

POETRY.

HOME

I'm on the hill of years,
And from its breezy height,
Life's chequer'd scenes of hopes and fears
That spans the bounded vale of tears,
Are stretch'd beneath my sight;
And I see the misty past
Impall'd in sleepy gloom;
Yet still, throughout the weary waste,
Some sweet remembrances are traced,
Where memory loves to roam—
Some days of gladness, bright and bland,
Like streams amid the desert sand,
Refreshing where they come;
But the sweetest spot of all the land
Is at my father's home.
Oh, happy home,
Where'er thy children roam,
Still memory clings to the sunny things
That blest our hallowed home.
Bright hopes were planted there,
And sweet affections sown;
And fresh and full their blossoms were,
Ere yet the seering winds of Care
Had on their petals blown:
Then Youth and Health went forth
Rejoicing on their way,
And guileless innocence gave birth
To rosy hours of living mirth,
That cheer'd the springing day;
While anxious parents fondly strove
Who first could most our joys improve,
And foremost might display
That deepest—purest—holiest love
That e'er warmed hearts of clay.
Oh, happy home,
Where'er thy children roam,
Still memory clings to the sunny things
That blest our hallowed home.
But Time brought manhood's day,
And Youth from Home must part,
To tread the cold world's mazy way,
And share her thousand ills that prey
Like mildew on the heart;
Then troubles trooped their might
Our youthful hopes to mar,
And swift o'er blighted blade and root
The heavy tramp of Sorrow's foot
Came thundering from afar,
While envious Fate rung knell on knell,
As one by one our pleasures fell,
In Time's relentless war,
Till Death, with one relentless swell
Eclipsed the morning star,
Oh, happy home,
Where'er thy children roam,
Sad Memory still remembers well
The clouds that shadowed home.
And since that whelming wave
Rose on the flood of Time,
Alas! how many lov'd ones have
Moor'd in the haven of the grave,
Ere life hath seen its prime!
And thou my mother, thou
Art with the righteous dead:—
Wisdom sat ever on thy brow,
And like the heaven's celestial bow
Its hopeful radiance shed;
But joy forgot its sweetest art,
Affection lost its dearest part,
And home its chiefest good
When death from out thy dying heart
We'll forth the living God.
Oh, sacred home,
Where'er thy children roam,
Sad Memory clings to the mournful things
That broke the peace of home.
That family band united,
Whence are its member driven,
Those filial loves, still true when tried?
Sweet flowers of home, they're scatter'd wide
To all the winds of heaven:
And where is she, whose wife
Outwent a wizard's art,
That hiel of the worshipp'd smile,
Whose passionate sigh ne'er hinted guile,
Nor breathed a wish to part?
Alas! when sacted vows deceive,
Our widowed love has more to grieve
Than Death's destroying dart:—
Ah me! such passing shadows leave
Some red spots on the heart!
Oh, happy home,
Where'er thy children roam,
Still Memory clings to the lovely things
That won our hearts at home.
And whither now have fled
Those lights of Friendship's soul,
Whose voice through all the heart-strings
Play'd,
Like summer music through a glade
Where sylvan waters roll?
I dreamed how Friendship's spell
Its spangling hues might keep,

To gild the gloom where tempests swell,
And shine, when stars less splendid fell,
To cheer us through the deep;
But seasons o'er that circle pass'd
And Death destroyed what Time confess'd
His scythe too blunt to reap—
Glad tenants of eternal rest,
They sleep an iron sleep!
Oh, happy home,
Where'er thy children roam,
Still Memory clings to the trusty friends
That cheer'd the hearth of home.
But a Home, through Faith displayed,
Surmounts the Spoiler's art—
A Home whose glories shall not fade,
Where grief ne'er bent a lofty head,
Nor broke a faithful heart;
And bright o'er nature's shroud
Its beamy splendours come,
While Hope like the smiling earth looks
proud,
When the sun shines through a thunder-
cloud
And scatters all its gloom;
Nor Chance nor Change shall there control,
Nor years their shifting seasons roll,
To blight the spirit's bloom—
Dry up your tears, my weeping soul,
'Tis an everlasting Home!
And to that heavenly home,
Where sorrow cannot come,
Father Sublime! in thy good time,
Take all thy children home.

(From the (Nashville) Western M
dust.

