The Sun stepped down from his golden throne And lay in the silent sea, And the Lily had folded her satin leaves, For a sleepy thing was she. What is the Lily dreaming of? Why crisp the waters blue? See, seel she is lifting her varnished lid, Her white leaves are glistening through.

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek In the lap of the breathless tide; The Lily hath sisters both fresh and fair, That would lie by the rose's side; He would leave her better than all the rest, And he would be fond and true; But the Lily unfolded her weary lids, And looked at the sky so blue.

MRemember, remember ther, silly one, How fast will thy Summer glide; And wilt thou winter a virgin pale, Or flourish a blooming bride?' "O the rose is old, and thorny and cold, And lives on the earth," said she; But the Star is fair, and he lives in the air, And he shall my bridegroom be."

"But what if the stormy cloud should come, And ruffle the silver sea? Would he send his eye from the distant sky To smile on a thing like thee? O no, fair Lily, he will not send One my from his far-off throne; The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow, And thou wilt be left alone.

"There is not a leaf on the mountain top, Nor a drop of evening dew. Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore, Nor a pearl in the waters blue, That he has not cheered with his fickle smile, And warmed with his faithless beam; And will he be true to the palied flower That floats on the quiet stream?"

Alas for the Lily! she would not heed, But turned to the skies afar, And bared her breast to the trembling ray That shot from the rising star. The cloud came over the darkened sky And over the waters wide, She looked in vain through the beating rain, And sank in the stormy tide.

## Select Cule.

## THE TWO PICTURES.

BY COATES KINNEY.

Battle of Inkermann!

As the day came up, struggling with t gloom of clouds, the vanguard had given alanof that onelaught, which, before the day w done, should make Inkermann second only Waterloo.

Through the foggy, drizzly dark, had but the blare of bugles, and fifes, and drums, a rattling musketry; and the transition fr cleep to battle had been a transient interv of consternation; not the consternation cowardice, however, but that of a sudde eurprise.

To arms! To the summoning martial mudrums, whose horrid roll, and fifes, who thrilling shrick make the blood beat and sur in the veins-to the glorious martial musiman after man, column after column, cempaafter company they wheel into array. Swift and mightily as though hurled by the power thunder, horse and plumed rider sweep or the field and along the lines, bearing t hourse command; and quick as thought the follow charges, and evolutions, and sublinpreparations for blood.

Ot the battle of Inkerman would have bee a splendid sight to see in a broad field and bright sun. But the nature of the ground as the darkness of the day rendered it impossit to take in more than a small scene of the gran and terrible drams at one view.

Manya heroic deed was performed that d. in obscure and solitary places, that left . record but death. If you found, in son gleomy glen, a flush of carnage-corpses lyin thick as sheaves after the sickle-you knthere had been great achievements there; 1 they will not illumine the pages of history; their memory sleeps in the burial trench with those who died enacting them:

Thirst for glory, such as is slaked by bloc had lured young Cecil Gray from his hap home in old England, to the camp and t seld. He was an officer in the Fifth Dragoon and as we have an interest in him now, let watch the performance of the Fifth on th day of Inkermann.

Is it not they yonder on the height? I us get nearer them; for this dismal day is like twilight that we cannot distinguish t figure on their buttons. Yes, it is 5. WI noble fellows! How proudly they sit on the horsest With what an air of impatience the lean forward, as the battle's din increases! How their nostrils dilate with the delay opportunity! And garages

Which of them is Cecil Gray? Do you see yonder at the right, that tall, noble you officer who is gazing, with looks of unspeal ble tenderness, upon a locket miniature, whi. choke his utterance, if he attempted to spe-

it; for he is thinking of the time-not many months ago, but oh, how long!-when the original of that picture sobbed on his breast, and clung to him with most passionate kisses, and pleading with him in God's name not to go-oh, not to go!

His lip quivers; he brushes his hand across his eyes; he closes the locket, and replaces it in his bosom. If he were not agonizingly prayed for with her every breath, of whom he is now thinking, we would say, O God! let thee. him not sink on the battle field to-day.

The Fifth had lost most of their infantry in the beginning of the battle; for the Turkish foot, their main support had fled, at the first onset, and there remained to them only a small division of Highlanders, a number quite insufficient to sustain them:

Yet as the cannon thundered, and the musfelt it like a shame to sit there idle, while ed, through the long columns. But she finds him a severe blow across-the skull. Although their comrades were winning glory; and nothing, only that so many were killed and so severely wounded, yet being a brave man, the every moment they grew more eager, even without the support of infantry, for an occasion to not.

quelled with expectation. Up they come at a fierce gallop, as though they meant to sweep in glorious peril. the height at a single pass. It is the Musco. vites! Their beavy, rushing billows of horse dash full upon the Highlanders, and are shock ed back by the shore of bayonets. They, rally, and advance again, more slowly and determinedly.

