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THE BIRD'S RETURNING INTO GERMAN FROM

Oh sweet is the current by town and by tower.

The green sunny vale and the dark timbered tower.

The wren, as they dimple, smile back on the plain.

And thither, sweet river, thou'rt German again!

The roses are sweeter, the air is more free.

More blithe is the song of the bird on the tree.

The wren, as they dimple, smile back on the plain.

And thither, sweet river, thou'rt German again!

The land is all green and breaks forth into song.

The hill, in its echoes, the cadence prolong.

The wren, as they dimple, smile back on the plain.

And thither, sweet river, thou'rt German again!

The daughters, sweet river, thy daughters no fair.

With their eyes of dark azure, and soft sunny hair.

Repeat 'mid the dances at eve on the plain.

Our thine, our own river, is German again!

A CURT FOR ENRI.

It was ten in the morning, and I had

risen, when Dr. Elliott entered my apart-

ment. "Ah, Doctor," in a feeble voice,

"you see before you a poor young man

who is fast going to the grave. I am

surrounded by everything that wealth

can purchase, but at twenty-five years of

age, have lost all sense of enjoyment. My

existence is a burden and only desire

death. I have consulted the most emi-

nent physicians in London, but they can

do nothing for me."

"They were right," replied the Doc-

tor, abruptly.

"Then must I die?"

"Yes, undoubtedly when you are eigh-

ty years old."

"Heavens! do you know a remedy?"

"Perhaps, perhaps. Let me see, Sir

Thomas, have you abused the pleasures

which youth and fortune have procured

for you?"

"I have used them, but never abused

them."

"What are your first thoughts upon

awaking?"

"Vague and undefined."

"Have you ever been in love?"

"Alas! I have no strength to love or

hate."

"Do you like the theatre?"

"It is a bore."

"Do you like the pleasures of the ta-

ble?"

"I have no appetite."

"Do you enjoy the beauties of nature?"

"I only see clouds and shadows."

"You are very sick but not incurable."

"Do you believe it?"

"I know it; but you must make a

great sacrifice."

"What is that?"

"You must renounce your country,

your friends and the use of your fortune.

You must forget that you are Sir Thom-

as Wentworth and the immense wealth

you possess. You must go to Switzerland

taking with you only a hundred guineas

to buy some goats and little cabin. You

must live there for a year, breathing the

pure mountain air, and labor with the

sweat of your brow to gain an existence,

which all the diamonds of the Indies

can not purchase."

"You forget, I can not travel—I have

no strength."

"I will return. There exists in soci-

ety a class of men among whom your

kindly is extremely rare. Those are the

men in their ranks you must mingle.

Depart, then as soon as possible. Re-

turn in a year and you will return cured.

There is but one plank between you and

shipwreck; renounce it, and you are a

dead man."

So saying, he took his hat, and polite-

ly wishing me a pleasant journey, and

departed.

they abandoned me to my own reflec-

tions. The young girl with whose beau-

ty I had been so struck was not among

the gay throng; she had disappeared im-

mediately upon leaving the church.

After the rustic ball the girls, hand in

hand singing gaily as they went, ad-

vanced to the foot of a hill, whose summit

was covered with ice. All at once they

started and rushed full speed up the

slippery eminence. They seemed like a

troop of angels ascending to Heaven.

But what was my terror when they be-

gan to descend in the same rapid and

perilous manner. With great speed

they came springing down the declivity,

their hair unbound and floating in the

wind, while their lovers at the base of

the hill, with their arms extended, re-

ceived them with innumerable kisses.

"Happy shepherds!" I exclaimed,

"how I envy you!"

"Upon arriving at the house I learned

that my guide had purchased for me a

dozen goats, and a little cabin upon one

of the neighboring mountains. The

transaction had consumed almost all

my money and if I wished to live, I must

labor like my new companions, no richer

than any of them.

My dwelling was neat, and furnished

with everything necessary for comfort;

a bench, a table, and a bed—a little hard

to be sure, but soft enough for the robust

limbs of a tired shepherd.

My first days were frightful. The

isolation in which I lived, the coarse fare,

to which I was unaccustomed, the violent

exercise in following my goats over steep

rocks and precipices all combined to

drive me to despair. Soon I had not

strength to leave my cabin; a burning

fever consumed me, and my senses were

lost in delirium. I remained ten days

hovering between life and death. Some-

times believing myself in my own coun-

try, sometimes on a desert island pur-

suing phantoms that fled before me.

Sometimes I seemed to see at my bedside

the young girl whom I met at the church;

but her sweet face was soon obliterated

by others.

Finally, after a lethargic sleep, my

reason returned. I enquired, "where am

I?" A voice replied, "He is saved, he

is saved!" I opened my eyes and I per-

ceived two females, one of middle age,

who had uttered the exclamation; but the

other, fresh as spring, and beautiful as a

new born flower, gazed at me in silence.

"These are the two angels," I said, in

my own language, "that have saved my

life." My words they could not under-

stand, but my sentiments I am sure they

did.

Marie and Laura, so called in the val-

ley were beloved by all the inhabitants

of Lauterbrunn. They were delighted

in good deeds, and often climbed the

mountains to carry assistance to sick cot-

tagers. Their dwelling was not far from

mine, and as soon as they learned of my

illness they hastened to tend upon me.

Thanks to their care, I recovered, and

became a frequent visitor at their cot-

tage. Gratitude made it a duty, and

love made it a necessity.

I applied myself diligently to the study

of their language, and with Marie and

Laura, for instructors, I soon acquired

great proficiency in it, and could con-

verse freely with the shepherds upon the

mountains. Obligated, like them, to earn

my own living, I soon began to value

my hard-earned necessities, and to for-

get the existence of luxuries. After a

the rank our family occupied in

France forbids it. Would to Heaven

we had been born in this shining valley

where the same fortune, the same edu-

cation, would have made us equal. But

it is not so. Laura is daughter of the Comte

de Blauville. The blood which flows in

her veins is illustrious. She can not

dishonor it by allying herself to a poor

shepherd. Misfortune attendant upon

us and deprived us of our estate. M. de

Blauville was massacred before my eyes,

and I escaped from France—not that I

cared for my own life, but to save my

daughter from the axe of the executioner.

I believe that in this retired part