

THE STAR AND BANNER.

MUSINGS.

I thought on one summer night,
"What were we singing in the light,
And I was singing too!"
The shadow fell upon the hill,
And here and there a leaping lark,
Was laughing on the gate.
One fleecy cloud upon the air,
Was all that met my eye;
It floated like an eagle there,
Between me and the sky;
I clasped my hand and warbled wild,
As here and there I flew,
For I was but a careless child,
And did not know the dew.
The waves came dancing o'er the sea,
In bright and glittering bands;
Like little children, wild with glee,
They linked their dimpled hands;
They linked their hands, but ere I caught
"That spirit that hovered o'er me!"
They kissed my feet, and quick as thought,
Away the ripples flew.
The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousands stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sparkling sea,
For every wave with dimpled face,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.
The young moon too with upturned sides,
Her mirror beauty of heaven,
And, as a bark at anchor rides,
She rode upon the wave;
The sea was like the heaven above,
As perfect and as whole,
Save that it seemed to fill with love
As thrilled the immortal soul.
The leaves, by April voices stirred,
Made murmure on the air,
Low murmurs, that my spirit heard,
For "I was but a careless child,
Beside the moaning sea."
I learned at first to worship God,
And sing such strains as these.
The flowers, all folded in their dreams
Were bowed in slumber free
By every breeze upon the streams,
Whither they chanced to be;
No guilty tears had they to weep,
No sins to be forgiven;
They closed their leaves and went to sleep,
Neath the blue sky of heaven.
No clouds rebel upon their shores,
No jealous from the sea,
Yet Solomon, upon his throne,
Was never arrayed like these,
And just as free from guilt and art
Did every bird upon the breeze,
Ere sorrow saw her bleeding heart
On this fair world of ours.
I heard the laughing wind behind
As playing with my hair,
The sweet fingers of the wind—
How cool and soft they were,
I heard the night-bird warbling o'er
Its soft enchanting strain;
I never heard such sounds before,
Then wherefore weave such strains as these
And sing them day by day,
When every bird upon the breeze
Can sing a sweeter lay?
I'd give the world for their sweet art,
The simple, the divine—the heart
That they can touch—the heart
As they have melted mine.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER WAS DEAD.—

The Emperor Alexander was dead.—His next brother, the Grand-Duke Constantine, was the natural successor to the throne of Russia, but by a deed, till then kept secret, Constantine, in Alexander's lifetime, had renounced his claim to the throne in favor of his younger brother, the present Emperor, Nicholas. The accession of the latter to the throne, on the death of Alexander, not only excited general surprise, but an unsettled feeling soon manifested itself amongst the people and the army. The time appeared favorable for the breaking out of a conspiracy that had been forming for several years; and an insurrection took place at St. Petersburg, on Christmas Day, 1825; but the movement of the conspirators was too hasty, and their attempt not being well seconded by the troops, failed.
One hundred and thirty-eight leaders of the rebellion were seized, tried, and condemned; and almost all of them were sentenced to perpetual labor, or to exile in Siberia. The five principal chiefs were condemned to be broken on the wheel, but did not undergo that punishment, the gibbet being substituted by an ukase of the Emperor.
Among these five chiefs, the first and most remarkable was Paul Pestel, Colonel of the long and arduous task which he had devoted himself had not wholly engaged the mind of this brave and persevering conspirator. Alive to the charms of the arts, he cultivated them with success, and, in particular, he was an excellent musician.
The young and beautiful Catharine W. had conceived a devoted attachment to Pestel. Gifted with an exquisite voice, she loved to sing his melodies, and of passion with which she inspired him was equally fervent as her own; and if ever the brave conspirator could forget his gloomy reveries, it was, when he was seated by Catharine's side, and dreaming of love and happiness.
On the eve of the day when the insurrection was to break out, Pestel, more absorbed than usual, scarcely answered Catharine when she spoke to him, and at times seemed not to hear her.
"What ails you to-day, Paul?" she said, taking his hand, "you do not look at me—you do not speak to me as usual. I never saw you so cold, so absent, when you were with me before."
Pestel looked at her sadly. "What would you do, Catharine, were you never to see me again?"
"I should die," said Catharine, with enthusiasm, and then added in a voice of terror, "I should die."
"I cannot be," said Catharine; "you have sworn to love me till death."
"Yes, Catharine, with this heart beats it is yours. But," (embracing her with ardent but melancholy tenderness) he added, "promise me, Catharine, if I die that you will live, for the sake of your old father, and that, even when I'm dead, I shall never cease to occupy your thoughts."
"I promise you to live as long as my grief will allow me. But, Paul, it is not I who shall have to undergo this cruel trial."
"There are presentiments, Catharine, which I cannot mistake!" said Pestel, declining his head on his breast; "an inward monitor warns me that I must abandon my heart, even though it be warmed like my heart, with love. If my long neglect be forgiven, and neglect in a proxy writer is scarcely an offence, you shall hear again from me."
LIZZIE LINSLEY.