Then the bugles of the Fifth sound; and the fiery horses are wheeled into order for the onset.

Look at Cecil Gray! he has forgotten the miniature; he has forgotten its original; he has forgotten the little cottage by the Thames, where she is sighing prayers to Heaven for him now; he thinks only of glory. His t reast heaves and pants, and his hand clutches his hilt, waiting impatiently for the next sig nal-twang.

Another blast of the bugles, and the whole Fifth, instantly bristling all over with swords, like a single being, spring into the pas de charge A thundering hurricane of battle, they swoop right down on the advancing foe with the speed of the wind. God of heaven! what a spectacle! With what a sublimely terrific shock the two hostile masses of men and horses crash together! Sword clangs on sword, horses and riders sink, the sea of combat surges over them.

The Fifth cut the foe through and through; and when their bugies sound the rally, they disregard the signal determined to fight till they clear the field or die. Horse against horse, onset and repulse, Saxon and Cossack, they cleave one another down, swaying to and fro like a stormy sea.

Where is Cecil Gray? Yonder is his plume. Watch it. It tosses above the thick of the fight, as if it were slive with glory. There, it loses itself in the smoke of pistols. It emerges. We lose sight of it again. Youder once more it flies along the field, like some splendid bird of prey, that kills its quarry, but stops not to devour. Swords lenp up above and around it; other plumes nod and sink around it; riderless horses whirl away from it, and roll down, and surge and struggle, and die in the overwhelming billows of battle. But that plume, and the sword which goes with it, ceases not for an instant in their sublime

The wounded French Chasseur who reclines plume, forgets his pain, and ejaculates, "C'est superbe!" And it is superb; it is

But now that plume is the dreadful center upon a lone sail the foam capped whirlpool of the sea. Other plumes fly to the rescue Sabers flash up thick and fast, and chop down into fiery brains, and cross and thrush, and stab, and mix in a horrible turmoil of heroic desperation.

We close our eyes tightly, with a shuddering sickness and faintness, and when we open them on the scene again, the Russians are in in active service during the whole contest. total rout, and the gallant Fifth in rally, with shout and hurra.

But the plume of Cecil Gray? It is gone's The prayers which have kept going up to Heaven from the cottage by the Thames have not been answered. That plume bowed to the forfeit of his life. At Stoney Point he our eyes.

How gloriously he died! On the field they found him, the evening of that day, with a monument of slaughtered heroes piled up to spaded him a grave, and wrapped his cloak animatingly of his heroism, and then they spoke falteringly of one who-

who had been his bosom friend, in a choking | ble self-confidence and courage. voice. "There!" he had taken the locket from the neck of the dead, clipped with his sword a at the house of a man by the name of Wlock from the hero's hair, and shut it over the to refresh himself While at the table, he it can't tell you, stranger, where you'll

emotions, but speaking not another word.

A cottage ly the Thames.

Inkerman has been fought, and the news has gone through England. In that cottage Minnie Gray sits sobbing and waiting for what she knows possible, and yet hopes impossible. Weep, Minnie, the hour is at hand when the blessed relief of tears may be denied

Willie goes to town: he runs all the way. He brings back nothing but the newspaper, which is filled with "LATEST FROM THE CRI-MEA."

"No letter, Willie?"

" None."

She seizes the paper and gropes, tear blindmany were wounded, and the names of a few great officers that were slain, The throbbing blood almost bursts from her veins, and her Hark! the tramp of cavalry. Every rein eyes grow dry, as she reads a printed letter is tightened, and every horseman's breath is from one of the Eifth Dragocus. But it says

"Oh! my God! hew can I bear this agony of suspense!"

Willie tried to soothe her; but she could hear nothing but the soul stunning thunder of battle, see nothing through her tears but the charge of the Fifth Dragoons.

"Go to town, Willie, and come not back till you bring some word from him!"

The boy went sorrowfully. Minnie Gray watched the clock, and the road to town all day, and all night, and all next day-till the sun went down.

Willie was coming. The sight of him made her dizzy and faint. How did he walk ?-Were there tidings in his step ? Yes! life or death ! He came hurriedly, while he seemed to reel under the weight of his heart. It must be death! Now, God of mercy! thy helping hand! She staggers out to meet him, and gasps,

"Any word, Willie ?" " No word but-"

She holds her breath, and stares wildly at him, as he draws forth the locket He places it quickly in her clutching hand, and turns his face away. She uncasps it shudderingly and the lock of hair springs out, and curls round her firger! A smothered, quivering cry, a stifled, choking wail of agony that crushed the life out, and Minnie Gray fell into her brother Willie's arms.

