



The Life Clock.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen;
That breath on—and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the live-long night,
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is the work of art,
Which knells the passing hour,
But art ne'er formed nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By pride and wealth possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm,
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures
Of flesh and spirit blended,
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till that strange life is ended.

FORGIVENESS.

Sweet are the words—"Thou art forgiven,"
When falling from an injured friend;
Like music from the choirs of heaven,
They deeply in the heart descend.

"Forgiveness,"—attribute divine!
Its generous purport may I feel—
That love from all my actions shine
On every soul with whom I feel.

"Forgiveness,"—O, how sweet the word
That trembles on the quivering lip,
When one has strangely, sadly erred,
And held with Vice companionship.

"Forgiveness,"—it has magic power
To draw from devils paths of sin,
And when the clouds of passion lower,
Make peace and sunshine glow within.

THE DYING VOLUNTEER. AN INCIDENT OF MOLINA DEL REY.

BY H. G. CHIPMAN.

The sun had risen in all his glorious majesty, and hung above the eastern horizon like a ball of fire. Its bright rays danced merrily along the Lake of Tescuo, over the glittering domes of the city of Mexico—past the dark frowning battlements of Chapultepec castle, and lit, with all their glorious effulgence, upon the blood-stained field of Molino Del Rey.

The contest was over, the sound of battle had died away, save an occasional shot from the distant artillery of the castle, or the fire of some strolling rifleman.

I was standing beside the battered remains of the mill door, above which the first footing had been gained upon the well-contested wall, and gazing over the plain, now saturated with the blood of my fellow soldiers, which that morning waved green with flowing grass, when I heard a low and feeble wail in the ditch beside me. I turned toward the spot and beheld, with his right leg, shattered by a cannon ball, a volunter lying among the mangled dead. He had been passed by in the haste of taking up the wounded under the fire of the castle, and the rays of the burning sun beat down with terrible fervor upon his wound, causing heavy groans to issue from his pallid lips, and his marble countenance to writhe with pain.

"Water, for God's sake a drink of water," he faintly articulated, as I bent down beside him.

Very fortunately I had procured a canteen of water, and placing it to his lips, he took a long deep draught, and then sank back exhausted upon the ground.

"The sun," he murmured, "is killing me by its rays; cannot you carry me into the shade?"

"I can procure assistance, and have you taken to the hospital."

"No, do it not; my sands of life are almost out. An hour hence I shall be a dead man. Carry me into the shade, and then, if you have time to spare, listen to my dying words, and if you are fortunate enough ever to return to the United States, bear me back a message to my home, and to another—" he paused, and motioned for me to carry him to the shade.

I did so, and the cool wind that swept along the spot seemed to revive him, and continued:

"You, sir, are a stranger to me, and from your uniform belong to another corps, and yet I must confide this, the great secret of my recent actions, and the cause of my being here, to you.—Would to God that I had reflected upon the steps I have taken, and I should

now have been at home, enjoying the society of kind friends, instead of dying upon a gory field, and in a foreign land. My father was a wealthy man in the town of —, in the State of Virginia, and moved in the best society of the place. I had received an excellent education, had studied law, and was admitted in the twenty-fourth year of my age to practice at the bar. I had early seen and admired a young lady of the place, the daughter of an intimate friend of my father's, and fortunately the feeling was reciprocal, and we were engaged to be married. The war with Mexico had been in existence some twelve months, and many were flocking to the standard of their country. It so happened that about this time a recruiting office had been opened in the town, and several of my young friends had enlisted to go and try their fortunes upon the plains of Mexico. One night there was a grand party in the place, in honor of those who were about to depart for the seat of war, and both myself and Eveline were at the ball. Among those who were assembled that evening, was Augustus P., a talented young man and accomplished scholar, gay and lively in his manners, and cheerful in his disposition, and a universal favorite with the fair sex. He had been for some time paying his addresses to Eveline, as I deemed, in rather too pointed a manner. As the party assembled in the hall, and the dance was about to commence, I asked her for her hand for the first set.

"It is engaged," she replied, I thought rather tartly.

"To whom, if I may be so bold as to inquire?" I demanded.

"To Augustus P.," was her immediate reply.

