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Song.

How cold they are who say that Love
Must first be planted in the heart,
And cultured by the hand of Time,
To make its leaves and blossoms start!
No! 'tis a plant that springs at once
Up to the full and perfect form;
Unlike the willow or the oak,
It buds not, breaks not in the storm.

How cold are they who say that Love
Must, like the diamond in the mine,
Be sought with care and polished well
Ere we can see its beauties shine!
No! in the soul's blue Heaven it springs,
With beams that Age can never mar,—
Complete, eternal, brilliant, pure,
As Evening's first, rejoicing star!

THE ELOPEMENT.

A STORY OF ST SEA.

Showing a Chapter in the life of a Count and his Countess.

There lived in Vienna a young man of rank and fortune, who bore a strong resemblance to many other young men of that and every other city, for he was a dupe to all the follies of fashion and high life. He combined a flexible heart with a handsome person; it had cost his mother a great deal to make him what is called a puppy; but, by indefatigable diligence, she had at last effected her purpose. All the ladies, consequently, loved him, and he loved them all in return. It has been said that once or twice his attachments have been of more than a month's duration, but never did he impose any restraint upon himself or the object of affection, by an irksome fidelity. He possessed the nicest powers of perception, whenever any word or look summoned him to victory, but he always had the good manners to pay every attention to the clock, when it summoned the hour of parting.

With these qualifications he was certain of success with the ladies. He paid his devoirs to all, delighted all, and was at last tired of all. In one of his moments of torpid satiety, our hero returned home before supper. Happy is he who feels the time least opsressive when at home—he belongs to the better kind of men. Our young Count threw himself upon the sofa, stretched his limbs, yawned and so forth. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was married. No wonder that we should have forgotten it, since he himself only just now recollected it. "Apropos," said he and rang the bell—a servant entered.

"Go to your mistress and ask her if I might have the pleasure of seeing her?" The servant listened attentively, and not believing the testimony of his own ears, the count repeated his orders which the servant at length obeyed, shaking his head as he went. The countess was the amiable daughter of a country gentleman—she was a flower which, from the court atmosphere, drooped, but did not quite wither—to avoid ennui, she had no resources but to swim with the tide of high life. She and her husband sometimes met—they never avoided, nor ever courted each other's society. Before marriage they had seen little of each other, and after it they had no time for such employment. There were people enough who spared the count the trouble of admiring his wife's perfections—and if they made no impression on her heart, they at least gratified their vanity.

Her husband's mesage was delivered to her at a moment when her state of mind was much the same as his—she knew not what to think of this unexpected visit; she replied however, that she should be happy to see him. He entered—hoped he was not troublesome—took a chair—made remarks upon the weather—and recounted the news of the day. The conversation, as far as it is related, was quite common, but his vivacity and Amelia's genius inspired it with interest. The time passed they knew not how; the count looked at his watch; was surprised to find it so late and requested permission to sup with his wife. "With all my heart, if you can be content with my homely fare." Supper was brought—they eat and were merry without being noisy. This calm pleasure possessed to them the charm of novelty; they were both pleasant when wishing to appear so, as is generally the case with most people. They were quite new acquaintance; the hours flew away, and the time for retiring to rest having arrived, the count took leave of the countess, highly pleased with his visit.

The next day he was invited to a concert, and did not learn till it was too late, that, one of the virtuosi's being ill, the concert was *deferred*. How was he to pass the tedious evening? He inquired as he passed, after his wife, and was informed she was somewhat indisposed.

"Well," thought he, "common civility requires that I should wait upon her, and ask her personally how she does!"

He sent a message, requesting that he might be allowed to sit with her till supper, and was politely received. He was cheerful, lively and gallant. The supper hour arrived, and this time Amelia begged him to stay. He had been invited to a casino party after the concert, notwithstanding which he remained with his wife, and their conversation was quite as pleasant, and less reserved than that of the preceding visit.

