Daily Appeal.

A DIRGE.

[From the Times and Chronicle.]

Written after witnessing the funeral ceremonies of Governor Pickens, in the old Bethel Church, Tuesday, November 20th, 1859.

Down the aisle and low, as Autumn winds,
A Knight of Nature, with his shield,
For the Union sound heart that perished, are
The tender and the last dirge chanted.
Hush for a departed household's pride—
For a Patriot's dream of love,
A Soul proud mother's dream of love,
All crushed by this cruel blow.

He fell, not by battle, blow dealt—
In the front, amid ranks of life—
But quiet as the leaf upon leafed tree,
Or as a regardless dew, for the gifted one,
Gone sleeping with honor, truth and love.
Live only, in the shattered home.

And lay here to rest by the mourning wave,
Where ever, sound to the breeze,
Plant the Palmetto of home—even his mother
The Eagle and Palmetto—
Where the crimson rose, and the deep pine,
Of Southern Rights, shall ever
And bright around hide the sacrificial altar
A requiem will be sung.

"CLOTA."

BIRD'S NEST COTTAGE, Nashville, Tenn.

THE CHANGE.

We parted some before. The week
When I was one to go, you said
You cared for me—and I was happy
Twilight then, you know you did!

And now we part to no that know,
Which one—and which should be, we care not!
You loved no better than then, now!
Two weeks time, you know you did!

Do you remember that what the one,
Of us, loved most, the other pray
For such a week, dreamy
Too late at parting, you know you did!

You sighed, "That life were like the week
When sunshine, changes to—" you did!
"Love, love, certainly, before it ends!"
You said, and heart, you knew you did!

What have I done? You ought to know
Or, not in months and this cold!
Time, time, you know you did!
Yet that it then, you know you did.

Now I know you said, "What time with one
Will change, and change!" I say, you!
Yet, whatever I was or what we,
Yet what that, you know you did!

UNCLE L. WEST.

THE VIOLATED VOW:
OR, THE CROSS-HEARTED DEACON.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—Scripture.

It was a balmy, pleasant Sabbath morning; no grass and cumpid made our valley home for the very air seemed more holy from its sacredness. The dew was fleeting in a veil of soft mist from the meadows of School Hill, where the morning sun came warmly, while the wild flowers in the valley lay in shadow, still heavy with the night rain. The trees which feathered the hillsides were strictly green, and Castle Rock towered—a magnificent picture—its base washed by the water, and darkened by unbroken shadow, while its soft, fleecy cloud, moved and interpreted with a brave light. Seated among the topmost cliffs. The two villages lay upon their opposite hills, with the deep, clear glittering between, like miniature cities dreamed by the fairies of the mountains, as an offering to the sweet music of nature, for it was the hour of morning prayer, and there was a sweet harmony which all felt, though it was not made a domestic affair. At last a deep bell tone came sweeping over the valley from the Episcopal steeple, and it was answered by a cheerful response from the bells of the Methodists. The reverberations were still sounding, mellowed by the distant rocks, when the hitherto quiet valley seemed suddenly peopled with life. The dwelling houses were flung open, and the inhabitants came forth in target, well-dressed, cheerful groups. Gradually they divided into separate parties—the Presbyterians walking slowly toward their hoguled meeting house, and the sons coily dressed Methodists turning their footsteps to their humble house of worship. It was a pleasant sight—these people gathering together for a good purpose, the young with their fathers and grandmothers, with the flowers of the grave on their sad temples. Children, with their rosy cheeks and sunny eyes, rendered more sad and sober by the sight of their white frocks, pretty straw bonnets, and pink sashes. It was pleasant to see the little men and women, striving to walk in their husband steps and school their sparkling faces to a solemnity befitting the occasion. There was a touch the newly married pair, walking hastily apart, and the young mother, on the unprovoked but boldness of lifting eyes in public, yet feeling very awkward, almost creeping behind her husband, while the little girl between them, made a mischievous little thing, all the while exerting her bodily strength to win that clubby hand from her mother's grasp, that she might dance like either of her idolized parents checked her bounding steps or her noisy mirth, and, at last, only satisfied herself with pinching her red mamma shoes as they flashed in and out like a brace of wood blue beneath her spotted muslin dress. Apart from the rest, and lingering after the others had passed, stood a young man of about twenty-five, with the clear and delicate complexion and the soft eyes of a woman—he was a handsome, bold looking young man, who walked up the aisle with a lonelier step, and cast a pale on the smooth side from that of the rest, and seemed to shrink from the scrutinizing nearer the pulpit. A battery of glances was levelled on him from the galleries, but he seemed unconscious of the gaze, and when a young lady by where he sat, this self drew back, with a look of indignation, to the farthest corner of the pew. The old deacon was there, and his face was as the face of a spoke. Its stillness, his thin cheek and lips became deadly pallid, he grasped the rather convulsively half rose, and then fell forward with his face in his hands, and published motionless as the dead. Well might the wounded old gentleman yield for a moment to the reminder of human infirmity—well might the old man, who thus unknowingly intruded his presence, feel crept like a serpent to his heart-stone—and made his transgression a by-word and a reproach. The office of the old age, a creature for man to humly jeets abov. But for him, that off, now shrinking from the gaze of his old friends, would have remained the pride of his home, an core lamb in the church of God. Through his wife, she had fallen from the lofty place of her religious trust, and now, in the fullness of her penitence, she had come forward to confess her fault and recover forgiveness of the church she had disgraced.

