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POETICAL.
From Poems by Elizabeth Barrett.
COWPER'S GRAVE.
It is a place where poets crowd—
May feel the heart's decay—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their prayer—
Yet let the grief and lullabies,
As low as silence, languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.
O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in loathing,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Grown old while he taught you peace,
And died while yet smiling!
And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory—
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted—
He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meek adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise,
By whisp' or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!
With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness cloud,
Toward His love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along,
Where breath and bird could find him;
And wrought within his shattered brain,
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language, for, and stars,
Harmonious influences;
The pulse of duty upon the grass,
His own calm number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.
The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its woman and its men became
Beside him, true and loving—
And timid hairs were drawn from woods
To share his home caresses,
Uplinking to his human eyes
With sylvan tendernesses.
But while in blindness he remained
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
"Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man, nor nature satisfy,
When only God created!
Like a sick child that knoweth not
His mother while she blesses,
And droppeth on his burning brow
The coolness of her kisses,
That turns his fevered eyes around—
"My mother! where's my mother!"
And of such tender words and looks
Could come from any other!
The fever gone, with leaps of heart
He sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love,
The unwary love she bore him
Thus, woe the poet from the dream
His life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes
Which closed in death to save him!
Thus! oh, not thus! no type of earth
Could thus that awaking
Wherewith he scarcely heard the chant
Of seraphs, round him breaking—
Or felt the new immortal throbs
Of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew
"My Saviour! not desert!"
Deserted! who hath dreamt that when
The cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face,
No love was manifested!
What frantic hands outstretched have'er
The stoning drops averted—
What tears have washed them from the soul—
That one should be deserted!
Deserted! God could separate
From his own essence rather;
And Adam's sin was swept between
The righteous Son and Father—
Yes! once, Immanuel's orphaned cry,
His universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless,
"My God, I am forsaken!"
It went up from the Holy's lips
Amidst his lost creation,
That of the lost, no man could aid
Those words of desolation
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope's fruition;
And I, on Cowper's grave should see
His rapture in a vision!

MISCELLANEOUS.
The Graves of Shelley and Keats.
BY WILLIAM PORTER RAY.
The Protestant Cemetery at Rome lies far out of the noise and tumult of the town, at the northern extremity of the ancient city, the grass-covered heaps of whose ruins encircle the lovely resting-place of those who were buried without the pale of the "Mother Church." Roses bloom here the winter long, and the plumage-trees, which are scattered here and there about it, preserve their dark ever-green foliage throughout the entire year. A silence warm, sunny, and delicious envelops the whole spot, broken only by the drowsy hum of flies, and the faint strains of *Adrian* music which the passing breezes waft in the boughs of the cypresses.
The division of the cemetery in which Keats is buried is surrounded by a deep and broad excavation, perfectly impassable except at one point, which is defended by a strong, high gate. Why such precautions have been taken to seclude the "heroic dust" of a few Protestants, one is at a loss to imagine. A "cave," residing near the place, removes, for a slight remuneration, the only remaining obstacle to your ingress, and you enter upon a level plot of ground containing a few square rods. The first object that attracts your attention, from its proximity to the gateway, is the grave of Keats which is marked by a simple marble slab of extreme diminitiveness, and not remarkable there. It contains, rudely sculptured in bas-relief, a harp with three strings, and no flowers are about it, nor does even a mound of earth or larger define its outlines, for the winter's snow and the sacrificial feet of travelers have beaten and trampled it down to the original level of the ground, and instead of "dissolved glory" his dust, waves the tall, hawk grass, parched in the burning heat, and filled with weeds.
And perhaps it were that Keats sleeps thus disregarded. His is a memory to be kept alive by a pile of marble and a pompous inscription. He had no but enemies in life; why should they come to visit the resting-place of his ashes? He sprang from the lowest grade of society; why should the perfumed nobility of his native land care for the grave of an hostler's son? Neglected and proscribed while alive, what claim has he in death on the honor and adoration of mankind? Premature his birth, premature his death, unfinished his song, and incomplete his fame; is it not in harmony with his life and his death, that he slumbers thus neglected? His incoherent murmurings, musical as the morning song of Memnon, will not thus emanate from his tomb, as a benediction from heart to heart, to the generations of men, transmitting the cold reality of life into "joys of beauty," and forming them into "foys forever."
