[WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.]

SONG OF THE DEAD BABY'S GHOST.

BY FRANCIS S SMITH. (Suggested by the "Penny Dip" in Blackwood.)

The wise world says a tender thing Is helpless infancy, Frail as the op'ning flowers of Spring, *Ere the earth from frost is free The world is wrong no stronger thing Belongs to earth or air, And if you listen, I will sing How much a babe can bear

An infant Heroules was I. Of form and face to ple Of parts well fitted to defy The arrows of disease. Langs strong, limbs round, flesh firm, eyes

A model baby-boy-My parents hailed me with delight, And killed me in their joy.

While lying on my mother's breast, A flend in stiff-starch'd cap Whose name was Brown, broke on my rest. And placed me in her lap; And then she passed a band 'round me And pulled with might and main, Until I writhed in agony, And yelled aloud with pain

Poor little thing! what pain it's in!" The mocking flend did say, "Pil give it just a drop of gin To drive the wind away !" And then she fed me from a cup, The cruel Mrs. Brown, And when I gagged to throw it up. She firmly held me down

And after that it matter'd not What trouble I was in-If I was cold, if I was bot-The remedy was gin. Gin, till, my baby loathing o'er, Disgust turned to desire, And the blue veins, so pure before, Were filled with liquid fire.

And when gin failed to keep me up, And I could only weep, They placed a mixture in the cup " To make the baby sleep." And sleep I did, by night, by day, Till the flesh dropp'd from my bones, And the strong-voiced wailing died away To feeble, low-breath'd moans.

My little body, Mrs. Brown Converted to a churn-No nourishment could I keep down-'Twould on my stomach turn. She trotted me, whene'er I'd rave, Upon her cruel knees, Till the sweet milk my mother gave

And still I lived, though rack'd by pain-And still I throve and grew-They tried to murder me in vain Until a torture new Was fixed upon to take my life-Woe, christian mothers! Woe !-It rested with my father's wife To lay her first-born low !

One bitter day in winter time, When I was four years old, My mother-Heaven forgive the crime !-Exposed me to the cold With legs and chest from clothing free Though she was warmly clad-She wished to let the people see

How fine a form I had And thus it was, day after day, Until consumption came. And took me from my childish play, And tertured my young frame, Till death in mercy struck the blow

That stopped the mortal strife, And I was snatch'd from earthly woe To blissful spirit life. And now my mother moans and weeps

Because I am not near, I hear her murmur when she sleeps "My first-born angel dear !" And Mrs. Brown is filled with woe, But why I cannot see, For if they really loved me so Why did they murder me? WIND TUNNETATE

I WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK WEEKLY, I

DISUNION VERSUS LOVE.

Me al es de HAL HEMPHILL

"Great discontents there are, and many murmurs." It was Wednesday. A musical impulse took possession of me; I must go hear, or see those who did, perhaps, go to hear, the music at the Capitol. The disposition would not be shaken by valid or invalid pleas; it prevailed, and I went.

When I reached the grounds I found myself, as is generally the case when taken suddenly by these periodical scizures, ahead of all competition for bronze seats; so I had an undisputed choice. Selecting one beside a clump of small cedars, at some distance from the orchestra, and seating myself in its capacious, but—when coming in contact with a sensitive part of the body at fever point—icy embrace, I prepared to await patiently the arrival of those veteran terpsichoreans, or practitioners of veteran music, the Marine Band. That I might secomplish this with pleasing and profitable equanimity, I produced from my pock-et, and leisurely unfolded, the last number of that invaluable panacea for all mental disquietude, The New York Weekly, and was quickly absorbed in its contents.

