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SELECTED POETRY.

The Irish "Felons."

BY F. M'NERHANY.

Yes! "felons" they are falsely styled—
A brave and gallant band,
From kindred, home, and friends exiled,
For loving native land.
The clanking chain they're doomed to drag,
In torture day and night,
Because, around their own green flag,
They battled for the right!

If marshalled hosts had followed them
Instead of scattered bands
They would have grasped the ocean gem
From England's robber hands;
And heaven, with approving smile,
Would bless the noble deed,
That gave new life to *Erin's* isle,
And shackled millions freed!

Then blame them not because they failed
In freedom's holy fight,
For they were men that never quailed
Before the tyrant's might
They were not crouching coward slaves—
They would not minions be;
And facing dungeons, gibbets, graves,
They struggle to be free!

Alas, the star of freedomed paled,
And set in deeper gloom,
And they who first its beaming hailed
Have met the "felons" doom;
And now within the prison cell
Those noble, daring braves
Yearn, for the home they love so well,
Beyond the rolling waves!

Oh, ye who dwell in this free land,
Heed sympathy's kind voice;
Reach out to them a willing hand,
And bid their hearts rejoice!
While Kossuth, by our generous aid,
Escapes a "traitor's" doom,
Let not the star of Erin fade
Above the "felon's" tomb.

☞ The following beautiful lines are furnished by a master stroke of Lord Byron's pen:

* * * 'Tis sweet to hear,
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky;

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming and look brighter when we come;
'Tis so sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth
Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps;
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth;
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers prize-money to seamen.

* * * *

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, there we are forgot.

Be Kind to the Old.

Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what sufferings they may have endured, or how much it may still be their portion to bear. Are they querulous or unreasonable? Allow not thine anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many and severe have been the crosses and trials of earlier years; and perchance their dispositions, while in the springtime of life, where more gentle and flexible than thine own. Do they require aid from thee? Then render it cheerfully, and forget not that the time may come when thou mayst desire the same assistance from others, that now thou rendrest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it not hard if much is required at thine hand, last when age has set its seal on THY brow, and filled thy limbs with trembling, others may wait upon thee unwillingly, and feel relieved when the coffin-lid has covered thy face forever.

CANDID.—'You've visited my daughter a long time,' said an anxious mother to a young gentleman of our acquaintance the other day. 'What are your intentions sir?'

'Honorable, entirely so,' said the gentleman, I intend *backing out*, as the coachmen say.'

'You do, do you? backing out, ha! And pray, sir what may be your reasons for deceiving the poor girl in this way?'

'I have several,' said our friend.

'Well, name one if you can, you imp of Satan—you little waisted, knock-kneed, pale faced, no whiskered doll—you thing you—'

'Your daughter, said he, interrupting her, don't wear her bustle right. I have seen it side sided. Her dress maker tells me she is padded in a dozen places, and she wears two pair of stays—her false teeth don't stay in well, and she puts castoreil on her wig, madam—I can't stand any such carelessness, no madam—you'll let me off now, I reckon.'

The old woman let him off, for in less than two minutes she and her daughter were seen speeding it down the street most probably to bear the eyes out of the dress maker.

TO THE INDUSTRIOUS.—A reward of $500 will be given to the first active man who discovers one single newspaper borrower that is willing to admit that there is anything published worth reading."

Kossuth at Harrisburg.

We have already given an account of the disturbance attending Gov. Kossuth's reception at the Capitol of Pennsylvania.

Gov. Johnston's address was brief and appropriate, but only noticeable for the following passage, in which he informed the illustrious guest that his cause was a just one, and his request of the United States reasonable:

"Entanglement by alliance in the affairs of Europe was not required—intervention in its contests was not asked. We have declared the law that man is capable of self government, and possesses the inherent and indestructable right of altering, amending and changing his form of government at his pleasure, and in furtherance of his happiness. We have sworn hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man. These truths we have made a part of the laws of nations. Despots combine and interfere, by force and fraud, to prevent the erection of republican institutions by a nation struggling successfully against its local usurping oppressor for independence. Fidelity to our principles and institutions demands that we prevent such interference by solemnly proclaiming that the laws of nations and of humanity shall be preserved inviolate and sacred.

