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Select Poetry.

"A WINTER CAROL."

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTON

The snow came over the mountain
On the wings of the winter gale
It covered up field and fountain
In the folds of its mantle pale
It fell where late were singing
Birds 'mid their homes of leaves,
On boughs in the rude blast swinging
And it fringed the cottage eaves.

Scorning the plaint of pity,
It rode from the rayless cloud,
And it wrapped the shivering city
In the hem of its fleecy shroud
Along the woodman's clearing
'Twas drifted for many a mile,
Above the porch appearing,
And over the topmost stile.

The squirrel lay hid in the furrow,
Snug by his hoarded store,
And the rabbit kept close in the burrow
Under the barn-yard door;
But the sun, when day was dawning,
Gathered his garments bright,
And he rose from the bed of morning,
Like a king in skirts of white.

Broad thro' the tree tops streaming,
Rays as from diadems run,
And the icicle changefully gleaming,
Borrowed each hue of the sun.
And the partridge commenced his drumming,
And the sleigh-bells made music at home,
And the children went singing and humming
For joy at the "good time" come

Oh! thus for the heart of sadness
Tho' chilled by bleak despair,
Garnered are sounds of gladness
'Mid sorrow's wintry air.
Tho' the summer seem all departed,
And blighted each hope of bloom,
There are rays for the lonely hearted,
Which at length will cheer the gloom.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for the Erie Observer

A DAY IN SNOOSESTADT.

Freely Translated from the German.

BY SIMON PEEP

CHAPTER II

Poor Rosa was in a sad situation Her father, her aunt, and her uncle, seemed united in a scheme to compell her to marry Pippin, whom she in heart detested She moved slowly towards the door; her pretty neither lipt pouted her displeasure, while her round full eyes—those glorious orbs of light—were swimming in tears. She was on the point of opening the door, when Margaret suddenly burst into the room, exclaiming:

"Here is a man with a letter He says that a gentleman has been upset in a ditch in the road."

"Thank God!" said the Burgomaster, fervently, "there has not been a single week since I was inaugurated Burgomaster of Snoosestadt, but some travelers have not been upset in the streets."

"Why do you not have them repaired, brother?" inquired the postmaster

"Repaired?" repeated the Burgomaster, "what would become of our blacksmiths, our carriage makers, and our harness makers, I should like to know, if it were not for such accidents!

"But father," said Rosa, "travelers complain bitterly because you compel them to pay turnpike toll also?"

"Let them complain and pay—why should they complain? we don't Where is the letter?"

Margaret hastened from her room, and soon returned, conducting the bearer of the letter.

"Your worship's humble servant," said the man, bowing deeply and scraping his right foot vigorously, "there be a gentleman, a most genteel gentleman, your worship, lying outside in the road in a ditch"

"Any bones broken?" inquired the Burgomaster.

"No sir; his nose is a little scraped."

"But the carriage?" asked the Burgomaster, anxiously.

"O, it is in splinters, and his books—he had a multitude—are as dirty as his clothes. He looked so badly, I suppose, he was afraid to appear before you. So he gave me half a dollar to bring this letter to you."

"What can he want of me?" inquired the Burgomaster thoughtfully.

"Perhaps he has come to see the criminal punished to-morrow It will be a rare sight."

"Or perhaps —" thought Rosa, perhaps—"Oh, how my heart beats!"

The Burgomaster slowly opened the letter, and, after placing a pair of huge round spectacles on the tip of his nose, he nastily scanned the letter

"What! How? Indeed!" he exclaimed, "from his excellency the Governor of Guildenbery?—Silence! Listen and wonder" After carefully wiping and replacing his spectacles, he read aloud: "To the honorable Burgomaster of Snoosestadt: My Dear Sir" ("Oh, His Excellency the Governor always admired me,") said the Burgomaster, proudly "My young friend, Mr Eager, who bears this letter has ——"

"Mr. Eager? Is that all?" inquired Miss Spindle in a tone of disappointment.

