

Poetry.

From the Louisville Journal.

THE DREAMS OF OTHER YEARS.

The dreams, the dreams of other years, How beautiful they were! Well may their memory in the heart Its deepest pulses stir. For to the cold and common earth, They lent its warmest ray. The stars that trembled at its birth Were not more pure than they. They sprang luxuriant as the flowers That deck the wood and dell, And, like the leaves of autumn, they Were brightest when they fell. Yet, who, with all their witchery, Their mingled joy and pain, Who would forego their memory, Or dream them o'er again? The first, the first "young dream" of love, That held the heart in thrall, The earliest and the sweetest one, The dearest of them all— Well at its gentle memory Proud eyes with tears may fill, For, oh, 't was wildly worshipped once— 'T is fondly cherished still. Friendship! ah, me, what charm was that, By name so sacred known, That brightened with the morning light, And with the eve was gone— A shifting shadow on the grass, A sun-gleam on the sea— All things that quickly come and pass Are typical of thee. Then came the dream of high renown, That buoyed the spirit up, And kept the fainting purpose strong, To drain the bitter cup. All, all have passed away, away, As sunset clouds depart, But the shadows of their loveliness Are mirrored in the heart. They sprang luxuriant as the flowers That deck the wood and dell, And, like the leaves of autumn, they Were brightest when they fell; Yet who, with all their witchery, Their mingled joy and pain, Who would forego their memory And dream them o'er again?!

Select Tale.

THE LADY'S REVENGE.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The deed was not half copied, when Mrs. Abigail entered the room and made a sign to her mistress. The young lady nodded, and sitting the apartment, the young woman returned, ushering in a youth on whom Miss St. Alton gazed with unfeigned surprise. The floor and the hair-dresser had indeed worked a miracle. Paul, the sweeper, stood there— inverted, not into a beau, but a gentleman, the else to betray his origin but hands, brown and horny with hard work. It was gratifying; at she took no further notice of the young man than to reflect that it was a good thing he looked so well. Mr. Jeffries, however, looked from one to the other of these young people. He took a vast pinch of snuff and stopping his clerk's arm, took him aside, and conferred with that functionary for awhile. Then writing a memorandum, he handed it over to the clerk, who resumed his labors.

The night was far advanced when they were finished. The deed by Miss St. Quillott's desire, concluded with a solemn form of oath, by which both parties bound themselves to observe the conditions prescribed therein. Mr. Jeffries read over the parchment, and the contractors signed it. It was not without some trepidation that Miss Amarynth beheld Paul approach the table for this purpose; but to her relief he could write his name, and that in a bold round hand which would not have disgraced a clerk. During all this time he never once looked at his affianced wife, who on her part regarded him as little. Business over, the bride elect named two days thence, for the ceremony, which was to be strictly private; then all parties separated, to meet no more, until the wedding day, when they were to be united at Mr. Jeffries' house by special license.

The day came, and Paul Meredith, the crossing sweeper, was united in marriage to Miss Amarynth St. Quillott, the great West Indian heiress. The remainder of his wedding day was spent by the bridegroom in the apartment of his bed-ridden mother, for whom he had taken handsome rooms near the bride's house. That eccentric young lady spent hers in tears, sighs, and perpetual revertings to the man of her heart—now lost forever. A brilliant and a happy wedding day it was truly.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Meredith had no reason to fear her husband's intrusion. He never came except when she summoned him to attend her abroad and then it was apparently any thing but a pleasure to him. The marriage had been duly announced, and congratulations poured in from all Amarynth's friends. As for the bridegroom he never had any, except the penny piuman, who, had in the days of Paul's destitution, frequently given that young fellow a job to take home to his mother. But

the piuman know naught of Paul's exaltation and was therefore much mystified and astonished when a strange gentleman, who said he was Mr. Meredith's man of business, inducted him in a thriving trade in his own line, clogging only with the condition that he never should acquire into the name of his benefactor. Paul engaged a gentleman to come daily and instruct him in various branches of knowledge during the hours of leisure when he was at in attendance on Mrs. Meredith, or his bed-ridden mother. When the young man's attendance on his haughty young wife, he could not avoid seeing how she was admired. Amarynth's marriage, indeed, seemed the signal for homage and adoration of all kinds from the other sex being lavished at her feet. When men no longer dread being entrapped into marriage, they are willing enough to admire. Some of these gallants strove to win the husband into intimacy; but that young gentleman, for so he now was in the eyes of the world, avoided all society, except that of his mother and tutor. And time moved on.