"In the performance of this duty, the faint-hearted may falter; the domestic despot and cold diplomatist may linger behind; the man of a world-extended and fearful traffic may hesitate; but the warm and great heart of the American masses will feel no moment of hesitation and doubt in defence of truth. The great Author of nations will find the means to carry out his wise designs. How glorious our destiny, if to us is given the solemn charge of carrying into effect the beneficent purposes of Heaven, in the establishment upon earth of universal liberty, universal education, and universal happines and peace."

REPLY OF KOSSUTH.

SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES OF PENNSYLVANIA:—I came with confidence, I came with hope to the United States—with the confidence of a man who trusts with burning faith to the logic of principles, knowing that where freedom is sown, there generosity grows—with the hope of a man who knows that there is life in his cause, and that where there is life there must be a future yet. And still the hope of man is only an instinctive throb of the heart with which nature's motherly care counteracts the sad impression of adversity. We often hope without knowing why, and like a lonely wanderer on a stormy night, direct our weary steps towards the first glimmering window light, without knowing whether we are about to knock at the door of a philanthropist or a heartless egotist.

But that hope and that confidence, with which I came to the United States, was not such an one. There was a knowledge of facts in it; I did not know whom it was my fate to meet, but I knew that meet I will with two living principles—with that of *freedom* and that of *national hospitality*. Both are political principles here.

Freedom is expansive like the light; it likes to spread; and hospitality here in this happy land is raised out of the narrow circle of private virtue to a principle of political states wisdom.

Just as you, gentlemen, are the representatives of your people, so the people of the United States at large are the reprentatives of European Humanity—a congregation of nations assembled in the hospitable *Hall* of American Liberty. Your people are linked to Europe, not only by the common tie of humanity—not only by the communicative spirit of Liberty—not even only by commercial intercourse, but by the sacred ties of blood.—The people of the United States are Europe transplanted to America. You are not one national tribe, like the retreating Indians, who retire before the white man to be with Nature alone. You came over, not like the migrative people of the middle age, seeking a home in one common mass.

I said by design, the people of the United States is Europe transplanted to America.—And it is not Hungary's woes alone—it is the cause of that Europe which I came to plead. Where was ever a son who, even in his happiest days, could indifferently look at the sufferings of his mother, whose heart's blood is running in his very veins? And Europe is the mother of the United States.

Oh, I hope to God that the people of this glorious land is, and will ever be, fervently attached to this their free, great and happy home! I hope to God that whatever tongue they speak, they are and ever will be American, and nothing but American! And so they must be, if they will be free—if they desire their adopted home's greatness and continued existence. Should once the citizens of the United States cease to be Americans, and become again Anglo-Saxon, Irish, German, Spanish, Italian, Danish, Swedish, French—America would soon cease to be what it is now—freedom elevated to the proud position of a power on earth.

But while I hope that all the people of the United States will never become anything but Americans, and even its youngest adopted sons, though fresh with sweeet home-recollections, will know here no south, no north, no east, and no west—nothing but the whole country, the common nationality of freedom—in a word, America; still I also know that blood is blood—that the heart of the son must beat at the contemplation of his mother's sufferings.

These were the motives of my confident hope. And here in this place I have the happy right to say, God the Almighty is with me; my hopes are about to be realized.

Sir, it is a gratifying view to see how the generous sympathy of your people, for the cause which I respectfully plead, is rising, in natural process, to the elevation of public opinion. But nowhere had I the happy lot to see this rising process more clearly expressed than in the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, this mighty Keystone State of the Union.—(Applause.)

First, the people of Harrisburg spoke, and no city before had so distinctly articulated the public sympathy into acknowledged principles. It has framed the sympathy of generous instinct into a political shape. I forever will remember it with fervent gratitude. Then came the metropolis—a hope and consolation by its very name, to the oppressed—the sanctuary of American independence, where the very bells speak prophecy—which now sheltering more inhabitants than all Pennsylvania did when 75 years ago the prophetic bell of Independence Hall announced to the world that free America is born; which now with the voice of thunder will, I hope, tell the world that the doubtful life of that child has developed into a mighty power on earth (Applause.)

