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WHOLE NO. 2019.

## Poetry.

**YOUTHFUL DAYS.**  
BY W. S. FAY.  
Oh in childhood's happy hours,  
When the sunny sun was high,  
And the gamboling daisies,  
Where the tree-tops hid the sky,  
Winding down a pathway far,  
Overgrown with forest trees,  
Bunches hanging lily there,  
Waved in every passing breeze,  
To a bright and sunny glade,  
Where a crystal stream is seen,  
Near its fountain, half in shade,  
Trickling through the drooping green.  
On these sunny banks I've lain,  
Listening to the murmuring stream  
Till it like the falling rain,  
Wrapped my spirit in a dream.  
Long I've lingered by its side,  
Forming fancies wild and rare,  
Till the coming twilight  
Threw its darkness on the air.  
How I loved those quiet visions—  
Childish fancies that were—  
Yet to me as worlds of bliss,  
Seemed those "castles in the air."  
Many a bright and happy day  
Have I passed within that glade;  
Sunny lakes in memory  
Brightening a man's old shade.  
Warren, June, 1855.

**"AND THERE WAS LIGHT."**  
BY LUCY LARSON.  
Light was, before the sun  
His ancient race began,  
The Father spoke a sparkling spark  
Gushed to a fountain through the dark,  
Till chaos and the wastes of night  
Were deluged with the Milky Light.  
Again he spoke. The bright drops ran  
To wheels of flame; and moon and sun  
Had a triumphant o'er darkness won.  
In all my gleams of light,  
Through ether out of sight,  
Obscured by sorrow and by sin;  
By ignorance locked tightly in;  
That warmth keeps hidden gent of love,  
More potent than the bloom will give;  
That spark shall meet another ray;  
That darkness shall be light's highway;  
For God gives every soul a star of day.  
To guide of every man,  
By long, or short, or pain,  
On your bright axis calmly turn;  
By passing, ye would blind and burn,  
One sun-drops from the Font of Love,  
Adorn your earthly channels more,  
Shine on, though all in dark below;  
Through thick fog the sunbeams go,  
To make the unseen blossoms bud and blow.

## Choice Miscellany.

From Peterson's Magazine for June.  
**MEETA CARR.**  
A LEAF FROM A BACHELOR'S NOTE-BOOK.  
BY ALICE BENT.

I never saw two people that seemed so "made for each other," as did Meeta Carr and my friend Job Talford. One rarely thinks of such a thing in reference to persons that have never been brought together, but the first time I saw Miss Carr, as her head appeared above the ship's side, she was climbing, I felt that Job's Venus had risen from the depths of the sea. I wished that he was there. It was a glad day. The vessel was to be christened, and notwithstanding his name, Job was well-fitted to play his part in such a scene. I suppose his god-fathers and godmothers had to answer for the rounds of imprecations he bestowed upon his cognomen. He always wrote himself J. Talford, and considered it a personal insult for any one to ask what the initial represented.

It is a wonder that I did not fall in love with Meeta Carr myself that day, for I never saw any being so beautiful, as she broke the bottles of wine; but I had a previous engagement. I became an intimate friend of hers, however, a frequent guest at her uncle's splendid house in Fourteenth street; sat by her at dinner parties, feeling all the charm her grace and tact lent to her deep-toned thoughts and feelings, and danced German quadrilles with her at midnight.—The men, without exception, worshipped and flattered her, and she seemed, by a sort of chemical analysis, to separate whatever there was of truth or sincerity in their compliments—that only she received; all felt that the rest floated down the stream. She had none of those little nets and lines by which many women gain admiration. It took well—this gay indifference. The conservatories were ransacked for choice bouquets for her; and her door was besieged with anonymous presents which were straightway forced up in a dark closet.

It was almost as exciting as champagne to study daily such a deep heart and mind. And the sparkles were not wanting. Some were flashed from Meeta's pride, which would admit very few into the parterre of the sanctuary, the exception in my favor, a great compliment therefor. Another was that she never looked upon me or behaved to me as if there was any probability of my ever becoming her lover.

But in talking to Miss Carr, one now and then seemed, if I may so express it, to the bottom of affairs unexpectedly.—You could not say it was too soon, but it was when you had thought a fresh fount of feeling just opening. I discovered the reason of this by accident. Meeta Carr had no idea of relig-

ion, hardly of God. I do not mean that she was an Atheist, neither had she the easy creed of the world. But the sentiment, the feeling, even in its most general form, was not in her. She told me, with wonder at my wonder, that the idea of a Disposer of all things had never entered her mind till suggested by some one else. She could talk and think of a future life, but the thought of a God ruling over the present, with whom she had any connection, could find no foothold in her mind. I tried to rouse a feeling that I thought must only slumber, but in vain. She would look at me calmly and smile. One day I concluded an eloquent burst, "Do you understand me, Meeta?" I asked.