I smothered my rising indignation as best I could, and proudly returned the glance of malignant joy my rival gave me.

"Perhaps I can engage it for the second set," I asked.

"Mr. P. has engaged it for the evening," she pettishly replied, and rising and taking his hand, they took their station upon the floor.

I remained thunderstruck, and rooted to the spot, until I saw the eye of my hated rival fixed upon me, and throwing off the spell that bound me, I assumed a proud look, and passed from the ball.

As I swept by the dancers Evelyn paused a moment when just behind me, and bending close to her, I whispered, "Evelyn, farewell forever."

She turned slightly pale, and then asked—

"When?"

"To-night I join the army for Mexico," I firmly answered.

A sudden flash passed haughtily across her brow, and then, waving her hand gracefully, she replied, "Go," and again glided through the mazes of the dance.

I rushed from the spot and never stopped until I had entered the recruiting office, and offered myself a candidate for the army.

"Are you a moral man, of well-regulated habits," asked the officer.

"I can give a hundred certificates, if necessary," I replied.

"I rather think you'll do," said the officer with a smile, and he enrolled me as a soldier. "When do you wish to leave?"

"Now, to-night, to-morrow, anytime," I eagerly answered.

"Promptness is a good quality—you'll make a fine soldier. Get ready to start at 8 o'clock in the morning, for Newport, Kentucky."

"I will be ready," and rushing from the room I hastened home, packed up my things, and threw myself down upon the bed to sleep.

But it was impossible; heavy thoughts were crowding through my mind with lightning speed and I resolved to depart next day without bidding a single soul farewell. I know you will deem it strange for me to hurry off without bidding adieu to father or mother, sister or brother but feeling the deep respect which I held for my father's advice, would prevail and I should be induced to remain at home, I made the resolve and carried it out.

The next morning I was at the office by seven o'clock, was furnished with a suit of regimentals, and departed for the railroad depot to start for Wheeling. As I hurried along the street who should turn a corner but Eveline and we met for the last time on earth. I informed her of my intention, and without manifesting any disposition of regret at my departure she gaily said:

"Good bye and may good luck attend you."

A new fuel was added to my desire to hasten from such scenes and I had soon left the town for the Ohio. I will not weary you with further details as my breath is failing fast. Sufficient to say that I arrived in Mexico and here,

I am perishing by inches on the battle field.

"Here," he continued, "is a ring," taking one from his finger and presenting it to me, "which was given me by Eveline as a bond of our marriage contract. I have worn it ever since and as I gaily told her then it shall leave me but by my death. Take it to her when you get back and if she be unmarried tell her he who sent it never forgot her for a moment even in his dying hour and is lying beneath the clouds of a foreign soil.

"This bible give back to my father, and tell him I have studied well its precepts. To my mother and sisters say that I have sent them a son's dying love. To my brothers beware of human strife."

He faltered in his speech and then murmured, "I am going, pressed my hand feebly and expired. I dug a lone grave upon the field, and laid him down to rest and left him to "sleep his last sleep," until that day when all shall be summoned to a final account.

One year rolled on and how checked by passing events. Chapultepec had fallen, the city of Mexico was taken, and peace, thrice glorious peace, had waved her pinions over the land of war. The volunteers were joyfully hastening home, and among the rest I once more trod my native land a freeman again in heart and soul. A spell of sickness at first confined me for several weeks but I at length arose wearied and feeble from the bed and my physician recommended a change of air. I travelled into Virginia and one evening I entered the town of G—ce. I inquired for the family of my friend and was directed to a large fine-looking building upon the principal street. I advanced and rung the bell, and anxiously waited for an answer. At length the door opened and an old grey-headed man stood before me the lines of his furrowed face marked by care and his whole appearance betokening one who had a secret grief at heart.

"Mr. —, I presume," said I bowing.

"The same sir; wont you walk in? replied the old man politely.

I entered and was soon seated in the parlor when the old man started to leave the room.

"I have something of importance for your private ear," said I.

He turned towards me and taking the Bible from my pocket I held it up to view. Quicker than a thought the father sprang forward caught the book in his hands and murmured as the tears fell fast over his aged cheeks.

"My son, my son—you bring news of him?"