"Do you know," said Amelia, "that the party to which you were invited, would find little trouble in discovering the cause of your absence? He smiled and paused for a moment.

"I must tell you something in confidence," began he at length, while he was playing with his fork, "something which you will perhaps think rather candid than gallant; you cannot imagine how much you have improved since your marriage."

"My marriage!" answered Amelia in a jocose tone; "I believe it took place about the same time as your own."

"Very true, my lady," replied he "but it is inconceivable how so happy an alteration can have taken place in you. At that time—pardon me; you had so much rustic bashfulness, it is scarcely possible to recognize you—your genius is no longer the same; even your features are very much improved."

"Well, my lord," replied the countess, without wishing to return the compliment, "all that you have said of me, I thought of you. But upon my word," added she, "it is well that no one hears us; for it seems as if we were making love."

The dialogue continued long in the same style, till Amelia looked at her watch, and in a fascinating tone remarked that it was getting late. The count arose unwillingly, slowly took his leave, and as slowly retired to the door—suddenly he again turned round.

"My lady," said he, "I find it very tedious to breakfast alone—may I be allowed to take my chocolate with you?"

"If you please," answered Amelia, and they parted, still more pleased with each other.

The next morning it occurred to the count that these frequent visits to his wife might give rise to scandalous reports. He therefore desired his valet not to mention it to any one. He then put on an elegant morning gown, and went softly over to Amelia.

Amelia had just risen in the most cheerful humor. The bloom upon her cheek rivalled the blush of morning. She was animated and witty; in short she was enchanting; and her husband in an hour discovered how much pleasanter it was to breakfast in company, than to sit alone, and opposite a glass, gazing at his own person, and looking into his yawning mouth.

"Why don't you come here every day," said Amelia, "if my company is pleasant to you?"

He answered that he feared his presence might prevent the visits of others.

"I shall miss no one," replied she, "so long as you indemnify me by your society."

"Upon my word," said the count, "I have more than once wished that I was not your ladyships husband."

'Why so? demanded Amelia.

"That I might be allowed to tell you,' returned he, 'how much I love you.'

"Oh! tell me so, I beg,' cried she, 'if only for the sake of novelty.'

'Fear not,' answered the Count; 'I hope, my lady, I shall never so far forget myself; but we have had, I think, two very agreeable tete-a-tetes" at supper—now if you were this evening to allow me a third.'

'With all my heart,' answered the countess.

The appointment was on both sides exactly adhered to. Their conversation was less lively, less brilliant—they gazed at each other oftener, and spoke less; the heart began to assert its influence, and even arrived so far, that they once during a pause, involuntarily squeezed each other's hand across the table, although the servants were still in the room. Who would have believed it?

Amelia very plainly perceived that it was late but she did not look at her watch. Her husband made not the smallest effort to depart; he complained that he was somewhat tired, but not sleepy. In a word, from this day they parted in the morning instead of midnight because they were then both ready to breakfast together.

The count enchanted with his new conquest eloped with Amelia into the country, where they will accompany, discovered that the theatre of nature, and the concert of nightingales surpassed all other theatres and concerts. They at first thought of staying a few days—every morning they intended to depart, and every evening they again changed their intentions. When autumn, however approached, they returned to Vienna. The same evening they went to the play—and our hero had the courage to sit in the same box with Amelia.

Who could have believed it? To such a dreadful extent may a man be led by one thoughtless step. Ye happy husbands in high time take warning by the mournful exam le of our count.

The Task,

OR, HOW TO WIN A MISTRESS.

An affecting Story of the Mountains of the Lovers.

BY LYMAN PAGE.

"Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

"We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uppermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill, in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man, burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

"The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they commoned with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the youn man; and some of his fellows looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repeating that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretentions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood respectful-looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner, was a pleasure he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none know how respect hightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with formality enables and makes grateful the respect.