Mrs. Meredith drank deeply of dissipation. Wearisome the balls, the ridottes, the fetes, he parties at faro, she dragged her reluctant husband to. Paul was soon tired of fashionable life. People wondered at his quiet pliancy, and passed on; it was nothing to the world, the distant terms that Mr. Meredith and his beautiful wife appeared on. Paul had soon satisfied himself that Amarynth's reputation was indeed intact. She flirted, it is true and delighted in the thought that she sometimes, with her wit, learning, and beauty, raised in some foolish heart a genuine flame, which she would encourage to the last, and then turn round and trample on the unfortunate, as she muttered, her heart had been rampled on. She little dreamed that of all the throngs who dwelt on her charms and delights in her brilliant conversation, her husband was the most devoted and the most hopeless. How indeed could a man see that lovely creature in all the panoply of her beauty, all her reticence and finish of her fascinations, and not love her, even if he had not loved her from the first? He loved her, indeed, differently from the time when she used to give him silver at the crossing, but not less passionately, for increase of knowledge seldom lessens the passion.

Amarynth strove to keep within her heart the image of Emerond. For the sake of constancy, I grieve to say, that image grew daily fainter and fainter. It was, after all, but a waxen one, which the very heat of resentment and memory gradually melted. In spite of herself, his name no longer caused the blush nor the throbbing of the heart, which used to follow on hearing of him. I verily believe his existence would have been entirely forgotten but for the vast heap of letters with which she fed the dying embers of her grande passion and the lock of his hair which she watered with her tears till the lacrymatory fountain dried up and refused to gush forth on any such occasion. Just about that time, too, Amarynth's interest was excited by elegant bouquets which were sent to her, accompanied with verses, which her really cultivated literary taste told her were far better than the love lyes of her day. Sonnets, mostly, the lines were in the form of—the versification not of the smoothest perhaps, but the sentiments fresh, spontaneous and evidently from the heart. There was the fire of Ovid, without that bard's wantonness. Sometimes they imitated the verses of Horace and Virgil. It was just about that time that Mr. Meredith had made such progress in Latin that he had begun to translate the *Æneid*.

These verses dwelt greatly on the writer's ardent but hopeless love. She began with interest, and soon entertained an ardent curiosity to see her unknown adorer. She inquired respecting the messenger who brought these passionate effusions. No one knew. Every morning they were found on the marble table in the great hall passage; but no one, strange to say, could tell from whence the offerings emanated. Amarynth's thoughts wandered over her household; but there was no one in it with the least pretensions to reading or writing save old Dubs, the house steward, and from him such things as flowers and verses were very unlikely. She was being handed to her coach one day by Mr. Meredith, when the mystery was solved. A small edition of Virgil dropped out of his vest while escorting his lady, and a paper in it floated to the feet of Amarynth. In was in the handwriting of the unknown. This, then, was the secret.—Quick as lightning it flashed on her; but she affected not to see, and as Paul, in some confusion, picked up the paper, she glanced at him. She could not but marvel at the polish of his appearance. A pure mind and a gentle spirit go far indeed towards creating a gentleman, and Paul was that now in form and manners, as well as in heart and soul. Mrs. Meredith was lost in thought all that evening.

The next day Mr. Meredith sent her a hurried message; his bed-ridden mother was dying; would she spare his services till all was over? She desired to speak with him. He

came, all disorder and agitation. All her beauty could not for one moment now attract his notice. She is all I have in the world to love, he said. How chill those words fell on Amarynth's heart. 'Stay,' she said, hesitating, 'I will go with you.' He bowed, but expressed neither joy nor rapture. The coach was called, and for the first time Mrs. Meredith beheld her mother-in-law. The poor woman was all but expiring when they arrived. Paul whispered to her as he supported her dying head, and she raised her eyes to Amarynth. 'Ah, madame,' said she, 'let me thank you for all your goodness; but oh, my boy! Ah, you know not what a heart you have slighted! The poor mother grew speechless soon after, and expired on her son's bosom. Amarynth fainted, and knew not how she was taken home.