The part of the cemetery which Keats is buried has never been fully occupied, and is no longer used as a place of interment. The graves in it number perhaps fifty, and are scattered about without the least regularity, as are also the few epistles it contains. Two tombs, near those of the poets, have heaped of huge caskets around them, and present a most unique and striking appearance. Near the centre, and beneath a cluster of trees, is the tomb of an American from Massachusetts which is the most beautiful, and with two or three exceptions, is the only work of art deserving the name of a monument which the enclosure contains. At the extreme margin of the ground, and at a considerable distance from the grave of Keats, is that of a child of Shelley. It is covered by a plain brown stone, lying flat upon the earth, and contains a simple inscription to the effect, that here lies buried a child of Percy Bysshe and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. This grave is just beneath the pyramid of Caius Cestius, which towers high over the spot.
"Like flame transformed to marble."
The part of the cemetery in which Shelley is buried, lies at a considerable distance from that which contains the dust of Keats, and is both naturally and artificially of exceeding beauty. It rises gradually from the entrance to the ancient wall of Rome, and is filled with lofty musical cypresses, beneath which are the graves of foreign Protestants, mostly adorned with magnificent marble monuments. The greater proportion of those who here "have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death," are the countrymen of him whose tomb furnishes the principal attraction of the spot.
The grave of Shelley lies at the extreme margin of the enclosure, and is overshadowed by the half-timbered towers of the ancient city wall. It is covered by a stone of dark slate, lying upon the ground, a little inclined in the direction of the slope of the hill, and contains the following brief and beautiful epitaph:
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Cor cordium.
Natus 8 Aug., 1792.
Obiit 8 July, 1822.
"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."
Around the grave is a rim of box-bushes, and within this stands a row of rose-bushes, which have suffered to a considerable degree from the numberless "conjurings" they have been forced to furnish. Several tall cypresses encircle it, and against one of which rests a corner of the tombstone. It is cared for with the greatest attention, and seems to be very much visited, indeed, quite a path is trodden from the gateway hither, among the thickly clustered monuments.
Standing on the top of this sunny slope by the grave of Shelley, a scene of beauty presents itself, which the world cannot rival. Before you lies the "Eternal City," high above whose convent-crowned hills towers the mighty dome of St. Peter's. At a short distance rises Mount Aventine, green with luxuriant vineyards, and gray with the fragments of crumbling arches. At your right hand is spread out the silent, carnest "campagna," clothed with an atmosphere of all the brilliant tints of the rainbow, and all the various depths and faintnesses of shade and tinge, waving and changing in exhaustless, ever-varying combinations, till with gazing the senses become intoxicated with delight, enshroued with strange dream-shadows of uncertain,

Better than Diamonds.
I was standing in the broad crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day.—There had been rain and sleet in an early shower, and the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the ground. There was a cold bracing feeling in the air, and a keen, north-west wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a poor little child, her clothes were scant and threadbare, she had no cloak, and no shawl; and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice that lay on the pavement, and she fell, with a cry of pain; but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run as before.
"Stop, little girl, stop," said a sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a large shawl, and with fair hair all around her, came out of a jeweler's store close by. "Poor little child," said she, "sit down on this step, and tell me, how I have lost her, and how beautiful she looked! 'Oh, I cannot,' said the child, 'I cannot wait—I am in such a hurry.—I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to bind.' To-night said the beautiful woman—to-night! 'Yes,' said the child, 'for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—she had no money to buy new shoes, and these satin slippers must be spangled, and—' The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand, and unrolled it.—You did not know why her face flushed, and then turned pale; but I, yes, I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of a slipper I saw a lady's name—written; but—I shall not tell."