The old deacon had lost his children, one by one, till the gentle girl was alone left to him; he had lished a love for her, his latest born, his sunny-hearted, gentle child, affectionate and obedient, she had become to it as idol. The old man thought it was to punish him that God had permitted her to fall into temptation; he was so heartbreakly, to the elders of her church, who, at her request, he called them together and claim known her disgrace. He tried to be his usual self, but the effort was hopeless. Could he find perhaps, been less indulgent they to should have been, and so her affections kept within the sanctuary of home? Could he have prevented the fearful be had been a proud and appointedly proud, but poor he was motionless—and that his heart-strings had been fitted for this thing in order to chasten him; the trial had been obtained; he was a stricken of God, but could say, "The will of God be done." Yet for he thought his heart broke, not to cast her forth to her disgrace, but to accept her confession of error and repentance; to be merciful and receive her back to his home. He went on to say how humbly she had crept to his feet, and prayed him to forgive; how his wife had spent night after night in prayer for her fallen child, and so he left her in their hands, only entreating that they would treat her mercifully with her, and be worth loved them for it.

Willingly would the sympathizing elders have received the erring lamb again without further humiliation to the broken hearted old man; but it could not be. The unruly were willing to visit the sins of individuals on a whole community. The purity of their church must be preserved—the penalty must be exacted.

From the time of the church meeting, the poor man beat himself earnestly to strengthen his child's good purpose. He made no complaint, and strove to appear—way in his—cheerful, and cheerful, he still continued to perform the office of deacon, though the erect form of somewhat dignified consciousness of wrongs that had formerly distinguished him, utterly disappeared. On each succeeding Sabbath his brethren observed some new prostration of strength. Day by day his chick grew thin, his voice hollow, and his step more feeble. It was a piteous sight—a man who had been remarkable for bearing his years so lightly, and who had passed through the sides of that old meeting-house with downcast eyes, and shoulders stooping as beneath a burden. At last the sufferer could grief begin to wither up the memory of that proud old man. When the first intentions of this appeared, the hearts of his brethren softened toward the poor decay, with a mixed feeling of commiseration. The day of Job's humiliation had been appointed, and the Sabbath which succeeded it was a sacramental one, the old deacon was getting very drowsy, and his friends would have persuaded him from performing the duties of the day. He shook his head, remarked that they were very kind, but he was not ill, so they permitted him to bear the silver cup around, filled with wine, as he had done for twenty years before, though many an eye filled with tears as it marked the trembling of that hand, which more than once caused the cup to shake, and the wine to run down its sides to the floor. There was an absent smile upon his face when he came to his daughter's seat. On finding it empty he stood bewildered, and looked helplessly round upon the congregation, as if he would have inquired why she was not there. Suddenly he seemed to recollect; a mortal pallid was overspread his face. The wine cup dropped from his hand, and he was led away, crying like a child.

Many of his brethren visited the afflicted one during the next week. They always found him in his orchard, wandering about under the happy boughs, and picking up the withered green apples, which the wind had taken away from their native stems. These he diligently hoarded away near a large overshoot bush, where, from its corner of the rail fence. On the next Sabbath he appeared in the meeting-house, accompanied by the minister as we have described, to be outcasted in the house of God by the presence of the man who had desolated his home. It is left wonder that even there his lost wrath was kindled, and that, in the agony of his rage, and that young girl fancied it was one a dream. He heard vaguely in a painful sleep, but when the minister closed the Bible and arose to pronounce the sentence, he was awakened by the sound of her position came over her. She gazed a frightened look toward the pulpit, and sank back pale and nervous. Her trembling hand wandered in search of her mother's. The old lady looked on her with fond grief, whispering soothing words, and pressing her daughter's hand in hers. The minister arose, his face looked calm, but the paper which contained the young girl's sentence trembled in his hand as he unrolled it. Jolts knew it was her duty to arise. She put forth her hand, grasped the carved back of the seat, and stood upright till the sentence was read—then she sank all the time wildly in the person's face, as if she wondered what it would all be about. She sat down again in the house of God by the presence of the man who had desolated his home. It is left wonder that even there his lost wrath was kindled. The service was over, and that young girl fancied it was one a dream. Her heart revived in a painful sleep; but when the minister closed the Bible and arose to pronounce the sentence, he was awakened by the sound of her position came over her. She gazed a frightened look toward the pulpit, and sank back pale and nervous. Her trembling hand wandered in search of her mother's. The old lady looked on her with fond grief, whispering soothing words, and pressing her daughter's hand in hers. The minister arose, his face looked calm, but the paper which contained the young girl's sentence trembled in his hand as he unrolled it. Jolts knew it was her duty to arise. She put forth her hand, grasped the carved back of the seat, and stood upright till the sentence was read—then she sank all the time wildly in the person's face, as if she wondered what it would all be about. She sat down again in the house of God by the presence of the man who had desolated her