"Silence!" exclaimed the Burgomaster—"But what is the matter with Rosa? Child, why do you tremble? If I am Burgomaster of Snoosestadt, I am nevertheless your father"

Rosa did not reply, her heart, at the sound of the loved name, beat with such violence that she dare not trust her tongue. After casting a look of fatherly tenderness at his daughter, the Burgomaster proceeded with the letter:

"Mr. Eager has heard much good of you and your town, and wishes to spend a single week with you." ("Do you hear children?" inquired the Burgomaster, "they talk of nothing in Guildenbery except Snoosestadt and its Burgomaster, Van Dam") "Now as I regard Mr Eager as one my best friends, I shall esteem it a compliment"—("I shall obey," exclaimed the Burgomaster,)—"if you will entertain him at your own house,"—("O, this is too much honor!")—and consider him as your own son,"—("I will.")—"I will gladly seize the first opportunity to return your politeness. With the most profound respect, esteemed Sir, I remain your most humble servant, HENRI VAN HOCKBERY"

"It is all done in a proper manner," said the Burgomaster, while carefully refolding the letter. "Did you hear? His Excellency, Henri Van Hockbery."

"He is your most humble servant," said the Postmaster

"With the most profound respect," added Miss Spindle

"He will seize the first opportunity," said the Burgomaster "He is a man. Children! Henri Van Hockbery is a man for all time. But he shall also learn that I, too, am such a man.—Hah!" cried he to the man that had brought the letter, "march! away! get out! take my humblest acknowledgments to the unfortunate gentleman, and tell him my carriage shall be at his disposal in the twinkling of an eye."

"Brother! what are you thinking about?" inquired Miss Spindle, sharply. "Our horses are out in the field, plowing."

"What!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, "how unfortunate Boor, run down to the host of the Golden Cot; tell him to harness his horses; tell him to put on his militia uniform. He shall drive the coach, himself. Away! away!"

Without replying, the man hastened from the room to fulfil his mission Rosa returned to the window that she might give way to her thoughts unperceived. He had come at last, and the joy of that thought filled her heart until it had no room for other emotions.

"I do not understand, brother," said Miss Spindle. "why you sent the stranger your humblest acknowledgments. That was too much."

"Too much?" repeated the Burgomaster, "is he not the friend of his Excellency, Henri Van Hockbery, Governor of Guildenbery, my most humble servant?"

"Yes, but His Excellency did not even mention whether his young friend was a member of the nobility or not He simply called him Mr. Eager You, brother, are Burgomaster and chief magistrate of Snoosestadt"

"True, true," said the Burgomaster, "what is to be done? The messenger is running at full speed with my acknowledgements."

"I think, sister," said the Postmaster, "that you are mistaken. If Mr Eager, was simply Mr Eager, His Excellency would be a simpleton to call him his esteemed friend. Why it was only yesterday that I was reading in a romance about a gentleman who traveled at least twenty years unknown. And he was a king.—No, no, I believe that Mr Eager travels incognito, and that he is a man of importance and high rank."

"You are right, brother," said the Burgomaster, "I am sure the stranger is of not much less consequence than His Excellency himself"

"But what can he want here?" inquired Miss Spindle

"Does you not consider Snoosestadt of some importance, I should like to know?" said the Burgomaster "There is our old town hall, even since 1430 it has been a sacred place. At that time a Burgomaster had his ears bored by a angry general, within those holy walls"

"There is also the museum and the armory room," said Van Dam

"And the new city hall clock," said Miss Spindle

"Perhaps he has come to visit our extensive cotton factory," said the Postmaster.

"Nonsense" exclaimed Miss Spindle, "such a gentleman as he don't wish to see cotton factories. He must have seen enough cotton in his life time; but my pea coffee shall astonish him It is as good as Java any day"

"He shall have a book from my library," said Van Dam

"He shall have the benefit of my advice," said the Burgomaster

"O," exclaimed Miss Spindle, "what a commotion the town will be in! Won't the people stare when they see such a gentleman enter our house!"