And where does your mother live, little girl? So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little baby brother was sick, and that her mother's board shoes that they might have bought; but that sometimes they were very cold; and that her mother sometimes cried, because she had no money to buy new shoes for her little sick brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little girl—but she gave her nothing else; no, not even one sixpence; and turning away, went back into the store from which she had just come. And she went away I saw the glitter and the gleam of the gold and silver, and a stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her for a moment, and then, with her little bare feet cold that they were before, ran quickly away. I went with the little girl, and I saw her go to a narrow, damp street, and into a small, dark room, and I saw her mother—her sad faded mother, but with a few shillings, and a pair of blue slippers, and a sick baby, and a bundle of bread, and the mother laid on her own lap, and the bundle unrolled, and a dim candle helped her with her work, for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then after a while, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor little frozen feet over the scanty fire, and she had no more; and a little piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and folding her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her. And the little child slept, and dreamed—oh, such pleasant dreams!—of the warm stockings and new shoes; but the mother sewed on, and the father worked, and the child lay on the satin slipper, came there no repining in to the heart? When she thought of her little child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of bread which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no visions of a bright room and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good and nice, and a little portion of which she and her mother and father might comfort for her humble dwelling?
If such thoughts came, and others—of a pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept warm and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come, repining, there came also another;—and that was the bright, gleaming angel, and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father forgive me; for thou doest all things well, and I will trust thee." Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was of spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step.—She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the old grove had never known before. Then a huge loaf was upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick baby. Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is thy God, of the fatherless and the widow—and she was gone; only as she went out I hear her say—'Better than diamonds!—better than diamonds!' What could she mean? I looked at the mother.—With clasped hand and stretching eyes, she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went away too; and I went to the house where there was music and dancing, and sweet flowers; and I saw young happy faces, and beautiful women richly dressed, and sparkling with jewels, but none that I knew; until one passed me, whose dress was of simple white, with only a rosebud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver harp. Her hair was music, and she looked upon her feet, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face, that I felt, as I gazed upon her, that she was indeed an angel of God.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.
In one of the great reviews held a few years before the Bavarian succession war in Silesia, a new and important cavalry manoeuvre devised by Frederick the Great was to be performed. Eight regiments, partly heavy, and partly light cavalry, were drawn out, and a hussar regiment which had gained the highest renown for intrepidity on all occasions formed the left wing.
The plan of the king was that all these regiments should pass close to him in divisions, in an oblique direction, at a sharp trot, but at precise distances, to a certain point, where they were to form with the utmost dispatch for the attack.
The manoeuvre commenced, but one of the regiments fell into disorder; the divisions became confused, the proper distances were lost, and all the efforts of the officers to restore order were unavailing.
As a natural consequence, the confusion was communicated in greater or less degree to the regiments which followed; and of course that on the left wing, the gallant regiment of W—hussars, which was the last, passed the king in a way that he could not approve. The last division of this regiment was headed by lieutenant M., an officer of the highest merit, who by his distinguished bravery and good conduct had risen from a private to first lieutenant.
Frederick had expressed extreme displeasure at the scene of the confusion, and his anger now concentrated itself against the gallant lieutenant M., who had been the cause of the king's indignation in the several arms and with uplifted crutcheek, he galloped towards the officer, who to avoid any further explosions of the king's rage, immediately turned and dashed along the line, pursued by the king, whose passion was inflamed to the highest degree. It is possible that the violent exercise of this furious horse contributed to mitigate the vehemence of his anger.
He became more composed. The regiments had meanwhile drawn up in the best manner they could; and at the king's command, a second attempt was to be made to execute the manoeuvre; but this time the troops were to wheel to the left, so that the hussar regiment composing the left wing would be the first to move. The manoeuvre was now performed in capital style, and the king loudly expressed his satisfaction.
No sooner had the hussars returned to their quarters than lieutenant M.—called upon his commander, the gallant General W.—"Well, my dear M., how do you like the general, 'What do you think of him?'
"I am only come to solicit my dismissal."
The general looked at him in amazement.
"To solicit my dismissal! that is a request which I cannot possibly grant, since I have destined you to be adjutant to my regiment; you must that post is vacant."
"I thank you for your confidence, but still I must be free for my own reasons, and request you, sir, to support my petition to his majesty."
"Consider, my son, you have no request; a good day appointment is not to be met with every day; how will you live?"