INTERFERED CONDUCT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

I learn from the Boston Advertiser that on Monday afternoon as the children of Col. Thompson and Captain Alden Gifford were playing on the banks of the canal, in Woburn Centre, a little daughter, of Col. Thompson, six years old, fell into the canal, when, as Isabella, the daughter of Capt. Gifford, immediately jumped in to save her little playmate. She seized her, but at the moment both got into deeper water, and their situation became extremely perilous; yet the courageous Isabella strove vigorously to keep her companion's head above water. Both would probably have been drowned, had not the mother of Capt. Gifford, who was near by, sprung into the water, and, with a shout, she rescued her six-year-old daughter, and, with a shout, she rescued her six-year-old daughter, and, with a shout, she rescued her six-year-old daughter.

VERY NATURAL.

During the performance of the Italian Opera in Philadelphia, last week, and in the midst of one of the most touching and bewitching passages of the graceful and bewitching Norma, I was so deeply and so passionately interested, that I stepped quickly and precipitately to the stage, and said something with so much earnestness that a poor fellow in the parquette started up and exclaimed: "If you don't understand you had better; but if you want any help, I'm here!" The magnificent prima donna joined in the laugh caused by this queer reply. —Bulletin.

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"This is a very serious charge, my dear," said Mr. Dixon, putting down the glass he had raised half-way to his lips; "are you sure there is no mistake?"
"Quite sure," replied the lady; "quite certain. Mary must have taken it. I put the piece of lace at the top of the drawer, and the key was never out of my possession, except when I wanted it to be." "I never hear of a servant I should so little have suspected," returned Mr. Dixon.
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THE STAR OF GLENGARRY.

The red moon is up o'er the moon covered mountain,
The hour is at hand when I promised to rove
With the turf-cutter's daughter, o'er Logan's
bright water.
And tell her how truly her Donald can love.
I know there's the miller, wi' plenty o' sailer,
Would fain win a glance from her beautiful e'e;
But my gin bonny Mary, the star of Glengarry,
Keeps a' her sweet smiles and soft kisses for me.
I long as I first trod the highland's glither,
"Two foolishness' bairns gaily starting the deer,
When I'd a' her my life, my bonny was wife,
And ne'er knew me joy as when Mary was near;
And still she's the blossom I'd wear in my bosom,
The blossom I'd cherish and wear till I die,
For my gin bonny Mary, the star of Glengarry,
She's the health and the wealth, and she's a' good to me.

THE TEMTERS AND THE TEMPTED.

CHAPTER I.

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"And I am very sorry," said the husband. But why did you not tell me a month ago that you had given her warning, instead of leaving it in this way to the last moment?"
"Really I cannot see, Mr. Dixon, what you have to do with these arrangements. I mention the circumstances now, because the girl is leaving to-night, and because you will see a strange face to-morrow, and would wish to know all about it."
"But what did she say, when you accused her of theft?"
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