"He must be received with due dignity," said the Burgomaster, solemnly

"Ah, I have it," cried Van Dam, "Rosa, dress the children in white frocks I will send for Pippin, and he shall teach them how to strew flowers in his path as he passes through the street"

"I will arouse the bell ringer; he shall ring the city hall bell, and the town crier must blow his trumpet," cried the Burgomaster.

"Ah," sighed Van Dam, "if I could only find Pippin. He has yet time to write a few verses."

"Seek him out, brother," said the Burgomaster, "and you, Charlotta and Rosa, hasten to the kitchen. Bake, broil, fry and roast. We must not use pewter to day; no, no, the finest proclain. All the silver plate we have in the house, must be put on the table. My silver snuff box will make an excellent saltsellar. My silver birth day mug must be placed before the stranger—Polish it well so that he may not see the batters and bruises on it. Bake the best flour. Send round to the Golden Cot and bring two bottles of claret Mind you bring them from our cellar though, when I call for them at the table. Let me see,—boil a calf's head, bake a meat pie and roast a goose O, His Excellency shall see that we know how to serve up a dinner in style."

"You may depend on me for everything," said Miss Spindle "He shall remain at the table as long as there is a mouthful to eat, or until he can eat no more. He shall eat until he burst off one button after another."

"That is right, sister. Come brother, let us all do our duty this day, for the honor of Snoosestadt"

Arm in arm the Burgomaster and his brother marched from the room.

"Now Rosa, make haste," said Miss Spindle. "The damask table cloth must be laid on the table. That shall belong to you, Rosa, when you are Mrs. Gustavus Adolphus Pippin."

"Ah, dear aunt, who knows what may happen before that?"

"What, have you another string to your bow. The stranger ——"

"Of course, of course."

"We will invite him to the wedding."

"Of course."

"He shall sit at the head of the table."

"He shall sit near me."

"No, child, you must sit next to your lover"

"You are right dear aunt."

"And your father shall sit directly opposite I shall sit next to him, and the stranger next to me"

"I have already chosen a seat which will please him," said Rosa.

"Perhaps he can do something for your future husband"

"Perhaps"

"There is a rumor that Pippin will be appointed Butter Inspector He will then hold two offices."

"But we must make haste, I will see to the spreading of the table." and with a smile Rosa left the room.

"Aha!" thought Miss Spindle, "the child is very lively to-day But she is right, we must make haste. Ah, now I think of it, we must invite a few guests to welcome our distinguished guest Let me see, who shall we invite?—That is an important question, I must have advice."

She went to the window, and thrusting her head out, screamed to Margaret, who was still busily engaged with the linen "Margaret, Margaret, run over to my cousin, Mrs. Fredrick William Edelnarr, and tell her that Miss Charlotta Spindle sends her compliments to Mrs. Fredrick William Edelnarr, and requests the honor of her company this morning; then run to Mrs Alexander Maximilian Holtzkoff, and tell her that Miss Charlotta Spindle sends her compliments to Mrs. Alexander Maximilian Holtzkoff, and would be happy to see her this morning, as something very important has happened"

Miss Charlotta now seated herself upon a sofa, and commenced meditating upon what she should wear at the table She satisfactorily concluded upon wearing her figured silk gown, and her new white cap But oh, horror! the front was almost entirely worn out Any body could see at half a glance that it was not her natural hair What she should do she knew not She had not time to send to the wig makers for another. She never had been in such trouble before, and as usual she laid all the blame on the Burgomaster's broad shoulders.

"The fool never thinks of anything," thought she "If he had only left the stranger in the ditch an hour longer I could have been duly prepared."