"The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous and dreading.—She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which she beheld not,) and now on her hand and her fingers ends, which she doubled up towards her with pretty pretence—the only deception she had ever used.—Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding the fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

"The father said, "Now, sir, put an end to this mummery;" and the lover turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

"The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if to encourage his mistress, they mount the hill; they proceed well; he hault an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men says he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fail. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and thus gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him. Sure, he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking every little step, and bringing out best every muscle close to the wheel. Now, he is all but on the top, he halts again, he bends, he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full from towards the top, it is to look down a level, he staggers, but it is forward.—Up every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. He at last he is on the top and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! he has won! Now he has an a right to caress his mistress; and she is caressing him, for neither of them got up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

"The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd followed him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they assist the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with storm and uncertainty. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, he lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind. "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

"Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close—they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face, sir, along with tears, and looked up at the baron.—"Sir, they are dead!"

Female Influence.

The following striking and eloquent remarks are from "suggestions on education," by Catharine E. Beecher.

"Woman has been little aware of the high incitements that should stimulate to the cultivation of her noblest powers. The world is no longer to be governed by physical force, but by the influence which mind exerts over mind. How are the great springs of action in the political world put in motion. Often by the secret workings of a single mind, that in retirement plans its schemes, and comes forth to execute them only by presenting motives of prejudice, passion, self-interest or pride, to operate on other minds.

Now the world is chiefly governed by motives that *men are ashamed to own.*—When do we find mankind acknowledging that their efforts in political life are the offspring of pride, and the desire of self aggrandizement, and yet who hesitates to believe this is true.

But there is a class of motives that men are not only willing, but proud to own.—*

Man does not willingly yield to force; he is ashamed to own he can yield to fear; he will not acknowledge his motives of pride, prejudice and passion. But none are unwilling to own they can be governed by reason, the worst will boast of being regulated by conscience, and where is the person is ashamed to own the influence of the kind and generous emotions of the heart? Here, then, is the only lawful field for the ambition of our sex. Woman in all her relations, is bound to honor and obey those on whom she depends for protection and support, nor does the truly feminine mind desire to exceed this limitation of Heaven. But where the dictates of authority may never control, the voice of reason and affection may ever convince and persuade; and while others govern by motives that mankind are ashamed to own, the dominion of woman may be based on influences that the heart is proud to acknowledge.

And if it is indeed the truth, that reason and conscience guide to the only path of happiness, and if affection will gain a hold on those powerful principles, which can be attained no other way, what high and holy motives are presented to woman, for cultivating her noblest powers.

The developement of the reasoning faculties, the fascination of the purified imagination, the charms of cultivated taste, the quick perceptions of an active mind, the power of exhibiting truth and reason; by perspicuous and animated conversation and writing, all these can be employed by woman as much as by man.

And with those attainable faculties for gaining influence, woman has already received from the hand of her maker those warm affections and quick susceptibilities, which can most surely gain the empire of the heart.

Woman has never waked to her highest destinies and holiest hopes. She has yet to learn the purifying and blessed influence she may yet gain and maintain over the intellect and affections of the human mind. Though she may not teach from the portico, nor thunder from the forum, in her secret retirements she may form and send forth the sages that govern and renovate the world.

Though she may not gird herself for the bloody conflict, nor sound the trumpet of war, she may enwrap herself in the panoply of Heaven and send the shaft of benevolence through a thousand youthful hearts. Though she may not wear the laurel wreath of victory, she may bind the broken hearted and the pillow of sickness and sorrow, she may teach the art of kindness, and teach up the thousand avenues of life.

Though she may not be clothed in the ambassador of Heaven, she may be the minister of God, as a sweet angel of mercy she may learn its will and cause to resound the humble but most accepted carolings.

Woman and Website.