In the little village churchyard, there is now a new-made grave, and over it a marble slab bearing this inscription:

In Memory Of CECIL AND MINNIE GRAY, Whom Peace Married In Life. Whom War Wedded In Death.

## Interesting Sket

## PETER FRANCISCO, The Samson of the Western Hemisphere

As late as the year 1836, there lived in Western Virginia, a man whose strength was so British dragoon, who presented a pistol and ertion. remarkable as to win him the title of the "Vir demanded his immediate surrender. His gun on his elbow here nigh us, watching that ginia Samson." He knew nothing of his birth being empty, he feigned submission, and said or parentage, but supposed he was born in he would surrender, at the same time remarks Portugal, from whence he was stolen when a ing that his gun was of no further use to him, child, and carried to Iroland. His earliest he presented it sideways to the trooper, who recollections were those of his boyhood in the in reaching for it threw himself off his guard, of a vortex of fees, which dashes upon it, as latter country. While yet a lad, he apprenticed himself to a sea captain, for seven years through with the bayonet, and as he fell in pay for a passage to this country. On his arrival, his time and services were sold to a ued his retreat. Overtaking his commanding Mr. Winston, of Virginia, in whose service officer, Col. Mayo, of Powhattan, he gave up he remained until the breaking out of the Re- the animal, for which act of generosity the annecdotes and stories of the war, of which volution Being of an adventurous turn of mind, he sought and obtained permission of acres of land in Kentucky. his master to join the army, and was engaged Such was his strength and personal bravery, that no enemy could resist him. He wielded a sword, the blade of which was five feet in length, as though it had been a feather, and every one who came in contact with him paid Major Gibbon, was the first man to enter the lived." works. At Brandywine and Monmouth he exhibited the most fearless bravery, and nohis glory. And as his surviving comrades thing but his inability to write, prevented his around him, and laid him to rest, they talked the South, he took part in most of the engagements in that section, and towards the close of the war, he was engaged in a contest which "No more of that, my comrade!" said he exhibited in a striking manner, his remarka-

One day while reconneitering, he stopped lock from the hero's hair, and shut it over the miniature, "that shall be her tidings!—and may—God—pity and—comfort her!"

The big, blinding tears streamed down those

The big, blinding tears streamed down those stern men's checks; they filled up the grave, outnumbered, he pretended to surrender, and the Kentuckian was not to be bluffed off as he

breathing hard with the rush of home's dear the dragoons seeing he was apparently very peacefully inclined, after disarming him, allowed him considerable freedom, while they sat down to partake of the food which he had left when disturbed. Wandering out into the door yard he was accosted by the Paymaster who demanded of him every thing of value about him at the risk of his lite in case of refusal. "I have nothing to give," said Fran cisco "so use your pleasure. ""Give up those massive buckles in your shoes," said the dra-"Willie, go to town-and-and-Go! Wil- goon. "They were the gift of a friend," replied Francisco, "and give them to you I ne ver shall; take them if you will, you have the power, but I never will give them to any one." Putting his sabre under his arm, the soldier stooped down to take them. Francisco seeing the opportunity, which was too good to be lost, seized the sword, and drawing it with force from under the arm of the soldier, dealt who's the best man before I go home. It's all tagonist, who was too quick for him, however, and as he pulled the trigger, a blow from the sword nearly severed his wrist, and placed him hors du combat. The report of the pistol nothing of Cecil, only that the Fifth had been drew the other dragoons into the yard, as well as W --, who very ungenerously brought out a musket, which he handed to one of the soldiers, and told him to make use of it -Mounting the only horse they could get at, he presented the muzzle at the breast of Francis co and pulled the trigger. Fortunately it missed fire, and Francisco closed in upon him .-A short struggle ensued, which ended in his disarming and wounding the soldier. Turleton's troop of four hunered men were now in sight, and the other dragoons were about to attack him Seeing his case was desperate he turned toward an adjoining thicket, and as if cheering on a party of men he cried out, Come on, my brave boys; now's your time; we will soon despatch these few and then attack the main body!" at the same time rushing at the dragoons with the fury of an enra-

> ged tiger, They did not wait to engage him, but fled precipitately to the troop, panic struck and dismayed. Seizing upon the traitorous villain W --- , Francisco was about to despatch him, but he begged and plead so hard for his life, that he forgave him, and told him to secrete for him the eight horses which the soldiers had left behind them. Perceiving that Tar leton had despatched two other dragoons in search of him, he made off into the adjoining wood, and while they stopped at the house, he, like an old fox, doubled u on their rear, and successfully evaded their vigilance. The next day he went to W- for his horses; he demanded two of them for his services, and generous intentions. Finding his situa tion dangerous, and surrounded by enemier, where he ought to have found friends, Francisco was compelled to make the best of it, and left with his six horses, intending to revenge himself upon W- at a future time, "but," as he said, "Providence ordained that

was defeated, he retreated, and after running along a road some distance, he sat down to when Francisco, quick as thought, ran him from his horse, he mounted him and contin Colonel afterwards presented him a thousand he possed a rich fund, rendered him a welcome