I cannot, with any degree of confidence, affirm

how long I had been thus agreeably engrossed, when the sound of voices, quite nigh, roused me. Leoking up with a start I beheld the walks and avenues near the orchestra stand thronged, and the band, occupying their accustomed place, just in the act of inflating their checks preparatory to a "blow." At the same instant there came a voice in girlish tones from the opposite side of my ce-

u_b

dars:
"Oh, if it should happen!" it exclaimed, "what would become of us? What should we do?"
Peering through the matted branches behind which I was ensconced, I discovered, in the persons of a young gentleman of twenty-two or thereabout, and a pretty, flaxen-haired damsel of about seventeen, the owners of the voices that had first wakened me to realities around.
"What would we do?" repeated the damsel.
"You will come with me, my sweet Ella," said

her companion. "Why, how could I, and you away south?" "I mean you will go with me now," rejoined the

young man.

"Oh! Augustus, you know I cannot," was timorously responded. "You would not have me disobey my parents; and they say I am too young to assume such responsibilities, and must

father may relent and let you accompany me.

But the interim will pass drearily."
"Oh, how drearily!" iterated the lady. "Will you miss me so?" whispered Augustus, stealing an arm around—the cedar bushes, of

"O! Augustus!" murmured the lady, glancing about and making a show of releasing herself.

"You say," was added, after a pause, in a subdued or rather stifled voice—the occasion of which I did not discover—"you cannot return till the spring. Don't you know if there is any danger father will move back to Ohio? Then, how shall we ever meet again ?"

Oh, I think nothing will occur to force him to flee the city—at least so soon as that. But if there should, I will follow you, oppose who may !"

exclaimed Augustus, defiantly.

"Pray don't, they will kill or imprison you!"

cried the lady, with an expression of dismay.

"Will not they? O, would you but remove there now!"
"Nay, I can never forsake my Carolina home,"
"You cush not to ask

returned the gentleman. "You ought not to ask me; for all I possess and love, your own dear self excepted, are there."

self excepted, are there."

"Yet, how terrible to think," exclaimed the "Yet, how terrible to think," exclaimed the lady. "You may soon he engaged in deadly conflict with my own friends and relations! Bella Kincaid told me she would not dream of marrying at this time. O." she added pettishly, "why can't they keep quick."

"But the letter to Mr. Ashton, Ella? You have not told me what you wrote him."

"I wrote what you told me, and everything "I wrote what you told me, and everything "I wrote what you told me, and everything "At the lady. "I will show you a both."

"I wrote what you told me, and everything "At the Capitol. I have just parted from them both."

"But the letter to Mr. Ashton, Ella? You have not told me what you wrote him."
"I wrote what you told me, and everything beside," replied the lady. "I will show you a copy of it when I get home."
"What do you imagine he will think of it?" asked the gentleman. "It is somewhat unusual you know."

"Why, you don't think there was any impropriety in writing to him?" said " lady, with look of surprise. "He is an intimate friend of our family!

"Certainly not," replied the gentleman, "If I had thought it improper I would not have suggested it. But do you think he will consent?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then I am glad we thought of it," was the rejoinder. "Now I may be certain of finding you here when I come back no matter what happens. rejoinder. "Now I may be certain to here when I come back, no matter what happens here when I come back, no matter what happens." Will

But your father," he added, anxiously. "Will he allow you to remain, should he be compelled to leave." to leave

"I hardly know," answered the lady, mus-ingly. "I fear he will oppose it. But," bright-ening up, "I will mention it to ma first. I can

get around her easily."

"Do so at once, Ella. I would like to know the result before I leave. Did you ask to stay at Mr. Ashton's only in case of a dissolution of—"

"Why if there isn't Mrs. Ashton now," interrupted the lady, "and I do believe she is coming bore."

"Don't say anything to her about the letter,

"Don't say anything to her about the letter, Blla," whispered the gentleman.

A moment after the lady alluded to, greeted me with a smile and nod of recognition—she being my friend as well as Miss Ella's—as she passed me on her way to join the acquaintances, whom she had espied at a distance.

"Why Ella, what are you doing hid away here?" inquired the new comer. "Music must have lost its charms for you."

"O, we can hear very well here," replied Ella. "But I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Ashton—so glad you have come. I want to ask you if the Union is going to be dissolved?"

"The Union—what union? Why Ella, what a question!" exclaimed the lady, in a tone of amused amazement. "How should I know? What put such a notion into your head?"