Thus pleasantly and truly writeth our worthy editorial brother, Joseph Ritter, of the Washington City Native American. But recently he has yielded himself into the tender persecutions of matrimony, and lives an illustration of the grateful spirit whose presence makes life joyous. The truth of his testimony will be endorsed by every reader.

"Man has an understanding as well as a heart. For the first he craves knowledge for the second, he desires some object to love. Hence marriage, source of so many joys and sorrows, of so many pleasures and pains, and hence too the foundation of friendships formed between persons of our own sex. Although we are by no means disposed to contest the truth of the adage, that love conquers all things, yet we are convinced, from our own experience and observation, that friendship founded upon virtue and a similarity of taste and disposition affords as rich a banquet to the heart as can be found in a world where every rose has its thorn, and every pleasure its alloy. But we repeat, that for friendship to have this quality, it must be based upon virtue; and the moment that either party swerves from the principle of rectitude, the foundation is gone, and the superstructure falls to the ground; for friendship is not the mere feeling of the heart, but it is also the sentiment of the mind. Thus, we may admire a man on account of his qualities, natural or acquired.

We may be concerned by his eloquence and instructed by his wisdom. We may honor him for his patriotism, and praise him for his valor. But in all this there may not be mixed one particle of esteem, and esteem is an essential ingredient in friendship; as without it there is no attachment which should be dignified with this name. In thus speaking of our own sex, we would not be understood as in the slightest degree underrating the character of women. The loveliest being of existence, she commands the homage of our love by the charms of her person, and deserves our esteem by the virtues which adorn her. In physical power, we must also yield to her superiority. But, in modesty and in virtue—in tenderness of feeling and constancy in love—in the endurance of suffering, and patience under the most torturing afflictions—who, that does her justice, will place her below man? We know woman well; and this is our testimony concerning her; In all that adorns and sweetens domestic life—in all that is soothing in the hour of adversity and sorrow—in all that stills the throbbings of an agonized heart, and, in the language of the eloquent Burke, "cheats life of its burthens"—woman, the bone of man's bone, and the flesh of man's flesh, stands superior to this lord of creation. He is not a wise man who would assign to her a position for which Providence does not intend her; and he is not a good one, who would place her below that for which she was designed. Such is woman, a beautiful flower in the waste of human life—a lovely star, by whose mild and silvery beams we may be directed in our pilgrimage through this world; and although the curse of man's first disobedience, and fruit of our woes," yet, by the dispensation of merciful Providence; she has been the instrument of their ransom and the foundation of their hopes—being the first at the cross, and the last at the grave."

From the Evening Post.

A Fragment.

She was a bright and beautiful being, such as we see in our dreams of fairy land—no cloud dimmed the radiance of her eye or shadowed the lightness of that brow "where love sat throned,"—she seemed like the habitant of some far off clime of sunny skies and sparkling fountains, where song-birds sport amid the sweet air, and carol forth their music from the invisible spirit of joyousness—and I loved her: How wildly I loved that girl.

* * * * * *

We met when I was in the dawn of existence, when life was all spring-time and flowers, and the stream of time went laughingly on amid the 'violet banks'—scarce a ripple disturbed the calmness of its waves, or ruffling the serenity of its flow. To me the past seemed a blank. I knew no happiness that was not centred in the present, and that present was *Ida*. She gave the colors to all my bliss, and made each scene of beauty more pleasing. I have gone forth when the moon was riding high above, and each thought and intent was made sacred by the holy stillness of the hour—and there, by the time-haunted shrine of memory dedicated to *thee* (as I by imagery had been worshipped. Time, change, circumstance, place, all forgotten—my spirit soared far with thee. I saw thee in all my high and fond expectance for fame and glory; thine was the name that lingered to bring me delight whenever it was uttered, immediately it touched the chords of memory, and the sounds of melody they emitted, breathed a sweeter music than that which drew the warrior to the field to battle in the cause of *Lady Love*. The charm was *Ida*—Apart from the sunlight of that influence, the world held no share or part in my affections; they were all treasured in *thee*. So dream of my youth that in thee was not personified. My wildest hopes and wishes, my deepest draught of fancy, were all realized and fulfilled. In *thee* I saw the creature of our midnight visions, in all the freshness and beauty of our waking thoughts, the same as when I saw thee in the land of fancy-wrought delusion—it was reality. I saw *thee* then in the realms of dreams, a being born to be loved and worshipped, moving amid that soulless throng as the vestant of some bright and purer sphere, no unmeaning spirit of joy, but the spirit of bliss and happiness and love.