"That is a point about which I have no concern. I ask for my dismissal. I have good reasons for urging this request, which I should rather not disclose to you."
"And what may those reasons be?"
"One of them is quite sufficient—the king would have struck me, to-day, with his crutchstick. I narrowly escaped treatment that would have forever disgraced me. The regiment would have seen the scene; I cannot find fault with any officer who refuses to serve any longer with me. I should be forced into quarrels every day, and that I should not like."
"Well, then, let me make a request in your name," said the general giving his hand to the lieutenant. "Be not too hasty. Defer your petition till to-morrow."
The lieutenant promised to follow his advice, once more requested the general to assist him in obtaining his wish withdrawn.
The king had that day a favorite of his wife of the party and sat opposite to his majesty.—The conversation turned on the manoeuvre.—Frederick ascribed the success of the second experiment to the admirable direction which the general's regiment had given to the whole, and he praised the general both upon it and its commander. The general was of course highly gratified, but observed with an usual carelessness,
"That capital manoeuvre deprives my regiment of its best officer."
"How so?" asked the king, eagerly.
"Lieutenant M., whom your majesty promoted from private hussar to officer on the field of battle, after the affair of Burkersdorf, solicits his dismissal."
The general paused. Frederick was silent for some moments.
"Is the lieutenant really such an excellent officer?" inquired Frederick.
"I know not who surpasses him."
"Why do you desire his dismissal?"
The general explained the cause in the most unreserved manner. The king said no more, and a new subject of conversation was presently started.
The troops were to manoeuvre again on the following morning. The regiments were drawn up by M., who was in front of his division, when the king approached, and M.—"Is not your name M., inquired Frederick.
The lieutenant replied in the affirmative.
"Hark you, my son," resumed the king, with his peculiar benignity, "you are captain. I would have told you yesterday, but could not overtake you. You ride like the very devil. With these words he passed on, and M.—relinquished all thoughts of applying for his dismissal.—Frederick the Great and his Times.

The Blue Bird.
We extract the following beautiful description of the blue bird from "Wilson's American Ornithology." Its appearance in latitude is from a week to ten days later than the time mentioned in the article. It is a universal favorite, and our readers will be pleased to learn something of its habits.—
The pleasing manners and sociable disposition of this little bird, entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of Spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from every body.
Though generally accounted a bird of passage, yet, so early as the middle of February, if the weather be open, he usually makes his appearance about his old haunts, the barn, orchard and fence posts.
Storms and deep snows sometimes succeeding, he disappears for a time; but about the middle of March he again seen, accompanied by his mate, visiting the garden, or the hole in the old apple tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors. "When first begins his amours," says a curious and correct observer, "it is pleasing to behold his courtship, his solicitude to please and to secure the favor of his beloved female. He uses the tenderest expressions, sits by her, caresses and sings to her most endearing warblers. When seated together, if he espies an insect delicious to her taste, he takes it up, flies with it to her, and puts it in her mouth." If a rival makes his appearance, (for they are ardent in their loves,) he quiets her in a moment, attacks and pursues the intruder as he shifts about, in tones that bespeak the jealousy of his affection, conducts him, with many reproaches, beyond the extremity of his territory, and returns to warble out his transports of triumph, beside his beloved mate. The rival remains being thus settled, and the spot fixed on, they begin to clean out the old nest, and the rubbish of the former year, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring. Soon after this, another sociable little pilgrim, (*motacilla domestica*, house wren,) arrives from the south, and finding such a snug berth pre-occupied, shows his spite, by watching a convenient opportunity, and, in the absence of the owner, peeping in and pulling out sticks; but takes special care to make off as fast as possible.
The usual spring and summer song of the blue bird is a soft, agreeable, and oft repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings, and general character, he has great resemblance to the robin, but the notes of his song are not the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him, he is known to almost every child, and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in winter, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His song is courted by the inhabitants of the country,—farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer house ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his songs, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards fall, when in the month of October, he has become the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him, he is known to almost every child, and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in winter, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His song is courted by the inhabitants of the country,—farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer house ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his songs, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards fall, when in the month of October, he has become the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. 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