Here she was interupted by the sudden entrance of Mrs. Edelnarr

"Here I am, cousin Charlotta. I have run myself almost out of breath. I was just drinking my fourth cup of tea when Margaret come; but I left everything ——"

"I am much obliged Are you aware ——?"

"O I know all My servant was at the butchers, and he told her that his neighbor Snipe the weaver, had heard that the brewer had told his daughter Mika, that two Counts had been upset in a ditch To-day had broken their arms and legs, and were to arrive here soon The bells were to be rung, and trumpets were to be blown; the children were to scatter flowers in their paths, and the Burgomaster was going out in person to receive them"

"It is only one, only one, Mrs Edelnarr—He is probably a man of rank He will lodge with us We have received an autograph letter from the Governor of Guildenbery, humbly requesting us to entertain his friend, and my brother, the Burgomaster, will obey Ah, you can well think what an uproar the house is in. And all the responsibility rests upon me"

"Good morning, good morning Miss Spindle," exclaimed Mrs. Holtzkoff, suddenly entering the room "Only see what a state I am in? I hope I am not to late, however. With your permission I will say, that I was not yet dressed when your Margaret came; but I was seated in my arm chair, singing a psalm and combing my dear little poodle Pippin. I named him, you know, in honor of the Sealer of Weights and Measures,—and watching my coffee boiling on the furnace. I had only sung three verses when she came in, and O, my God! I thought your house was on fire. I jumped up; the poodle feel from my lap; the hymn book fell into the fire; the coffee was upset over the coals, and of the hymn, 'Wake up my soul and sing,' three verses at least, were burned"

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Holtzkoff." said Miss Spindle, "but ——"

"O, you can tell me nothing," interrupted Mrs Holtzkoff, "I know all A coach containing five or six ladies and gentlemen, was upset in a ditch One of them is dead, and the others are badly injured. The driver's neck was broken, and all four of the horses were so badly hurt, that they will have to be killed The lawyer Bailey met me in the street, and told me all about it. He learned the particulars from his cook, who heard it from Mrs. Oergross, who received the full circumstances from her husband's barber"

"No, no," said Miss Spindle, "it is not quite so bad as that. A short time ago a man ——"

"Yes, yes," interupted Mrs Edelnarr eagerly, "a bright silver dollar had been given to ——"

"No, no," interupted Mr Holtzkoff, "he had a five dollar gold piece."

"Who run as fast as he could—" continued Miss Spindle.

"His side ached," Mrs. Edelnarr.

"His nose bled," added Mrs Holtzkoff

"To tell my brother, the Burgomaster," continued Miss Spindle, "that a noble gentleman had been upset in a ditch—"

"A Count!" exclaimed Mrs. Edelnarr

"A whole company of ladies and gentlemen," cried Mrs. Holtzkoff.

"I know nothing of his quality as yet," said Miss Spindle. "He must be a man of some consequence, for he does not put up at the Golden Chese; but is to remain with us by especial and high desire Now, my brother is Burgomaster and Chief Magistrate of Snoosestadt, and you can well understand that he must preserve the dignity of his rank and office."

He will give a banquet in the city hall," said Mrs. Edelnarr

"Or a military ball," said Mrs Holtzkoff.

"To-morrow, you remember, there is to be a solemn ceremony."

"O, yes," replied Mrs Edelnarr," about the woman who stole the cow nine years ago"

"Yes," said Miss Spindle, "to-morrow she is to be exposed in the public stocks I am exceedingly glad of it."

"I," said Mrs. Edelnarr, "have made for myself an entirely new gown for the express purpose of attending the grand ceremony"

"There has already been a great deal said about this important case; but to-day, the honor of the town rests upon us alone; to-day we must entertain a public guest, and, with God's help, we will do it becomingly The table shall groan beneath the weight of God's bounty Good neighbors I invite you both to dine with us and our distinguished guest"

"You honor me much

"I shall surely come."

"Now," continued Miss Spindle, "I wish that the stranger should be greeted by the elite and fashion of Snoosestadt. I desire your advice.—Whom shall we invite?"

