



"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves, to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfumes of the rose, and to staid over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

From the Embrail.
BOYHOOD.

When I was young—when I was young,
I laugh'd at what the world call'd care;
My lips were always dress'd in smiles,
And every thing was bright and fair.
With lazy pace I went to school,
Or fleetly chased the butterfly;
There was no sorrow in my heart,
Joy, sunny joy laugh'd in my eye.

When I was young—when I was young,
I used to join the stripling band,
And bravely storm the snow-redoubt,
By twenty hostile urchins mann'd.
I call'd myself "Montgomery,"
And when I fell—I was no fool,
I'd die just like a "demi-god,"
And then get up and run to school.

When I was young—when I was young,
Love's language darted from my eyes,
I loved to feast on Ellen's lips,
For they were stored with luxuries.
I kiss'd the book she used to read,
I thought of music when she spoke;
I worship'd all her tresses bright,
And read my fate in every lock.
I'm getting old—I'm getting old,
I cannot, as in boyhood's hours,
Climb proudly up the mountain steep,
Or count the leaves of summer flowers.
I cannot look upon the world
As if 'twere made for me alone;
I cannot claim a single friend,
For those I lov'd in youth are gone.

I'm getting old—I'm getting old,
The sun-bright days of youth are gone,
Care's leaden hand is on my heart,
And I am in the world—alone!
Life's winter is advancing fast,
Ah! where is Ellen? where are they
Who join'd me in my youthful sports?
Just like a dream, they've pass'd away! H.

THE GREEK LEADER TO HIS TROOPS.

BY DELTA.

And say ye 'tis better to yield,
Than give up our lives on the field?
Would ye bow down your necks to the foe,
And with sullenness broke,
Like the steer to his yoke,
Would ye sacrifice Liberty? No!
Our blood hath come down from the line of the brave,
Let us die like the free, and not live like the slave.
Desert not our country in need,
Come forth with the steel and the steel,
And these boasters may learn from our band,
Although we be few,
What each freeman can do,

When his sword is unsheathed for his land;
Then ho! for the combat; the end of our strife
Shall be death, not defeat, or be freedom and life!

Look on tower and on temple around,
And hark to the bell's solemn sound,
That so often hath called you to prayer!

Looking on to the Cross,
Know that life must be loss,
Should the Crescent supplant it in air.

And swear by the volume, which knows not to lie,
For our hearths and our altars, to conquer or die!

Oh! strange that your purpose should freeze!
Irresolute look ye on these,
The glories your foremen should shroud—
Your country demands
Her defence from our hands,

Yea, her stones lift their voices aloud;
And the ghosts of our fathers start up from their graves,
To gibber at those who submit to be slaves.

Yes, these worthies; they bled for its sake—
Let the might of their spirits awake—
And rouse ye to glory once more;

Doubt and darkness shall fly
From that morning's bright eye,
Which dawns to illumine our shore;

In the might of each arm—in the flash of each sword,
In the throb of each heart shall the past be restored.

Then forward!—Heav'n smiles on our cause—
Let us fight for our lives and our law;
Advance we and vow by the sword,
While a kindling remains
Of Greek blood in our veins,
That "Freedom or death" is the word;
Then draw for the onset—huzza for the strife,
Which leads us from thralldom to freedom and life.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not—once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.
I had a husband once, who lov'd me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees from laurel flow'rs a poison sip;
But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours,
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I lov'd him then—he lov'd me too—my heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Yenom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile,
Caresses which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come, and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent shall weep, and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been.

PERCIVAL.

'TIS HOME WHERE'ER THE HEART IS.

From the Winter's Wreath

'Tis Home where'er the heart is,
Where'er its loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Thronged haunts or mossy dell;
The heart's a rover ever,
And thus on wave and wild,
The maiden with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.
'Tis bright where'er the heart is;
Its fairy spells can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert—spring.
There are green isles in each ocean,
O'er which affliction glides;
And a love on the star that guides,
When Haven's the shore that guides.

'Tis free where'er the heart is;
Not chains, nor dungeon dim,
May check the mind's aspirings,
The spirit's pealing hymn!
The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power—
'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its flower.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE BUTTERFLY.

The Butterfly was a gentleman,
Of no very good repute;
And he roved in the sunshine all day long,
In his scarlet and purple suit;
And he left his lady-wife at home
In her own secluded bower;
Whilst he, like a bachelor, flirted about
With a kiss for every flower.
His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,
And seldom from home she'd stir;
She loved him better than all the world,
Though little he cared for her.
Unheeded she pass'd the day—she knew
Her lord was a rover then;
But, when night came on, she lighted her lamp,
To guide him over the green.

