

POETRY

THE SONG OF LOVE.

From the land of the pure and the bright,
From a fair and a beautiful clime,
Where sorrow may dim not the smiles of
delight,
Where youth is unclouded by Time;
Where the lute from its glittering strings
Bids music unceasingly roam,
And zephyrs shake perfume from gossamer
wings,
I am come! I am come!

A divine, yet a magical art,
To me hath been happily given,
To kindle a flame in the depth of the heart
By fire from the altar of Heaven,
With passions of noblest birth,
From you radiant celestial dome;
And with holy affection to brighten the
earth
I am come! I am come!

When the maid to her lonely retreat
Retires in the silence of eve,
And watches the streamlet that winds at her
feet,
Or the song that the nightingales weave;
You may guess when the loved one is near,
By the lips that are quivering or dumb,
And know by the smile, and the start and
the tear,
I am come! I am come!

When the knight on his gallant career,
A scarf round his corselet enwreathing,
Like lightning sweeps on 'gainst the sword
and the spear,
The name of his lady love-breathing!
O then by his cheeks' ardent glow
As he hears the proud roll of the drum
By the flush of his brow and his eye you
may know,
I am come! I am come!

Go, muse o'er the limitless earth,
By the torrid or frozen zone,
From the peasant who loves by his humble
hearth
To the monarch who loves on his throne,
If rapture or happiness dwell
Wherever thy footsteps may roam,
Then there with the power of my sacred
spell
I am come! I am come!

THE WISH.

Say what would be thy first wish,
If a fairy said to thee—
'Now ask a boon; I'll grant it,
Whatever it may be.'
The first wish of thy heart, I think,
May easily be told;
Confide in me—deny it not—
Thy wish would be for gold.'

'Oh no—thou art mistaken,
That should not be the boon;
My thirst for this world's lucre
Is ever sated soon.
The only gold I prize, is such
As industry has bought;
And gold like that from fairy's hands
Would fruitlessly be sought.'

Say, what then would thy first wish be—
Ambition's laurel'd name;
The pride of popularity—
The pinnacle of fame;
The pampered board of luxury,
Where crowds of menials wait;
Thy second wish would still be gold,
To furnish forth thy state.

'Ah, no—the days have long gone by
When such had been my choice;
I ask not fame—far more I prize
The self-approving voice.
My first wish should not be for fame—
My second not for gold;
But listen to me patiently,
My wishes shall be told.

'Oh, give me but a happy home,
To share with her I love;
Oh let me from her path of life,
Each anxious care remove;
And like the sweet days of the past,
May we have days in store,
Oh give me this, and only this—
I'll never ask for more.'

THE NUN.

'Oh! lead her forth, and let her gaze
Once more upon the moon's soft rays;
View once again the starry sky,
Inhale the balmy air—and die!
Her fading form no spell may save;
'Tis passing to the welcome grave.
During a short residence in the city

New York, in the autumn of 1830, as I was one Sunday afternoon passing leisurely along St. John's Park, I was met by a young friend, who urged me to accompany him to church. I replied that I was then on my way to St. Paul's and should be very happy to have him accompany me, if he could bring his mind so far to profane the sabbath as to enter a sanctuary dedicated to the God of the heretics. With a smile he declined my invitation, saying, that to his own church he must go, as he was charged with a message to deliver to a person whom he should meet there, and whom he could not see at any other time or place. This reason far attending church, struck me as being some what singular: and there was a little mystery in the circumstance of his being able to meet a person there, with whom at no other time and in no other place, could he be indulged with a conference. I manifested some curiosity to know who the said person could be; but he evaded my questions and I did not press them; determining at once, however, to accompany him. He was a Roman catholic, and attended the cathedral in Mott Street. We crossed Broadway and arrived at the cathedral just as the vespers had commenced. Hostile as are my own cherished opinions to the tenets and practices of this fallen church, I cannot but esteem him as greatly wanting in the higher and purer sentiments of our nature, who can enter a Catholic sanctuary at the hour of vespers, and not feel his bosom thrilled with new and lively emotions, his soul as it were rising upon the pinions of devotion, plumed for a flight above the vanities and vexations, the care and turmoil of this sub-lunary scene. And I have a hundred times heard a similar remark made by Protestants. The low chanting of the choristers mingling with the deep tones of the organ; the unnatural light streaming from the numerous tapers and struggling for mastery over the light of day; the kneeling devotees and their crossing at the consecrated vases; the gaudy attired priest, and white robed apostles; the Redeemer bowing his head upon the cross; the pictures, and in short the whole paraphernalia of Catholic worship, are in a peculiar manner calculated to enlist the feelings. And then are we involuntarily led to glance at the history of this parent of churches—for the mind will, while contemplating the condition of a recreant, revert with a deep feeling of interest to the days of purity and peace—and where do we find any thing calculated to take a stronger hold on our sympathies?—We look upon it as reared by the hand of the Redeemer, sustained by the Apostles and martyrs, and standing up through a succession of centuries, the beacon light of a benighted world. We find its name mingled with every thing that is interesting in the annals of by-gone years, since the advent of Him of Nazareth, and dwell with reverential feeling upon the characters of the good and great which adorn every step of its own history. Is it then really wonderful that occasionally something more than a "romantic girl" should be led to embrace it for what it once was? But this is disgressing.