"I am thinking that ——," said Mrs Edelnarr, meditatingly.

"You might invite ——," said Mrs Holtzkoff, thoughtfully

Mrs Kranskoff," added Mrs Edelnarr

"O, no," said Miss Spindle, "she gave a large party on her mother's birth day, and she did not invite us"

"Indeed?"

"There," said Mrs Holtzkoff, "how would it do to invite Mrs. Alexander Suchmacker"

"No, no," said Mrs. Edelnarr, "her father-in law had a law suit with my husband about a tin gutter

"Ah, that settles the case"

"Perhaps we might invite Mr Augustus Holtzhein"

"O, no, for God's sake, no, Miss Spindle," said Mrs. Holtzkoff "His wife is an intolerable vixen. She has a new cloak almost every Sunday, and she rustles into church as if she was a queen"

"She carries her nose so high," said Mrs Edelnarr

"One can easily see she is not wholly good"

"Yes, and how she sports that grey silk dress, and that green spoon"

"There is much whispering about the way she got them."

"Then," said Mrs. Edelnarr, "I propose Mrs. Bunbler"

"O, I cannot endure her," said Miss Spindle "They are a family of liars Do you think that we associate with them? They had the impertinence to send us their cards, invitation cards, engraved in Guildenbery We might ask Mrs. Keinekopf, however"

"No, no, no," exclaimed Mrs Edelnarr "Do you not know that her husband, the hose man, proposed three times to my brother-in-law's step-daughter, before he married his present wife?—But he deserted her and the poor child became the scandal of the town."

"Gracious heavens! whom shall we invite, then?" said poor Miss Spindle, quite bewildered

At this juncture Gustavus Adolphus Pippin, poet laureate, and sealer of weights and measures of Snoosestadt, entered the room. Pippin was an elegant young man. His hair was of a light straw color, and was plastered close to his head, and shone with all the brilliancy that Bear's Grease and Madagascar could bestow He was dressed in the height of fashion, and waved a perfumed handkerchief in one hand while in the other he carried a basket of freshly plucked roses.

"Miss Charlotte, Spindle, Mrs Alexander Maximilian Holtzkoff, Mrs. Frederick William Edelnarr, ladies"—said Peppin bowing deeply, "I am your most obedient servant Like a sunbeam I have been flitting through the garden gathering the choicest offerings of nature."

"Do you know them——?" inquired the ladies with one voice.

"I know all—a celebrated scholar—the accident—the broken nose—the special letter of introduction from the Governor."

"A scholar?" inquired Miss Spindle.

"Only a scholar?" repeated Mrs. Edelnarr

"Have I burnt my beautiful hymn book, and spilt my good coffee all for this?" lamented Mrs. Holtzkopf.

"Do not believe him. I have known all my life that His Excellency the Governor cares but little for scholors No, no, he is more than a scholar."

"And I believe, nevertheless," said Pippin, that the man with the broken nose, is nothing more nor less than a scholar from the East He has measured Pompey's pillar, or at least conversed with Aristotle face to face Here are the flowers. Call the children, quickly; children I must have! Then he may come, and see the glory of Snoosestadt"

Miss Spindle instantly left the room to search for the children, and during her absence Pippin practiced in a corner of the room, the cermony of reception

"Did you observe Miss Spindle?" inquired Mrs Holtzkoff of Mrs. Edelnarr, in a confidential whisper. "How ridiculously the old maid acted!"

"Yes, yes, she swelled up like dough in the oven."

"And good Lord, what is she, I should like to know."

"I understand she has a debt of four years' standing at the dry good's store."

"And what sort of a dinner do you think we shall have? Don't you remember the roast meat, eight weeks ago? It was burned to a perfect cinder"

"And how she looks! And she wears such clothes!"

"She has only three dresses!"