Yes, after Harrisburg, the metropolis came, a flourishing example of freedom's developing power, as the metropolis of the west is the proof of freedom's creative power, and after the metropolis, now the first personification of your great republic's manufacturing interests, that mighty link of nations and this natural ally of international law—then came Pittsburg, the immense manufacturing workshop, alike memorable for its moral power and its natural advantages, which made it a link with the great valley of the west, that cradle of a new world, linked in its turn to the old world by boundless agricultural interests.

And after the people of Pennsylvania thus spoke, now here I stand in the temple of this people's sovereignty, with joyful gratitude, acknowledging the inestimable benefits of this public reception, wherewith the elect of Pennsylvania, entrusted with the legislative and executive power of the sovereign people, gather into one garland the flowers of the people's public opinion, and with the authority of their high position announce loudly to the world, the principles, the resolution, and the will of the two millions of this great Commonwealth. [Applause.]

Sir, the words your Excellency honored me with will have their weight throughout the world. The jeering smile of the despots, which accompanied the poor exile's wandering steps, may turn, at the report of these proceedings, to a frown which may yet cast mourning over families, as it has cast over mine, but which will look for consolation at the dawn of public happiness. The words your Excellency spoke will have their weight with the nations who, under the encouraging auspices of such principles, will feel redoubled in resolution to shake off the yoke of despotism.

The proceedings of to-day will have their weight in the developement of public opinion in other States of your united republic; and when Congress and the National Government bestow the cares of their patriotic wisdom to the question of foreign policy, now so pre-eminent by the condition of the world and the position of this Republic, will feel inclined to pronounce what shall be the common law of nations, as true republics can acknowledge (as I have full reason to hope they will feel inclined to pronounce) the corresponding transactions of State Legislatures, and manifestations like this, and words full of principles and generosity like yours, will give the practical weight to the pronunciation of the highest federative authorities.

And if, in addition to this, the sympathy of the people, registered by establishing associations of friends of Hungary to support European liberty, proves itself practical "by material aid," then allow me confidently to state, the resolute attitude of your great republic will be sufficient to raise it to that glorious seat among the powers on earth, the glory of which no nation on earth has yet ever reached.

And, if connected with that, you establish the right of commercial intercourse—which, only under the protection of the star-spangled banner, can be restored to humanity, and which now is only a toy in the arbitrary hands of ambitious despots—then may your Excellency, and the Senate and the Representatives of this glorious Commonwealth, be sure that the oppressed nations of Europe will find "fair play," to settle the terrible account with their oppressors—[applause;] and America, the son of Europe, will save Europe, regenerated by the gigantic glory, the gigantic spirit of freedom which rules in this place. [Applause.]

Governor! I plead no dead cause. Oh! what happiness would it be for me to enjoy, on the evening of my tempest-tossed life, a tranquility for which I so fervently long, and which I never yet enjoyed—if duty would not press me on with the confidence of success.—Sir, Europe is no corpse; it has a future yet; because it wills. There is no difficulty to him who wills.

Sir, from the window of your room, which your hospitality opened to me, I saw suspended a musket and a powder horn, and this motto—"Material Aid." And I believe the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania is seated in that chair whence the declaration of American Independence was signed. The first is what Europe wants in order to have the success of the second. [Applause.]

Permit me to take this for a happy augury; and allow me, with the plain words of an earnest mind, to give you the assurance of my country's warm, everlasting gratitude, in which, upon the basis of our restored independence, a wide field will be open to mutual benefit, by friendly commercial intercourse, ennobled by the consciousness of imparted benefit from your side and by the pleasant duty of gratitude on the side of my people so well deserving your generous sympathy. [Great applause.]

Kossuth at Annapolis.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Jan., 13, 1852.

At half past 12 o'clock, Governor Kossuth and *suite* were conducted to the State House by Gov. Lowe. At the door of the Senate chamber they were met by the committee appointed by the Senate to receive them, when Mr. Down, the Chairman, addressed Governor Kossuth.

KOSSUTH'S REPLY.

Mr President:—The stormy current of my life has offered several moments to me when the importance of the occasion, connected with associations of historical interest, impressed a deep emotion on my mind. But, perhaps, never yet in my life has the memory of the past made such a gloomy impression upon me as here.

I bow with reverential awe before history, in bowing before you, Senators of Maryland, in this glorious hall, the sanctuary of immortal deeds, hallowed by the memories of immortal names.