The service was concluded, and most of the worshippers had retired from the church. Then came the train of charity scholars, accompanied by the nuns in their long black gowns and little hoods of the same colour, each with a white handkerchief in her hand. Not one of them all raised her head, but paced on with a slow but a measured step. My friend appeared near the door through which they passed; and my arm was locked in his. As the last nun stepped upon the threshold her handkerchief dropped, and he sprang forward, replacing it in her hand; but as he did this, I plainly saw him slip a paper into its folds. The nun did not raise her eye, but passed on, and they all soon turned the corner of the street.

It will not be wondered at, that I thought much of the above circumstance, and that I should resolve on embracing the first opportunity to speak with my friend on the mysterious proceeding; and an opportunity was soon presented, for I spent the evening of the very next day at his room in Greenwich street.

After a short desultory conversation, on the evening just mentioned, I casually as it were, hinted at what passed between a nun and himself, on Sabbath afternoon, was not unnoticed by me—This seemed to strike a most tender chord; he could not conceal his emotion, and I began to regret that I had not restrained my curiosity. However, as the only means in my power by which to make amends, I instantly proceeded to some other topic of conversation; but he appeared extremely dull and thoughtful, and no efforts of mine to raise him to his usual pitch of hilarity were successful. After a silence of some minutes, he turned to me and in the most serious manner said,—
'Have I not heard you once mention that you were a native of Lynn, in Massachusetts?'

'Very likely,' I replied, 'for such is the fact.'

'Then perhaps you may know Mr. —?'

'I know him well, he is one of the most respectable men in the town.'

'Respectable!' he repeated with clenched teeth and a most bitter expression of

countenance. "Respectable! wealthy, I suppose—for that is the idea usually attached to the word." And then after a short pause, he added with a great vehemence—"He is a dog! But," subduing the tempest of his feelings, he continued in a collected voice, "what did you see me do on Sunday afternoon?"

"Why," said I, "I am certain that I saw you slip a paper into the handkerchief of the last nun who stepped from the door of the church."

"Well then," said he, "I must tell you all, or you will think most strangely of me; and perhaps you may, as it is, consider me as acting somewhat at variance with my profession of the apostolic faith. But no matter—human nature is human nature, find it in whatever garb you may. That nun is a near relative of mine, but the paper which I gave her was a note intended for another—for one who comes not into the world, but spends the heavy hours of night and day in the inner chambers of the monastery; though she is one whom I knew a few years since, as the gayest and happiest of all the youthful circle in which I spent so many pleasant hours during a summer's residence in your native town."

"And pray what is her name? I impatiently enquired."

"Here it is written by her own hand," said he, handing me a card from his desk. Upon one side of the card was the name of Elizabeth Saint Clare, by which she was known in the monastic community; and on the other side was her own true name—her parents' gift—a name yet familiar to many of our readers, but which must not be here expressed.

"And her history"—said I—"that must be a sad one, to affect you so."

Having expressed my urgent desire to become acquainted with the history of her, toward him he had already created so much interest in my bosom he commenced:

"Elizabeth was a native of Lynn. Her parents are yet alive and residing there, and the very note which you saw me slip into the handkerchief of the nun, contained information respecting them, which I had that morning received. They know not however that she still lives, and it is not her desire that they should, for she would not pain them with the thought that she still endures the pangs which memory must inflict. And it is quite as well that they should think she sleeps beneath the willows of St. Mark.—But she loves them still—she loves them still—she loves her home, and all things belonging to that sacred spot, with an ardor that years of absence, that apostasy from the paths of purity and virtue, may that the injunctions of our holy religion cannot conquer: and mine has been the affecting office, these many months to collect and transmit to her all the information respecting them which circumstances would permit."

"She was about sixteen years of age at the time I resided at Lynn; was beloved by all who knew her; with a mind that had already attained to that state of cultivation which rendered her a meet companion for those far more advanced in years. Her mind was of that blessed order which the senseless groveller in glittering pelf, whose earth fettered conceptions cannot soar above the golden heap himself hath raised, would sneer at as the sentimental, the effeminate. She had an eye that could look abroad or turn within and comprehend the beauty and order of God's handy work. O what a heaven was such a mind—a mind that craves not the heartless, transitory honours and riches of the earth, but leans with a saving faith upon the promise of him who regardeth the fall of a sparrow, that he will provide for their temporal wants if they will but cease to check the heavenward flight of all the nobler powers with which he has endowed them by the deadening weights of worldly care. O what a prize is such a mind, I say, but if it falls 'tis like unto the fall of angels."