* * * * * *

Years passed—I saw *thee* again, but the rude hand of time had not dealt harshly with *thee*. The brightness of that eye was still there, undimmed and untainted,—the virgin freshness of that form was still untouched and sacred.—As Hebe like and young she seemed, as in days when we roved 'neath suns of other times, and other scenes in climes far away; no tint of time's wing had darkened the radiance of that brow so pure and spirit like,—no dream of thy youth but had been tasted, and the fragrance lingered as the rose—the stream of her life had passed on amid the perfume of a thousand flowers, and the hues of all were starlike and beautiful; all existence to her seemed faultless and fashioned to minister to her pleasure,—for her, the songs of the birds were warbled. The rivulet sent forth a wilder melody when her feet trod its velvet banks; and the viewless spirit of the winds whispered but in sighs when the breezes kissed her cheeks.

And Ida moved amid them all, a being born to command; no one but worshipped *thee*. That was the altar where a deep and ardent homage was paid, and "mid though not of them' I knelt, a lone devotee at the shrine of this Goddess of my own.

* * * *

The Dance of Life.

"Mirth and motion prolong life."—*Thernathy.*

Human life is a mere dance—the nursery a *bawl*-room! Old maids and bachelors, for want of partners, are compelled to exhibit in a *pas suel*. Knavery practices the *shuffle*, while pride, prudence and experience are professors of the art of *Cutting*. Courage teaches the *en avant*, and discretion ('the better part of valor,') the *en arriere*. Some are happy in their choice of 'partners;' while many are doomed to go through the whole 'lance' with the dowerless and disagreeable Miss-Fortunes and Miss-Chances.

The ambitious and would-be great are continually struggling to show off in a particular 'set;' but notwithstanding the pains they take in their 'steps,' frequently experience the mortification of a *des-a-dos*, when they are anxiously exerting all their efforts for a smiling *vis-a-vis*.'

These are the 'ups and downs' in the 'dance.'

The 'lords of creation,' (with few exceptions) are very awkward and ungainly; while 'lovely woman' is most generally perfect in the 'figure.'

Love is generally 'master of ceremonies;' but, being rather purblind, makes the most ridiculous mistakes in introducing 'partners,' and, although avarice (who officiates in the higher circles) is lynx-eyed, he commits as many errors in 'coupling' the company as his coadjutors.

Hope illumines the 'festive scene,' and away they bound on the 'light fantastic toe,'—hands across—down the middle—up again—till Time steps in and throws a damper upon their merriment—the piper stops for want of breath,' and—the dance is ended.—Bently's Miscellany.

MARRIED.—In Cabarras, North Carolina, Mr. William H. Willeford, to Miss Margaret E. *Goodnight.*

Good night, good night, my dearest,
How fast the moments fly!
'Tis time to part, thou heartest,
Good night, good night, good bye!

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—A fellow giving an account of being chased by a bull, said:

"The bull roared like thunder—and I ran like lightning—and on jumping over the fence as quick as the stars fell from the gallaxy, tore my breeches, as though Heaven and earth were coming together."

The following is from the Philadelphia Standard. It is amusing whether true or not:

"*Let Harrison put up his own Pickles.*—The house-keeper at the White House, a few days ago, came to Van Buren to know how many pickles and of what sort he would have put up for family use. The answer she received was, "let Harrison put up his own pickles."