Daily Appeal.

MARY WALTON.

Mary Walton! Mary Walton!
Will you, will you, where is she?—
In the parlor with the children
Decking fairy-sculptured sea—
Gathering flowers,
From the flowers,—
Where is Mary Walton be?

He and seek her by the river,—
Reading over the lilies fair,
Fellow in the cypress meadow—
See if she can find her there—
She is not with
Long in varying.—
Where is Mary Walton's down

The time is the blue-world bright,
Week her on the pearly strand)
Gathering the silver sea-weed
To be shader into land!
Deep in pearly,
Little footprints in the sand.

Little children fearless thither!
Fear can doubt, (O'er the deep)
Seek her in the hill and meadows,
Lest her gentle home be see!
Little fairy,
Gladness! Mary.—
Lock now she'll come with thee.

And they sped—those little children—
Laughing and in merry glee,
Sought her in the shadowy valley,
Sought her on the paddy strand—
But in vain—
Did ye find her,—
Gently to your little home?

"Mary Walton! Yes, we found her,
Sleeping beath the lilies fair,
Dreaming of the angels—
And we kissed her—
Ever Hereafter—
Then we Mary Walton Dow."

ULRICK WINCHESTER.

BY MARIA LOUISA POOTEROW.

(From the New York Sunday Dispatch.)

It was very strange that Ulrick, in his strong pride and hauteur, should feel such a beating of the heart, such an anxious feeling, when wave, winning Nelle Arlington, my dearest friend, came to see me, while Ulrick Winchester, my betrothed husband, was speaking his variation at our country home. I was proud, haughty—cold, some people said—I did not care, but dry as cinders my impenetrable veil of reserve, and locked down upon them in silence. What did I care, while the love of noble, generous Winchester was near me? while my roseate dreams of love were shared and mingled with his? while together we plucked the fragrant, golden fruit of youthful affection. Affection! did I say? Passion, it was with me; such proud natures seldom lavish less than their whole soul on anything, and at that altar did I pour forth the strong love of my heart, and I knew that it was offered to as pure an idol as ever mortal bent the knee to worship. She came, my dear friend! Nelle, and I loved her just as well, if not more than I loved Ulrick, for I was jealous of my idol, and I gave to my next words a tinge of coldness. He looked at me, wonderingly; but I carelessly turned my eyes away, and I did not meet his glance. He turned and addressed some remarks to Nelle, as we walked slowly to the house. "If I had power forth my thoughts then in words, what a flood of notice love would have welled over? Yet still I knew in my inmost soul that no one had given me reason to feel so jealous! I walked silently past, I knew I was never so entertaining, so dazzlingly bright, before in my life. I lavished upon Nelle all my customary and kind words, but when I turned to Ulrick, my tone was cold, my whole manner, haughty but dignity-calmness. I saw that he felt concerned, troubled, and with a force that I wondered at myself, I resolved that I would be coolly heartless, whether he cared for me or I did him, or not. I would make him feel some of the torture which I endured. It seemed as if a serpent had entered my heart, stung me, and poisoned my life-blood. Why did I see Doing Ulrick injection, he like a maniac I lugged the jealous suspicion tauntly heart, and I could not, I dared not, I wished not, I knew that I ought not, I knew that it was wrong, that it gave to my eyes, and the flush it gave to my cheeks.

"You never were so handsome, my sweet friend, as you are this evening," said Ulrick, to Nelle, that evening, as we sat on the sofa, together, while Ulrick was in the opposite room. "Nelle, will you be my sister, my dear, Winchester," he asked, looking at Ulrick. I smiled haughtily, as I saw the redness come into his eyes, and heard his grave, tedious answer. Nelle spoke.

"I have thought so myself sister, but sometimes certainly has."

"Oh," I cried, laughing, "I have been to the forum, and listened, and they, all my earnest remarks, bestowed upon one gaze powers to make Nellie happy during her stay here."

"Nelle, I will be happy, I will be happy, throwing my arm over her neck and nestling close to me.

"Did they not also give you two gowns to make you handsome?" asked Ulrick, fixing his gray eyes earnestly upon me.

I blushed, but recovering myself instantly, I replied carelessly, "They might have done so, but I was not aware of it, and certainly did not ask for so strange a gift."