"I was thinking what sad separations it will

"I was thinking what sad separations it will cause among dear friends," replied the young lady softly.
"O, ah! That is it, ha," said the other, with

an enlightened smile and a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

"Won't it be frightful?" continued Ella. "It appears a foregone conclusion with you, Ella. You don't imagine, even should your dismal forebodings he realized, that a wall will be erected along Mason and Dixon's line—I believe that's what they call it—do you?" said the lady,

laughingly.

The young lady made no reply to this, but stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly immersed in profound cogitation; her companion the while giving attention to the music and the assemblage. After a little space she looked up suddenly, and with ludicrous earnestness exclaimed

"O, Mrs. Ashton, who will have Washington-

"Who will have the city? The strongest party, I presume," laughingly replied the lady "But I think, Ella, a more momentous subject of inquiry would be, who will become possessors of 'Hail Columbia,' and 'Yankee Doodle?'."

"Yet," said the lady, pursuing her own thoughts, "I heard Mr. M — say in the House of Representatives, that before they should obtain possession of the Capitol, they would have to pass over his dead body."

"Whom did he mean by they, Ella?" inquired the lady, smiling.
"The North, I suppose," modestly suggested

Augus'us.
"He meant the northern people, of course,

esponded the young lady.
"He's a goose," remarked Mrs. Ashton senten tiously.
"Why he is one of your own members," cried

Ella.

"Well, don't you suppose there are geese south as well as north?" was the laughing rejoinder. or do you claim them all for your section?"

"But Mrs. Ashton, are they all geese? Why I don't know how many members I have heard say there would be a disunion.—There's Mr. T., Mr. K., Mr. S., and—"

"Pshaw, nonsense Ella," interposed the lady "They are three out of thirty millions."
"Then, dear Mrs. Ashton," exclaimed the young lady,—her eyes dilating with eager inquiry, "do you really think they will fix it all up?"

"Haven't a doubt of it," replied Mrs. Ashton. "Haven't a doubt of it," replied Mrs. Ashron"Meanwhile don't trouble your head any more
about it, there's a dear. The men folk will 'fix it
all up'—don't you think so Mr. Yanderspeigle?"

"It is difficult to say," replied the gentleman.
"The mutterings of the thunder reverberating
throughout the land, portend a storm, I fear."

"Why, you don't think so, Mr. Vanderspeigle Goodness me, and I never brought an umbrella," exclaimed the lady hastily. "But (looking at the sky), there's nothing to denote a storm; you must have been deceived about the thunder." "I-I," stammered Augustus, rather abashed

"I meant a storm in the po-political horizon."
"O!" aspirated the lady, while a smile flitted across her face and lingered in the corners of her eye. "Well perhaps so; yet it may be only a tempest of words, tempest wind, without rain. But there," she added suddenly, "the band's playing 'Yankee Doodle;' and I must hasten, or shall lose my seat in the omnibus. Come Ella, go home with m

"I would like to, but mamma requested me to

me disobey my parents; and they say I am too
young to assume such responsibilities, and must
wait a year at least."
"It is a very hard fate! yet I suppose we must
submit for the present," observed the gentleman,
in discontented tones. "But I shall return next
spring, and perhaps, when I go home again, your

"I would like to, but mamma requested me to
deed! one
loving boy

"Enthome before dusk."
"Then good bye." And in conformity with a
custom prevalent among ladies, they exchanged
kisses:—a ceremony which Augustus—not to
mention another—viewed with undisguised envy.
"Is there," whispered the elder lady, during
the performance of the salutation, "any one par-

ticularly, dear friend, from whom the disunion of the states would disunite you?" and she glanced significantly at the young man, standing a little

aloof, as she turned away.

Query. Why is it that while a majority of the dear creatures' can on occasion, speak with a the object of it, the slightest allusion from a third party, is followed instantly by an increased bloom of the roses on their cheeks?