Before I thank the living, let me look to those dead whose immortal spirits dwell within these walls, (looking at the portraits that adorn the walls,) living in an unimperishable life in the glory, freedom and happiness of your great united republic, destined, as I confidently hope, to become the corner stone of the future of humanity.

Yes, there they are—the glorious architects of the independence of this republic, grown up to such a giant in such a short time.

There is Thomas Stone; there, your Demosthenes, Samuel Chase; there, Charles Carrol, of Carrollton, who designedly added that epithet to the significance of his name, that nobody should be mistaken about who was the Carrol that dared the noble deed, and was rewarded by his being the last of his illustrious companions whom God called to the heavenly Paradise, after he had long enjoyed the paradise of freedom on earth; and here, William Paca;—all of them signers of the Declaration of American Independence, the noblest, that happiest page in manhood's history.

How happy that man must have been, (pointing to the portrait of Governor Paca,) having to govern this sovereign State on that happy day, when within these walls was ratified the act, which, by the recognition of your very enemy, raised your country to the seat of an independent nation on earth.

Ye spirits of the departed! cast a ray of consolation by the thundering voice of your nation, over that down-trodden land, whose elect chief, a wandering exile, for having dared to imitate the inspiration of your manly hearts, lays the trembling hopes of an oppressed continent before the generous heart of your people—now, not only an independent nation, but also a mighty, glorious power on earth.

Alas! what a difference in the success of two like deeds! Have I not done what ye did? Yes, I have. Was the cause for which I did it not alike sacred and just as yours? It was. Or have we not fought to sustain it with equal resolution as your brethren did? Bold though it be, to claim a glory such as America has, I am bold to claim it, and say, yes we did. And yet what a difference in the result! And where this difference? Only out of that single circumstance, that while you in your struggle met with assistance, we in ours met not even "fair play," because when we fought there was nobody on earth to maintain the laws of nature's God.

America was silent, and England did not stir; and while you were assisted by a French *King*, we were forsaken by the French *Republic*—itself now trodden down because it has forsaken us.

Well, we are not broken yet. There is hope for us, because there is a God in Heaven, and an America on earth. [Applause.] May be that our nameless woes were necessary, that the glorious destiny of America be fulfilled—that after it was an asylum for the oppressed, it became, by regenerating Europe, the pillar of manhood's liberty.

Oh, it is not a mere capricious change of fate, that the exiled Governor of that land whose name, four years ago, was scarcely known on your glorious shores, and which now (oh, let me have the blessing of this faith) is near the generous heart of America—it is not a mere chance that Hungary's exiled chief thanks the Senators of Maryland for the high honor of a public welcome in that very hall where the fist Continental Congress met, where your great republic's glorious constitution was framed, where the treaty of acknowledged independence was ratified, and where you, Senators, guard with steady hand, the sovereign state's rights of your own state, united to thirty else, not to make you less free, but to make you more mighty—to make you a power on earth.

I believe there is the hand of God in history. You assigned a place in this hall of freedom to the memory of Chatham, for having been just to America for opposing the stamp-act, which awoke your nation to resistance.

Now the people of England think, as once Pitt the elder thought, and honor with deep reverence the memory of your Washington.

But suppose the England of Lord Chatam's time had thought as Chatham did; and his burning words had moved the English aristocracy to be just towards the colonies; those four men there (pointing to the portraits) had not signed your country's independence; Washington, were perhaps, a name "unknown, unhonored and unsung," and this proud constellation of your glorious stars had not yet risen on mankind's sky—instead of being now about to become the sun of freedom. (Applause.) It is thus Providence acts.

Let me hope, sir, that Hungary's unmerited fate was necessary in order that your stars should become such a sun.

Sir, I stand perhaps upon the very spot where your Washington stood—a second Cincinnatus—consummating the greatest acts of his life. The walls which now listen to my humble words, listened once to the words of his republican virtue, immortal by their very modesty. Let me upon this sacred spot express my confident belief that if he stood here now, he would tell you that his prophecy is fulfilled, that you are mighty enough to defy any power on earth in a just cause, and he would tell you that there never was and never will be a cause more just than the cause of Hungary, being as it is the cause of oppressed humanity.

Sir, I thank the Senate of Maryland in my country's name for the honor of your generous welcome. Sir, I entreat the Senate kindly to remember my down-trodden fatherland.