"I visited her frequently, and when I left Lynn, obtained her promise to correspond; for some time we frequently interchanged our lucubrations; but finally, all of a sudden, the correspondence on her part ceased, and it was in vain that I endeavoured to learn the cause. A year passed, and I considered myself stricken from her roll of friends."

"About eighteen months after I left Lynn as I was late one bright moonlight night, proceeding homeward from the counting-house through Chatham Square, I was accosted by a female. I had so frequently been saluted in the same manner before, when I happened out at so late an hour, that I should have passed on as usual had I not fancied that the voice was one which I had heard before. Turning suddenly round I cast my eyes full in her face, and—my God!—what were the sensations that thrilled my bosom, when I discovered her to be this very Elizabeth St. Clare. She knew me and would have fled, but I detained her, determining to know what brought her to that sad state; and instantly resolving within myself that nothing should be spared to restore her to the paths of purity and peace, I bade her take my arm, as that would be the best means of avoiding suspicion in the minds of any we might meet; she did so, and, we passed along the Bowery. She told me her sad tale.

It was in brief that this same respectable man, who yet lives respected in your native town, had wooed her, won her, ruined her, and cast her from him.

"Wretch!" I involuntarily exclaimed, interrupting his narrative; "but is there no means by which to mete out to him a just reward? Why has the matter been hushed up? When life is taken by a murderer's hand, the nation's honour bears the stain of blood until his own has washed it out. And is not this man worse than ten murderers?"

"Yes," he replied, "we can conceive of no worse being. But what is the only lawful step in such a case? Would she take that, think you? O, she had a proud spirit. But he, he feels no pang, for the undying worm finds nothing in his breast to gnaw upon. Their neighbours must have known the circumstances at the time; but the whole affair had passed by; he was respectable, and she had left the town. But let me go on."

"She soon left the place of her retirement, she said, and wandered forth with thoughts and feelings, hopes and fears, all strangely altered. Step by step she went down till she could go no farther, in the path of degradation. She wept bitterly, and I felt the warm tears fall fast upon my hand. 'O, could you know,' said she, 'the pangs that rend this bosom when the thought of home, my childhood's home, the home of purity and innocence, flits across my brain. Ah! from the depth at which I now stand that home is more than half way up to heaven.' After such expressions of her still feeble heart, I could not doubt of her own desire to regain the paths of virtue."

"Returning, at the corner of Walker-street I left her. The next day I provided suitable lodgings for her, and used every endeavour to render her happy. Weeks passed on; and as I occasionally called to see her, she would look up into my face with eyes streaming with tears of gratitude. The rose of health was again beginning to blush upon her cheek, and her mind was budding forth with renewed vigor, after her long winter of degradation and despair. She was sometimes invited to our house by my parents, as I had told them her story—though it went no farther. She attended our church, where I had provided her with a seat in a friend's pew. She became a true convert to our holy faith; entered as a novice, and during her whole novitiate, continued to merit and receive the warmest approbation of the patrons of the order. Finally she retired and took the veil which is for ever to exclude her from the world."

The story is ended. Elizabeth St. Clare, who a few years since was promenading these very streets, as bright, as gay, and as happy as any now among us, is now the inmate of a nunnery; and he, the base cause of her sorrow and mourning, still lives among us, a respectable man.—Lynn Chronicle.

AN EXPENSIVE SAVING.—A spice merchant of Constantinople, carrying a piece of fine cloth to a tailor, desired to have a cloak and tunic made of it, and inquired if there was enough. The artist having measured the stuff, declared it sufficient; and then requested to know what had been the cost of it. "Five sequins," replied the customer, "was the price, and considering the quality, that it is dear." The tailor paused a moment: "I am a beginner in trade," said he to the spice dealer, "and money is an object to me—give me two sequins, and I will show you how you may save three in this affair." "I agree," returned the other; and the two sequins were produced and paid. "It is well!" said the man of the needle, "I am a person of my word. This cloth has cost five sequins, and I have promised to save you three. Take it, then, to some other tailor, and Allah direct you to one of more experience; for I have never made such a dress as that you want, and if I attempt it, it will certainly be spoiled."

WORTH TRYING.—In an English miscellany we find the following: The danger of being suffocated by smoke to which persons are exposed who enter premises on fire may be effectually obviated by tying a wet silk handkerchief single over the face. A gentleman, who lately tried the experiment, was enabled to remain in a room which was on fire, in the most dense smoke, and work a small engine until he succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

A GOOD REPLY.—A nobleman observing a large stone lying near his gate, ordered his servant, with an oath, to send it to purgatory. If, said the servant, "I were to throw it to heaven, it would be more out of your way."

A LEARNED GOOSE.—Yesterday, Leicester-square was crowded to excess to witness the extraordinary sagacity of a Goose, just imported from the Sicily Islands which proved that an animal, however stupid, can be brought to possess intelligence. Several persons of distinction, put divers scientific questions to the goose, and they were answered by referring to a watch, the alphabet, multiplication table, dice, and cards. Instinct and reason appear blended in the animal's wonderful performance.