Daily Appeal.

POETICAL.

LABOR.

Toil strengthens and adds freshness to the mind.
The stream is made pure by flowing, stagnant lakes
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
And cities flourish round the toiler.
Where hallowing dews and imploring spires
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
Sweet labor lights its balmy fires,
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The merchant sail, the steamboat's pride,
Whose frame is formed with lightning nerve,
Toil furnishes on the restless tide,
And there bears the dead o'er stars.
The engine with its lungs of flame,
And cities of brass, and spires of steel,
From Labor's plastic fingers came,
With kindling valve and whirling wheel.

The Labor works the magic pride,
And forms the trunk in blocks of hill;
And workmen sculpt down to blend
Industry's hands on one and all.
Here are—beyond Toil, with thinking minds,
Little labor to take with skillful hands,
Strong thick with palaces of trades,
And temples towering to the skies.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

"And is this the fellow that wants to marry my daughter? A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him." So shouted Master Joss, the sacristan of the Cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the Adam and Eve Inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Ottkar, the beer maiden.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together, and loved each other before they knew what it meant; and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Ottkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavoring to root out his love, while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the sinful creeper, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbor hailed him:

"Great news, my boy—glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen Emperor at Frankfort. Long live the house of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry into Vienna in a week, and he means to dine in the Adam and Eve, and we will drink his health and hear all about it."

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna had he refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance, and more unexpected words of Master Joss, met him on his entrance. In the hight of his indignation, the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

"I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—any one who dared to withstand that cowardly mason."

From time immemorial it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the Emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight rope. It was therefore needful for him to procure a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb slippery ladders and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to taking his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation, on reaching the sacristan that afternoon to Master Ottkar, he was met by a flat and not over-courteous refusal. The old man made a hasty retort; words ran high, and the parting words, levelled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

"Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Heaven, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the very top of St. Stephen's tower."

"You, Gabriel?" said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. "My poor boy, you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing."

"Ah, now, you want to draw back from your word," exclaimed the youth, reddening. "My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was not I who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our Emperor, whom may heaven long preserve, wave gloriously on the old pinnacle."

"I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours," said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

"One thing I have to ask you," said the young man, "that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She would never consent; and yet I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want to be the most firm and collected?"

"No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt, two or three miles in the country."

"And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?"

"Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool; I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy, Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been in foreign parts, and think her settled don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it."

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of the old city than Gabriel, the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in death. He said little, however, of his anticipations of that event, especially in reference to the comfort it at only easier, who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of the perilous adventure. His dreams, too, ran more of blood than of tumbling from terrific hights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Ottkar was allowed the chagrin as he best might, and keep aloof from Master Joss; lest he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young Emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before the afternoon; at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and giving him the banner of the house of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said: "Go up, my lad, up to Heaven's gate. Lawrence, he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterward assist you in coming down."

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew up them with a joyful step. Two steps at a time he bounded under the clock-tower and belfry; then the wire steps ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of perilous triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful "yes!" before the altar. How heavy was the banner to drag upwards—how dark the straight stony shaft! How, indeed, could Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

"That's it!" cried Lawrence, "you'll see the iron stays and the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When the time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope ladder with hooks. Fast!" As he said these words Gabriel had passed through the trap door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, beside the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, bewildered as he was with the hurry, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the resemblance of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle and wave his gay gold flag.

"My God be merciful to me," sighed the poor lad, as glancing downwards on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt, on the lonely, and utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hair, to blind him with its folds. "Annie, Annie, this for love!" he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endeavor. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crucifix, that served as a weather-cock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

"Huzza! huzza! long live the Emperor!" shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy hight, rendered him unseen and unheard by the crowd below.

The deep voice of the Cathedral clock tolled the hour.

"Now my task is ended," said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. "Now I have only to get down and give the signal."

Mounting heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colorless against the dark sky.

"Ha!" said he, "doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil 'good night?' Be quiet, Mohammed!"

A few courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which adorned the best, indeed the only cornice of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted: "Hollo, Lawrence! Albert! here! throw me up the ladder and hooks!"

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call.

Not a word, not a sound below.

"Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep? cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hair-breadth to the right or the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered through his clenched teeth. The torches below will shine on my crushed body."

Then after a moment—

"No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; man born of woman could not do it. They will come; they MUST come!"

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

"God!" he cried, the Emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help! One word from you would save me."

But the cold night wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:

"Here alone I am emperor, and this is my domain."

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowds.

"Have you brought it well?" asked one.

"Yes; hell never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan—"

"Oh, no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel, until—"

"Until it is too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself and fetch the gardener down. The trap door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Ottkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadow fend set on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: "Remember the salvation and it will bring thee down in safety."

"May God preserve me from such sin," said the poor lad, shuddering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you."

"Will you not hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?"

"Or just say that you will make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as though you were floating on down."

"Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; "or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down."

"Must I, indeed?" he murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. "Must I die while life is so pleasant? Oh, Annie, Annie, pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and with a sense almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome young stranger, his long lost son Arnold, who sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures that had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the wish to sleep.

At length Arnold said:

"I am longing to see Annie, father. I dare say she has grown to be a fine girl. Have she a friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her, when we were all children together?"

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

"Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him."

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened toward the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the sacristan.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap door."

"But who helped him down?"

"Why, yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. "Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it."

"Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man. "Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come for the love of God! look up, look up to the spire."

Arnold rushed toward the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

"To be! It must be, still living."

"O God!" cried Master Joss, "where are my keys? O that we may not be too late."

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving sweetly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap door, went through it first.

"Call out to him, lad!" exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see anything from this. I'll climb over the rose."

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety he reappeared at the trap door.

"There is certainly a figure standing on the rose, but then, Gabriel—is a ghost?"

"A ghost you dreaming dunderhead," shouted Arnold. "Let me look." And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out, "Come on, comrade, as far as you can. I have him, thank God!"

"Is quick; there is no time to lose."

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length a half unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the "Adam and Eve," laid him on a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little warm wine between his lips. The first treatment he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

"Wipe the hoar frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!"

In truth, his curled locks were white, his cheeks were yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day, numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and inquired after him. But he was permitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most contrite of all; for his conscience caused him to say, in a voice that would be heard: "You alone are the cause of all this." By way of a little self-comfort he ventured to add in a whisper: "If I only had hold of that Lawrence! If I only had that Ottkar by the throat! But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

"Ah!" said Gabriel towards evening, "'tis all over between me and Annie. She would marry an old, old man, with an old wrinkled, gray-haired fellow like me."

No one answered. His sister held her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought, "The poor boy's delirious. There are fewer things young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles."

"I have one request to make of you all, dear friends," added Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch; "do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less. I think, then, I'll get her dressed and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain."

"A fine way, indeed, to save Annie from pain!" cried a well known voice, while a light figure rushed toward the bed and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. "My own true love! you were never more beautiful in the sun than you are now! And you thought that you were dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! no, no, dear Gabriel; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that!"

A regular hail storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow, in the general melee, Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy cheek of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear, "A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy; I think, if you take my sister, the wolves may eat up the rose-bush bloom. He felt, on

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and Pope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair, to the end of his life, remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness, and he looked as young as Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couple—the day when Gabriel's sorrowfried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.—*Chambers' Journal.*

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