I had barely indulged myself in the foregoing sapient reflection—of which I 'paws' for a solution, and was in the act of depositing the Week-LY' in my pocket, when Ella and Augustus made their appearance round the cedar bushes, casting glances rather indicative of suspicion—I thought—at me, as they passed down the walk; but as I at that instant commenced with great energy to nat that instant commenced with great energy to pick my teeth—using a finger for the purpose— and at the same time, occupied myself in con-jecturing the probabilities of rain, from the as-pect of the clouds, I cannot assert confidently that such was the case:—especially, as I imme-diately struck into a path opposite to the one taken by them, and was shortly thereafter ming-

"Well," observed the gentleman, smiling,

"what do you think of the parsonage becoming a retreat for distressed lovers?"

"C, it's delicious!" was the laughing reply. "I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear of the banks of the Ohio river—in Virginia, Ohio and Kenof the Ohio river—in Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky—being lined with forlorn but patriotic lovers, beekoning each other, and crying, 'take to your gondola, and on this side abide, and yours I will ever be.'"

"What an idea, Kate I but it is like you. Come, give me the letter, I must answer it at once, or I may forget it, and that, I presume, would be an unpardonable offenee."

The postman, next morning, handed Miss Ella the following communication:

"MY ESTERMED YOUNG FRIEND: Your letter requesting an asylum with and the protection of myself and wife in the event of certain contingencies therein enumerated, was received this afternoon.

"To relieve you as far as lies in my power, and speedily as possible, of the anxiety which its tenor betrays, I hasten to say that should 'the arrangement meet the approval of your parents it will afford us unfeigned but, understand the circumstances, melancholy pleasure to accede to your wishes

"Yet suffer me, dear young lady, to remark that there is some similarity between the union of the States and the union in which, I am made to understand, you and another are desirous of embarking.
"Alienation of affection and good feeling is

common—too common in both; but while instances of actual rupture are of frequent, sadly frequent occurrence in the latter, there will never, in my humble judgment, occur any in the for-

"Whether the calamitous emergency to which you refer arise or no, you will always be, as here-tofore, a most welcome visitor at my house. "Believe me, affectionately, your friend, "В. Т. Азнтом."

THE BOYS.

"We consider boys as perfect young demons, if it was not for the fact that unless we endure the boys, we can never have any nice young men, we would use our influence to have boys abolished."—New York Weekly.

I pity you, then! a singular childhood yours must have been to lead you to such a conclusion. You never had a brother! nobody ever carried your satchel of books to school for you, in the hot summer days, or built a seat under some shady tree that you might sit and rest! You never started home from an old school-house, in winter, to be caught in a snow storm, and have some warm-hearted, generous boy draw his thick mit-tens over your little gloved hands, and tie his warm tippet around your neck, declaring all the time that he "didn't need it a bit!" You never rode home on a sled which its owner affirmed to be "the fastest one in the county!" You never knew the luxury of a blackberry excursion with some one to help you over the fallen trees, part the bushes for you, wade into the brooks and lay stones for you to cross on, find the nicest bushes, and largest berries for you, and finally, when you grew weary, seat you under some shadowy tree, with a large leaf for a fan, and fill your basket for you! The visions of the past bring never a memory of a laughing-eyed boy lover, who searched the woods for violets, and—

"Waded barefoot in the pond To where the whitest liles grew." that he might bring them to you? Nobody ever that he might bring them to you? Molody ever asked your assistance in making "a splendid tail" for a kite, and rewarded you with a kiss and embrace—rough to be sure, but earnest and heart-You never made flags for snow forts, or felt! You never made flags for snow forts, or helped to fit a tiny boat for sailing in the brook, and had it called by your name as a reward for your services! No, no! you never knew half the beauty of that blessed word, "Childhood;" or, not even jestingly, could you write such words as those. "Young demons!" Well, in one sense, perhaps, they are a sort of heathen, after all. They are not exactly intended for parlor ornaments, they like little girls, but cannot appreciate young ladies—or that class of individuals generally supposed to be such—who call their windmills "Those bits of stick!" sceam at the sight of one of their wonderful menageries of toads and mills "Those bits of stick!" sceam at the sight of one of their wonderful menageries of toads and caterpillars, and who can't endure fire-crackers or the smell of gunpowder. They don't like a house where it is impossible to start a factory, or practice the Indian war-whoop without driving some one "distracted," and they have a great antipathy to a kitchen where they can never make paste for their kites without some one screaming that they are spilling it on the floor

