whole universe, like a single orb, is probably in motion, and like a single sphere, starting continually for the fulfillment of the plan of its Creator. From this law of change, it is not strange, his body is not the same, his mind is not the same, his feelings are not the same, his observations are not the same.

are not tumultuous and alarming to the outward senses. The uproar of battle—the sound of falling armies—the terror of the advancing earthquake, and all the din and jar of outward life, are not, after all, the solemnities of life. The changes that ought to arrest thought and awaken emotion are unobtrusive and noiseless as a passing breath. The old year dies without a struggle, and the new year is born in silence. We see not the threshold over which we step, or the responsibilities on which we are to enter. The change that passes over us with the new life that is begun, as well as the change that has passed over all the plans of Duty from their progress, are not seen and cannot be felt, unless the soul will stop to think of itself, and of the life that is fluctuating around us.

The New Year should also remind us that the number of years are limited, and their solemn revelation is soon to cease. Soon the archangel who stands and gazes on the dial face, which yonder stands before the Sun of Righteousness, and

"Comes Time, seasons years, destinies, And slowly numbers o'er the mighty cycles Of Eternity—"

shall see the last my that falls on "the gloom of Time," and seizing his trumpet and sending its rapid blast over the earth, shall swear that "Time shall be no longer."

The threshold of the New Year is a thoughtful place, full of hope and promise, but full of reflection too. It bids man "throw empires away and be blameless," but none squander his hours.

I asked an aged man, with hoary hair, as he stood trembling between two years, what was time?—Time (he replied) is the warp of life; oh! tell the young and gay to weave it well!"

The New Year speaks also of a resurrection. When changes shall cease, and Time, which is the last thing that dies, shall cease to be, the true life of man begins. As from the grave of the Old, the New Year arises, so from the grave of Time itself shall the spirit of man ascend to a life that is permanent as the throne it surrounds. Amid the changes and losses and disappointments and discouragements that envelope and confuse us here, this thought comes like the Saviour's voice over the turbulent waters of Galilee, saying, "Peace be still!"—there is a birth which never dies, a promise which never disappoints, and a life which never ends."

THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD OF 1850. BY URIAH H. JUDAH.

Such is mortal's fleeting breath; Such is life and such is death. They have fallen! Nay, not fallen in the estimation of their countrymen—for their memories will ever flourish in grateful remembrance—but their names have been stricken from the roll of living greatness, and the tomb, that allotted tenement of mortality, has claimed its own.

Death, clad in his gloomy robes, has wandered in the midst of eloquence, of valor, of erudition, and of worth, spreading dismay around. Whichever he has roamed he has caused havoc. On the brow of talent he stamped his signet, and powerless became the lips of eloquence; he grasped the hand of the warrior, and closed his eyes to the sound of the drum and the tumult of battle.

His sword was in his hand, Still warm with recent fight; Ready that moment at command, Through rock and steel to smite. They have fallen—but not until Fame had enrolled their names high, very high, in her Temple, so grand and so towering—the names of Taylor, Calloun, Elmore, Prentiss, King, Mason, Osgood, Fuller and Jones.

Twelve short months ago, and Zachary Taylor stood before the world as the illustrious chief of a mighty nation, blessed with the love and reverence of millions of freemen, and in the tranquil enjoyment of every earthly bliss—a few more weeks glide away and he is lost in the revolution of time, and all that is left to the last resting place of mortality, in regal magnificence, is: in more than kingly splendor for his mound is honored by the poor and the humble, and moistened by the tear of affection.

O! after all the falls of war, How best the brave man lays him down! He lies in a triumphal death, His grave is glory and renown! He has fallen! South Carolina weeps over the tomb of her most able champion; for the eloquent tongue of Calhoun will no longer soothe the accents of beauty and nobility; to-day he reposes peacefully and the hallowed ground of the earth, and no voice but that of God can mourn him!

Death! thou'rt forest a shining mark, Elmore, the talented and distinguished, has fallen at thy mandate. Sergeant A. Prentiss has fallen! A brilliant light has been quenched, and the Pleiades carried his name up to that firmament, which here can be so great. And would'st not thou were the same as the great General? Why then, thou'rt forest a shining mark, Elmore, the talented and distinguished, has fallen at thy mandate. Sergeant A. Prentiss has fallen! A brilliant light has been quenched, and the Pleiades carried his name up to that firmament, which here can be so great. And would'st not thou were the same as the great General? Why then, thou'rt forest a shining mark, Elmore, the talented and distinguished, has fallen at thy mandate. Sergeant A. Prentiss has fallen! A brilliant light has been quenched, and the Pleiades carried his name up to that firmament, which here can be so great. And would'st not thou were the same as the great General? 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