

## Poetry.

In the latter part of Bayard Taylor's new volume "Poems of Orient"—we find a poem upon which we have exhausted our admiration. We cannot, in the wide round of English literature, discover a poem on a kindred subject which rivals it in all the qualities which it rivals in all the qualities which are necessary for the perfection of so delicate a work. It is no business of the critic to inquire into the history upon which this poem was founded, or to invade the sanctity of the poet's hearth with indolent hints and impudent conjectures. Too much of this has been done lately by the scribbling world—too much in the case of the author of this poem. We, therefore, give it without further comment.—[Reading Gazette.]

## THE PHANTOM.

Again I sit within the mansion,  
In the old familiar seat;  
And shades and sunshines chase each other  
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled upwards  
In the summers that are passed,  
And the willow trails its branches lower  
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly  
From out the haunted room;  
To fill the house that once was joyful,  
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces,  
Within the doorway come—  
Of voices that wake the sweeter music  
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing in tones as glad as ever,  
The songs she loved to hear;  
They braid the roses in the summer garland,  
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still her footsteps in the passage,  
Her blushes at the door—  
Her timid words of maiden welcome,  
Come back to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow,  
Unmindful of my pain,  
I think she has but newly left me,  
And soon will come again.

She stays perchance a moment  
To dress her dark brown hair;  
I hear the rustle of her garments,  
Her light step on the stair.

O, fluttering heart! control thy tumult,  
Lest eyes profane should see  
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture  
Her coming brings to me!

She taries long! but lo! a whisper  
Beyond the open door,  
And gliding through the quiet sunshine,  
A shadow on the floor.

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,  
The pine, whose shadow strays;  
And my patient heart must still await her,  
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart goes sick with weary waiting,  
As many a time before,  
Her foot is ever at the threshold,  
Yet never passes o'er.

## Select Tale.

From the Pictorial Times.  
A WINTER STORY.

A cold night! The wind sharp as a Damascus scimitar, cuts through the fine chinks in the windows, causing my mother continually to change her seat, to avoid what she calls the draught; but as the draught comes everywhere, she is at length fain to come to a settlement close to the mantel piece, where she keeps cutting out mysterious hexagons and rhomboids from some linen stuff, hereafter to be united by cunning fingers into some wonderful article of female apparel. My two sisters are playing chess. Fanny, triumphant over a check mate, leans back on her chair, and watches with an air of proud pity, the frowning and cogitative countenance of Lizzie, whose little brain is throbbing with a thousand stratagems by which to extricate her unhappy queen from the impending disaster. I, wrapped in all the dignity of nineteen years, am absolutely smoking a cigar in the sacred chamber, (a privilege awarded to me on rare occasions by my mother, who would generally dismiss me to my own room the moment I displayed a Havana,) and reading Sir Thomas Brown's poetic essay on Urn Burial. There is a solemn quiet reigning through the room. The pine logs on the hearth fling out spasmodic jets of fire, and hiss like wounded snakes, as the bubbling resinous juice oozes out from each gaping split. The click of my mother's scissors sump monotonously, and at regular intervals. The wind screams wildly outside, and clatters at the window panes as if it was cold and wanted to come in. Through the dusty panes themselves, half revealed by the partially drawn curtains, glimmer white the snowy uplands, and on the crest of the ghastly hills a bare old oak lifts up its naked arms, like an aged Niobe frozen in an attitude of sorrow. The smoke of my cigar goes curling ceiling-ward in concentric rings of evanescent vapor, and I am whispering to myself one of those sonorous and solemn sentences with which the old knight of Norwich terminates his chapters, and which,

after one has read them, reverberate and echo in the brain, when—rat—tat—there comes a faint, irresolute knock at the ball door. My mother shuts her scissors, and looks up inquiringly as much as to say "who in Heaven's name, is out on a night like this?" The chess players are immovable, and seem as if an earthquake would be a matter of perfect indifference to them. I lay down my book and go to the door. I open it with a shiver, and a resolution to be cross and uncivil: the wind rushes triumphantly in with a great sigh of relief, the moment the first chink appears, and I look out into the bitter ghastly night.

What a strange group stands on the piazza!  
Winter seems to have become incarnate in human form, and, with the four winds as his companions, come to pay us a visit.