The following ancolote exemplifying his peaceful nature and his strength, is also told of Francisco. How true it is, we cannot say but we tell it as it was told to us, many years ngo, while he was still living in Buckingham county, Virginia.

was accosted by a stranger, who rode up to death, and went down while we were shutting was one of the "forlorn hope" which was ad- the fence and inquired of him if he knew vanced to cut away the abatis, and, next to where a man by the name of Francisco

Raising himself fron his work, and eyeing his interrogator, who appeared to be one of the "half horse half-alligator" breed of Kenpromotion to a commission. Transferred to tuckinns, he replied, "Well, stranger I con't know of any other person by that name in these parts than myself."

"Well, I reckon you aim't the man I want. Frant to find the great fighting man I've heard tell so much about. The fellow they say can whip all creation and Kentucky to boot."

would term it. "Look 'ere. stranger," said he, returning to the charge, " what might your given name be?" "My name is Peter Francisco, at your service."

"Ah !" returned the other, "You're just the man I want to find;" at the same time riding inside the fence, he dismounted and tied his animal—a rough ungainly Indian poney to one of the posts.

one of the posts.
"My name is Big Bill Stoke", nl! the way from old Kentuck. I am the Kentucky game chicken, I am. I can out run, out hop, outjump, knock down, drag ont, and whip any man in all them diggings. So as I hearn tell of a fellow down hereabouts who could whip all creation, I thought I'd saddle old blossom, and just ride over to see what stuff he's made of, and here I am. 'And now, stranger, I'm most starved for a fight, and I'm bound to see in good feeling you know, but if you lick me, why I'm satisfied, but-"

"Stop a minute, stranger," said Francisco, 'you've mistaken the man entirely, I'm no fighting man at all, and if I was, I've nothing against you to fight about."

"Well, I don't know; is there any other Peter Francisco in these parts."

" No, not that I know of "

"Well, then, you're the man, and you must fight. I've come all the way from old Kentuck and I ain't a going back without knowing which is the best man."

"But I won't fight I've got nothing to

fight about, and I tell you I wont' fight !" "D-d if you shan't fight, stranger, I'm bound to lick you if I can, if I don't, you must lick me."

By this time Francisco had become angry at the importunity of his visitor, and determined to put an end to the scene. Scizing his antagouist therefore by the seat of his buckskin breeches, and the collar of his hunting shirt, he threw him over the fence into the road; then walking lesurely to where his pony was tied, he unfastened him, and taking him up by main strength, threw him after his discomfitted rider.

The Kentuckian raised himself from the ground, perfectly dumb founded by such an exhibition of strength, and after rubbing his eyes as though he thought he might not have seen clearly, he mounted his pony, remarking well, stranger, I reckon you'll do. I reckon it's about time for me to make tracks. If any body asks you about that great fight, you

can tell 'em you licked Bill Stokes soundly Francisco was a powerfully built man, standing six feet and one inch in height, and weighing two hundred and sixty pounds. His muscular system was extraordinarily developed, and he had been known to shoulder with ease a can weighing eleven hundred pounds; and a gentleman of undoubted veracity, (still living in Virginia,) who knew him well says · He could take me in his right hand and pass over the room with me, playing my head against the ceiling, as though I had been a doll baby. My weight was one hundred and nine-I should not be his executioner, for he broke ty five pounds." His wife who was a wom n his neck by a fall from one of the very hor- of good size and fair proportions, he would take in his right hand, and holding her out at Many other anecdotes are told of Francis arm's length, would pass around the room with co, illustrative of his immense strength and her and carry her up and down stairs in that sonal prowess. At Camden, where Gates position. He would take a barrel of cider by the chimes and holding, and holding it to his mouth, would drink from the bung a long rest himself. He was suddenly accosted by a | and hearty draught without any apparent ex-

Yet with all his strength he was a very peacefully disposed man, and never made use of his power, except in case of necessity about his usual avocations, or in the defence of the right. On occasions of outbreaks at public gatherings, he was better at rushing in and preserving the public peace than all the conservative authorities on the ground. Although uneducated, he was a man of strong natural sense, and of a kind, amiable disposition. He was a companionable man, and his guest in the first families of the State. His industrious and temperate habits, together with his kind disposition, made him many friends, and through their influence, he was appointed Sergeant at arms of the Virginia House of Delegates, in which service he died in 1886, and was buried with military hon-One day while working in his garden, he ore in the public burying-ground at Richmond.

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