I bid you farewell, feeling heart and soul purified, and the re-adoption of my desires strengthened by the very air of this very ancient city of Providence. (Applause.) On motion the Senate adjourned.

Hard of Hearing.

'I have a small bill against you,' said a pertinacious looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

'Yes sir, a very fine day indeed,' was the reply.

'I am not speaking of the weather, but of your bill,' said Peter in a loud key.

'It would be better if we had a little rain.'

'Confound the rain,' continued the collector, and raising his voice, 'have you any money on your bill?'

'Beg your pardon, sir, I'm a little hard of hearing. I have made it a rule not to loan my funds to strangers—and I really do not recognize you.'

'I'm collector for the Philadelphia Daily Extinguisher, sir, and have a bill against you,' persisted the collector, at the top of his voice, producing the bill, and thrusting it into the face of the debtor.

'I have determined to endorse for no one, you may put your note in your pocket-book; I repeat, I cannot, really cannot endorse it.'

'Confound the endorsement. Will you pay it?'

'You'll pay it, no doubt sir; but, there is always some risk to these matters, you know, so I must decline it, sir.'

'The money must be mine to-day.'

'Oh, yes, ninety days—but I would not endorse for a week, so clear out of my store.—It's seldom I'm pressed for an endorsement, even by my friends—on the part of a stranger, sir, it is inexplicable. Do not force me to put you out; leave my premises.'

And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endorsed, 'so confounded deaf that he couldn't understand.'

☞ Putting a *stop* to a woman's tongue is said to be a difficult punctuation.

A Cloud on Chamouni.

THE FEARFUL REVENGE OF A SWISS GIRL.

A Swiss paper states that the beautiful valley of Chamouni has just been the scene of a terrible tragedy, the circumstances of which are as follows:

A beautiful girl named Adelaide Zwert, was engaged to be married to a young Chamois hunter named Carl Bigner, to whom she had long been tenderly attached. The marriage day was fixed, but Carl found means to postpone it, and the year passed away—his promise being still unfulfilled. His evident unwillingness at length awakened suspicions in the mind of Adelaide. She became jealous and distrustful, and narrowly watched all the movements of her lover, until proof was not wanting that her place in his heart was filled by another, and that Carl only awaited a plausible pretext to break with her altogether.

The young girl vowed revenge—and fearfully has she kept her vow.

Having seen some gun cotton in the hands of a young druggist, by whom she was passionately though vainly loved, and whose constancy and devotion merited a better recompence, she succeeded in obtaining some from him—without of course giving him the slightest hint of the use she intended to make of it. It was in appearance exactly like ordinary wadding. Carl was a great smoker, and she had often remarked that sparks from his pipe had burned holes in a large woollen scarf which he was accustomed to wear round his neck during his hunting expeditions on the mountains.

Adelaide knit a double scarf, in which she introduced a quantity of the gun cotton, and this "infernal machine" of her construction she presented, with many demonstrations of tenderness, to her faithless lover, having obtained in exchange by way of a souvenir, the old scarf he had been accustomed to wear.

Chance favored Carl for some time; but one evening he did not return from the chase; next day passed and he did not appear. His family alarmed at his unwonted absence, so't him in different directions on the mountains, where they at length found him a lifeless and disfigured corpse—burned in the most shocking manner! Numerous traces indicated that death had been slowly in coming and that the unfortunate victim had struggled long in his agony.

Adelaide, on learning how fearfully she was avenged, was seized with remorse and immediately gave herself up to justice, making a full confession of her crime.

Blitz in a tight Place.

Signor Blitz is well known throughout this country as the prince of magicians and ventriloquists, who can *hocus pocus* anything into other places in the most inexplicable and mysterious manner while his audience are wrapt in astonishment at his astounding feats. He can also throw his voice into any spot within hearing distance, and can imitate the language of animals themselves. He is noted for his tact and self-possession, and is usually equal to any emergency in which he finds himself placed.

We never knew the Signor "set back" and completely "flabbergasted" but once, and then it happened in a country town in Connetient on this wise. The Signor, contrary to his usual custom, had consented to stop at this town on his route through New England, by the assurance of certain persons that it would pay him well for the trouble, as amusements were scarce, and the "free list" small. He accordingly gave a short series of performances in a large hall in the principal tavern in the place, which was a large old-fashioned structure.—The hall was crowded to its fullest on each of the evenings, and everything worked to admiration, until the last evening, when a mischievous boarder conceived the idea of varying the entertainment slightly.