The lady and her husband did not meet till the funeral was over. He started to see her attire. 'You are too good, madame,' he said. Did she wish he had said something more? After all, she must own, he observed the terms she had dictated somewhat too liberally, and her vanity, ever sensitive, began to be wounded. Things, however, went on as before.—The flowers and the sonnets, though, had ceased to arrive, and Amarynth was fain to console herself with those she had. It was strange how they began to supersede Emerond's letters. I think it was a month or two after, that Mrs. Meredith looked into her heart one day, and appalled at the discoveries she made there, rose up, went to her bureau, seized those famous letters, and burnt them every one, finishing the bonfire with the lock of hair which fizzed off at the top, with a hiss of contempt and anger like the last revivings of a disappointment doom. Mrs. Abigail received a hint one day, accompanied by a new Paduana snuff; and soon afterwards a lock of sunny hair was suspended in a locket, and worn next Amarynth's heart. How the waiting-woman got it was best known to herself; though perhaps Mr. Peruke, who every day dressed Mr. Meredith's hair, could have informed the curious inquirer.

Who can date the growth of love? In the history of passions, time is trampled upon.—We may experience that to-day which yesterday we deemed utterly impossible. The son of Venus, and the son of Knox and Ercubus, were not more different than Amarynth's deceased passion and the pure love which began so gradually to steal over her heart. The one had led to violence, anger, revenge—the other was exalted till it finally aspired to heaven itself, for there only might she love, or acknowledge her love. That fatal contract, that oath—the death of the happiness she might have known! She would have ceased almost entirely to go out, but that these occasions were the only ones on which she could feast herself with the contemplation of her soul's idol. To be sure, Mrs. Abigail, who was a very shrewd gentle-woman, soon found out the bent of her lady's mind, and, unbidden, related anecdotes of Mr. Meredith, his goodness, his charities, his self-denials. 'We servants, madam, think he is an angel fallen amongst us; and the tears stood in the women's eyes. Amarynth would hear till she could hear no more; and then sending her maid away, and burying her face amongst the cushions of a couch, sob her heart out. Oh, child, grieving for the neglected and disinclined to! who can relieve or pity thee?

But one day she was startled by a request from her husband—how she loved that word now, and would roll it over her tongue, and mutter it as something precious and consoling—to have a private audience. Mrs. Abigail brought the message—she had been weeping. 'What is the matter?' said her mistress, a thousand fond fears fluttering at her breast.—'The poor gentleman—my dear master—looks so ill—fear die; and Mrs. Abigail burst into a very Niagara of tears. Amarynth wept for sympathy. 'Let him come,' she said, 'directly.' Oh, Heaven he was altered! and yet there was an unwonted pride in his whole bearing. She felt, rich woman and beauty as she was, her inferiority.

'Madam,' he said, 'strongly agitated, I have come to ask a favour, and to make a confession.' She started. 'Though I loved you long, long ere you took me, a poor wretch, from the streets, yet my love is no longer to be borne. If I stay here I must go mad or die. Oh, madam that contract! Think you I would have signed it, but for the mother who bore me, and who was perishing in my sight when you raised me from the depths of poverty? Forgive my love; I cannot help it. I have come to ask you to do me one parting favor—purchase me a commission. I would be a soldier, madam; my father was one.' She looked at him; she never enquired if he had a father even. 'Yes!' he pursued, 'a brave though a poor man; but I came not to trouble you with my family remembrances. I can live madam, on my pay; your allowances I request permission to relinquish.'