There is a tall, old man, with a long grey moustache, which, as it hangs down his jaws, the rude breeze snatches up, and swings about, and pulls insolently, as if it knew he was poor, and could be insulted with impunity. He looks bitterly cold! His long, arched nose is as blue as the blue sky above him, in which the stars twinkle so clearly, and he has on a scanty little coat, on which a few remnants of braid flutter sadly, like the shreds of vine that hang on walls in winter time, which they, in the golden summer, had wreathed with glossy leaves so splendidly. He holds a little child, in his arms—a little, shivering child, that trembles most incessantly, and tries, poor thing, to put its head in the scanty and threadbare folds of that insufficient coat. By the side of this pair is another effigy of poverty and winter. A small, pale, delicate woman, with great blue eyes—profuse hair, which, matted in frozen intricacies, burst out from beneath a most remarkably shapeless bonnet—a shawl so thin that it must have been woven by spiders; another little shivering child clasped in her arms, and carefully enveloped in the poor old shawl, though one can see by her blue neck and thin dress, that she is sacrificing herself to keep the little one warm. A huge umbrella dangling from one of her hands, and which she leans on occasionally with great dignity—and the icy picture is complete. But the main picture is not yet finished. A girl about ten years old, standing a little back, clings to her mother's skirt with one hand, while with the other she tries to keep something that looks like a pair of trousers wrapped round her neck. She is shadowy and pale, and seems like Northern mirage, ready to dissolve into cold air at a moment's notice.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I said, in a gruff tone; for the wind blew bitterly on my cheek, and I made up my mind to be cross.

The old man inclined his head slightly, and spoke.

"We are Poles," said he, in excellent English, with a slight foreign accent; "we wish to go to Boston, which we hear is but one day's journey from this, but we do not know where to lodge to night. We are here to ask you for a night's shelter."

"Pooh!" said I, swinging the door almost to; "we know nothing about you, and never admit beggars. We cannot do it."

The man fell back a pace or two, and looked at the little woman with the great eyes. Heavens how full of despair those great eyes seemed just at that moment! I saw his arm tighten convulsively round the little shivering child in his arms. A sluggish, half frozen tear rolled slowly down that blue nose of his. He brushed it away with his cold, shrivelled hand, and nodded mournfully to the little woman, who clutched her umbrella firmly and then turned to depart without a word. As the door was being slowly closed, he shook his head once or twice, and said in a very low voice, "God help me!"

These words had scarce been spoken, when I felt a slight touch on my shoulder.

"John," said my mother, "call those people back."

I never felt so relieved in all my life. When that old man turned away in silence at my sudden refusal of his prayer, disdaining to address himself to me, but whispering his mercy to God, a pang of remorse shot through my heart; I would have given worlds to have called him back, but the hideous sullen pride, which has through life chained up my nature, until it has become like a cooped bear, put a padlock on my lips. How glad I was when my mother came and dissolved the bonds with a touch.

"Come back," said I "my friends, we wish to speak with you."

I am sure my voice must have really been very gentle, for as the old Pole turned, his rugged cheek seemed to soften, and the great eyes of his pale wife actually flashed through the dim night, with a fire of hope. They

had landed from an emigrant ship in New York, with only a few dollars in their possession, which was dwindled away to a few shillings. They could get no employment. The old man was a modeler of medallions and said bitterly: "They don't care about art in New York." So they made up their minds to go to Boston; there they heard that such things find encouragement. With a few remaining shillings, and what money they could obtain by pawning their little wardrobe, they struggled thus far on their journey. They were now penniless, and scarce knew what to do; but the old man said proudly: "If we can only get through to Boston to-morrow we have nothing to fear."

My mother shut the door; by this time the old man, and the little pale woman and three shivering children, were on the inside, and Fanny and Lizzie had left their game of chess with their poor queen still in prison, and were passing round the pale little woman, whose eyes were now bigger than ever, and shining with tears of joy; and they somehow had got hold of the two youngest children, and they were petting them and talking to them in that wonderful language supposed to be the tongue commonly spoken by infants, the foundation of which is substituting the letter *d* for the letter *t*, and smothering all the *ts* and *hs* in a remorseless manner. The poor little foreigners were therefore informed, confidently, by the young ladies that "day was dood little tings, and ley muzn't gry zo, for zey would ave a nize vorrn zipper." And whether they understood it or not, the "little tings," ceased to shiver or cry and looked wonderingly about with small editions of their mother's great eyes: and the old man twirled his moustache as it thawed in the heat of the pine fire, and made many bows and looked that wordless gratitude which cannot be interpreted.

But the little wife said nothing; only she leaned on her umbrella and gazed at my mother as she gave orders to the servants for the preparation of a sleeping room and a liberal meal for the way-farers; and she gazed at me, as I stirred up the fire with immense energy, (between ourselves, I tried to bustle off the recollection of that cruel speech with which I first met their appeal,) and made her husband sit down so close to it, that his legs were nearly scorched through his threadbare trousers; and so continually gazing at every one, until at last she could stand it no longer, and flinging away, for the first time, that ponderous umbrella of hers, she cast herself on my astonished mother's neck, and sobbed out a heap of Polish blessings, that if there is any virtue in benediction, will certainly canonize her when she dies.