"No," she quietly replied.  
I desisted after this, but wondered that such a lack was not more visible, and that it did not extend farther.  
When our party was made up for Newport in the summer, I wrote to Job Talford to meet us there. In common with every one else he was dazzled with Miss Carr, and at once devoted himself to her. The drives and polkas he begged for were granted far more freely than to older acquaintances, his flowers were worn, his instructions at the bowling-alley accepted.

One day I was praising him to her, when she said quietly, "I do not understand your friend. Tell me his peculiarities."  
"I think his character easily read," I answered, watching her closely, "with the exception of a sensibility as tender as a woman's. He is a poet, as you may have discovered, and has, perhaps, indulged too freely in the license of genius; but you ladies will not like him the worse for that."

As we rose to go in—we had been sitting on the piazza in the moonlight—Job suddenly came up the steps. I looked quickly around at Meeta. Her face was quiet, but I saw she was holding her breath to keep the color from rising. I felt convinced that she had undertaken to win Talford's heart—undertaken it with all a woman's wilfulness, the more quickly because she saw it would be difficult. Yes, the proud beauty, so disdainful of admiration and homage, would change her character and bearing, and try all ways of winning devotion.—Strange inconsistency! Fain would I have given her more help, but I too was puzzled with Talford. He went too far to go farther.

Late that same night, I was walking down to the beach with him, when he suddenly collapsed me, exclaiming, "Do you love Meeta Carr?"

"What the deuce do you mean?" Hands off," I replied, shaking myself clear.

"Do you love Meeta Carr I ask?"  
"Do you?"  
"Yes—no—I don't know."  
"Say no, then. Meeta Carr is not a woman to be loved with a hesitation."  
"I know it." After a pause he continued,

"You have not answered my question. You have been playing a part. You love Meeta Carr, and she loves you."  
"Take care, Talford, what you say. I have not the patience of your namesake."  
"Namesake be hanged."  
"I will answer you in plain words.—I do not love Meeta Carr, and never shall."  
"And why not?"  
"I deny your right to ask the question."  
"Is she not worthy of being loved?"  
"Aye! nobly, sincerely."  
"Has she not a true heart?"  
"Truer than you think; with feelings far more deep and underlying than you have any idea of."

There was a hush the next night. How radiant Meeta looked! She was dressed in white, her skirt caught with bunches of ivy-leaves, and a garland of the same twined in her glossy curls. She wore a splendid wreath on her bosom, reaching from shoulder to shoulder, which a little marred the symmetry of her costume, but I fancied, and afterward learned, that it was Talford's gift. He did not come until late, and then only said a few words to her, and devoted himself to a little, blue sylvan from Philadelphia. I noted the fierce pang of jealousy that shot through Meeta's heart. All that evening she eagerly tried to attract his attention. She who before had scarcely deigned to accept.

Satin slippers were beginning to look soiled and frayed, when he relinquished her hand after the single dance he had asked that evening. I saw the feverish expression in her eyes. Suddenly she extended her arm in a strange manner, I thought, and her bracelet lay broken at his feet. He raised it, and asked permission to have it mended. She laughingly refused. He seemed nettled at this, and turning hastily, left her without a word.

The ball was broken up. I heard Talford make engagements for meeting the little girl in blue, at the bowling-alley the next morning, and also to drive her on the beach at six. Miss Carr had refused several invitations for the beach in hopes he would invite her. I joined her in the embrace of a window. The music ceased, and we heard the melancholy roar of the sea. The night looked dreary without. There were tears in Meeta's eyes, and I knew the fast-thinning ball-room looked dreary through them. I half wished Talford would approach, but Meeta knew better. She knew that a ball room is no place for woman's most subtle weapon. The next moment she looked up from her drooping wreath with an easy smile, "I believe my mother is waiting." Oh, smiles and flowers and jewels, how much do ye hide! Was hers the only aching heart in that Newport ball-room that night?

Dancing, flirting, promenading, manoeuvring, ten-pins, fast horses, sherry-cobblers, moonlight *site-a-lets* and Polka Redows went on at Newport. Well for those who had not put their hearts on the game! I beheld with wonder the transformation of my friend Meeta Carr. Her quick and practiced tact prevented others from seeing anything in her actions, but the caprice of a petted beauty. She had a constitutional fear of horseback exercise. I had once seen her, after many solicitations, tremblingly allow herself to be placed on the back of a steady, old worn-out Rosinette, but at his first step she turned deadly pale, and for assistance would have fallen fainting from the saddle. Now Talford greatly admired a lady equestrian. On this account she determined to conquer her dread. But her riding lessons were hours of torture. She often returned to her room with a headache for the day. She learned to ride with grace, as she did everything else, but never without a palpitating heart, and a sigh of relief on dismounting.

Talford was a wonder to me as well. His behavior to Miss Carr was always distant and reserved, and yet he almost constantly sought her society. "Lawrence, I leave Newport to-morrow," he said to me one day.

I was not surprised to hear Miss Carr announce to her bevy of admirers, that the time set for their return to the city was the beginning of the next week.

Again in New York, her trial to win Talford's love continued. I knew that her mornings were passed in the close study of the German metaphysical works he loved, and urged upon her. She had no fancy for such things, but still would dim her bright eyes poring over them when she longed to be abroad in the breezy October noon.

All at once she stopped and drew back. She was cool and smiling as a snow-drift. Was it jealousy? I had seen that passion urge her to the putting forth of all her powers. Had she concluded it hopeless? No, the change would not have been so sudden. I watched her for a week and learned the explanation. She had a poor cousin, plain and delicate, to whom Talford's feeling heart had made him show many attentions. He would bring her the lingering flowers of autumn, move her chair to a sunny window, reach her a fire screen, tell her the gossip of the town, and in a thousand nameless ways cheer the poor girl's existence. These things Meeta had understood and admired, but one day she saw him pick up a bunch of faded chrysanthemums that lay beside the piano, and conceal them in his bosom. They were Laura's and he stood aghast. God forbid that she should come between that poor girl and a love that would be to her as the one ewe-lamb of her life! With all the discreet generosity of her nature, she began at once to crush back her feelings. I even revered her as I looked on her trembling lips and calm brow. With another, even her proud spirit would have struggled, but with her poor, sick cousin—no! Talford saw her anxiety not to elude Laura in her presence, saw she had misinterpreted his attentions, and took care that she should do so no more. The incident of the flowers was accidentally explained—he had thought them hers. Her proud spirit was laid open before him, and by her own generosity. And so it was that meeting at a bridal reception, after a month or two more of eager trial and heart-burning on Meeta's part, Talford said, in the most every day manner,

"Ah! Miss Carr, I am glad to see you here, for I should have only had time to leave my P. P. C's at your door. I am going abroad."  
Meeta went through the suitable surprise and regret. "When do you sail?" she inquired calmly.  
"On Monday. I will not say goodbye. Au revoir."  
Each took a smiling and careless fare-

well. Meeta hurried into a refreshment-room, where after a hasty glance to see that she was not observed, she filled for herself a brimming glass of Margaux, and drank it almost at one swallow.

Before Talford sailed, I discovered that he had found out Meeta Carr's great defect.

The birds had sung the new music of two spring times to the skies of America, blue as those of Italy—twice had the forest fairies of the New World kissed every branch and stem with their loving and glowing lips, while Talford and I wandered in the "foreign parts." I had joined him in the Levant, and we had travelled over the East together. We had got back to Paris again, and found it ringing with the beauty and grace of a young American girl. At the opera, a few nights after our arrival, we observed a sudden stir and rising of glasses. "Voilà," said the enthusiastic young Frenchman, who had been gabbling us of large wondering eyes, and pearly teeth, and exquisite shoulders. It was Meeta Carr.

We went round to her box. At first I was deceived by the well trained self-possession with which she greeted Talford, but I happened to look down among the folds of her ermine cloak, and my eye caught the quick clasping and unclasping of her small hand. Her remarks to me were in French, but after the first words of salutation she spoke to him in English. The unconscious compliment was not lost. He seemed at once under a spell. I had never really thought that he loved Meeta, and had fancied that two years had effaced all impressions, but a true poet's heart was that of my friend Job. What a name for a son of thine, Apollo! The embers of affection could never become entirely dead. And Meeta? I soon saw that the struggle was to recommence.

She had much to tell the next morning of the events of two years. The great sorrow of her life had fallen upon her. Her mother had died very shortly after my departure. For a moment I hoped that grief had led her to a higher power, but alas! no! Her lame brother's health had brought her, with her uncle to Europe. To this child, the last of her immediate family, she clung with idolatrous tenderness.

I knew there was little food for hope that glittered through her downcast eyelashes when she spoke of Talford; and Paris was of all places the last in which to indulge it. Frivolous and perhaps heartless as French women may be, they are most of them unaffectedly religious, and this without the embarrassment and secrecy in it which distinguish Protestants. Poor Meeta.

I was hardly prepared for her passionate turning away from all homage to seek that of Talford. Paris was at her feet. Men of the world, scholars, military men, noblemen, poets, pursued her with exquisite gallantry, delicate flattering attentions; but she sent them down the winds as though not worthy of a thought. Oh! how many arts love taught her, and how day by day her feelings grew more eager, her heart sickness more intense. She did nothing unaimedly, nothing forward, but it seemed as if her feelings could not be repressed. Talford was too absent-minded to be a very close observer, but I thought he must see this. Many an irascible Frenchman looked at him with a muttered "sacre," as his own attentions were repulsed for those which Talford offered with such a strange, variable, uncertain manner.

Summer drew on, and the Baths of Lucca were recommended for little Charley Carr. To my surprise Talford insisted upon going thither also.

"You had better stay where you are," I said. "Do you know what you are doing?"  
"What do you mean?" he asked.  
"You understand me. I do not wish in such a connection to speak the lady's name even to you?"  
He looked offended and turned away. The next morning he said, "I am going to Italy with the Carrs go. You can come with me or not as you choose."  
"But Talford—"  
"If you wish to continue your last night's remarks, Lawrence, you must excuse me. We will not resume that subject at this or any other time."  
I knew Job did not get his temper from the land of Uz, so I said no more. At the Baths the same scene was reenacted. There was much company there, and Meeta quailed it over all.—The impressive Italians raved about her. There was a wealthy English nobleman, one of the most striking men I ever met, who would have given half his fortune to bear back such a bride to his velvet Westmoreland glades. I did hope that some one would succeed in diverting Meeta's regards.

"This is my first and shall be my last at match-making," said I to myself.—

"How much would I give if I had not been the means of bringing Talford and Miss Carr together."  
As I better read Meeta's passionate heart, I feared she would break through conventionalism, and throw herself upon Talford's compassion. How much pride had she already cast aside for him! The Baths of Lucca are "located," as a Yankee would say, in a narrow valley, on both sides of which the sun is absent. There are many lovely hill-side walks. One day I came upon my friends seated beneath the shadow of a spreading chestnut. Meeta's uncle, who had been her companion, had strolled further up the mountain. Talford was trying to sketch the drooping arch of her eyebrow. Failing in the attempt, he began tracing over the original with a corner of a card, "to get his finger into the way of the curve," he said. Suddenly stopping, he pressed the card to his lips, and replaced it in his pocket, but in his usual Meeta sat still with her usual grace. I found myself *de trop*. Miss Carr's manners, however, had lost their former *retenu*. They had become restless and impetuous. Foreigners thought nothing of it, but she would not have been as much admired in England as formerly.

At the next ball given by the duke, Talford was constant at her side, and hanging upon his words, she seemed scarcely able to spare a thought for an attempt to veil her preference. She secretly watched his eye to guide her in every little particular. One trifling struck me that evening. All Italians have a horror for perfumes, so that Miss Carr's Hedionna and Ess. Bouquet which she used profusely, attracted attention. A day or two before I had heard Talford strongly express his agreement with the natives of the country. That night, for the first time, I lifted an unsected handkerchief.

Talford and I occupied a sitting room in common. As I was pulling off my pumps that night I heard him leaping up stairs. He dashed across the room without a word and bolted himself into his bedroom. The next morning he asked me in a melancholy, but firm tone, if I was ready to go with him to England. And so the day of our departure was fixed for the next Wednesday.

On Tuesday there was a sketching party made up. We wandered about for some hours, Talford hovering near Miss Carr with wistful looks and silent attentions. Our cloth for a late dinner was laid upon the grass. Poor Charley Carr sat at the head in high glee. He had been carried up in a chair, for his sister never could bear him long away from her.