A LAMENTABLE OCCUREN

I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly
Consents to death, but conquers agon
And his drooped head sinks gradually
And through his side the last drops
slow
From the red gash, fall heavy one by
Like the first of a thunder shower, and
The arena swims around him—he is

Mr J. J. M'Laughlin, late of Hopki
Ky., came to his death on Saturday
through an accident which has caused
sensation and sympathy in this city.
M'Laughlin was a young gentleman
personal accomplishments, genteel manners
and fine talents. His age was twenty three
or twenty four years, and he was at times
engaged in the study of the law, which he
doubtless intended to have followed as a
profession. His mind was of an exceeding-
ly sensitive, imaginative, or poetical cast—
which, with his somewhat retired and mod-
est demeanour, made him an interesting
companion to all classes of people.
He arrived in this city some four weeks
since, and soon made himself known to the
Thespian society of young gentlemen in this
city, as an amateur actor—and it was soon
found his peculiar temperament of mind and
imagination, aided by its excellent natural
powers, gave him a remarkable ascendancy
in histrionic exercises. He had the power
to enter fully into the spirit and meaning of
his author, and body forth into forms of life
the subtle creation of the poet's fancy.
The Thespian society occasionally have
public exhibitions: and at one of these on
Thursday evening, last week, Mr M'Laugh-
lin acted the part of Bertrum in Maturin's
gloomy tragedy of "Bertrum, or the castle
of St Aldobrand."

Since the melancholy catastrophe which
has laid M'Laughlin in the cold, cold, grave
we have read the tragedy on which he spent
his last earthly powers and amidst the pas-
sion of which, agitating his audience like a
tempest he received his death wound. Be-
fore we close this article the reason why we
read the tragedy will be apparent. The Rev.
R. C. Maturin, the author of the play was an
English clergyman of powerful fancy. Beside
some productions of the pulpit, of which
he was the author, there are now in
print of his tragic writings, "The Fatal
Revenge," "Wild Irish Boy," "The Mile-
sion Chief," &c. As far as we have had an
opportunity to study his genius, it had the
characteristics of a stern gloomy grandeur.
The dark and fearful storms of passion were
the playthings of his imagination. He had
little to do with the gentler sympathies of
our nature. Remorse Revenge, like two
iron despots, held rule over his imagination,
and in all his picturings of the war of pas-
sions or of the elements, not a single lovely
touch of the pencil dashes the brow of the
thunder king.

Bertrum is a combination of all these ter-
rible qualities.—In copious and heart touch-
ing eloquence it exhibits to the reader the
picture of a powerful mind; ruined—blast-
ed—yet unbending, and holding in his soul
as the life of his being, the sentiments of a
deadly vengeance against the earthly author
of all his woes. It was this being whom
M'Laughlin represented. The tragedy opens
with a terrible tempest, long an exile and

outlaw from his native land, is thrown upon
the coast near the Castle of his deadly ene-
my Aldobrand. He is succoured by a com-
munity of Monks—through them gains ac-
cess to the castle, and there wreaks his long
nursed—double distilled fiendish vengeance
on its lord; he stabs him to the heart. The
lady of the castle—of whose connexion with
the outlaw, in the past we shall not speak—
heart broken at his feet. He then winds up
the drama by stabbing himself.
M'Laughlin had conned his dreadful les-
son with such an absorbing interest and so
completely stood within the character dur-
ing its representation, that the effect was
deep and harrowing on the minds of the au-
dience. He seemed to be in a high state of
mental excitement, and with the most gloom-
y pathos pronounced such sentences as these:—

I have no country—
And for my race the last dread trump shall
wake
The sheeted relics of my ancestry,
Ere trump of herald to the armed lists,
In the bright blazon of their stainless coat
Calls their lost child again!"

The applause of the audience was great
and to what we shall call
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an accident. It is our opinion, however,
that it was the result of the excited feelings
of the actor, who had so absorbingly
entered into the dreadful spirit, of
his hero, as to drive home his death
upon his heart by the mere spasmodic action
of the muscles, that unconsciously moved
to do the bidding of the tempest of passion
within. Taking into view premeditated pur-
pose, it was an accident—for he had no de-
sign of ending his life with the play; but
looking at his complete identification of feel-
ing with the part he acted, the accident be-
comes a natural and not a wonderful conse-
quence.

The hallucination, if such we may call it,
did not end with the plunge of the dagger.
His feelings bore him along yet further.—
There was still, after some exclamations of
surprise from the tragic monks, a dying sen-
tence for him to repeat. He went through
it with a startling effect:—

[with a burst of exultation]
"I died no felon's death."

A warrior's weapon freed a warrior's soul
While he was pronouncing these, the last
words of the tragedy, his eyes and manner
were fearfully wild, the blood was falling
from his bosom upon the young gentleman
who personated the then lifeless lady Imo-
gene! As soon as the last words were pro-
nounced, he fell—to rise no more.

The wound was inflicted in the left breast,
entered the pericardium, if it did not pierce
the heart. The bleeding was internal, and
so slow in its progress that the organic ac-
tion of the heart was not finally clogged un-
til Saturday, when he left this sublimary
scene, and another curtain opened upon the
drama of eternity.

