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## Poetry.

The following lines, by William Winter are copied from the Boston *Transcript*:—

There hangs a star in the western sky—
Merrily blows the wind by night!
It twinkles and glows like an angel's eye,
And the sky is blue and the snow is white—
And merrily blows the wind by night!

'Tis the star of Love that I gaze on there—
Merrily blows the wind by night!
And it speaks to my heart of the good and fair
That forever and ever have left my sight:
Ah! drearily cobs the wind by night!

Some in the grave yards lie asleep—
Merrily blows the wind by night!
Over them snows are drifted deep,
Cold as their bones, and pure and white—
But merrily blows the wind by night!

And some there are whose haughty hearts
Are frozen hard with shame and sin:
No tone of music e'er departs,
No ray of sunshine enters in:
Cold like the snow, but not so white—
While merrily blows the wind by night!

And one there is whose gentle eyes
Seem yet to thrill me from a far;
Whose memory in my bosom lies
As the pure light of that cold star.
She loved me once but woman is light,
Changeful and false as the snow so white—
And merrily blows the wind by night!

This life of ours is wild unrest,
And light and shadow and joy and woe;
And then the sod is over us prest,
And merrily on the winds do blow.
And the self-same stars that shine to night
Will shine on our graves when we are gone,
And the snow will cover us, tranquil and white,
While the musical winds blow merrily on.
For the sky is blue and the snow is white—
And merrily blows the wind by night!

Shine on, thou beautiful star, shine on,
In the brilliant beauty, bold and bright!
For the world in darkness waits the dawn—
And merrily blows the wind by night!
Let hearts grow cold that once were glad,
And eyes, once bright, grow dim and sad,
And cheeks turn pale, and slow decay
And fever waste our forms away;
Yet, in the radiant home above,
Shine on—and hear us talk of love!
Shine on o'er all the ghastly sight,
And hark to the wind that sings by night—
To the jolly old wind that sings by night!
For the sky is blue and the snow is white—
And merrily blows the wind by night!

### Fashionable Wedding.

Four and twenty bride-grooms, all in a row,
Four and twenty dandies, dressed from top to toe;
Four and twenty grimaces four and twenty smiles
And the carriages extending four and twenty miles;
Four and twenty bride's-maids, dressed in hoops and feather,
Eight and forty Nimshies, standing all together.

The bride ringed and jeweled,
The groom gloved and glum,
And both of them look foolish,
And both of them are dumb.

A thousand spectators,
To see this pretty match;
A thousand tongues to whisper—
"He's made quite a catch."

Eighty and forty ninnies,
Marching out of church,
Like so many school-boys
Running from the birch.

Oh! the hamliest sight to look upon, that ever I did see,
The world makes a great fuss for nothing, seems to me.

### Duty.

'But never, in her varied sphere,
Is woman to the soul more dear,
Than when the homely task she plies,
With cheerful duty in her eyes,
And every lowly path well trod,
Looks meekly upward to her God."

## Choice Miscellany.

### THE APPLE-TREE TABLE; OR ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

[CONCLUDED.]

During the meal, in vain was conversation started again and again; in vain my wife said som thing brisk to infuse into others an animation akin to her own.—Julia and Anna, with heads bowed over their tea-cups, were still listening for the tick. I confess, too, that their example was catching. But, for the time, nothing was heard. Either the ticking had died quite away, or else, slight as it was, the increasing uproar of the street, with the general hum of day, so contrasted with the repose of night and early morning, smothered the sound. At the lurking inquietude of her companions, my wife was indignant; the more so, as she seemed to glory in her own exemption from panic. When breakfast was cleared away she took my watch, and, placing it on the table, addressed the supposed spirits in it, with a jocosely defiant air: "There, tick away, let us see who can tick loudest!"

All that day, while abroad, I thought of the mysterious table. Could Cotton Mather speak true? Were there spirits? And would spirits haunt a tea-table? Would the Evil One dare show his cloven foot in the bosom of an innocent family. I shuddered when I thought that I myself, against the solemn warnings of my daughters, had wilfully introduced the cloven foot there.—Yes, three cloven feet. But, towards noon, this sort of feeling began to wear off. The continual rubbing against so many practical people in the street, brushed such chimeras away from me. I remembered that I had not acquitted myself very intrepidly either on the previous night or in the morning. I resolved to regain the good opinion of my wife.

To evince my hardihood the more signally, when tea was dismissed, and the three rubbers of whist had been played, and no ticking had been heard—which the more encouraged me—I took my pipe, and, saying that bed-time had arrived for the rest, drew my chair towards the fire, and, removing my slippers, placed my feet on the fender, looking as calm and composed as old Democritus in the tombs of Abdera, when one midnight the mischevious little boys of the town tried to frighten that sturdy philosopher with spurious ghosts.