I swear to you, that when all was over, and they were sleeping soundly, I went into a remote corner and wept bitterly for the wrong I had so nearly done.

Well, they staid with us that night, and the next and the next; and my mother got up a little subscription among the neighbors. And we rigged them all out in good warm clothing, bought them tickets on the cars to Boston, and one fine, frosty morning we all sallied down to the depot, and saw them off on their journey, and I tell you there was a waving of hands, and Polish gesticulations, and far, far away in the distance, we could catch a glimpse of that great umbrella, with the little woman still flourishing it by way of a farewell.

We heard nothing of our Polish friends for a whole year. Often, over the fireside, we would talk about them, and our neighbors sneered at us and wondered if our spoons were safe, and moralized upon foreign impudence and ingratitude. My mother got much for her charity; but none of us minded, for there was something so true in the ways and manners of these poor wanderers, that it would have been impossible to distrust them.

Well, Christmas came. Winter again and snow, with huge logs glowing fiercely on the hearth and mistletoe and ivy swinging merrily in the hall. Again the uplands were sheeted in white; again the old oak was naked and sorrowing; again we were all seated round the fire, listening to the snorting of the wind as it tore over the hills like a mad steed. In the midst of a deep silence that fell upon us all, there came a rat-tat-tat: the hall door. It was an enthusiastic rat-tat-tat. It was strong, determined and eager.

I went to the door. I had scarcely unbarred it, or took a peep at the new comer, when it seemed as if a whirlwind with a bonnet on his head scoured past me and swept into the parlor. The next moment I heard a great commotion. Sobbing and laughing, and broken English, all swept along, as it were, in a car of the Polish. It was the little pale woman with the great eyes. No longer pale though, but with ruddy cheeks; and the eyes, this time, looked larger and brighter than ever through their tears. They had

been ever since in Boston, she breathlessly told us, and had been doing well, thanks to the blessed lady who helped them to get there. The husband modeled medallions, she composed polkas, and their only daughter taught music, and they had saved three hundred dollars, and bought a piano with it. And she had said to herself that on Christmas night she would come and speak her gratitude to the blessed lady who had sheltered her and her little ones; so she set off in the cars, and here she was. And then she commenced pulling things out of her pockets.—Christmas presents for us all! There was a scarlet fortune teller for Lizzie, and a curious card case for Fanny, and a wonderfully embroidered needle case for my mother; and there was a beautiful umbrella for Mr. John she intimated, producing an enormous parachute. She knew he would like it, because when she was here last year—thanks to the blessed lady who had sheltered her—she had seen him looking very much at her umbrella and she would have offered it to him then, but was ashamed, it was so old. But this was a new one and very large!

And then she kissed us all round, and produced an elaborate letter from her husband to my mother, in which she was compared to Penelope, and told us everything that had happened to them since they had left us, until, having talked herself into a state of utter exhaustion, she went off to her bed room, where she was heard praying in indifferent English that we might all ascend into Heaven without any of the usual difficulties.

She and her family are still in Boston, where they make quite a respectable income. And every Christmas sees her arrival with presents for the blessed lady, and her eyes and her gratitude are as large as ever.

It is, you see, a simple Winter Story.

## Little Folks.

From the Wise Press.

## VOYAGE AROUND A PUDDING.

Mr. Buskwhacker folded his napkin, drew it through the silver ring, laid it on the table, folded his arms, leaned back in his chair by which we knew that there was something at work in his knowledge-box. "My dear madame," said he with an aboriginal shake of the head, "there are a great many things to be said about that pudding."

"Now such a remark at a season of the year when eggs are five for a shilling, and not always fresh at that, is enough to discomfort anybody. The doctor perceived it at once, and instantly added—

"In a geographical point of view, there are many things to be said about that pudding. My dear madame," he continued, "take tapioca itself; what is it and where does it come from?"

Our eldest boy, just emerged from childhood, answered, "85 Chambers street, two doors below the Irving House."

"True my dear young friend," responded the doctor, with a friendly pat on the head; "true, but that is not what I mean. Where," he repeated, with a questioning look through his spectacles, and a Bushwhackian nod, "does tapioca come from?"

"Rio de Janeiro and Para!"

"Yes, sir; from Rio de Janeiro in the Southern, and Para in the Northern part of the Brazils, do we get our tapioca; from the roots of a plant called the Mandioca, botanically the *Jatropha Manihot*, or, as they say in the Cassava. The roots are long and round like a sweet potato; generally a foot or more in length. Every joint of the plant will produce its roots like the cutting of a grapevine. The tubers are dug up from the ground, peeled, scraped, or grated, then put in long sacks of flexible rattan—sacks six feet long or more; and at the bottom of the sack they suspend a large stone, by which the flexible sides are contracted, and then out pours the cassava-juice in a pan placed below to receive it. This juice is poisonous sir, highly poisonous; and very volatile. Then, my dear madame, it is macerated in water, and the residue, after the volatile part, the poison, is evaporated, is the innocuous farina, which looks like small crumbs of bread, and which we call tapioca. The best kind of tapioca comes from Rio, which is I believe, about five thousand five hundred miles from New York; so we must put that down as little more than one-fifth of our voyage around the pudding."