His funeral was attended by a very large
concourse on Sunday in the Masonic Hall
The Reverend Mr Howell of the Baptist
Church in this city, preached a solemn and
appropriate discourse. There was a breath-
less silence, and every eye was rivetted on
the Speaker, when near the close of the ser-
mon he related that he was accidentally a
fellow passenger with the deceased, when he
came to the city four weeks before—that he
had been interested in him—had conversed
with him—had learned from his own lips
his predilections for the stage—had advised
him to manly and substantial pursuits—had
learned from that at times he had serious
and solemn thoughts on the subject of reli-
gion, and gained from him a promise that
he would attend to the concerns of his soul.
He saw him no more until the day before he
died, when lying on his death bed. Mr
M'Laughlin then referred to the former con-
versation with Mr Howell: said that he was

still concerned to secure the salvation of his
soul, and that if he recovered he should have
learned one lesson. He did not recover.—
The lesson to which he referred is now for
the living to learn.

There was a respectable procession formed
and many young men walked after their in-
animate friend to the grave. His case had
attracted much sympathy: while he lived he
had every attention which kindness and med-
ical skill could impart. It is said he has a
mother living in Lancaster, Pa.

As we saw the slow procession wind its
way, we thought of the lines of Willis:—
Tread lightly comrades;—we have laid
His dark locks on his brow,
Like life—save deeper light and shade,
We'll not disturb them now.

Rest now! his journeying is done;
Your feet are on his sod—
Death's chair is on your champion,
He waiteth here his God.

RANDOM IDEAS OF A SCRIBLER.

Idleness is the murderer of time and the
destroyer of comfort; it is the rich man's
bane, the tradesman's ruin, and the poor
man's curse.

Genius, like an exotic plant, is rare; and
requires, not only the same care and atten-
tion to bring it to perfection, but also a
shelter from the squalls of fortune and the
frosts of adversity, without which it will wi-
ther and die.

Ingratitude is a vice more repugnant, per-
haps, than most others to the hearts of men.
The ungrateful man seems better fitted for
the society of demons, than for that of the
human race, and the vice which has degrad-
ed him below the level of his species, ap-
pears rather as the depravity of a fiend, than
as the failing of a man.

Happiness is the sole pursuit of all men;
how few, alas! there be who seek it aright!
Pleasure and wealth may well be called its
phantoms, in the chase of which we too fre-
quently pass by, as of little consequence, its
only tangible reality—a good conscience.

Disappointments are to the mind, what
ill-health is to the body; the latter is cer-
tainly, in itself, a thing we must be desirous
of shunning; yet, without it, we could not
feel half the enjoyment of health: the same
observation will hold good as regards the
former; for, if all our wishes were granted,
and all our hopes fulfilled, man, restless as
he is, and fond as he ever has been of change,
would find but little pleasure in the instant
accomplishment of his desires; and even
happiness itself would be likely to become
irksome.

Truth should ever be held sacred: equi-
vocation is the worst species of lying; and
falsehood disgraces the utterer, whether it be
in a trifle or in things of more importance.

Perseverance will do more than we may
at first be aware of; if it will not remove
every difficulty, it will certainly remove ma-
ny; the most persevering may sometimes be
disappointed; but those who are careless
and indifferent are, doubtless, disappointed
much oftener.

Obstinacy is the most deadly foe that im-
provement has. While the indolent have
but little chance of shaking off the shackles
of prejudice, the obstinate have none what-
ever. It is to obstinacy that we may trace
all that has ever been opposed to truth; and
it is to nothing else that the frequent quar-
rels among friends and relations, so trivial
in themselves, but often so distressing in
their consequences, may be attributed.

Benevolence imprints a godlike beauty
upon the soul of man; this feeling is oppo-
sed to every thing that is unworthy of our
nature, and is that which immortal beings
should be most anxious to cultivate and ex-
pand.

Conscientious Probity is the foundation
of honest dealing; the man within whose
bosom it is not to be found; may be trusted
only as far as he has a possibility of dis-
covering whether he cheats you or not.

Serenity of Temper is the mind's good
health, which we should always (as is clearly
our interest) assiduously endeavour to pre-
serve.

A simple servant boy one evening went up
to the drawing room, on the bell being rung.
When he returned to the kitchen, he laugh-
ed immoderately. Some of the servants
asking the cause, he cried, "What do you
think, there are sixteen of them, who could
not snuff the candles, and were obliged to
send for me to do it."

A YOUNG MAIDEN'S LOGIC.—A puritanic
preacher was one day struck with surprise
on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the
head of a lovely maid of his class, whose
hair had usually been very plain. "Ah!
Eliza," said he, "you should not waste your
precious time in curling your hair, if God
intended it to be curled, he would have
curled it for you." "Indeed," said the witty
maid, "I must differ from you—when I was
an infant he curled it for me, but now I am
grown up, he thinks I am able to do it my-
self."

RICH FOOLS.—It is but fair that he who
has no ideas should have something in their
stead.