"Yes, the brown—"

"And the white—"

"And her old silk one"

"And she has made that last ever since Rosa was christened."

"The Post Master presented it to her when he married his last wife."

"And she was a fool too."

"Ah, that she was."

This delightful conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Spindle, and two children who were busily engaged in demolishing two enormous slices of buttered bread.

"Bow to the ladies," said Miss Spindle to the children "Ah, that's right—now shake paddies—there's a dears"

"What beautiful children!" exclaimed Mrs Edelnarr. The children were licking the butter from off their dirty fingers.

"How much they resemble Miss Spindle," said Mrs. Holtzkoff, holding up her hands in admiration.

The children were now handed over to Pippin, who vainly endeavored to persuade them to lay aside their bread and butter.

"Well," said he at length, impatiently, "at least hold the flowers in your hands" And this command was obeyed

And now the Burgomaster hastily entered the room followed by his brother and Rosa.

"He is on his way hither," said the Post Master, hastily. "The street is lined with boys, come out and see his face."

"He comes! he comes!" cried the Burgomaster. "The town-crier will soon sound his trumpet."

"Good God!" cried Pippin, half wild with vexation, "and the children are yet so stupid."

"Strew the flowers in his path, and cast them in his face," shouted Van Dam

Rosa stepped to the window; the roses and lilies chased each other over her beautiful face, her heart beat violently. Soon was she to behold the countenance of the much loved Eager.

Now arose the discordant sound of a trumpet in the distance, and a cracked bell feebly pealed from the tower of the Town Hall.

"Out! out to meet him!" cried the Burgomaster.

"Forward with the children!" shouted Van Dam."

"Give up your bread and butter," cried Pippin snatching the bread from the children's hands.

"Away! away!" shouted Van Dam, pushing the children through the door.

"My bread and butter! my bread and butter!" screamed the children.

"Will you shut up?" exclaimed the Burgomaster, and in the utmost confusion they rushed through the door.

But as Miss Spindle considered it would be impolite if she preceded her guests, and as both Mrs Edelnarr and Mrs. Holtzkoff would not be guilty of the impoliteness of preceeding their host, the three ladies remained upon the threshold of the door, courtesying and complimenting, until the ceremony of the reception was over.

In our next chapter we will introduce our readers to Mr. Edgar Eager, whose arrival at Snoosestadt arrouse so much interest, and whose appearance in the Burgomaster's house created, if possible, a still greater sensation.

A LITTLE INCIDENT.—It was about half-past nine o'clock in the morning, the dense fog through which we had been running for the last four or five hours had rendered the track so slippery that we had lost considerable time in clibing up grades, but we were now running down a moderate grade, and as the fog was gradually clearing away, we ventured to increase our speed, and our engineer ever attentive to his business, was constantly watching the track ahead, which was occasionally enveloped in clouds of watery vapor As we were thus running along, I observed the engineer raise his hand to the cord attached to the whistle He held it for a moment, and then gave the signal to "brake" Turning my eyes in the direction which we were moving, I was barely able to discern some small object upon the track a considerable distance ahead, but could not make out what it was A moment later the engineer repeated the signal to "brake," in that peculiar manner which is instantly recognized by the experienced brakeman, as intending to intimate danger The engine was reversed as if by magic, and as the steam was applied the driving wheels whirled round in an opposite direction to that in which the train was moving I now discovered that the object before us was a little child, apparently unaware of its danger The almost constant screaming of the whistle, with which the engineer sought to frighten the little one from the track, seemed only to amuse it

The wheels of our engine grated and hissed upon the iron track, unable to stop the train, which, owing to the slippery condition of the rails it was certain would send far beyond where the child was standing, but we we could stop.—Thus we rushed on with the almost certainty that the next minute that innocent, unsuspecting child, too young to know its danger, would be a mangled corpse Turning my eyes to see if there were no one near to save it, I saw a lady who seemed to be almost flying towards the child, but one glance showed me that the engine must reach it before her. The engineer had left his post, and was running rapidly along the frame work, to the front of the engine In an instant he was crouching upon the "cow catcher," with one foot upon its lower bar, his hand extended towards the child, which, at the very moment it would have been crushed, he caught by its little arm, raised it from the track, and bore it along in safety. One more minute, and the child uninjured, was restored to its mother's arms.

