

POETRY

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

By Mrs. Hemans.

What wak'st thou Spring—Sweet voices in
the woods,
And read like echoes that have long been
mute,
Thou bring'st back to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's voiceless
flute,
Whose tone seems beating mournfulness or
glee,
Ev'n as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee spring!—the joy-
less leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden us; a copse and
glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush re-
ceives,
When thy south wind hath pierc'd the mist-
peering shade,
And happy murmurs running through the
grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters— they too, hear thy
call—
Spring, the Awakener ! then hast burst their
sleep,
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody and in the forest deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams be-
tray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy peopled world of
flowers ;
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Crowning the carnalike with the sunny
flower.
And pencilling the wood anemone,
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful
eye
Glow with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the heart, O
Spring?
The human heart, with all its dreams and
sighs!
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried
thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er
thou art—
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Poo much, oh ! there too much !—we know
not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by
thee,
What fond strange yearning from the soul's
deep cell,
To rush for the faces we no more shall see !
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low
tone
By voices that are gone !

looks of familiar love that never more,
 never on earth our aching heart shall meet
 last words of welcome to our household
 door,
 and vanished smiles, and sounds of parted
 feet—
 Spring ! midst the murmurs of the flowering
 trees,
 Why, why reviv'st thou these ?

ain longings for the dead!—why come
they back
With thy young birds and leaves, and liv-
ing and living blooms?
—Oh, is it not, that from thine earthly
track,
Hope to thy world may look beyond the
tombs?
—Yes! gentle spring: no sorrow dims thine
air,
Breathed by our loved ones there!

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tions for entertaining the company which
be expected to be present at the marriage-
feast.

Gathering strength sufficient, as he thought, to support him, the stricken Felix now rose to depart. When ready to set out, he again put his hand to his head. "It comes on me here," said he, "for about a minute or so—this confusion—I think I'll tie a handkerchief about my head. I'll be an easy thing for me to make some excuse, or I can take it off at the chapel." This was immediately acquiesced in; but at Hugh's suggestion, a car was prepared, a horse yoked in a few minutes, and Felix accompanied and supported by his brother and sister, set out for mass. On arriving at the "green," he felt that his short journey had not been benefi-

cial to him ; on the contrary, he was worse, and very properly declined to go into the heated atmosphere of the chapel. A message by his sister, soon brought the blushing, trembling, serious, yet happy looking girl to his side. Her neat white dress, put on with that natural taste which is generally accompanied by a clear sense of moral propriety, and her plain cottage bonnet, bought for the occasion, showed, that she came prepared, not beyond, but to the utmost reach of her humble means. And this she did more for Felix's sake than her own, for she resolved that her appearance should not, if possible, jar upon the feelings of one who she knew in marrying her had sacrificed prospects of wealth and worldly happiness for her sake. At sight of her Felix smiled, but it was observed that his face, which had a moment before been pale, was instantly flushed, and his countenance bright. When he had kissed her, she replied to the friendly greetings of his brother and Maura, with a modest solemn dignity well suited to her situation and circumstances. Then turning to the devoted husband of her heart, she said,

"Why, then, Felix, but it's little credit you do me this happy morning, coming with a nightgown, as if you weren't well?" but as she saw the smile fade from his lips, and the colour from his cheek, her heart sank, and she called as death's dedicated bride, with her soul blue eyes bent upon his changing colour and bandaged head, she exclaimed, "God be merciful to us! Felix, dear, you are ill—Felix, Felix darling, what ails you? what is wrong?"

"I don't let frightened, jewel," he replied; "dear darlin', it won't matter—my foot slipped last night on the road home, and my head came against a stone—it's just a little sore outside, that's all. It'll be very well as soon as the price puts our hearts together—never to be parted—long, long an' almost—have I wished an' hoped for this happy hour. Isn't your mother here, jewel, an' my own little Ellen?"

When the ceremony was concluded, those who attended it of course returned to Felix's home to partake of the wedding dinner. He appeared seemed gifted with new life; his eyes sparkled, and the deep carmine of his cheek was dazzling to look upon. The usages prevalent on such occasions, compelled him to drink more than his state of health was just then capable of bearing; he did not, however, transgress the bounds of moderation. Still the noise of numerous tongues, the sounds of laughter, and the din of mirth, joined to the consciousness that his happiness was now complete, affected him with the feverish contagion of the moment. He talked hurried and loud, and seemed to feel as if the accomplishment of his cherished hopes was too much for his full heart to bear.