One of the most popular things in the whole entertainment was the ventriloquism, when the Signor had an animated conversation with "Peter," in the chimney, which was situated on one side of the hall, near the middle. The aforesaid boarder was aware that the "smoke house" in which his daily slice of bacon was cured, was situated over the hall, and of an apperture in the main chimney that gave access to the flue which led from the fire-place of the "hall room."

He accordingly captured a large cat, and ensconced himself in the smoke-house, just before the feat of ventriloquism was to begin.—When the Signor commenced calling for "Peter," he allowed him to converse with the imaginary interlocutor for a short time without interruption, but when Blitz requested "Peter" to come down near the fire-place for a little familiar chat, the boarder's voice replied that he would see him in the place of punishment first, "and then he wouldn't.

Blitz was hardly able to conceal his astonishment at the reply, and the audience thought the magician was fast outdoing himself, and cheered him tremendously.

"Peter, come down, will you?"

"See you in my home first! Nor my name aint Peter neither. He keeps the keys of *tother* place.

"What is your name?"

"I am old Scratch."

Blitz scratched his head, and the audience thought he was getting profane. Blitz knew that he was sold, but could think of nothing better than to continue the "trick."

"Are you old Scratch, the fire king?

"Yes."

"I would be happy to see Old Scatch here."

"Well, are you ready?"

The words had scarcely entered the chimney when the big tom cat came tumbling and scratching down, filling the magician's ears with soot, and his audience with inextinguishable laughter.

The cat's eyes glared like the flash of two loco foco matches, and he disappeared with a bound. Blitz was utterly discomfitted, and was compelled to close the performance without finishing the last act.—*Yankee Blade.*

GOOD.—John Van Buren, while making a conciliation speech to the Barbourners, had the "wind taken out of his sails," after the following style:

"Fellow-citizens," said John, "we have the best country in the world, and the best government. No people on the face of this globe enjoy more liberty of speech, and liberty of the press, without onerous despotism.

"What, fellow-citizens, is more desirable than this? Do you want anything more, my countrymen?"

"*Yes, sir-ee!*" sang out a red-faced Barnburner, "this is dry work. I want a suck out of that flask sticking out of your coat pocket behind."

John struck his colors and came down.

Weep, Proud Maiden.

Weep, proud maiden! thy sky is o'ercast,
The stars are hidden by clouds at last;
On earth, or from Heaven, there beams no light.
And thy heart is palled in a dreamless night.
Yet thou sittest there, with a haughty eye,
And the wreath of thy lip is proud and high,
Thy forehead bent on thy jeweled hand,
Thy dark hair drooping in many a band,
And none might tell, from the calm proud air,
That sorrow and death were clustering there.
Unloose thy lip from its tension cold,
If its pride is dimmed, there are none to behold,
For the stars are hidden, the flowers asleep—
Thy heart is wrung, and wilt thou not weep?

"I may not weep, I would not unclose
My soul from its sorrowful, deep repose;
I may not unseal the fountain wild,
On its bosom my heart's best wealth is piled;
I have never bent; were all earth estranged,
My eye should look out, still cold, and unchanged,
The winds may sweep, and the tempest fall,
But this haughty spirit will stem them all;
Where sorrows deeper, more cold each tone,
I would struggle onward, forever, *alone*,
And look up through the clouds and the misty air,
And know, that though hidden, the stars still were *there*—
No! the flowers in cold night-dew their bowed heads may steep,
The clouds may rain rivers, but I will not weep.

Weep, proud maiden! thou sit'st by a bier,
New sorrows are gathering, strange voices are here,
Thou hast seen, by the sun's last lingering light,
The soul of a loved one take its flight,
And the West's rich purple gleam was shed,
Like a glory crown, on the brow of the dead,
And it seemed, as it slept in a halo of love,
Like a lingering ray from *Eden* above—
Lift those rich bands from the icy brow,
And pour forth thy soul in a torrent now—
The eyes are closed, and the hands are chill,
And the bounding pulses *forever* still,
There's a loved one gone to a dreamless sleep,
Thou art *sad* and *lone* and wilt thou not weep?