SINGULAR MYSTERY AND PERHAPS GUILT.—The Cleveland *Herald* gives the following story of abandonment and evasion. What it means is not yet explained:

"A few days since, a young mother applied for board at a reputable house on Michigan street.—She brought with her a child of four weeks old, and some baggage, and paid a week's board in advance. Her story was, that her husband, Charles Raymond, had stopped in Buffalo to sell some property and would soon come on to this city and engage in business. Nothing very particular occured for a week to excite suspicion, although Mrs. Raymond was though to be rather retiring, and disposed to keep her room Day before yesterday, in company with a fellow boarder, Mrs. R went out to do shopping, and leaving her companion in a store under the Waverly for a moment, said she would step to a druggist to get some medicine for her child Tea time came, but no Mrs. Raymond, her baby was very soundly sleeping on the bed,—evening brought no mother, and no mother has come yet. The child slept until yesterday morning having been under the influence of a drug, and the suspicions are now well founded, that the intention was to give it a sleep which should know no waking.—On the morning of the absence of the mother, a gray-haired man called for Mrs. Raymond's luggage, and she said it was to go to a friend's house on the West Side, were a visit was contemplated. The clothing for the child was left, however.

The question is, who is Mrs. Raymond, and where is her husband? She is young, not over eighteen, and appeared like an honest, simple country girl.

"Let him who hath no sin cast the first stone."

☞ No man can avoid his own company; so he had better make it as good as possible.

"NELL AND I."

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Stars are gleaming, stars are beaming
From the azure vault above,
And with Luna's soft light streaming
Over the face of fair Love—
That beauteous face, that angel face,
O'er which cloud-shadows seldom move

Gaze I seeming as if dreaming,
Peering in those eyes so blue?
O'er which liquid moonlight streaming
Doth impart a beauty new
In their depths bright visions see I,
Neither seen by her—nor you

Scenes which gladden, scenes which sadden,
Have passed o'er their gentle sight;
Bitter griefs, which almost madden,
May have dimmed their sunny light—
But what hearts this hour doth gladden,
This calm hour of summer's night

True love telling, sad thoughts quelling,
Whispering in the willing ear;
From their depths sweet words welling
Banishing each wayward fear—
Heart to heart its love-wealth telling,
Sealed with kiss, and sigh, and tear.

Bright stars beaming, softly gleaming
With mild lustre from on high,
And the silvery moonlight streaming
Round us, from the placid sky—
Of the future fondly dreaming—
Sweetly dreaming—Nell and I.

From the New York Herald.

Biographical Notice of the Late Emperor Nicholas.

Nicholas Paulovitch, the son of Paul the First and Maria Fevdorowna, was the fifteenth sovereign of the Romanoff dynasty, if the imperial historians are to be believed In reality he was the eighth sovereign of the Holstein-Gotorp dynasty, the Romanoff race having become extinct with Peter III The Holsteins are of German descent; their name is even difficult of pronunciation to Russian lips. Nicholas, aware that the Muscovite pride would feel but little flattered to owe the sacred person of their sovereign to the detested race of Nemètz, (Germans,) always carefully suppressed his real family name. The courtiers maintained, in spite of all proof to the contrary, that the blood flowing in the veins of the Czar was Russian to the last drop. Golovine, however, informs us that the poet Pouchkin was of a contrary opinion. "He had," says Golovine, "a habit of illustrating the nationality of the reigning family in a whimsical manner. He would pour into a case a glass of pure red wine in honor of Peter I., whose Russian origin could not be disputed He should, justly have stopped there, and turned the glass upside down; but, faithful to the principle of the Russian government, which makes the Gotorps pass for the Romanoffs, he would pour in another glass—of water—in honor of Catharine II., Princess of Anhalt. This time he should, perhaps, have poured a glass of wine,- but, fearing to compromise himself, would pass on and pour another glass of water for Maria Fevdorowna, the mother of Nicholas I; then a fourth, for the reigning Empress; and he obtained at last a liquor so slightly tinged with red that he would excite a general laugh when he called upon his audience to decide as to whether it was wine or water he was showing them, and whether, by comparison, the reigning Czars were really Russians or Germans." This Muscovite pleasantry had the merit of expressing the exact truth with reference to the ultra national pretensions of the Emperor Nicholas.