In the midst of all this merriment, a change, which none observed came over him. His laugh became less frequent than his shudder or his sigh, and taking Alley aside, he begged she would walk with him to the beach. "The sea breeze," said he, "and a sate upon the rocks—upon our own pretty bank, where we've often sat happily, Alley dear, will bring me to myself again. I am tired, asthore machine, of all his noise and confusion. Come away, darling, we'll be happier with one another than with all these people about us." His young bride accompanied him, and as they went, her happy heart beating under that arm to whose support she had now a right, her love the while, calm and secure in its own deep purity, she saw before them, in bright perspective, many years of domestic peace and affection.

There they sat in the mellow sunset, until the soft twilight had gradually melted away the lengthened shadows of the rocks about them. Their hands were locked within each other, their hearts burned within them, and tenderness which cannot be alone felt in souls equally pure and innocent, touched their delighted converse into something that might be deemed beautiful and holy. Long before the hour of their return, Felix had felt much worse than during any preceding part of the day. The vivid and affectionate hopes of future happiness expressed by Alayne, added to his concern and increased his tenderness towards her, especially when he contrasted his own sensations with the conspicuous character of her opinion concerning his illness and the cause that produced it. 'Tis true he disguised this as long as he

And; but at length, notwithstanding his
firmness, he was forced to acknowledge that
pain overcame him. With the burning chill
of fever throbbing through his blood—shiv-
ering yet scorching—he complained of the
throbbing pain in his head, and a strange
confusion of mind which the poor girl, from
some of his incoherent expressions, had at-
tributed to the excess of his affection. With
words of comfort she soothed him; *her* arm
now returned the support she had received
from him; she led him home languid and
half-delirious, while she herself felt stunned
as well by the violence as the unaccountable
nature of his illness. On reaching home,
they found that the noise of social enjoyment
had risen to the outrage of convivial ex-
travagance; but the moment he staggered in,
supported alone by the faithful arm of his

wife, a solemn and apprehensive spirit suddenly hushed their intemperance, and awoke them into a conviction that such an illness upon the marriage day must be as serious as it was uncommon. Felix was put to bed in pain and danger; but Alley smoothed his pillow, boured his head and sat patient, and devoted, and wife like by his side. During all that woeful night of sorrow, she watched the feverish start, the wild glare of the half-opened eye, the momentarily conscious glance, and the miserable gathering together of the convulsed limbs, hoping that each pang would diminish in agony, and that the morning might bring relief.

We feel utterly incapable of describing during the progress of this heavy night, the scorching and fiery anguish of his brother Hugh, or the distracted and wailing sorrow of poor Mauna. The unexpected and delighted revelation of feeling produced upon both, especially on the former, by his temporary recovery, now utterly incapacitated them from bearing his relapse with any thing like fortitude. The frantic remorse of the guilty men, and the stupid but pungent grief of his sister, appeared but as the symptoms of weak minds and strong passions when contrasted with the deep but patient affliction of his innocent and uncomplaining wife. She wasted no words in sorrow: for during this hopeless night, self, happiness, affection, hope were all forgotten in the absorbing efforts at his recovery. Never, indeed, did the miseries and calamities of life draw from the fruitful source of a wife's attached and affectionate heart, a nobler specimen of that pure and disinterested devotion which characterises woman, than was exhibited by the stricken hearted Alley Hawn.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"STOP MY PAPER!!!"

Of all silly, short-sighted, ridiculous American phrases this, as it is frequently used, is the most idle and unmeaning. We are called an infant nation, and truly we often individually conduct ourselves like children. We have a certain class of subscribers who take the Mirror and profess to like its contents, till, by-and-by, an opinion meets their view with which they do not agree. What do they then in their sagacity? Turn to their nearest companion with a passing comment upon the error they think they have detected? or direct a brief communication to the editors, begging to dissent therefrom in the same pages where the article which displeased them has appeared? No. Get into a passion, and for all we know, stamp and swear, and *instantly*, before the foam has time to cool on their lip, write a letter, commencing with "stop my paper!" If we say rents are extremely high, and landlords should be too generous to take advantage of an accidental circumstance—round comes a broad hat and gold-headed cane, with "Sir, stop my paper!" Does an actor receive a bit of advice? The green room is too hot to hold him till relieved of these revengeful words—"stop my paper!" If we even praise one, some envious rival steals gloomily in—with—"Sir, if you please, stop my paper!" We dare not hope to navigate the ocean with steam-boats, but our paper is "stopped" by the ship captain. Our doctor nearly left us to die the other day, because a correspondent had praised an enemy of "our college," and we expect a "*feri facias*" in the office presently, on account of something which we understand somebody has said against some lawsuit in we do not remember what court.

But all these affairs were out-done yesterday by the following:—

We were sitting in our elbow chair ruminating on the decided advantage of virtue over vice, when a little, withered Frenchman, with a cowhide as long as himself and twice as heavy, rushed in our presence.