'Wherefore?' Thus much, though choked, she contrived to say. 'I cannot longer subsist on your bounty. I have made much progress, madam of late.—Your wit and accomplishments stimulated me,

I cannot vie with your learning; but now I may pass unnoticed for ignorance. Forgive me, madam, and sometimes deign to cast a thought on him who adores you, silent and hopeless.' Oh, how she longed to cast herself at his feet—to own her deep, her unalterable love—to bid him live for her—to the freezing thought of her oath—bring perjury on both. He mistook her silence for anger, and dropped his head. 'Go,' she murmured, 'I will write to you.' He said no more, and withdrew. The commission was purchased and sent him with this note: 'Your wish is accomplished, and I beseech you to retain the income, which you have a legal right to. I need not say be brave; for bravery exists when human hope perishes.—Happy are you in the sex which gives you that resource. AMARYNTH.'

He departed the day after he received this. Here is his final farewell: 'Madam—Ask me not to comply with your request, lest, being yours, I weakly acquiesce. A legal right? Let me trample on that, as I have on dearer rights which the law itself bestowed on me when I became your husband.—Fear not, madam; my oath is inviolate.'

CHAPTER IV.

Oh! bitterness of bondage in which the next two years passed by. She heard of him though. In 1780 a war commenced against Holland. Paul signaled himself, and gained the most rapid promotion. At last she saw him—gazetted a colonel. Alas! what cause was there for exultation. Now he was free of her—Independent. She felt daily growing weaker. At last the thought occurred that if she died some one must inherit her wealth.—Strange not to think of it before. She sent for Mr. Jeffries, and communicating to him her love and wretchedness, conjured him to make her will. The old lawyer asked many questions and seemed actually to gloat over Mrs. Meredith's distress.

'He is coming home,' he said. 'I saw the arrival of the transport announced.' 'Home! what home had he?' she bitterly asked. 'At any rate he may be in time to see me die.'

'Poh! poh!' said Mr. Jeffries, in the most unfeeling manner: 'you'll live long enough, I warrant to make the man's heart ache worse than it does now.' Ten days after that will was made Mr. Jeffries drove up to Amarynth's door. An officer was with him.—The servants crowded round, for they had recognized their master. They entered the library; Amarynth started up. She, too, knew that beloved face, brown though it was, and seared on the brow with a soldier's trophy. Oath, or no oath her impulse was obeyed. Her arms were around his neck; her tears wetted his manly cheek; she called him husband.

He pressed her to his heart, but words failed them both—they were awakening after that indulgence of suppressed love to the fatal knowledge of the vow which intervened between them. 'One farewell,' cried Paul, 'and I go.' 'Fiddlestick!' cried Mr. Jeffries, flinging his brown tie right into the middle of the floor, and capering about with a shiny bald head.—'I stupid prosy old lawyer though I be, foresaw this hour when I was manufacturing this rigmale of a deed. You heard me read it once; hear it again. I just introduced a clause which will set all to rights.' The oath was registered with a saving clause, that if both parties mutually agreed to hereafter renounce the conditions of the deed, and become man and wife actually, instead of a mere legal fiction, the said agreement was by mutual consent to be null and void.

Poor Mr. Jeffries, he was not heard to the end of his preamble. Locked in each other's arms, Paul and Amarynth now lavished on one another the dear titles of wife and husband, forgot any presence but their own, and amidst mutual forgiveness and confessions, and utterances of affection, Mr. Jeffries quietly picking up his perwig and went to announce to the assembled servants that their lady desired them to drink the Colonel's health in a gallon bowl of punch.

It would have done you good to have heard the shout. They heard it not. Wrapped in one another's happiness, they asked none from the outer world. Theirs existed in their own exquisite contentment.

I have no more to relate. I have trespassed on my reader's patience too much as it is.—They have long since been dust and ashes;—but the son of their son, Paul Meredith, Esq, lives on his own estate in—shire, and perpetuates the virtues, the noble simplicity and the unostentatious charities of his progenitor.

A Gipsy, going through a village on a rainy day in a pair of torn boots, was accosted by a passer, who suggested that his boots were much too bad for such weather. 'You are mistaken, sir,' said the gipsy, 'it is the weather that is too bad for my boots.'

TRUE POETRY.—We met with the following motto round a *bonbon* the other day—the most original we ever read: 'Love is a fire that burns and sparkles in man as natural as in charcoal.'

Know Nothings.

KNOW NOTHINGS EXPOSED.