Nellie looked from me to him, and back again, with a puzzled look. "Why, what ailed Ulrick? she said, gently smoothing my hair with her small white fingers, and gazing inquiringly, and with a pained expression, into my face.

"We won't talk so foolishly any longer," I said, setting myself at the piano.

"Ulrick, I think you are mistaken," Nelle said, as she came and sat near me, so that she could look at my face.

"I don't feel in that mood tonight," I replied, and commenced playing a "Gipsy Chorus" improvising many a wild and strange note. Ulrick had not spoken for a long time, but now he came and sat directly opposite to me, where he could watch every expression of my face. As I struck the last thrilling mournful note, he sprang forward to me, exclaiming, as he sat down by my side, and took my hot, and look both my hands.—

"Orinan, why do you play such strange, wild music? You look as passionate and sorrowful as the dark face of the gipsy maid."

Prompted by an irresistible impulse, I withdrew my hands and gave him a slight, cold, placing it on his shoulder, sneered and pressed my lips to his forehead. But instantly came the thought, prompted by a demon, that he was jealous of Nelle, and I was likely to see him. I loosened my hand from his, and said in passionate tones:

"My music harmonizes with my feelings tonight." And I arose and returned to the sofa. He sat down by Nellie, and talked to her in his kind, earnest way, the rest of the evening, while one sweet song I sang to my lute, addressed on the subject of their conversation, which I would give, scarcely hearing her questions. When we went to the room that night, Nellie said:

"What a grand, good man, Mr. Winchester is? I should think you would love him exceedingly, if for nothing else, that he loved you so wholly and entirely. If you had heard how beautifully he spoke of you to-night, you would feel differed."

I stood before the glass, unbinding my heavy, dark hair, as she said this. A flush rose to my face, and then so pale, I fled away. She came behind me, and put her arms around me, as she looked into the glass, and said:

"You do love him, don't you?"

"Yes, certainly I do—why do you ask?" I answered quickly, and then said, with haughtiness, "do you fear so noble a love as his will be offered at so unvarying shrine?"

She looked confused, disconcerted at my strange manner, and replied, "Oh, no!"

"Oh, no, but you seemed so strange, so wayward."

I knew I was acting very wickedly, but with a complicated feeling, I replied to it. And though I sincerely believe that no woman in the world could have loved Ulrick Winchester more than I, I knew that I was torturing both him and myself.

On the occasion of a blackberry excursion, Ulrick walked by the side of Nellie, talking flowerily and sentimentally, I thought, indeed, but, nevertheless, studiously helping me over stones and fences. He did not address many remarks to me, and I answered shortly and coldly. I had gone into the woods, to pick blackberry, and pulling a great many more of them into my mouth than into my basket. At last, however, I loitered behind, and walked to the good board of the house, and Nellie and Ulrick were already seated waiting for me. I sat down on the grass at Nellie's feet, and throwing off my hat, laid my head in her lap.

"Oh!" said she, laughing, and carelessly laying her white fingers on my mouth, "Oh, dear Orrie, any one might know by what I begin to long a time to fill your basket."

"Orrie always did have blackberries," said Ulrick, as I sprang to my feet, and, in the field, she imperatively desired some from a particular bush, and I climbed walls, and walked through ditches, to get them for her. Do you remember Orrie?

I forgot for a moment my bitterness, and while my eyes rested with love and admiration on his noble, manly countenance, I replied naturally.

"I had forgotten it, but it was very like you to get them for me."

His eyes rested with pleasure as I answered, and leaning forward, he placed his hand lightly upon mine, and said:

"Be yourself again, dear Orinan."

"A proud smile came to my lips as I replied:

"I am always myself. Why do you say Orinan?"

He turned quickly away, and said:

"I imagined that your manner was slightly changed; that's all."

"Orinan Walsden!" cried Nellie, speaking my whole name in the full tone she loved to hear so well, and with that very same carrying me back to the hills of Linton Seminary, where it had echoed so many times; "Orinan, you have neither spoken nor looked to me for two days just as you did at that stormy scene with Cordelia Mandale, when she accused you of not loving so hollowly her, and you answered that though you could never love her more than her, still you had not the least faith nor belief in her. There was a sadness laughing something under your tone, that I used