"Sair!" and he stopped to breathe.

"Well, sir?"

"Monsieur!" and he stopped again to take breath.

"Diable Monsieur!" and he flourished his instrument about his head.

"Really, my friend," said we, smiling, for we was not an object to be frightened about, when you have perfectly finished amusing yourself with the weapon, we should like to be the master of our own leisure."

"No, fair; I have come to horsehip you wis dis cowhide!"

"Pardon, *sir*," said the Frenchman, "I will first give you some little explanation.—*Tousieur, if* you have write dis article?"

We looked it over and acknowledged ourselves the author. It was a few lines referring to the great improvements of rail-roads, and intimating that this mode of travelling could one day supersede every other.

"You have write dat in your paper?"

"Well, den, sair—'stop you dem papair. I have live *quarante-neuf* ans. I have devote all my life to ride de *balloon*—*o'est ma grande passion*. Bien, Monsieur! I shall look to find every one wis his little balloon to ride horse-back in de air—to go round de world in one summair, and make me rich like Monsieur *Astair*, wis de big hotel." Well, Monsieur, now you put a piece in you

Papair, to say dat de *rail-road*, monsieur, de little rail-road, supersede—voilà '*supersede*.' Dat is what you say—supersede every thing else. Monsieur, begar I have de honnair to inform you dat de rail-road nevair supersede de balloon—and also, monsieur—*ventre bleu*! 'stop your paper.—*New York Mirror*.

"Bill, why are you making use of green timber for the floors, and doors in this house that you are building?"

"Because 'tis cheaper."

"But is it cheaper in the end?"

"Oh I shall sell the house as soon as it is finished, and before the boards have shrunk sufficiently to be perceptible to the purchaser!"

"Harriet, have you finished that last work that I loaned you; if so, I will take it."

"There! I meant to have got it before this, but I lent it a fortnight ago, to Miss Tompkins, a particular friend of mine, and she told me the other day that she lent it to Miss Simpkins, who wanted to read it very much; but will see about it the next time I go there."

"Come Mary, put on your bonnet and we will go shopping."
"What do you wish to purchase Hannah?"
"Oh nothing; but it is such a beautiful day that I thought I'd go and look at the colicoes and clerks."

"Well Jim, you look grouty; what's the matter?"

"Nothing uncommon; but I've been hard at work all the forenoon, praising the figure of this callicoe, and the feature of that, warranting this not to fade, and that to wash, this to last for ever, and ten days longer, working three hours, and telling lies sufficient to freight a seventy-four, and then paid with "I'll take half a yard of your thixpenny callicoe to make a gown for thister's waxth doll!"

"What is the matter, uncle Jerry," said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah R. — was passing by, growing most furiously? "Matter," said the old man, stopping short—"why, here I've been lugging water all the morning for Doctor C—s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?" "Why I suppose about ninpence," answered 'Mr. —. "Ninpence I'm blessed! she told me the Doctor would PULL A TOOTH for me some time!!"

Household service of the Dog.—"I say, stranger," said a cottage urchin to a Yankee Pedlar, don't whistle that ere dog away."
"Why he aint no use no how, he's too ugly."

"Why he always licks the *plates* and *dishes* so clean that they never want washing and mamma says she would'nt part with him no how, for our new dog aint got used to mustard yet!"

To make Love.—Take a calf's head without brains, put in a pair of sheep's eyes, and see that the tongue be well hung and has no impediment. Then take the heart, strike it with darts and put it into the mouth, like a lemon in a pig's snout. The reason of this is, that a genuine lover always has his heart at his tongue's end. Fill the skull with wind and set it a sighing. Put it on your shoulders and carry it about with you.—It is a dish to which young ladies are very partial.

Are you going to build up the burnt district?" asked a countryman of Bob — "Oh yes," was the reply, "the district will be *re-stored* before spring."

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.
Black eyes bespeak a powerful mind,
The blue were made for love ;
The black are of the eagle kind,
The blue are of the dove.

Epitaphs.—Giving a good character to parties on their going into a new place, who sometimes had a very bad character in the place they have just left.

Why are the Bench of Bishops like supernannuated washermomen?
Because they wear *lawn dresses*.
"Well!" (exclaimed a Liberal at the Unit
Service Club the other day) Evans has
eat' — "What?" interrupted the Colo-
l. A *retreat*," was the laconic an-
wer.

There is a floating theatre on the Ohio. In the last accounts it was fastened to one of the wharves at Cincinnati. It is a neat water-tight commodious affair—draws good audiences, and pays good salaries. It floats down with the descending stream, and gets a "house," wherever it finds a settlement.—This is a new picture of Life in the West.

Experiment is the mother of improvement, and improvement is the true source of health.