"I do but it is very bad," I answered, my voice trembling as I spoke and I retold to him the scene upon the battle field.

When I had finished the old man clasped his hands in silent agony and raising his eyes towards the ceiling, exclaimed in deep and fervent tones, "God's will be done."

At this moment a young lady of pale and care worn countenance entered the parlor, and rising, I said:

"Miss Eveline, I believe?"

"The same sir," she quite calmly replied.

I presented the ring and as her eyes fell upon it she stretched forth her hand to grasp it, and barely did so, then sunk slowly back upon the floor. I sprang to her assistance but as I raised her head from the carpet, I discovered a stream of blood falling upon it and running over the floor. She had burst a blood vessel and never recovered.

He sleeps upon the battle field beneath the bloody soil, and she sleeps in the church yard of the pretty town of G—ce with the simple word 'EVELINE' upon the tombstone. Peace rest with the dead.

SLAVES OF THE LAMP.

A party were sitting over their wine and desert. One peach, and only one remains upon the table. It is very rich, very ripe, very luscious, very tempting. Everybody has eyed it, and nobody has taken it. Everybody has offered it to his neighbor, and everybody's neighbor has politely declined it. There appears something greedy in taking the last morsel on the table. Everybody then envies the peach, yet leaves it unappropriated on the table. Everybody appears careless about that which everybody is interested. Everybody is greedy but nobody will own it. The peach is the cause of all the white lies, the petty envy, the paltry covetousness, which even that respectable party—for they were all respectable—and not one of them cared a pin's head about a peach in the abstract—could not help giving up a little corner of their breasts to it as a passing place of shelter.

Suddenly the lamp went out; and, as the room was left in darkness, six hands simultaneously stretched out, encountered each other in the dish; the whole

party with one united effort strove to appropriate the peach.

When the lamp was re-lighted they were ashamed to look each other in the face. They felt how paltry they were; with what petty cowardice—with what shabby cunning—with what sneaking selfishness they had acted. 'Twas only the burning of the lamp which had kept them decent. They were all slaves of the lamp.

And are we not all, more or less slaves of the lamp?

Our neighbor's advantages are our peaches. Society and Society's laws burn the restraining light, and mankind in general are the envious malcontents who disclaim the fruits while they long for it; whose tongue refuse the morsel, while their teeth are watering for its ripeness.

So many different men; so many different peaches. Crime is the ruffian's forbidden fruit; punishment the lamp which scares him from it. But, albeit, we hope we are no ruffians, we have all of us our peaches. The sparkle of a diamond, the texture of a dress, may it not be a peach, which, were the lamp of conventional usage out, a lady might not scruple to avow she coveted? For, mark, we do not speak of those who would actually snatch their fruit, were laws extinct, or opportunity convenient, but those who are ashamed by the conventional virtue; or, perhaps, the decent hypocrisy of society, from avowing their longings; of speaking plain truths in plain words; from saying they would like to have the peach.

Jack and Gill are rival citizens of credit and renown. But Jack is either more lucky, or more wise than Gill.—He is made Lord Mayor and rides in his gilded coach, with the same species of pleasure with which thirty years before he devoured gilded gingerbread. Well is Gill envious? Not he. When he says so, the open eyes of society gleam lampwise on him. He curses Jack in his secret heart. Why? Because there is no window breast and the outside light illuminates not the inner man.

Mrs. Thomas Trot is a young wife, and she has a young baby. You call, and the baby is produced from its cradle like a jewel from its locket. It screams and kicks, like an obstreperous baby, as it is. You do not want to be troubled with it. You will be charitable we will suppose you have the headache. You will like to rap out—"Confound the squalling brat," but you don't, you murmur in fondling accents, "The delicious baby." Again you decline the peach. At length Mrs. Thomas Trot winks off, baby and all. Then do you indulge yourself. "Stupid goose, thinking her goslings swans!" Coward! your hand is in the dish, but not till the light in the person of Mrs. Trot has left the room.