One night the wanderer homeward came,
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray:
Some wild bird saw the neglected one,
And flew with her far away.
Then beware, ye Butterflies all, beware
If to you such a time should come:
Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish
You had cherish'd the lamp at home.

—:—

Whoever is angry with another is wrong himself.

"BURIED ALIVE."

Hanover, Pa. Jan. 20.—We are informed that week before last, during the cold and windy weather, a young man, a market tender by profession, living several miles west of this place, on his return from Baltimore, whither he had been to dispose of his cargo, finding the piercing sharpness of the wind and cold exceedingly unpleasant, resolved to creep into an old empty chest he had on his wagon in ordinary use for stowing away market articles, but then empty. He had scarcely time to feel snug and comfortable in his new quarters, before a stick, placed as a supporter of the lid of the chest gave way, it fell, and being we suppose a spring lock, closed firmly on him, and all his efforts to force it open were unavailing. Being thus buried alive, and finding it impossible to extricate himself, in the extremity of terror he screamed, shouted and halloed, but all to no purpose; the chest was tight and the wind high, and the sound of his voice could not penetrate his sarcophagus. His horses, accustomed to the road, travelled on unconscious of their master's unpleasant incarceration, and proceeded three miles, when at last the (supposed) absence of the owner excited attention. The horses were stopped, and having at last made himself heard, he was released from his uncomfortable durance, with great pleasure to him-self and the amusement of his deliverers.

We copy the following anecdote from the Boston Evening Bulletin:

"The Attorney General, now nearly eighty years of age and said to be more competent to the discharge of the arduous duties of his highly honorable station than almost any practitioner at the bar, on account of his great learning and experience, as well as a remarkable retention of mental power, was managing a case in behalf of the Commonwealth, in Middlesex county, where a man was indicted for gouging out the eyes of a girl, because she had made oath that he was the father of her illegitimate child. Her brother, an intelligent lad of nine years of age, was on the stand, as a Government witness; and his relation of the facts which he saw, produced an electrical effect on the whole audience. The girl was also present, in total blindness; and every circumstance attending the investigation of this horrible barbarity, was highly exciting. The boy stated the preliminary circumstances, and then said:—"I was cutting beam poles round the barn, and my sister was milking; I heard her scream, and then I ran with a pole in my hand, and as I came up, I saw that he had pulled her over backwards; then he looked over his shoulders to see who was coming, and I struck him with the pole, and broke his jaw."—"Why did you not repeat the blow?" exclaimed the Attorney General, carried away with the tremendous interest—"why did you not repeat the blow, and knock his d—d brains out?" "Mr Attorney," said the Judge, "you well know that profanity in Court is a high offence, punishable with imprisonment; but, in consequence of the unusual excitement of the case, it will, in this instance, be overlooked."

At a fire in London, while the engines were discharging their contents against the front of a house, an inscription on it became nearly obliterated. "By my *sooth*," exclaimed a witty Irishman in the crowd, "this is a queer time for a joke!" "And who is a joking?" growled one of the firemen. "Why, don't you see honey, how you are *playing upon words*," said Pat.

INDULGENCE IN BED.

The last number of the European Magazine contains an ingenious article, showing the way in which lying too long in bed injures the body. This is unquestionably one of the most pernicious habits which can beset poor human nature. Too much bed (and above seven hours is too much) debilitates both body and mind; it causes indigestion, nervous disorders, low spirits, and is as hostile to "good looks" as to strength and cheerfulness. We hear some unhappy and inveterate sluggards exclaim, "but different constitutions require different quantities of rest!" No such thing; 7 hours is an ample allowance for young and old, weak or strong, and the snorer will not improve their complexion half so effectually as the wholesome, useful, and every way valuable practice of early rising; a practice against which not a single objection can be urged, and which costs absolutely nothing—unless indeed that is an objection.

A LAWLESS POPULATION.

Previous to the last session of the Legislature of Illinois, says the Galena Miners' Journal, there was no Court of Judicature on Fever River, and the only written law operating upon the Miners, who compose the principal part of the population of Galena, was contained on a single page of foolscap paper, signed by the Superintendent of the Mines, and posted up in a public place. The regulations, as they were called, provided a way for settling all disputes between the Miners, with regard to their ore and lots of ground; but in their daily transactions, and in the credits given by one another, they were governed entirely by the law of honor.