And I thought to myself, that the worthy old gentleman had set a good example to all times in his conduct on that occasion.—For, when at the dead hour, intent on his studies, he heard the strange sounds, he did not so much as move his eyes from his page, only simply said: "Boys, little boys, go home. This is no place for you. You will catch cold here." The philosophy of which words lies here: that they imply the foregone conclusion, that any possible investigation of any possible spiritual phenomena was absurd; that upon the first face of such things, the mind of a sane man instinctively affirmed them a humbug, unworthy the least attention; more especially if phenomena appear in tombs, since tombs are peculiarly the place of silence, lifelessness, and solitude; for which cause, by the way, the old man, as upon the occasion in question, made the tombs of Abdera his place of study.

Presently I was alone, and all was hushed. I laid down my pipe, not feeling exactly tranquil enough now thoroughly to enjoy it. Taking up one of the newspapers, I began in a nervous, hurried sort of way, to read by the light of a candle placed on a small stand drawn close to the fire. As for the apple-tree table, having lately concluded that it was rather too low for a reading-table, I thought best not to use it as such that night. But it stood not very distant in the middle of the room.

Try as I would, I could not succeed much at reading. Somehow I seemed all ear and no eye; a condition of intense auricular suspense. But ere long it was broken.

Tick! tick! tick!

Though it was not the first time I had heard that sound; nay, though I had made it my particular business on this occasion to wait for that sound, nevertheless, when it came, it seemed unexpected, as if a cannon had boomed through the window.

Tick! tick! tick!

I sat stock still a time, thoroughly to master, if possible, my first discomposure. Then rising, I looked pretty steadily at the table, went up to it pretty steadily; took hold of it pretty steadily; but let it go pretty quickly; then paced up and down, stopping every moment or two, with ear pricked to listen. Meantime, within me, the contest between panic and philosophy remained not wholly decided.

Tick! tick! tick!

With appalling distinctness the ticking now rose on the night.

My pulse fluttered—my heart beat. I hardly know what might not have followed, had not Democritus just then come to the rescue. For shame, said I to myself, what is the use of so fine an example of philosophy, if it cannot be followed? Straightway I resolved to imitate it, even to the old sage's occupation and attitude.

Resuming my chair and paper, with back presented to the table, I remained thus for a time, as if buried in study; when, the ticking still continuing, I drawled out, in as indifferent and dryly jocose a way as I could: "Come, come, Tick, my boy, fun enough for to-night."

Tick! tick! tick!

There seemed a sort of jeering defiance in the ticking now. It seemed to exult over the poor affected part I was playing. But much as the taunt stung me, it only stung me into persistence. I resolved not to abate one whit in my mode of address.

"Come, come, you make more and more noise, Tick, my boy; too much of a joke—time to have done."

No sooner said than the ticking ceased. Never was responsive obedience more exact. For the life of me, I could not help turning round upon the table, as one would upon some reasonable being, when——could I believe my senses! I saw something moving, or wriggling, or squirming upon the slab of the table. It shone like a glow-worm.—Unconsciously I grasped the poker that stood at hand. But bethinking me how absurd, to attack a glow-worm with a poker, I put it down. How long I sat spell-bound and staring there, with my body presented one way and my face another, I cannot say; but at length I rose, and, buttoning my coat up and down, made a sudden intrepid forced march full upon the table. And there, near the centre of the slab, as I live, I saw an irregular little hole, or, rather, short nibbed sort of crack, from which (like a butterfly escaping its chrysalis) the sparkling object, whatever it might be, was struggling. Its motion was the motion of life. I stood bewitched. Are there, indeed, spirits, thought I; and is this one? No; I must be dreaming. I turned my glance off to the red fire on the hearth, then back to the pale lustre on the table. What I saw was no optical illusion, but a real marvel. The tremor was increasing, when, once again, Democritus befriended me. Supernatural corruscation as it appeared, I strove to look at the strange object in a purely scientific way. Thus viewed, it appeared some new sort of small shining beetle or bug, and, I thought, not without something of a hum to it, too.

I still watched it, and with still increasing self-possession. Sparkling and wriggling, it still continued its throes. In another moment it was just on the point of escaping its prison. A thought struck me. Running for a tumbler, I clapped it over the insect just in time to secure it.

After watching it a while longer under the tumbler, I left all as it was, and, tolerably composed, retired.

Now, for the soul of me, I could not, at that time, comprehend the phenomenon. A live bug come out of a dead table! A firefly bug come out of a piece of ancient lumber, for one knows not how many years stored away in an old garret! Was ever such a thing heard of, or even dreamed of! How got the bug there? Never mind. I bethought me of Democritus, and resolved to keep cool. At all events, the mystery of the ticking was explained. It was simply the sound of the gnawing and filing, and tapping of the bug, in eating its way out. It was satisfactory to think, that there was an end forever to the ticking. I resolved not to let the occasion pass without reaping some credit from it.

"Wife," said I, next morning, "you will not be troubled with any more ticking in our table. I have put a stop to all that."

"Indeed, husband," said she, with some incredulity.