Alas we are a terrible world of hypocrites! The peach is before us, and the light above us, and we render to virtue, the homage we feel not. We are spies upon each other. We bind ourselves mutually ever to be of good behaviour. We are afraid of each other—we keep up mutual surveillance.—Good and bad results springs from it.—It keeps us out of mischief, but it creates fictitious mischief. There are many times when it would be manly to take the peach out of the plate. There is a false as well as a true shame. The light deludes as well as warns. I may be a Jack o' Lantern as well as a Pharos.—The lady in the play can do nothing without inquiring "what will Mrs. Grundy say?" There are plenty of Mrs. Grundy's in the world, and plenty of people who steer their course precisely by the Grundy compass. Yet the Grundy needle may not always point due north.

Such cases are however, perhaps after all, the exceptions. Society keeps society in order. Society makes society polite. Society preserves a decent forbearance in the disposal of the peaches. "Everybody," says Talleyrand, "is cleverer than anybody." Everybody—is probably more mischievous than anybody; or at least conflicting vices, neutralizing each other, extinguish and keep down all irregularities. Everybody wishes for the peach as well as anybody and anybody is prevented from rudely appropriating it, by the very hypocrisy of everybody. We are so many cheek strings; tugging each other different ways but prevented by the very multiplicity of pulling from being hauled as a body in the wrong direction.

We are prevented in fine, from being thieves in thought. We are a social, self-supporting constabulary body.—Decorum is the system to be enforced. The world's peaches must be seen without being appropriated. If they are to be envied it must be in secret. If expression is to be given to the envy, it must be when the lamp is out. We are all "Slaves of the Lamp."

NEWSPAPER PATRONAGE.

This thing called newspaper patronage is a curious thing. It is composed of as many colors as a rainbow and is as changeable as a chameleon.

One man subscribes for a newspaper and pays for it in advance; he goes home and reads it the year round with the proud satisfaction that it is his own. He hands in an advertisement and pays for it. This is newspaper patronage.

Another man says please put my name on your list of subscribers; and goes off without as much as having said pay once. He asks you to advertise, but he says nothing about pay for it. Time passes, your patience is exhausted and you dun him. He flies in a passion, perhaps pays, perhaps not.

Another man has been a subscriber a long time. He becomes tired of you and wants a change.—Thinks he wants an eastern paper. Tells the Postmaster to discontinue and one of his papers is returned to you marked "refused." Paying up for it, is among the last of his thoughts, besides wants his money to send to an eastern publisher.

After a time you look over his account and see a bill of "balance due." But does he pay it freely and cheerfully? We leave him to answer.—This too is newspaper patronage.

Another man lives near you—never took your paper—it is too small—don't like the editor—don't like the politics—too whiggish too locofocoish or too something else—yet goes regularly to his neighbor and reads his by a good fire—finds fault with its contents, disputes its positions and quarrels with its type. Occasionally sees an article he likes—saves half a dime and begs a number.—This too is newspaper patronage.

Another sports a fine horse, or perhaps a pair of them—is always seen with whip in hand and spur on foot—single man—no use for him to take a newspaper—knows enough. Finally he concludes to get married—does so—sends a notice of the fact with a "please publish and send me half dozen copies." This done does he ever pay for notice or papers? No, but surely you don't charge for such things? This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another man (bless you it does us good to see such a man) comes and says the year for which I have paid is about to expire and I want to pay for another. He does so and retires.

Reader is not newspaper patronage a curious thing? And in that great day when honest men get the reward due to their honesty, which say you of those enumerated above will obtain that reward? Now it will be seen that while certain kinds of patronage are the very life and essence of a newspaper there are certain other kinds that will kill a paper stone dead.—Illinois Organ.

Female Slanderers.

A female calumniator is something more corrupt and dangerous than a female profligate. The unchaste woman may possibly injure the character and taint the morals of fifty persons, but the slanderous woman poisons the atmosphere of an entire neighborhood, and blasts the sanctities of a thousand homes, with a single breath. From a woman of this class nothing is sacred; she fattens on calumny, and upon slaughtered reputations. She is the Ghou of Eastern story, transferred from the Arabian Nights to the circle of the fireside.—She never asserts any thing—she merely hints, and supposes, and whispers what "they say." Every neighborhood in the city is infested with some creature of this sort, and in country towns they very often are afflicted with two or three of these Ghou-Women. One is enough to set an hundred families by the ears, two can break up a church, and three are sufficient for any kind of mischief, from the separating of the husband from his wife, to blasting the fame of a stainless girl. A pure woman is simply an angel embodied in human shape; a slanderous woman is something worse than the Cholera—certainly as infectious as the Yellow Fever.