It is, however, curious to remark, by the way, that in spite of the strong desire of the sons of the Gotorp race to pass for Romanoffs, they do not carry it so far as to abandon the titles that belong to them as representatives of the elder branch of Holstein, thus Nicholas invariably added to the qualification attached to the Czarate those of Heritage Prince of Norway, Duke of Schleswig, of Stormar, of Ditmarsh, and Oldenburg.

Nicholas was twenty-nine years of age when he came to the throne. Born the year of Catharine's death, (1796,) he had been educated under the eye of his excellent mother, the Empress Maria, from whom he had derived sound religious instruction and high moral principle Childhood had veiled from him the awful tragedy which closed his father's days, and the great years which terminated with the burning of the Kremlin.—Warned by the example of his brothers, his marriage had been delayed till he attained his majority, when he was united to Louise Charllotte, daughter of Frederick Wilham III of Prussia, a lady whose amiable character and fond affection have never been questioned

From the period of his marriage till his accession he had, like all members of the royal family, devoted himself to military duties. He lived retired, and spent most of his time in the barracks. It does not appear that he derived much from from his perseverance He never was a good general and frequently displayed such want of skill as to expose him to the ridicule of his officers If we are to believe the works of some of his countrymen, he nearly contrived to frustrate the success of his own army in 1828, by his ill-judged in effectual and injudicious manoeuvres

The very day of his accession, the most formidable revolt that Russia has known since the days of Michael Romanoff broke out in the capital. It was not formidable by its strength or the skill by which it was composed, a couple of thousand officers and most intellect composed its entire force, and their plans were wofully defective But it differed from all former insurrections in its principle. These had been family quarrels for power, court, intrigues, outbursts of insubordination among the soldiery—this was the first direct blow struck for popular rights. The ardent Republicans in the north, and Pestel in the south, was to supersede the autocracy of the Czars by a constitutional monarchy. They wanted freedom for themselves and their fellow countrymen; and though they foresaw that the struggle might involve the death of the Czar, this they regarded as a mere incidental consequence, and not the main object of their movement They would have accepted even Constantine, had he offered them constitutional rights. An insurrection on this ground was a new and startling event for Russia.

On the 25th of December the oath was to be administered to the regiments. Instead of swearing, several abandoned their barracks and marched to the great square in St. Petersburg on which the statue of Peter the Great rose, shouting, Hurrah for Constantine! They might as well have shouted Hurrah for the Pope! so far as their purpose went—but a insurgent mob must have a rallying cry. Confiding his son to a loyal Finnish regiment, Nicholas took the command of a few trusty battalions, and advanced against the rebels. He tried again and again to divert them from their purpose, but failing, resorted at last, at nightfall, to the final expedient of the grape. They were incapable of resisting, and in an hour after the first cannon shot the streets were cleared, and the rebellion was quelled Ryleief and several other leaders were taken, together with Pestel, whose movements in the south were anticipated. These two eminent men—the one a stern republican of the old Roman school, whose soul knew no swerving from the direct line of principle, and who thought of nothing but freeing his country; the other a chivalrous young officer, full of nobility, eloquence and fire, were hanged, with three others, on the borders of the

(CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.)