"Yes, wife," returned I, perhaps a little vain-gloriously. "I have put a quietus upon that ticking. Depend upon it, the ticking will trouble you no more."

In vain she besought me to explain myself. I would not gratify her; being willing to balance any previous trepidation I might have betrayed, by leaving room now for the imputation of some heroic feat whereby I had silenced the ticking. It was a sort of innocent deceit by implication, quite harmless, and I thought, of utility.

But when I went to breakfast, I saw my wife kneeling at the table again, and my girls looking ten times more frightened than ever.

"Why did you tell me that boastful tale," said my wife indignantly. "You might have known how easily it would be found out. See this crack, too; and here is the ticking again, plainer than ever."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed; but upon applying my ear, sure enough, tick! tick! tick! The ticking was there.

Recovering myself the best way I might, I demanded the bug.

"Bug!" screamed Julia. "Good heavens, papa!"

"I hope, sir, you have been bringing no bugs into this house?" said my wife, severely.

"The bug, the bug!" I cried; "the bug under the tumbler."

"Bugs in tumblers!" cried the girls; "not *our* tumblers, papa! You have not been putting bugs into our tumblers! Oh, what does—what *does* it all mean!

"Do you see this hole, this crack here?' said I, putting my finger on the spot.

"That I do," said my wife, with high displeasure. "And how did it come there!—What have you been doing to the table?"

"Do you see this crack!" repeated I, intensely.

"Yes, yes," said Julia; "that was what frightened me so; it looks so like witch-work."

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Anna.

"Silence!" said my wife "Go on, sir, and tell us what you know of the crack."

"Wife and daughters," said I, solemnly, "out of that crack, or hole, while I was sitting all alone here last night, a wonderful——"

Here, involuntarily, I paused, fascinated by the expectant attitudes and bursting eyes of Julia and Anna.

"What, what!" cried Julia.

"A bug, Julia."

"A bug!" cried my wife. "A bug come out of this table! And what did you do with it!"

"Clapped it under a tumbler."

"Biddy! Biddy!" cried my wife, going to the door. "Did you see a tumbler here on this table when you swept the room!"

"Sure I did, marm, and a 'bomnable bug under it."

"And what did you do with it!" demanded I.

"Put the bug in the fire, sir, and rinsed out the tumbler ever so many times, marm."

"Where is that tumbler!" cried Anna.—"I hope you scratched it—marked it some way. I'll never drink out of that tumbler; never put it before me, Biddy. A bug—a bug! Oh, Julia! oh, mamma! I feel it crawling all ever me, even now. Haunted table!"

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Julia.

"My daughters," said their mother, with authority in her eyes, "go to your chamber till you can behave more like resonable creatures. Is it a bug—a bug that can frighten you out of what little wits you ever had. Leave the room. I am astonished. I am pained by such childish conduct."

"Now tell me," she said addressing me, as soon as they had withdrawn, "now tell my truly, did a bug really come out of this crack in the table!"

"Wife, it is even so."

"Did you see it come out!"

"I did."

She looked earnestly at the crack, leaning over it.

"Are you sure!" said she looking up, but still bent over.

"Sure, sure."

She was silent. I began to think that the mystery of the thing began to tell even upon her. Yes, thought I, I shall presently see my wife shaking and shuddering, and, who knows, calling in some old dominie to exercise the table, and drive out the spirits.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said she suddenly, and not without excitement.

"What, wife!" said I, all eagerness, expecting some mystical proposition; "what, wife!"

"We will rub this table all over with that celebrated 'roach powder' I've heard of."

"Good gracious! Then you don't think it's spirits!"

"Spirits!"

The emphasis of scornful incredulity was worthy of Democritus himself.

"But this ticking—this ticking!" said I.

"I'll whip that out of it."

"Come, come, wife," said I, you are going too far the other way, now. Neither roach powder nor whipping will cure this table. It's a queer table, wife; there's no blinking it."

"I'll have it rubbed, though," she replied, "well rubbed;" and calling Biddy, she bade her get wax and brush, and give the table a vigorous manipulation. That done, the cloth was again laid, and we sat down to our morning meal; but my daughters did not make their appearance. Julia and Anna took no breakfast that day.

When the cloth was removed, in a business-like way, my wife went to work with a dark colored cement, and hermetically closed the little hole in the table.

My daughters looking pale, I insisted upon taking them out for a walk that morning, when the following conversation ensued:

"My worst presentiments about that table are being verified, papa," said Julia; "not for nothing was that intimation of the cloven foot on my shoulder."

"Nonsense," said I. "Let us go into Mrs. Brown's, and have an ice-cream."

The spirit of Democritus was stronger on me now. By a curious coincidence, it strengthened with the strength of the sunlight.

"But is it not miraculous," said Anna, "how a bug should come out of a table!"

"Not at all, my daughter. It is a very common thing for bugs to come out of wood. You yourself must have seen them coming out of the ends of the billets on the hearth."

"Ah, but that wood is almost fresh from the woodland. But the table is at least a hundred years old."

"What of that?" said I, gayly. "Have not live toads been found in the hearts of dead rocks, as old as creation!"

"Say what you will, papa, I feel it is spirits," said Julia. "Do, do now, my dear papa, have that haunted table removed from the house."

"Nonsense," said I.

By another curious coincidence, the more they felt frightened, the more I felt brave.

Evening came.

"This ticking," said my wife; "do you think that another bug will come of this continued ticking!"

Curiously enough, that had not occurred to me before. I had not thought of there being twins of bugs. But now, who knew; there might be even triplets.

I resolved to take precautions, and, if there was to be a second bug, infallibly secure it. During the evening, the ticking was again heard. About ten o'clock I clapped a tumbler over the spot, as near as I could judge of it by my ear. Then we all retired, and locking the door of the cedar-parlor, I put the key in my pocket.

In the morning, nothing was to be seen, but the ticking was heard. The trepidation of my daughters returned. They wanted to call in the neighbors. But to this my wife was vigorously opposed. We should be the laughing-stock of the whole town.—So it was agreed that nothing should be disclosed. Biddy received strict charges; and, to make sure, was not allowed that week to go to confession, lest she should tell the priest.

I stayed home all that day, every hour or two bending over the table, both eye and ear. Towards night, I thought the ticking grew more distinct, and seemed divided from my ear by a thinner and thinner partition of the wood. I thought, too, that I perceived a faint heaving up, or bulging of the wood, in the place where I had placed the tumbler. To put an end to the suspense, my wife proposed taking a knife and cutting into the wood there; but I had a less impatient plan; namely, that she and I should sit up with the table that night, as, from present symptoms, the bug would probably make its appearance before morning. For myself, I was curious to see the first advent of the thing—the first dazzle of the chick as it chipped the shell.

The idea struck my wife not unfavorably. She insisted that both Julia and Anna should be of the party, in order that the evidence of their senses should disabuse their minds of all nursery nonsense. For that spirits should tick, and that spirts should take unto themselves the form of bugs, was, to my wife, the most foolish of all foolish imaginations. True, she could not account for the thing; but she had all confidence that it could be, and would yet be, somehow explained, and that to her entire satisfaction. Without knowing it herself, my wife was a female Democritus. For my own part, my present feelings were of a mixed sort. In a strange and not unpleasing way, I gently oscillated between Democritus and Cotton Mather. But to my wife and daughters I assumed to be pure Democritus—a jeerer at all tea-table spirits whatever.

So, laying in a good supply of candles and crackers, all four of us sat up with the table, and at the same time sat round it.—For a while my wife and I carried on an animated conversation. But my daughters were silent. Then my wife and I would have had a rubber of whist, but my daughters could not be prevailed upon to join.—So we played whist with two dominies; literally, my wife won the rubber, and, fatigued with victory, put away the cards.

Half past eleven o'clock. No sign of the bug. The candles began to burn dim. My wife was just in the act of snuffing them, when a sudden, violent, hollow, resounding, rumbling, thumping was heard.

Julia and Anna sprang to their feet.

"All well!" cried a voice from the street. It was the watchman, first ringing down his club on the pavement, and then following it up with this highly satisfactory verbal announcement.

"All well! Do you hear that, my girls!" said I, gayly.

Indeed it was astonishing how brave as Bruce I felt in company with three women, and two of them half frightened out of their wits.

I rose for my pipe and took a philosophic smoke.

Democritus forever, thought I.

In profound silence, I sat smoking, when lo!—pop! pop! pop!—right under the table, a terrible popping.

This time we all four sprang up, and my pipe was broken.

"Good heavens! what's that!"

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Julia.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Anna.

"Shame," said my wife, "it's that new bottled cider, in the celler, going off. I told Biddy to wire the bottles to-day."

I shall here transcribe from memoranda kept during part of the night.

"One o'clock. No sign of the bug. Ticking continues. Wife getting sleepy.

"Two o'clock. No sign of the bug. Ticking intermittent. Wife fast asleep.

"Three o'clock. No sign of the bug.—Ticking pretty steady. Julia and Anna getting sleepy.

"Four o'clock. No sign of the bug.—Ticking regular, but not spirited. Wife, Julia, and Anna, all fast asleep in their chairs.

"Five o'clock. No sign of the bug.—Ticking faint. Myself feeling drowsy. The rest still asleep."

So far the journal.

—Rap! rap! rap!

A terrific, portentous rapping against the door.

Startled from our dreams, we started to our feet.

Rap! rap! rap!

Julia and Anna shrieked.

I cowered in the corner.

"You fools!" cried my wife, "it's the baker with the bread."

Six o'clock.

She went to throw back the shutters, but ere it was done, a cry came from Julia.—There, half in and half out of its crack, there wriggled the bug, flashing in the room's general dimness, like a fiery opal.

Had this bug had a tiny sword by its side—a Damascus sword—and a tiny necklace round its neck—a diamond necklace—and a tiny gun in its claw—a brass gun—and a tiny manuscript in his mouth—a Chaldee manuscript—Julia and Anna could not have stood more charmed

In truth, it was a beautiful bug—a Jew jeweler's bug—a bug like a sparkle of a glorious sunset.

Julia and Anna had never dreamed of such a bug. To them, bug had been a word synonomous with hideousness. But this was a seraphical bug; or, rather, all it had of the bug was the B, for it was beautiful as a butterfly.

Julia and Anna gazed and gazed. They were no more alarmed. They were delighted.

"But how got this strange, pretty creature into the table!" cried Julia.

"Spirits can get anywhere," replied Anna.

"Pshaw!" said my wife.

"Do you hear any more ticking!" said I. They all applied their ears, but heard nothing.

"Well, then, wife and daughters, now that it is all over, this very morning I will go and make inquiries about it."

"Oh, do, papa," cried Julia, "do go and consult Madame Pazzi, the conjuress."

"Better go and consult Professor Johnson, the naturalist," said my wife.

"Bravo, Mrs. Democritus!" said I, "Professor is the man."

By good fortune I found the Professor in. Informing him briefly of the incident, he manifested a cool, collected sort of interest, and gravely accompanied me home. The table was produced, the two openings pointed out, the bug displayed, and the details of the affair set forth; my wife and daughters being present.

"And now, Professor," said I, "what do you think of it!"

Putting on his spectacles, the learned Professor looked hard at the table, and gently scraped with his pen-knife into the holes, but said nothing.

"Is it not an unusual thing, this!" anxiously asked Anna.

"Very unusual, Miss."

At which Julia and Anna exchanged significant glances.

"But is it not wonderful, very wonderful!" demanded Julia.

"Very wonderful, Miss."

My daughters exchanged still more significant glances, and Julia, emboldened, again spoke.

"And must you not admit, sir, that it is the work of—of—of sp——!"

"Spirits! No." was the crusty rejoinder.

"My daughters," said I, mildly, "you should remember that this is not Madame Pazzi, the conjuress, you put your questions to, but the eminent naturalist, Professor Johnson. And now, Professor," I added, be pleased to explain. Enlighten our ignorance."

Without repeating that the learned gentleman said—for, indeed, though lucid, he was a little prosy—let the following summary of his explanation suffice.

The incident was not wholly without example. The wood of the table was apple-tree, a sort of tree much fancied by various insects. The bugs had come from eggs laid inside the bark of the living tree in the orchard. By careful examination of the position of the hole from which the last bug had emerged, in relation to the cortical layers of the slab, and then allowing for the inch and a half along the grain, ere the bug had eaten its way entirely out, and then computing the whole number of cortical layers in the slab, with a reasonable conjecture for the number cut off from the outside, it appeared that the egg must have been laid in the tree some ninety years, more or less, before the tree could have been felled. But between the felling of the tree and the present time, how long might that be! It was a very old-fashioned table. Allow eighty years for the age of the table, which would make one hundred and fifty years that the bug had laid in the egg. Such, at least, was Professor Johnson's computation.

"Now, Julia," said I, "after that scientific statement of the case (though, I confess, I don't exactly understand it), where are your spirits! It is very wonderful as it is, but where are your spirits!"

"Where, indeed," said my wife.

"Why, now, she did not *really* associate this purely natural phenonenon with any crude spiritual hypothesis, did she!" observed the learned Professor, with a slight sneer.

"Say what you will," said Julia, holding up, in the covered tumbler, the glorious, lustrous, flashing, live opal, "say what you will, if this beauteous creature be not a spirit, it yet teaches a spiritual lesson.—For if, after one hundred and fifty years' entombment, a mere insect comes forth at last into light, itself an effulgence, shall there be no glorified resurrection for the spirit of man! Spirits! spirits!" she exclaimed, with rapture, "I still believe in spirits, only now I believe in them with delight, when before I but thought of them with terror."

The mysterious insect did not long enjoy its radiant life; it expired the next day.—But my girls have preserved it. Embalmed in a silver vinaigrette, it lies on the little apple-tree table in the pier of the cedar-parlor.

And whatever lady doubts this story, my daughters will be happy to show her both the bug and the table, and point out to her, in the repaired slab of the latter, the two sealing-wax drops designating the exact place of the two holes made by the two bugs, something in the same way in which are marked the spots where the cannon balls struck Brattle street church.

From the Home Journal

### Old Grave-Yards.

BY CHARLES QUAINT.

There is something about these old, full-tenanted resting-places of the dead, that is to me irresistibly attractive. It is, perhaps, because so few others visit them, that I love to wander through their thickly settled solitudes, making paths for myself from grave to grave, through the rank weeds and matted swad-grass; or, pausing at a sunken mound, to sit down before its head-stone, which itself is bowed and infirm with age, and decipher the moss-filled inscription.

We love, indeed—and the pleasure is, perhaps, less sombre and more refined—to walk through the smooth-bordered paths of Greenwood, where our lost friends are cared for; and the thought of death is pleasanter, when we think of the shady plot that we have hedged in and planted with rose-trees, as the abiding place of our deserted body thereafter. We would not have the weeds grow upon *our* mother's grave, nor let a father's moss-incrusted tombstone be a monument of filial forgetfulness. Yet there are grave yards, full of such; every village has one. Even in those in which refined and modern taste has laid out and adorned a new cemetery, the old grave-yard on the hill is only the more deserted and given over to decay.

It is when we are weary with wandering through these stately cities of the dead, and are sated with marble magnificence—for it only shows how unavailing are all our efforts to fill the vacant niche in our hearts with a representative of stone, or carve our tongueless anguish upon the quarried block—it is then that we find a relief in roving through these weedy, neglected places, where the dead of long-ago repose. We look at the quaint carving, and wonder at the taste of those whose idea of an angel's face was so stony. We put our finger into the time-worn figures to trace the half-obliterated date. The simple lines that grief has chiselled beneath—for the natural expression of sorrow is poetical—in their unfamiliar garb of capitals and antique abbreviations, touch us as they would not elsewhere.

We can all readily recall to mind such a place as this. There is one not far from here, which has many interesting memorials, and has, I imagine, become wonted to the sound of my foot-steps. It crowns an eminence that overlooks the beautiful expans of the 'Lappan Sea.' Let us visit it, if you please. We might easily overleap the wall, for it cannot be higher than was that of Romulus; but, mindful of the lamentable result of Remus' want of reverence, we will remove the wooden staple by which the gate swings open, and will go in more sedately. We may walk where we will; there are no finger-posts to direct us along pebbled avenues, or warn us off the grass. Long and rank is the grass, for no scythe has known it; no impious rake has ventured to disturb the fallen leaves.

We walk up to a curious pile of brick and stone, which we find to be the ruins of a family vault of the last century. It is roofless, and bricks fallen from the edges of the walls lie scattered about. The mortar has seamed and crumbled; moss and lichens have crept up and found a home in the crevices. In front, four inscription-stones are embedded. They contain the names of an ancient Dutch family—one of the first probably, whose axe trenched for a home upon the forest that once thickly skirted the shores of the Hudson. One began his youth at the same time with the last century, and passed to his rest about the time that tried men's souls. The next stone is a child's memorial. We gaze at it tenderly—it was a little child of five—and think how old it would have been had it lived till now, and wonder if it has been growing old in heaven. But what is most remarkable about it, is a circular scar that defaces the verses beneath, and renders them illegible. A friend, who is familiar with the history of the place, assures us that it was occasioned by a ball fired from a British sloop-of-war, passing up the river in those troublous days of old. This extraordinary circumstance sets us upon a new train of reverie. Death battling against death! We look down upon the river, calmly sleeping in the setting sun, while the shadow from the opposite headland slowly creeps towards us over the waters. White-winged ships go gently gliding up and down; and now a swift-paced steamer rounds the point, and her engine-strokes reverberate upon the air. With the present scene in our view, we think of the former days, when an enemy's armed vessels were prowling around these peaceful shores: or, farther still casting back our imagination, we see the high-prowed ships of Heddrik Hudson lying at anchor on the 'Tappaan Zee,' while the wondering natives peer from the thickets, and think the Great Manitto has come to visit them in his ocean-dwelling.

Dropping our reverie, and turning to the third tablet, we find the name spelled differently, by two letters, from the others. The suspicion strikes us, that, in its present form it dose not look so Dutch, after all. No matter: their ancestry now concerns them little. An ocean may here have divided them from their parent-land, but now they have reached the common bourne of all generations, where there shall be 'no more sea' to separate—at least let us hope that there is no 'great gulf' fixed between any of the members of this little family band.

As we turn and trace our way onward among the furrows—for it is a furrowed field, and that which is sown is but the seed of a future life—some names of ancient fame in the settlement of 'New Amsterdam' and its precincts greet our view. Here sleeps the dust of the Van Tassels. Irving's historic pen has made the name familiar. We think a moment, and pass on, reflecting how the pride of birth is ever quenched in the lowliness of death.

Here is a plain, time-worn slab, with no name upon it. Whose may it be! Was it a bud that shrunk and dropped ere blossoming! or a full-blown flower that gave forth its measure of perfume, and folded its leaves in past maturity! We would question the hoary memorial, but our answer would be at least as indefinite as was that which Hamlet, when engaged in the same occupation as ourselves, received from the delving sexton:—

"*Hamlet*—What man dost thou dig that grave for?
*Clown*.—For no man, sir.
*Hamlet*.—What woman, then?
*Clown*.—For none, mother.
*Hamlet*.—Who is to be buried in't?
*Clown*.—One that was a woman, sir, but, rest her soul, she's dead."

The twilight shadows are falling and the solemn stones—the visible 'black spirits and white' of this charnel-field—begin to look dim and ghostlike. We push a side the bushes that entangle our footsteps, and make our way back to the entrance. When we have shut behind us the creaking gate, we seem to have shut in a strange, sacred spot, upon itself, and have brought forth with us a quiet pensiveness of mind that loves silence better than expression, while the thoughts commune with one another.—We have brought, too, a little sprig of evergreen that grew over the grave of one we knew. It is *arbor vitæ*—and how appropriate and suggestive the emblem! It reminds us of an aphorism of one whose large heart is in full sympathy with human kind: 'Death! translated into the heavenly tongue, that word means life.'

How little do we like to think of the time, so inevitably to come upon us all, when *we* shall rest our limbs beneath a coverlet of turf, and have a tombstone growing above our head! It seems strange to us, when we are told that the mable astronomer in Greenwood, who, quardrant in hand, is forever determining the altitude of the sun, is *not* the representative of one whose days upon earth are past and gone, but that the living original, whose unusal forethought—so unusual that it would be generally considered a whim or eccentric freak—has caused it to be erected, is yet hale and hearty. But why should we not think of the future abiding-place of our body when we have done with it! As we plant maples and elms about our dwellings, why not plant roses and hawthorn and mignonnette about our prospective narrow home, and associate with it pleasant thoughts of spreading vines and budding flowers!—Then the hearing of the appointed hour would bring with it less of dread; the penumbra of approaching dissolution would less darken our souls. Then, methinks,

"It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold,
And feel those longings to depart,
That cheered the saints of old;
To clasp the faith which looks on high—
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain fold
That falls upon his wasting breast,
The door that leads to endless rest."

EVENING STARS.—The larger Planets now visible in the evening after sunset are Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Of these, the three first mentioned are to be seen in the western sky, and the last in the eastern. Venus, the brightest of all, is now a little to the west of Jupiter, but appears to be approaching nearer and nearer to that body on each succeeding evening. Her angular distance from Jupiter will be a minimum on the 11th instant, when she will go to the eastward, passing about two degrees to the north of Jupiter; her motion will continue to be direct until the 27th instant, when it will become retrograde; her brilliancy will increase and be at its maximum degree only on the 4th of April, at which time it will begin to diminish until the 10th of May, when the planet, being then in her inferior conjunction, will cease for a time to be the evening star, and passing through that part of her orbit which is nearest to the earth, will reappear in the east before sunrise as the morning star.—*National Intelligencar*.

SCOTCH CAUTION.—Hunch says that even the Salmon in Scotland are imbued with the characteristic caution of the Scotch race and always "look before they leap."

### Gossip about Burr, Jefferson, Matthew L. Davis, and Charles Dickens.

AARON BURR—HOW HE PRESIDED IN THE SENATE.

In 1803 I witnessed the dignity, impartiality and winning grace with which Aaron Burr presided in the Senate of the United States during the trial of Judge Chaso, impeached for partiality and injustice towards John Fries, indicted under the Alien and Sedition Law.

HIS TRIAL AT RICHMOND.

I attended his trial at Richmond, when he himself was indicted for treason. His prominent counseller was Luther Martin, of Baltimere—my father's lawyer, neighbor and friend.

His daughter, Maria, afterwards celebrated as Mrs. Richard Reynal Keene; invited my sister and myself to dine with Col. Burr. He was then living in a house standing alone, around which was a patrol of guards.

The dinner was superb, abounding in all the luxuries which Virginia's generous soil yields in lavish abundance. Twenty ladies and gentlemen, of rank, fortune and fashion, graced the festive board.

He was deemed a persecuted martyr.—Distress, in every form and shape, makes an irresistable appeal to woman's sympathy; her tears often woo for the suffering of the criminal who expiates his crimes on the gibbet.

HIS TENDERNESS FOR THE SEX.

On this occasion Burr's fascinating flatteries were lavished indiscriminately on the sex in general. Man he had ever found treacherous—woman always true to sustain him in adversity—solacing in affliction, and giving a charm to life, without which life itself was not worth possessing.

HIS REMOVAL TO PRISON.

The Grand Jury finding a true bill, he was forthwith removed to the State Prison. There we followed him,—he received us in his usual bland courteous manner, apologizing for our being introduced into his bed-chamber,—his drawing-room being then deranged by the fitting up of his ice house, which was in fact in his chimney corner.—Iron grating prevented his egress, admitting a free circulation of light and air. I felt pride and took pleasure in being permitted to become his emanuensis. Each day as I rode along the streets my carricle was freighted with cake, confectionery, flowers redolent with perfume, wreathed into fancy bouquets of endless variety.

HIS TRIAL.

The trial was tedious and prolonged. I traveled on to the borders of North Carolina, lingered for a while at the noble mansion of Lady Skipwith. On my return, I found the persevering Attorney General, George Hay, fatigued—worried.

"Would that I could only hang upon a gate and have a little negro to swing me to and fro all day. The Law's delay—the special pleadings of the Bar, its interminable controversies have worn out and exhausted me. I shan't be able to hang Burr, but will be content to hang myself on a gate." Thus spoke George Hay, than whom never lived a purer patriot or a more upright conscientious man. His wife was a daughter of James Monroe, the modest, retiring President, and a worthy compeer of Jefferson and Madison. Praise is thus exhausted.

HIS ACQUITTAL.

Burr was acquitted. He came to Baltimore, and was feasted by Luther Martin.—He rose from the dinner-table, threw open the window, gratefully and gracefully bowed to a volunteer company, in full feather, commanded by Capt. Leonard Fraily, a band of music cheered him with a lively air, and he accepted gracefully the distinguished honor conferred upon him. When my friend Hughes touched his arm—'Colonel,' said he, 'they are playing the Rogue's March, with charged bayonets.' The windows were closed, the wine circulated, and we calmly arrived at the conclusion that Captain Fraily was a very officious volunteer.

THE THREAT TO MOB HIM.

The next day, strolling down Market street, arm in arm with my persecuted friend Mr. Hughes overtook us. 'Colonel,' said he, 'pass Light street without looking down—Fountain Inn is surrounded by groups of your admiring friends. Captain Fraily is out of uniform to day, but there is a general desire manifested to give you a warm reception in citizen's clothes. You must take your departure without further civil or military honors being conferred upon you.' With his accustomed celerity of action and excellent judgment, the Colonel called a hack and jumped into it.

'Colonel, my friend Barney will accompany you. You will have a pleasant drive out to Herron's Run. I will secure a seat in the stage-coach, take charge of your baggage, swop you for my friend Barney—bring him home, and send you on your way to rejoice escaping being hustled by a Baltimore mob.' 'I fear no mob,' the Colonel sternly replied, 'I have seen the cannon's hostile flash—have counted the bristling bayonets of the enemy—and hold in contempt a lawless mob.'

'This is all fine bravado,' said Hughes, Barney and I have no desire to shoot down, or be shot down by our fellow-citizens.—You may throw your own life away, Colonel, but this bright world has too many attractions for us to throw away ours, in defending you, when a pleasant ride of half an hour will save you from danger and restore us to our affectionate parents.'

HIS TREACHERY, ETC.

This was the last of Col. Burr. His villainy, his treachery, his infamous exposure of confidential letters addressed to him by the confiding sex, on whom he was lavishing praise, out induced by a mere gratification of a puppy vanity to desire to throw broadcast to the world their letters of civility in answer to his bewitching flatteries lavished upon them without stint or measure.—The noble, honest, but poor Matthew L. Davis, his executor, received from him while living, trunks full of female correspondence, by which Burr thought to make his (Davis') fortune, but which were generously returned, without fee or reward, to the grateful recipients.

LOBBYING—AND MATTHEW L. DAVIS.

Lobbying (now an anomly) was in full force in those days. Several important bills had passed the New York Legislature, and some were so uncharitable as to insinuate that improper means had been restored to, and my friend Davis was accused of being engaged in bringing about this successful issue.

A lady of rank and fashion condescended (and ladies rarely condescend to mingle in anything out of their appropriate sphere—the limits of the domestic circle) to say many hard things of my friend Davis. In one instance, she went so far as to insinuate she could calmly see him hung.

Davis went to her door, rang the bell, sent up his name, and was promptly answered she was not and never would be at home to Mr. Davis.

'Pray ask her,' said he, 'if she has heard from her husband at Niagara.' He was forthwith invited up stairs. The lady entered in trepidation and alarm. 'Has any calamity happened to my beloved husband!' 'This will explain all,' says Davis, at the same time handing her a letter in her own chirography, addressed to Colonel Aaron Burr. 'Good heavens, sir,' said she, 'to what purpose is this letter destined?' 'To remain in your possession, madam, to be disposed of by you at your own pleasure.'—'My kind friend,' exclaimed she, 'how can I ever repay such an act of unparalleled magnanimity!' 'Ever afterwards,' said Davis, 'she almost broke her neck in extending her head out of the carriage window to greet me as I passed.'

BURR IN DESTITUTION.

Subsequently comes poor Burr to destitution, in Paris, where he supports himself for months by the sale of his watch, his trinkets, his clothing, and was finally induced to make minute calculation of the minium food indispensable to sustain life ascertaining by chemical experiment, that the saccharine of sugar yielded more nutriment at less price than any other substance. Coffee browned, but only half burnt, lasted longer and was the cheapest stimulent that could animate an exhausted frame.

WAS BURR A TRAITOR?

I shall give a full chapter of the rise, progress and decline of this eminently bad man—a soldier—patriot—traitor. Perhaps the latter is a harsh word. 'Annexation' was not as much—the order of the day as now