REVOLTING BARBARITY.—A private letter received in Pittsburg, from Helena, Arkansas, relates a circumstance of revolting barbarity:

"A steambot touched at the wharf, and landed a man, his wife and child, suffering with the cholera. It was raining at the time, and the man, enfeebled by disease, fell into the river before he reached the shore. He finally struggled out, and sick as he was, began searching for a place of shelter. Not a door was opened for him, the hotels refused him admittance. At length he found a shed which afforded some sort of shelter from the rain. Here he took his wife and child—and in a few hours the whole of them were dead."

COLORED MEN IN PARIS.—In one of the recent letters from Paris Robert Walsh says—"Our French paragraphists are not particularly struck with the capacity of the colored race to maintain republican institutions as it is exemplified in the monopoly of the products of the soil and of all traffic internal and external, by the government of Hayti. The colored man—the true ebony—in the delegation of the Antilles who sits in the centre of the Mentagnards in the Assembly was the servant of a white general resident in the capital. An intimate acquaintance of the master told me a few days ago that the representative had not resigned his domestic post, whether from personal attachment or prudential motives, he would deserve credit for either. A gentleman of New Orleans on a visit to Paris relates to me that about a fortnight since whilst seated in a side box of the first tiers of the grand opera he distinguished a colored family in the one immediately opposite: by his opera glass he discovered that the head of it, whom he recognized distinguished him and was about to come round to him by the lobby. A feeling natural to a Southern American induced him to prefer that the interview should not be in the box which he occupied. He met the visitor in the lobby; the latter grasped his hand and reminded him that he had been his tailor at New Orleans. "I retired," he added with a good property we are well settled here; that's my box once a week; we shall be happy to see you at our apartments."

THE MEANEST CASE YET.—The City Item contains the following excellent thing in its way:

Some years since, when money was scarce, and almost everything was done in the way of trade, a man named Jones called into the grocery and dry goods store of Mr. Brown, and asked for a darning needle, offering in exchange an egg. After receiving the needle Jones said—

"Come, sir, ain't you going to treat?"

"What on that trade?" inquired Brown.

"Certainly, a trade's a trade, let it be big or little."

"Well, what will you take?"

"A glass of wine," said Jones.

The wine was poured out, when the sponge said, "would it be asking too much to request you to put an egg into this wine? I am very fond of wine and egg."

Appalled by the man's meanness, the store-keeper took the identical egg which he had received for the darning needle, and handed it to his customer, who on breaking it into his wine-glass, discovered that it contained a double yolk.

"Look here," said the sponge, "don't you think you ought to give me another darning needle? this you see is a double egg."

A FULL HEAD ON.—The temperance people of Carbondale, Pennsylvania, at a recent celebration gave a public dinner. Among the volunteer toasts was the following:

The Railroad to Ruin.—Surveyed by avarice, chartered by county courts, freighted with drunkards, with grog shops for depots, rum-sellers for engineers, bar tenders for conductors, & landlord for stockholders; fired up with alcohol and boiling with "delerium tremens." The groans of the dying are the thunder of the trains and the shrieks of the women and children are the whistle of the engineers. By the help of God we will reverse the steam, put out the fire, save the freight and annul the charter.

GRAMMAR.—"John, parse "Girls are lovely.""

"Girls is a common noun, third person, plural number, and objective case."

"Objective case?"

"No, Nominative case."

"Nominative to what verb?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, what follows girls?"

"John Dickson followed our girls what we've got to home, last Sunday afternoon."

"Oh, young man! Well I suppose they were in the objective case."

"No, sir-ee! when I seed 'em I should think they were in the possessive case, for he was huggin' 'em like thunder!"

A PATTERN FOR LADIES.—In a country churchyard is the following singular inscription:—Elizabeth wife of Colonel Cheetham who was married forty-seven years and never did one thing to disoblige her husband." An extraordinary wife, truly!

There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears which give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrow.