

Original Poetry.

FOR THE LEDGER.
Heart be Still, I'll Sigh no More.

TO MISS A. A. S., ... OF PROVIDENCE.

Heart be still, I'll sigh no more,
The oracle's response says its vain,
And spell-bound, the charm is now o'er,
For Love has broke his guiding chain.

Heart be still, then hast bowed too low,
Thy homage was ill paid,
Thy heavings none but I can know,
Which for Amy alone hath made.

Heart be still, though it bursts the cells,
Which contains thy life's dearest blood,
For in thine eye no longer dwells,
The image which thy fancy wooed.

Heart be still, I will sigh no more,
For her who never can be mine;
Though I loved as none loved before,
The pursuit I freely decline.

Heart be still, be cheerful and gay,
Strive not to swim against the tide,
When landings meet you in the way,
To greet a young and lovely bride.

ETIHWAN.

*Madame Salvo.
Charleston, S. C., Dec. 1852.

The Child's Dream.

"O, I have had a dream, mother,
So beautiful and strange;
Would I could sleep on, mother,
And that dream never change!"

"What hast thou dreamed my dearest one?
Thy look is bright and wild:
Thy mother's ear is ready,
To listen to her child."

"I dreamed I lay asleep, mother,
Beneath an orange tree,
When a white bird came and sang, mother,
So sweetly unto me;

Though it woke me with its warbling,
Its notes were soft and low,
And it bade me rise and follow,
Wherever it might go.

"It led me on and on, mother,
Through groves and realms of light,
Until it came to me, mother,
Which dazzled—twas so bright.

As tremulously I entered,
An Angel form drew near,
And bade me welcome thither,
Nor pain nor sorrow fear.

"I only felt 'twas bliss,
And joined that white bird's song, mother,
Oh, canst thou read me this?"

"Yes, dearest, to thy mother,
Such happiness is given—
The holy spirit was that bird,
That gave of light was heaven."

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melody which poured out so joyously in her native music. On the present occasion he seemed almost enraptured by the low, sweet sounds, which followed her touch, and the thrilling voice which could sear so much and such intense feeling. Scarcely had she finished, she followed this by a brilliant waltz—the merry sparkling notes of which made the eye brighten and the brain whirl, from very sympathy; and then returning to her favorite instrument, she sang, to a low plaintive accompaniment, a simple English ballad, telling of man's heartlessness, and woman's frailty and despair. The last verse ran thus:

So faith and hope her soul forsaking,
Each day to heavier sorrows waking,
This cruel love her heart was breaking;
Yet, ere her breath
Was hushed in death,
She breathed a prayer
For her betrayer—

Scarcely had she finished, when, as if in thorough contempt of the maiden's weakness, she drew her hand violently across the strings with a discordant crash, that startled little Annie painfully, and pushing the harp from her with an impatient gesture, abruptly quitted the room.

The old lady had gone in to enjoy a gossip with her next door neighbor, and so the brother and sister were alone. The signs of tears were on the latter's cheek as Edwin approached and sat down by her side attributing this to her extreme sensibility wrought upon by what they had just heard, he spoke some kind and cheering words, and then began to talk enthusiastically of their cousin's beauty and accomplishments. She listened to him quietly for some time, and then,

"Dear brother," she said timidly, "you must forgive me for what I am about to say, when it is to warn and caution you against those very charms that have already made such an impression on you—I am not one, Edwin, as you know, to speak ill, even of my enemies, if such there be; and to any other but yourself would I hide her faults; and try to think of some pleasing trait on which to dwell, when her name was mentioned. Nay, do not interrupt me, for rest assured, I am only prompted by a sister's love. I have seen much of Catharine, and heard more; I fear her dreadful temper—her different faith; although, indeed, she seems to neglect all religious duties, even those of her own church. Then I think of her rudeness and inattention to our dear mother, who is so kind and gentle to her. Had you been in London when we first met, you would not wonder at our being shocked and pained at all we witnessed there."

"But, Annie, dear," said her brother, "why should you talk thus earnestly to me? Surely I may admire and praise a handsome woman, without falling hopelessly in love."

"You may, or you may not," continued Annie, warmly. "But this I know and feel, that, unless she were to change in every manner, thought and action, she is the last person in the world that I would so possess a hold upon my brother's heart. Why, do you know, she has made a boast of the many lovers she has engaged and discarded; and even shows, with all her jests, letters from her admirers, containing professions of affection, and sentiments that any woman of common feeling would at least consider sacred."

"And have you nothing, then, to say in her favor?" asked young Reed, quietly. "Can you make no allowance for the manner in which she has been brought up, or may she never change from what you represent her?"

"She may, perhaps; but let me beg of you, Edwin, to pause and think, and not be infatuated and led away, against your better judgment, as so many have already been."

"Why, my dear sister," he replied, "if we were on the point of running off together, you could not be more earnest in the matter; but I have really never entertained such thoughts as you suggest, and if I did, should consider myself quite at liberty to act as I pleased, whether I were guided by your counsel or not."

"Well, Edwin, be not angry with me; perhaps I have spoken too strongly on the subject. You know how much I have your happiness at heart, and this it is that makes me say so much. I often think I have not long to live, but while I am here would have you promise me—"

A chilly breeze swept over the lawn, and the invalid was seized with a violent fit of coughing; her brother shut the case, and wrapped the shawl closer round her slight figure. Mrs. Reed entered the room at the same instant, and their conversation ended.

Catharine Arnatti was in her own chamber, the open window of which was within a few yards of where her cousins had been talking. Attracted thither by the sound, she listened intently, and leaning out, apparently employed in training the branches of a creeping plant, she had heard every word they uttered.

The winter passed away pleasantly enough, for two at least, of the party at the cottage.

Catharine and Edwin were, of necessity, much thrown together; she sat to him as a model, accompanied him in his walks, and flattered him by innumerable little attentions, that were unnoticed by the others; but still her conduct to his mother and sister, although seemingly more kind of late, was insincere, and marked by a want of sympathy and affection that often grieved him deeply.

Her temper she managed to control, but sometimes without efforts on her part, that were more painful to witness than her previous outbreaks of passion. Six months had elapsed since Miss Arnatti had overheard, and thorough contempt of both speakers, the dialogue in which her faults had been so freely exposed. Yet she fully expected that young Reed would soon be at her feet, a humble follower, as other men had been; but although polite, attentive, and ever seeking her society, he still forbore to speak of love, and then, piqued and angry at his conduct, she used every exertion to gain his affection, without at first any real motive for so doing; soon, however, this wayward lady began to fancy that the passion she would only feign was really felt—and being so unexpectedly thwarted gave strength to this idea—and in proportion also grew her hatred toward Miss Reed, to whose influence she attributed her failure. Before long she resolved that Edwin should be her husband, by which means her revenge on Annie would be gratified.

Neither was Edwin altogether proof against her matchless beauty. At times he felt an almost irresistible impulse to kneel before her, and avow himself a slave forever, and as often would some hasty word or unbecoming sentiment turn his thoughts into another channel; and then they carried him away to an old country seat in Wales, where he had spent the summer of last year on a visit to some friends of his family. A young lady, of good birth and education, resided there as governess to some half-dozen wild and turbulent children. Her kind and motherly manners and gentle voice first attracted his attention toward her, and although perhaps not handsome, her pale sweet face and dark blue eyes made an impression that deepened each day as he discovered fresh beauties in her intellectual and superior mind. After an acquaintance of some months he made an offer of his hand, and her conduct on this occasion only confirmed the ardent affection he entertained for her. Candidly admitting that she could joyfully unite her lot with his, she told her previous history, and begged the young man to test his feelings well before availing himself to a poor and penniless girl, and for this purpose prayed that twelve months might elapse before the subject of their marriage was renewed. She would not doubt him then; still he might see others, who would seem more worthy of his regard; but, if in that time his sentiments were unchanged, all that she had to give was his forever. In vain he tried to alter this resolution; her arguments were stronger than his own, and so at last, with renewed vows of fidelity, he reluctantly bade her farewell. For various reasons he had kept this attachment a secret from his family, not altogether sure of the light in which they might view it; and the position of the young governess would have rendered it doubly painful, had those under whose roof she dwelt been made acquainted with the circumstances. Although fully aware in cooler moments that, even had he known no other, his cousin Catharine was a person with whom, as a companion for life, he could never hope for real happiness, still he knew the danger of his situation, and resolved not without a struggle, to tear himself away from the sphere of her attractions; and so, one evening, Edwin announced his intention of setting off next day on an excursion through Scotland, proposing to visit Wales on his return. Different were the feelings with which each of the ladies received this intelligence. Catharine turned away and bit her lip with rage and despair, as Miss Reed repeated to her mother, who had grown deaf of late, over and over again to make her understand, that Edwin was about to leave them for a time—was going to Scotland, and proposed leaving by the mail on the morrow night. She had of course no objection to offer, being too too glad to believe that nothing more than a temporary absence existed between her son and the girl; and she would not have been so much as to mention a word of it.

Catharine Arnatti, however, did not let her own feelings alone, but she followed her, and only passed to wish that he would not leave without. These thoughts gave way to bitter disappointment, and all connected with him, more particularly his sister, whose words she now recalled, torturing herself with the idea that Annie had extorted a promise from her brother never to wed, his cousin while she lived; and the sickly girl had improved much since then, and might, after all, be restored to perfect health; then, the first time for years, she wept—cried bitterly at the thought of being separated from one against whom she had just before been breathing threats and imprecations, and yet imagined was the only man she had ever really loved. A calmer mood succeeded, and she lay down, resolving and discarding schemes to gain her wishes, that occupied her mind till daylight.

The next day passed in busy preparations, Edwin avoiding, as he dreaded, the result of a private interview with his cousin. Toward the afternoon Miss Reed and her mother happened to be engaged with their medical attendant, who opportunely called that day, and often paid longer visits than were absolutely necessary; and Catharine, who with difficulty had restrained her emotions, seizing on the opportunity, and scarcely waiting to knock at the door, entered Edwin's apartment. He was engaged in packing a small portmanteau, and looking up, beheld her standing there, pale and agitated, her hand to her forehead as if she were about to faint. He thought that ever, and yet a combination of the angel and the fiend. Some moments passed in silence; then, advancing quickly, holding out her hand, she spoke in a husky voice:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A story is in circulation that, in Middleboro', N. Y., some twenty or more of the citizens, in broad day light, saw what appeared to be an immense (some thousand) number of soldiers, marching through the air. This strange sight, it is said, was witnessed for the space of two hours or more.

As irregular apprentices frequently keep late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some weighty arguments, to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chastisement, he continually exclaimed—

"How long will you serve the devil?"

"You know best, sir,—I believe my indentures will be out in about three months."

"Old age is coming on me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming furiously, cowhide in hand.

A fellow who had been hooked by an unruly cow, flung in his gait. A lady remarked that the man appeared to be intoxicated.

"Yes," replied her beau, "The fellow has been taking a couple of horns."

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