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BY H. B. MASSER.

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Original Poetry.

For the Sunbury American.

WHY DOST THOU STUGGLE?

BY ROSE QUILLMAN.

Why dost thou struggle, lover,

From early morn till night?

Why is thy step so steady?

Why seems thy heart so light?

"Because there is a maiden

I love dear as my life,

Who says when I am wealthy,

She will then be my wife."

Why dost thou struggle, husband?

Why face the blast and storm?

Why bear the heat of summer?

Why labor hard perform?

"Because I love my family—

A wife and children dear—

They strew my path with blessings,

And fill my home with cheer."

Why dost thou struggle, student?

Why burn the midnight oil?

Why pale thy face with toil?

"Because there is a temple

Where great men write their name,

And all the world doth worship—

I struggle hence for Fame."

Why dost thou struggle, miser?

Why dig in dirt and dust?

Why is thy face so callous?

"Because my soul is sold—

My heart is base and cold;

I seek for rust to hoard it—

I worship wealth but gold."

Why dost thou struggle, christian?

Why bear reproach and scorn?

Why be so meek and gentle?

"When spoken by a censor's throat—

And Savior there to love;

I seek not worldly glory—

My treasure is above."

August, 1858.

Select Tale.

THE BEST ORIGINAL STORY OF THE DAY.

THE KINLOCH ESTATE.

AND HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

CHAPTER I.

"Mildred, my daughter, I am faint. Run and get me a glass of cordial from the butler."

"The girl looked at her father as he sat in his bamboo chair on the piazza, his pipe just lit and his face covered with a deadly pallor. She ran for the cordial, and poured it out with a trembling hand.

"Shan't I go for the doctor, father?" she asked.

"No, my dear, the spasms will pass off presently. But his face grew more ashy pale, and his jaw dropped.

"Dear father," said the frightened girl, "what shall I do for you? Oh, dear, if mother were only at home, or Hugh, to run for the doctor!"

"Mildred, my daughter," he gasped with difficulty, "the blacksmith—send for Ralph Hardwick—quick! In the ebony cabinet, middle drawer, you will find—Oh! oh!—God bless you, my daughter!—God bless!"

"The angels, only, heard the conclusion of the sentence; for the speaker, Walter Kinloch, was dead, smothered to the invisible world without a warning and with hardly a struggle.

But Mildred thought he had fainted, and, raising the window, called loudly for Lucy Ransom, the only female domestic then in the house.

Lucy, frightened out of her wits at the sudden call, came rushing to the piazza, flat iron in hand, and stood riveted to the spot where she first saw the features of one who the awful shock had just settled.

"Rub his hands, Lucy!" said Mildred. "Run for some water! Get me the smelling-salts!"

Lucy attempted to obey all three orders at once, and therefore did nothing. "It is warm," she said. "But the pulse—I can't find it."

"Deary, no," said Lucy, "you won't find it."

"Why, you don't mean?"

"Yes, Mildred, he's dead!" And she let fall her flat-iron, and covered her face with her hands.

But Mildred kept chafing her father's temples and hands, calling piteously, in hopes to get an answer from the motionless lips. "Then she sank down at his feet, and clasped his knees in an agony of grief.

A carriage rapped at the door, and a hoarse step came up the walk.

"Lucy Ransom," said Mrs. Kinloch, (for it was she, just returned from her drive), "Lucy Ransom, what are you blubbering about? Here on the piazza, and with your flat-iron! What is the matter?"

"Matter enough!" said Lucy. "See—see Mr.——"

"But the sofa were too frequent."

"She became choked, and fell into a hysterical paroxysm.

By this time Mrs. Kinloch had stepped upon the piazza, and saw the dropping head, the dancng arms, and the changed face of her husband. "Dead! dead!" she exclaimed. "My God! what has happened? Mildred, who was with him? Was the doctor sent for? or Squire Clamp? or Mr. Rook?"

"What did he say to you, dear?"

Mildred replied, "He was faint, and before I could give him the cordial he had asked for, he was almost gone. 'The blacksmith,' he said, 'send for Ralph Hardwick; then he said something of the ebony cabinet, but could not speak the words which were on his lips. She could say no more, but gave way to uncontrollable tears and sobs.

By this time, Kinloch's son, Hugh Branning, who had been to the stable with the horse and carriage, came whistling through the yard, and cutting off weeds or twigs along the path with sharp cuts of his whip.

"Which way is the wind now?" said he, as he approached; "the governor asleep, Mildred crying, and you scolding, mother?" In a moment however, the sight of the ghastly face transfixed the thoughtless youth, as it had done his mother; and dropping his whip, he stood silent, awe-struck, in the presence of the dead.

"Hugh," said Mrs. Kinloch, speaking in a very quiet tone, "go and tell Squire Clamp to come over here."

Poetry.

THE TOAST.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine

In lordly cell is seen to glaze

Before each eager guest,

And silence fills the crowded hall,

As down the side of the empty glass

Thrills in the royal banquet.

Then up arose the noble host

And smiling cried, "A toast! a toast!"

To all our ladies fair,

Here before me, I pledge the name

Of Staunton's proud and beautiful dame—

"The Lady Guinevere."

Then to his feet, each gallant sprang,

And joyous was the shout that rang:

As Stanley gave the word:

And every eye was raised on high,

Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,

Till Stanley's voice was heard:

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,

And lowly bent his haughty head,

"That all may have his due,

Now each in turn must play his part,

And pledge the lady's name in turn:

Like gallant knight and true."

Then one by one, each gem sprang up,

And named the lady's name in turn:

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