"I may not weep, for the crimson light,
Which shone on the brow of the dead to-night,
Came up on *my* cheek with the summer's breath,
And I welcome it now as the glow of death.
I have heard it whispered in murmurs low,
That the starry bloom, and the brow of snow,
Were heralds dread of a swift decline,
And they said that an early death was mine.
Then tears arose, as remembrance came,
From the "silent land," with a christened name,
And an eye of fire, and a cheek of bloom,
Destined, in youth, to the cold dark tomb—
I go to *her*, to a sweet long sleep,
I feel no sorrow, I may not weep."

St. Peters, at Rome.

St. Peter's is the Niagara of edifices, having the same relation to other master-pieces of human effort, that the great cataract bears to other terrestrial efforts of Divine power. In either case, the first view disappoints, because the perfection of symmetry dims the consciousness of magnitude, and total absence of exaggeration in the details forbids the conception of vastness in the aggregate. In viewing London's St. Paul's, you have a realization of bulk which St. Peter's does not give, yet St. Paul's is but a wart beside St. Peter's. I do not know that the semblance has been noticed by others, but the semi-circle of gigantic yet admirably proportioned pillars which encloses the grand square in front or St. Peters, reminds me so vividly of the general conformation of our great waterfall, while the column or obelisk in the centre of the square (which column is a mistake, in my humble judgment, and should be removed,) has its parallel in the unsightly tower overlooking the main cataract from the extreme point of Goat Island. Eternal endurance and repose may be fitly typified by the oceans and snow crested mountains, but power and energy find their best expressions in the cataract and dome. Time and genius may produce other structures as admirable in their own way, and regarded in connexion with their uses; but, viewed as a temple, St. Peter's will ever stand unmatched and unapproachable.

I chose the early morning for my first visit. The sky was cloudless, as it mainly is here save in winter, but the day was not yet warm, for the summer nights are cooler here than in New York, and the current English talk of the excessive heat which prevails in Rome at this seas n is calculated to deceive Americans. No one fails to realize from the first, the great beauty and accessories of this noble edifice, with the far-stretching but lofty pile of the Vatican on its right, and its own magnificent colonade in front, but you do not feel that it is lofty, nor spacious, nor anything but perfect. You ascend the steps and thus gain some idea of the immense proportions prevailing throughout; for the church seems scarcely at all elevated above the square, and yet many are the steps leading up to the doors. Crossing a grand porch with an arched roof of glorious mosaic, you find yourself in the body of the edifice, which now seems large and lofty indeed, but by no means unparalleled. But you walk on and on, between opposing pillars, the grandest the world ever saw, the space at either side between any two pillars constituting a separate chapel with its georgous altar, its grand pictures in mosaic, its sculptured saints and angels, each of these chapels having a larger area than any church I entered in America; and by the time you have walked slowly and observingly to the front of the main alter, you realize profoundly, that Earth has nothing else to match with St. Peter's. No matter though another church was twice as large, and erected at the cost of twice the thirty millions of dollors and fifty years expended upon this, St. Peter's would still stand unrivalled. For every detail is so marvelously symmetrical that no one is dwarfed, no one challenges special attention. Of one hundred distinct parts, any one by itself would command your profoundest admiration, and everything around and beyond it is no less excellent, and you soon cease to wonder, and remain to appreciate and enjoy.

I devoted most of the day to St. Peter's, seeing it under many different aspects, but no other view of the interior is equal to that presented in the early morning. The presence of multitudes does not cloud your consciousness of its immensity; ten thousand persons occupy no considerable portion of its area, and might very easily be present and yet wholly invisible to one who stood just inside the entrance and looking searchingly through the body of the edifice to find them: but there are usually very few seats, and those for the privileged, so that hundreds are constantly moving around, which distracts the attention and mars the feeling of repose and delighted awe which the naked structure is calculated to inspire. Go very early some bright summer morning if you would see St. Peter's in its calm and stately grandeur.

I ascended the roof, and thence to the summit of the dome, but, apart from a profound consciousness of the vastness and admirable proportions of the edifice, this is of little worth. True, the entire city and its suburbs, lie clearly and fully beneath and around you, but so they do from the tower of the Capitol. Views from commanding heights are obtained in almost every city. The ascent, however, as far as the roof, is easier than any other I ever found in a building. Instead of stairs, here is a complete road, more like the ascent of a mountain than a church. One single view is obtained, however, which richly compensates for the fatigue of the ascent. It is that from the interior of the dome down into the body of the church below. The Alps may present grander, but I never expect to have another like this.