It's very singular that they have such ideas

It's very singular that they have such ideas—dreadful! certainly; but then they get over it. It is quite true that they no grow up, many for them, to be "NICE young men" in the most fash-ionable sense of the word, they find that it isn't ionable sense of the word, and and that it isn't bolite to be truthful, and learn to say what they do not mean, and keep what they think to themselves, to kiss without disturbing our smooth colors, or their cold hearts, and to talk nonsense, and to talk nonsense, and to talk nonsense, and repeat stale flatteries to the ladies. It's all very fine, and they are a great institution no doubt; but when we are so unreasonable (and mortals ARE sometimes) as to weary of vanity mertals are sometimes) as to weary of vanity, deception and falsehood, it is pleasant to turn to the past; and, oh! it is not those who have a happy childhood to look back upon, who would like to have the "boys abolished," or feels like calling the Johnnys, Charleys and Harrys of their childhood "Young demons." "Nice young men," indeed! one dear, noisy, careless, warm-hearted, loving Boy is worth a dozen of them. benville, July, 1860.

SMALL faults, indulged, are little thieves to let

[WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.]

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

BY SARAH GOULD

Meg Merrilies ! my Muse shrinks back abashed, As the black Bandit's, when thy anger flashed Lightning upon him, as his purpose foul, With stunning echoes, thundered through thy soul.

Conceited critics foolishly have said, "When Actors die their laurels quickly fade ;" If it be thus oblivion's heavy pall Blesses the many—but on thee will fall, In crimsoned folds of beauty and of pride, Fame's glorious mantle newly glorifle

Actors, as Authors, for themselves create The echoes that eternally vibrate; Striking the blow whose corresponding chime Blends with the heart-beats of all future time.

While Lady Macbeth, and the queenly " Kate," And Cardinal Wolsey hold their high estate, Cushman shall live, and, co-extent with these, To latest time shall live Meg Merrilies. ---

[WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK WEEKLY]

LITTLE DAVY AND HIS MOTHER A TALE OF MAINE IN THE EARLY DAYS

BY WILLIAM EARLE BINDER.

It was in the state of Maine, and a good many years ago, when the settlements were still few and far between, and the pioneers were continu-ally harassed by savage Indians, and savage wild beasts, that the following thrilling incident is said

to have transpired.

Among the earliest settlers of that section was a bold and enterprising young man named David Hayner; and when Hayner and his companions took to the woods, the country thereabouts was one huge wilderness; but, in the course of a few years numerous settlements had sprung up in vari-

At last Hayner married a young girl named Hope Hadley, and, picking out a particularly nice spot of ground, some distance, however, from any settlement or habitation, proceeded to build himself a comfortable and even convenient dwell-

ing place.

The house, though built of logs, and in the most primitive style, was superior to most of the wilderness habitations, and David Hayner felt uncommonly proud of his nice, new home. The generality of such early dwelling places contained generality of such early dwelling places contained but one, or, perhaps, two rooms, on the same floor, but Hayner's house boasted of three apartments, two below, and one above, stairs. The house was also well fortified, and every way adapted to the exigencies of the time and place.

A year passed away, and Hope Hayner was a mother. A proud man was the pioneer when that

event occurred.

Another year passed away, and then one night the terrible incident occurred which forms the basis of this sketch. The large, upper apartment of Hayner's house was, of course, used as a chamber, and thither, at the time referred to, the settler and his wife, with

the time referred to, the settler and his wife, with their idol, little Davy, had retired.

Some time after they had lain down, the baby, who was teething, began to fret and cry, and Hope found it utterly impossible to quiet him. At last, she got out of bed and took the child up, and, the night being very warm, (it was midsummer,) opened the front window.