The following is Mr. Cauliflower Smith's experience in looking up "them Know Nothings." Smith's purpose was to expose, explode and annihilate the Order. Read what he says about it in an Albany paper:

'My first idea was to find a Know Nothing. I know'd I could do nothing till I found one, that was aartin fact. Well, I cavorted round considerable, all the time as cute as a possum, as cunning as a fox. I ax'd a good many privately if they didn't belong, and of course, considerable, all the time as cute as a possum, as cunning as a fox. I ax'd a good many privately if they didn't belong, and of course, I led considerable in gettin' around them. Well all I got of 'em was "I don't know," so I had to change tack. I goes to one of 'em who didn't know nothin' and tell'd him that I was gettin' tired of the old dimmycratic way of doing things, and I intended to withdraw from pop'lar life, and devote my reclining years to my country. I told him that I kugwed I was an old sinner, but I wished to repent in sackcloth and ashes, and if he'd only get me into the Know Nothings, I'd show by zeal in the cause, the sincerity of my repentance. He looked at me right straight for some time, and then he seemed to think I was sincere. He ax'd me if I wanted to jine right off, and I told him yes. Then he ax'd me to meet him by the Hospital at 10 o'clock that night, and he would take me to see the elephant.'

'You see how long headed I am Mr. Chairman. I know'd I could come it over 'em if I only persevered, and didn't I do it? He met me plumb at 10 o'clock, and he took and he blindfolded me, for he said we hadn't fur to go. He told me I must not only know nuthin' but I must say nuthin' until the bull thing was through. We walked on a pretty smart distance, I reckon nigh on to a mile, when he give me a devil of a pinch on the arm, and sez he, 'Now look out. I felt kind of a queer I tell you, for I was going it blind altogether, but my prospects for Recorder was at stake, and you may reckon it sort o' nerved me up.'

'He took me down stairs through a cellar, then up stairs, and through a long passage way. Right thar in that passage way he told me to give him all my money. I obeyed of course, though I didn't like to part with it.—We walked a long the passage till we came to a door, when he gave the signal. It was two raps. The door opened, and they were whis'pering, 'bring in the repentin' sinner,' and I was lead forward. I heard 'em talkin' all around me, and sometimes they would pinch me. They stripped me stark naked, leavin' nory a stitch on me but my stockings. 'Do you repent old sinner,' said one to me. 'Yes,' said I, gettin' down on my knees. Whack! cum a lash right across my bare hide, makin' me squirm. 'Get up,' said the feller that had been talkin' to me, 'thats no position for an American citizen.' Then he gave me two more whacks with the lash, and put a heavier blindfold around my eyes.

'Then the Know Nothings all commenced singing the Star Spangled Banner; while the guides led me around the lodge room. Some would tickle me, some would pinch me, and some kick me, but I bravely stood it all for the sake of the Dimmycratic party. After they rolled me over, striped me with paint and the lash, and tried my patience completely, they stopped and asked—

'Can you keep your tongue still?' asked the guide. 'Yes, sir,' said I boldly. 'Will you know nothin' all your life?' 'Yes sir,' said I. 'The bandage fell from my eyes, continued Smith, "and I saw that I was—' 'Where?' inquired all. 'In Deacon Johnston's stable on Canal street.'

FRENCH TASTE AND ECONOMY.

The leading idea in France is economy.—Gloves and ribbons are not rapaciously gathered up, or bought at random. They are exactly estimated and allowed for. All the expensitures of most of the elegant women to be seen in the Elysees are matters of previous calculation and of system. They are not convulsive as ours are. The study of women in France is to make the most of their means, to derive the utmost pleasure, and the utmost good, from the family revenue. Economy is at the bottom of the whole system of French cookery. A potato field, a vegetable garden, and a butcher's shop, are the indispensable supporting force of an American attempt at soup. A handful of sorrel, equips a gallo's housekeeper with the material for a charming potage. So it is through the social life of that wonderful people. They produce great results with little means. The impressive, elegant appearance of the women, idealized to our friend as the Parisian Belle, is the produce of art which centuries of careful cultivation have gradually been matured in France. It is not the result of profuse expensiture.—That, in France, is deemed barbaric and vulgar. In America, only, it is deified and adurable.