Here I had perfect evidence of the mean, reckless selfishness wherewith public edifices are regarded by too many, and the absolute necessity of constant, omnipresent, watchfulness to preserve them from dilapidation. Five or six French soldiers had been permitted to ascend the dome just before I did, and came down nearly at the same time with me. As I stood gazing down from this point into the church below, two of these soldiers came in on their way down, and one of them, looking round to see no one was present but a stranger, whipped the bayonet he wore out of its sheath, forced the point into the mosaic close behind as well as above us, pried out one of the square pieces of agate or some such stone of which that mosaic is composed, put it into his pocket and made off. I had no idea he would deface the edifice until the moment he did it, and then hastily remonstrated, but of course without avail. I looked at the wall on which he operated, and found that two or three had preceded him in the same work of paltry but most outrageous robbery. Of course each will boast of his exploit to his comrades of kindred spirit, and they will be tempted to imitate it, until the mischief becomes sufficiently serious to attract attention, and then nobody will have a serious reckoning to encounter. A few acts of unobserved rapine as trifling as these may easily occasion some signal disaster. In an edifice like this there should be no point accessible to visitors unwatched even for an hour.

But to return to St. Peter's. The entrance of the grand procession from the Vatican was a very slow process. In its ranks were the Noble Guard, the Swiss Guard, the Cardinals, and many other divisions, each in its own imposing and picturesque costume. At length came the Pope, borne in a magnificent chair, on a raised platform, or pelanquin, the whole borne on the shoulders of some ten or twelve servitors. This was a capital arrangement for us strangers, who wished a good view of His Holiness, but I am sure it was disagreeable to him, and that he would much rather have walked like the rest. He passed into the church out of my sight, dismounted, and I (having also entered) next saw him approach one of the altars on the right, where he knelt and silently prayed for some minutes. He was then borne onward to his throne at the further end, and the service commenced.

The singing of the Mass was very good. The Pope's reading I did not hear, nor was I near enough to see him except fitfully. I think there were more than 5000 persons present, including a thousand priests and a thousand soldiers. There would doubtless have been many more, but for the fact that a smart shower occurred just before and at the hour (five o'clock) while no public notice that the Pope would officiate had been given.

In the evening, St. Peter's and his accessories were illuminated—by far the most brilliant spectacle I ever saw. All was dark and silent till, at the first stroke of the bell, light flashed from a hundred thousand burners, and the entire front of the church and dome, up to the very summit of the spire, was one magnificent galaxy, while the double row of gigantic pillars or columns surrounding the square was in like manner radiant with jets of flame. I thought St. Peter's Rome's greatest glory when I had only seen it by daylight, yet now it seemed more wonderous still. The bells rang sweetly and stirringly throughout the evening, and there was a like illumination on the summit of Pinician Hill, while most of the shops and dwellings displayed at least one row of burning candles, and bonfires blazed brightly in the streets, which were alive with moving animated groups, while the square of St. Peter's and the nearest bridges over the Tiber, were black with excited thousands. To-night we have fire works from the Pinician in honor of St. Peter, which would be thought in New England an odd way of honoring an Apostle, especially on Sunday evening; but whether Rome or Boston is right on this point is a question to be pondered.

A FIERY TRIAL.—The *Hon* Rufus Choate, in a late speech in Boston, referring to the stormy aspect of the political horizon in Europe, said:

"It has seemed to me as if the prerogatives of crowns, and the rights of men, and the hoarded-up resentments and revenges of a thousand years, were about to unsheath the sword for a conflict, in which blood shall flow, as in the Apocalyptic visions, to the bridles of the horses, and in which a whole age of men shall pass away—in which the bell of time shall sound out another hour—in which society itself shall be tried by fire and steel—whether it is of nature and of nature's God, or not!"

☞ It costs the people of the United States fifteen millions of dollars a year for newspapers and other periodicals, and these newspapers and periodicals are as essential to their safety and happiness as the roofs over their heads, and more so than the army and navy, which costs twice as much.

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The violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves; and yet of all the flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.