Wearied and worn out, her tired husband slept and as he could not bely her. Mrs. Haven

on, and, as he could not help her, Mrs. Hayned did not think it worth while to awaken him.

Up and down the room Hope tramped for quite a length of time, and at every turn she approached the open window, and stopped to look out upon the clear, white night, for a full moon was gliding everything with its silvery effulgence. Sometimes, when she stopped at the window, she would rest little Davy on the sill, and talk pretty words to him, as only a mother can talk.

In the distance, at intervals, could be heard the baying of the wolf, and the human-like scream of the sneaking panther, but as long as they kept in the distance these things possessed no particular terror, especially to those accustomed to hearing

ing of a strong and sudden gust of wind.
"What was that, I wonder?" exclaimed Mrs. Havner, as she bent forward over the sill, and cast her eyes down toward the ground.

Before the words had fairly passed her lips, an numistakable sound filled the air and smote upon As she looked down she saw the blazing eyes of a number of gaunt, ferocious wolves.
"My God!" she suddenly cried, in tones of

The close proximity of the fierce animals so shocked Mrs. Hayner's nerves that, for a moment she knew not what she was doing, and at the sudden start which followed the exclamation, she unconsciously released her hold upon the baby,

and the child instantly fell out of the window down into the very jaws of the clamorous wolves. All this time the deep sleep of the pioneer con-tinued unbroken. In the woods he would have been aroused at the first noise, for, out there, as the saying goes, he slept with one eye open; but at home, in his own bed, the matter was different, and he slumbered with no care upon his mind. Before the child reached the ground, swift as was its passage, Mrs. Hayner awoke to a realiz-

ing sense of what had occurred.

"My God! my child! my child!" she cried, in deep and thrilling tones, at the same time stretching her body far over the sill and reaching down in a vain and frantic effort to catch the lost

baby.
Suddenly the poor, half crazy mother lost her balance and pitched downward head foremost.

And such a sight as met his eyes A dozen or more huge, fiery-eyed wolves, in the midst of which Mrs. Hayner had just landed, and some of which were ferociously rending poor little Davy limb from limb.

As the pioneer looked down, the terrible animals seized upon his wife and began to lacerate At the same time, another pealing, heart-rend-

at the same time, adouter pearing, neart-rending scream, smote upon the air.

"Great God! my wife! my wife! my child!" yelled the pioneer, in pieroing tones.

Mrs. Hayner was battling with the voracious

wolves, but to little purpose.

Again the poor creature screamed aloud, but

"Hope! Hope! I will save you or die with you!" frantically shouted David Hayner.

The pioneer was beside himself. His cyes were wildly staring, his face livid, and his whole body shaking with a deep and uncontrollable emotion. The horrible sight below him, tore his heart and maddened his brain.

Without arming himself at all, for he was too frenzied to think of ordinary precautions, and half-naked as he was when he sprang from bed, he leaped up upon the window-sill, and then down among the terrible beasts below.

It was the act of a madman, under the circumstances, and in that heart-crushing, sour-rending moment, David Hayner was mad to all intents

By this time poor Hope was dead and half de-voured, and nothing was to be seen of little Davy.

As the pioneer descended, the snorting, snarling, howling wolves, drew back a little, but, as

the poor man struck the ground, they fiercely bounded at him, all but two or three that were fighting over the carcase of the lost wife.

As he came down, Hayner's bands as well as his feet struck the ground, and, unconsciously, the poor man grasped a stout and strong stick—which happened to be lying just there—in the

Madly, desperately, fiercely, with a power he had never before exhibited, almost indomitable as he had generally proven himself to be, the pioneer fought off the bloody wolves, raining blows upon them with the rapidity of lightning, and, in the strength of his good right arm, actually knocking the brains out of some of the ferocious animals.

animals. Meanwhile his frantic cries rang out loudly up-on the air, and mingled with the fierce barking of his gaunt opponents.

So the unequal contest went on; and, though David Hayner fought with a maniac's strength and fury, he was in a little while covered with wounds and blood.

It was a terrible scene that, from beginning to end, and almost indescribable.