This made our eldest open his eyes.

"Eggs and milk," continued Dr. Buskwhacker, "are home productions; but sugar, refined sugar, is made partly of the moist and sweet yellow sugar of Louisiana, partly of hard and dry of the West Indies. I will not go into the process of refining sugar now but I may observe here, that the sugar we get from Louisiana, if refined and made

into a loaf, would be quite soft, with large loose crystals; while the Havana sugar, subjected to the same treatment, would make a white cone almost as compact as hard as granite. But we have made a tri to the Antilles for our sugar, and so you may add fifteen hundred miles more for the *saccharum*."

"That is equal to nearly one third of the circumference of the pudding we live upon doctor."

"Vanilla," continued the doctor, "with which a pudding is so delightfully flavored is the bean of a vine that grows wild in the multitudinous forests of Venezuela, New Granada, Guinea, and, in fact, throughout South America. The long pod, which looks like the scabbard of a sword, suggested the name to the Spaniards; *vayna*, meaning scabbard, from which comes the diminutive, vanilla, or little scabbard, appropriate enough, as every one will allow. The beans, which are worth here from six to twenty dollars a pound, could be as easily cultivated as hops in that climate; but the indolence of the people is so great that not one Venezuelan has been found with sufficient enterprise to set out one acre of vanilla, which would yield him a small fortune every year. No, sir. The poor *peons*, or peasants, raise their garabanzas for daily use, but beyond that they never look. They plant their crops in the footsteps of their ancestors; they would probably have browsed on the wild grass of the llanos or plains. Ah! there are a great many such bobs hanging at the tail of some ancestral kite, even in this great city, my dear learned friend."

"True, doctor, you are right, there."

"Well, sir, the vanilla is gathered from the wild vines in the woods. Off goes the bit-algo, proud of his noble ancestry, and toils home under a back-load of the refuse beans from the trees, after the red monkey has had his pick of the best. A few reals pay him for the day's work, and then, hey for the cock-pit! There, Signor Olfiege meets the Marquis de Shinplaster, or the Padre Corcorochi, and of course gets whistled out of his earnings with the first click of the gaffs. Then back he goes to his miserable hammock, and so ends his year's labor. That, sir, is the history of the flavoring, and you will have to allow a stretch across the Caribbean, say twenty-five hundred miles, for the vanilla."

"We are getting pretty well round doctor."

"Then we have space here, wine-sauce—Teneriffe, I should say, by the flavor."

"—from beneath the cliff  
Of sunny side Teneriffe  
And ripened in the blink  
Of India's sun."

We must take four thousand miles at least for the wine, my learned friend, and say nothing of the rest of the sauce."

"Except the nutmeg, doctor."

"Thank you, my dear young friend; thank you.—The nutmeg! To the Spice Islands in the Indian Ocean we are indebted for our nutmegs. Our old original Knickerbockers, the web-footed Dutchmen, have the monopoly of this trade. Every nutmeg has paid toll at the Hague before it yields its aroma to our graters. The Spice Islands! The almost fabulous Moluccas, where neither corn nor rice will grow; where the only quadrupeds they have are the odoriferous goats that breathe the fragrant air, the masky crocodiles that bathe in the high-seasoned waters."

"—the Isles  
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs."

There, sir! Milton, sir. From Ternate and Tidore, and the rest of the marvellous cluster of islands, we get our nutmegs, our mace, and our cloves. Add twelve thousand miles at least to the circumference of the pudding for the nutmeg."

"This is getting to be a pretty large pudding, doctor."

"Yes, sir. We have travelled already twenty-five thousand five hundred miles around it, and now let us re-circumnavigate and come back by the way of Mexico, so that we can get a silver spoon, and penetrate to the interior."

REASONS FOR GOING TO CONGRESS.—George Gordon, Jr., announces himself as a candidate for Congress in the 13th district of Virginia, and assigns in an address in the Wyethville Republican the following reasons for desiring a seat in Congress:—

"I think it nothing but common honesty to confess that I am mainly moved to become a candidate because of the easy life and the high wages connected with a seat in Congress. Now, I do not mean to assert that life is easy and the wages high as regards those who occupy a distinguished place in the great business of the Congress of this great nation; I allude to those who stand out or constitute the tail of representation and of which there must always be more or less, and of which I think there may be and then be an election without any serious public detriment—therefore I have presented to become a candidate."