The sloping rays were glimmering through the lovely chestnut woods. We were standing on the brink of a cliff watching the shadows creep up its sides, when we heard a sudden cry. Miss Carr sprang around the angle of the cliff and uttered a scream of horror.—Her little brother had ventured on a ledge in quest of berries. The rock on which he had crawled had loosened and fell, and he had barely time to fling himself towards another crag, where he hung by his hands. All access to him seemed impossible. The precipice was almost perpendicular, and far below almost the cragged rocks foamed a mountain torrent. What was to be done? The poor child looked up with a face dumb with horror. Talford's eye caught a jutting rock near, and he instantly threw off his coat. "Let me go, signor," said a Luccese peasant, who had been with us during the afternoon, "I am used to these mountains. It were madness for you."

The man instantly began to climb down the cliff. With suspended breath we watched his progress. He reached the rock, but the distance from the child was greater than he had thought. He could do nothing. Sick with disappointment, we looked in each other's faces. The man retraced his steps to reach another crag, from which grew a stunted tree. Carefully he began to climb up to the end of its branches. In the meantime, Charley had managed to draw his feet up on the rock, and crouched there, clinging to the matted vines. Meeta had been cheering and encouraging him, but now she covered her face. A German girl by her side breathed a low "mieu God," and she suddenly looked up with an expression I never shall forget—in tears, puzzled, eager, wistful. Many an ejaculation of prayer was uttered aloud; and she looked from one to another, and then almost writhed in agony. *She has no God—no God to pray to!*

The peasant had now reached the outermost branch, from which he stretched down his athletic arm to the child who could just grasp his fingers. "Climb up to my shoulder, so that I can get hold of you, can't my boy?" he said.

Poor Charley's lameness almost prevented this. He tried often vainly.—"The branch is parting," whispered some one, as a loud crack was heard. The brave Italian cast one glance at the body of the tree, then at the abyss over which he hung. "Signori, my wife and children," he said, looking up; and then Talford, "once more—for life-for life!" This time he was successful, and the man's strong grasp was on his arm.—One mighty effort, and he swung him clear over the overhanging crag, away above his head, to a broad rock whence many eager hands bore him to the top. The peasant had just time to get off the branch when the last fibre parted.

For a moment I thought the revolution of feeling would absolutely strangle Meeta. Then she bowed her forehead on a rock near which she knelt, and her lips moved in thanksgiving to God. Yes, in that hour the heavens were opened for her. Her burden of gratitude forced her to scale them, for all earth flung it back. There was silence while she lifted up her awe and overwhelmed heart. When she rose, and Charley sprang to her standing embrace, there was an altogether new expression on her countenance. She looked around on hill, and vale, and river, as if a new world had burst upon her.

I do not think she thought of Talford then, but his whole soul was laid at her feet. That one prayer had won—won what absorbed and wearying effort and affection had failed to do alone. Dizzy with emotion, her tottering steps were supported by his arm. His whole being went back to her with a passionate abandonment that could not but satisfy even her.

The brave peasant was generously rewarded, but I think he cared more for Meeta's tears on his hand.

What a delirium of pleasure glowed in my beautiful friend's eyes the next day! Time and eternity, this world and the next were casting their floods of happiness at her feet.

"I thought we were to be on our way to England to-day, Talford."  
He looked at me as if I was wild—then laughed. "Oh! I recollect. Well—I'm not going to England just now, my dear fellow."  
They were married in Italy, and Talford's ardent affection for his lovely bride was—I'll leave it to novel writers to describe.

## AGITATION.

Slavery may be considered as the darkest shade of that moral night which still hangs over our world, but which must soon pass away forever. Believing that the Universe is governed by a wise and holy and omnipotent God; that He has condescended to reveal his purposes to man; and that the Bible contains that Revelation, we look with confidence for the triumph of Righteousness in the earth.

There may be some who look for such a result from what they suppose to be the independent action of human minds,—who overlook, or deny the Divine agency in human affairs; but God is our strength. If "Truth is mighty, and will prevail," it is because truth is an instrument in the hand of a mighty God.—Were it not for his powerful agency, *Falseness*, on earth, would forever prove itself mightier than *Truth*.

In all our efforts to advance the cause of righteousness, our hopes of success are founded upon the joyful fact that God reigns. When we see the King of kings seated upon the throne of the Universe, and seem to hear, as John did, the glad hosts of heaven, "as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia;" we can look with less alarm upon the darkness that hangs over our fallen world.—can anticipate a glorious result of all the chaotic movements of human minds.—The hearts of all are in the hands of God. He cannot be disappointed by any of his creatures. He has said, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." It is the confidence inspired by such declarations as this that sustains the good man in all his conflicts with the ruler of the darkness of this world. Were it not for this confidence, he cannot be disappointed by any of his creatures. He has said, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." 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