Suddenly another loud ory, the sound of several human voices, mingled with the din, and in a twinkling, so to speak, a band of a dozen or more hardy hunters appeared upon the spot, and quickly made battle upon the wolves, clubbing their rifles and dashing at the brutes with the resolution of men determined upon conquering.

In a short time what few of the animals were

left, turned and fled away howling into the forest; and, directly afterward, Hayner, raving with de-lirium, was carried into the house. Subsequently the poor man was conveyed to the next settlement, where the hunters belonged, and toward which they were wending their way when the cries of the pioneer, and the howling of the

wolves attracted their attention.

For a long time the pioneer was prostrated by a delirious fever, and though he eventually recovered a measure of mental and physical health, he never was wholly himself again in mind or body. That terrible night had left a lasting and indelible impression upon him.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK WEEKLEY?

FIDELITY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Though I may roam Italia's plains, And bask beneath her skies,— Yet still my thoughts shall wander back To one I fondly prize.

And in the midst of mirth and joy, In fashion's crowded throng-The happiest thoughts within my heart, Shall unto her belong. And though gay scenes may meet my view,

To her I truly love WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK WERKLE

BY NED TACKSON

Wherever I may rove, Yet not a thought shall truant be,

DOTS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

At length Mrs. Hayner again stopped at the window, and sat little Davy down on the sill, with robes around her, and left us, that Autumn arraywindow, and sat little Davy down on the outside.

his fat, plump legs hanging over on the outside.

At that moment there was a rushing sound bebringing golden fruits and ripening grains to cheer our hearts when stern Winter shall reign the outside.

The entumn wind as it murmurs amid over us. The autumn wind as it murmurs amid the falling leaves, seems whispering to us, in mournful tones, that earthly beauty must fade away. The flowers, which were but as yester-day, blooming in all their beauty around us, have fallen from the branches and lie withered on the ground. The sky wears a sombre hue, and earth though robed in brilliant colors, seems sad and mournful. To many, the past summer has been a season of joyous festivity, their lot has been cast in pleasant places, and pleasures have surrounded them on every side; the messengers of peace and prosperity have been with them, and they have basked in a continual sanshine of happiness. To others—and oh, how many !—it has been a period of thele and advantaged.

period of trials and adversities. Sorrews have encompassed them on every side, their paths have led them in dark and gloomy places, and even to the silent tomb. The angel of death hath entered many a once happy home, scattering terror and anguish along his pathway, as he called a beloved one to leave

the household band, and pass "that bourne from whence no traveler e'er returns." The same wind melts the frozen snows of winter, brings life and beauty to the lovely flowers of spring, bears to us the perfumed breath of spicy groves, and fans our brows with the gentle breeze of summer evenings, as it softly murmurs amid the forest trees, whispering to us of quietude and peace. That wind sweeps o'er earth in the furious whirlwind, bends the giant oak as though baby.

Suddenly the poor, half crazy mother lost her balance and pitched downward head foremost.

A scream of mortal agony ascended upon the air—such a cry as hundreds might live a lifetime and never hear once.

At last David Hayner awoke.

Springing from his bed he wildly looked around. Wife and child both were gone.

"Hope! Hope! where are you?" he said, with a presentiment of evil, if one might judge by his looks and actions. a presentiment of evil, it one magain to be a presentiment of evil, it of the state of midnight. Yet when the deeper far than that of midnight. Yet when the deeper far than that of midnight. Yet when the glossy curtains of trial and adway, when the gloomy curtains of trial and adversity are gathering their folds about us, and our beaute are bowed down with the cares and per-

hearts are bowed down with the cares and per-plexities of this world, when "Fate seems to do her worst, and the heart-gems rust," we should remember that the darker the sky the we should remember that the darker the sky the more copious the shower. So when our pathway through life seems darkest we should trust the most knowing that "He who doeth all things well," will, in His own good time, seatter the gloom which now surrounds us and at length bring us to that eternal home, which no cloud shall darken, and no whirlwind lay low, but

"Flowers immortal ever bloom Through Heaven's endless spring; Ne'er to know decay."

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