



THE EMIGRANTS OF THE WEST.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Do you remember how often you have said  
 "Bring Corallin May  
 As the hawthorns are blossoming we shall be wed  
 And then to the prairie away"  
 Now all over the hills they peep  
 As white out of the spray,  
 And you turn to the past and weep,  
 "Bring Corallin May."

As the crickets chirped in hickory blaze,  
 As cheerily sung, you know—  
 At the summer days,  
 And the time when we shall go"  
 As blades are unfolding bright,  
 As the bees crawl the dew:  
 As the flowers are opening red and white,  
 As the time has come to go.

As in the cabin our love has planned,  
 As the prairie, green and gay,  
 As the twinkling light of the sunset land,  
 "Bring Corallin May.  
 Happy our lives will be, you said,—  
 Do you remember the day,—  
 As our hands shall be, as our hearts are, wed"  
 "Bring Corallin May."

"How sweet," you said, "when my work is o'er  
 And you are yet singing clear,  
 And watch at the lowly door,  
 As your home in the prairie dear,  
 As the ripe by the window now,  
 As the cool spring flowing near,  
 As the dew fall on the heart and brow,  
 As the homes we are leaving here."

THE GRAVES OF THOSE WE LOVE.

Love is the ordeal of true affection. It is there  
 that the passion of the soul manifests its superiority to  
 the impulses of mere animal attachment  
 and must be continually refreshing and kept alive  
 by the presence of the object, but the love that is seated  
 in the heart can live on long remembrance. The mere

inclinations of sense, languishing and declining with the  
 charms which excite them, turn with shuddering and  
 disgust from the precincts of the tomb; but it is thence  
 that true spiritual affection rises purified from every  
 sensual desire and turns like a holy flame to illuminate  
 and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from  
 which we refuse to be divorced. Every other we would  
 seek to heal—every other affliction forget; but this  
 wound we consider a duty to keep open—the afflictions  
 we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the  
 mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished  
 like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection  
 is a pang. Where is the daughter that would  
 willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to  
 remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour  
 of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns?  
 Who, where the tomb is closed upon the remains of her  
 he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were,  
 crushed in the closing of its portal—would accept con-  
 solation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the  
 love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attri-  
 butes of the soul. If it has woes, it likewise has its  
 delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is  
 calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the  
 sudden and convulsive agony is over—the present ruin  
 of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive  
 meditations on all that was in the days of its loveliness.  
 Who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? It  
 may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright  
 hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the  
 hour of gloom yet who would exchange it for the song  
 of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a  
 voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a  
 remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from  
 the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave!  
 it banes every sorrow—covers every defect—extinguishes  
 every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring  
 none but fond regret and tender recollection. Who can  
 look upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a com-  
 punctive throb that he had ever warred against the poor  
 handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the graves of those we loved—what a place of  
 meditation! There it is that we call up in long review  
 the whole history of virtue and happiness, and the  
 thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheed-  
 ed in the daily intercourse of intimacy, the tenderness  
 of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its

stilled griefs its noiseless attendance, its mute, and  
 watchful assidues—the last testimonials of expiring  
 love—the feeble, fluttering thrilling—oh, how thrilling!  
 pressure of the hand—the faint, faltering accents, to  
 give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate!—  
 There settle the account with thy conscience for every  
 past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unre-  
 garded, of that departed being who can never, never  
 return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and has ever added a sorrow to the  
 soul or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent  
 —if thou art a husband and hast ever caused the fond  
 bosom that has ventured its whole happiness in thy arms  
 to doubt one moment of thy kindness and truth—if thou  
 art a friend who has ever wronged, in thought or word,  
 or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if  
 thou art a lover, and has ever given one unmerited  
 pang to that heart which now lies cold and stiff beneath  
 thy feet—then be sure that every ungracious action, will  
 come thronging back upon the memory and knock  
 dolefully upon the soul; then be sure thou wilt lie down  
 sorrowing and repenting on the grave, and utter the  
 unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep,  
 more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave the chaplet of flowers and strew the  
 beauties of nature about the grave—console the broken  
 spirit, if thou canst with those tender yet fertile tributes  
 of regret—and taunting by the bitterness of this  
 thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be  
 more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy  
 duties to the living.

THE YUMAS INDIANS.

Close upon the banks of the Colorado river live a  
 warlike tribe, called the Yumas Indians, and more ex-  
 quisite specimens of the human form divine were never  
 turned into this barbarous world by good dame nature.  
 They are tall, manly and muscular, and possess a na-  
 tive grace of manner peculiar to the superior tribes of  
 the red man. They are athletic, and swift of foot, and  
 as bold as they are hardy. Their skin is of a dark cop-  
 per color, but smooth and clear, and their countenances  
 betoken great frankness and intelligence; but in this  
 their good looks belie them; for, as a class, they are  
 treacherous, deceitful, and great thieves. They are the  
 most expert swimmers, passing one half their time in the