

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 viewless
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 cope and
glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush re-
ceives,
When thy south wind hath pierc'd the his-
pering shade,
And happy murmurs running through the
grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too, learn thy
call—
Spring, the Awakener! thou 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,
Colouring the cowslips with the sunny
hue,
And pencilling the wood anemone,
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful
eye
Glows 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?

Too 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,
Gush 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
Past 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?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come
they back
With thy young birds and leaves, and liv-
ing 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!

(Continued from first page.)

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 handker-
chief about my head. It'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 mi-
nutes, and Felix accompanied and support-
ed 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 mes-
sage by his sister, soon brought the blush-
ing, 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 prop-
riety, and her plain cottage bonnet, bought
for the occasion, showed, that she came pre-
pared, 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 eye unusually bright. When
he had kissed her, she replied to the friend-
ly greetings of his brother and sister, with
a modest comely dignity, well suited to her
situation and circumstances. Then turning
to the elected husband of her heart, she
said,

"Why, this, Felix, but it's little credit
you do me this happy morning, coming with
a night-cap on, as if you weren't well?" but
as she saw the smile fade from his lips, and
the colour from his cheek, her heart sunk,
and she pallid as death's delicate bride,
with her soft blue eyes bent upon his chang-
ing colour and bandaged head, she exclaim-
ed, "God be merciful to us! Felix, dear,
you are ill—Felix, Felix darling, what ails
you? what is wrong?"

"Don't be frightened, jewel," he replied:
"Don't darling—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 priest puts our hearts together
—never to be parted—long, long an' almost-
ly 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
house to partake of the wedding dinner. He
indeed seemed gifted with new life; his eyes
sparkled, and the deep carmine of his cheek
was dazzling to look upon. The usages pre-
valent on such occasions, compelled him to
drink more than his state of health was just
then capable of bearing; he did not, how-
ever, 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 happi-
ness 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 party bank, where we've often sat hap-
pily, Alley dear, will bring me to myself
soon. I am tired, astoree machine, of all
this noise and confusion. Come away, dar-
ling, 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 per-
spective, 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
a 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 Al-
ley, added to his concern and increased his
tenderness towards her, especially when he
contrasted his own sensations with the sus-
picious character of her opinion concern-
ing his illness and the cause that produced
it. 'Tis true he disguised this as long as he
could; but at length, notwithstanding his
firmness, he was forced to acknowledge that
pain overcame him. With the burning chill
of fever bubbling through his blood—shiv-
ering yet scorching—he complained of the
shooting 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 his; she led him home languid and
half delirious, while she herself felt stung
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 convulsed extra-
vagance; but the moment he staggered in
supported alone by the faithful arm of his

wife, a solemn and apprehensive spirit sud-
denly hushed their intemperance, and awed
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, bound 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 distract'd and wailing sorrow
of poor Maura. The unexpected and deli-
cious revulsion of feeling produced upon
both, especially on the former, by his tem-
porary recovery, now utterly incapacitated them
from bearing his relapse with any thing like
fortitude. The frantic remorse of the guilty
man, 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 wast-
ed 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 mis-
eries and calamities of life draw from the
fruitful source of a wife's attached and affec-
tionate heart, a nobler specimen of that pure
and disinterested devotion which charac-
terises woman, than was exhibited by the strick-
en hearted Alley Dawn.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"STOP MY PAPER!!!"

Of all silly, short-sighted, ridiculous Amer-
ican 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 con-
tents, 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 com-
ment 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 dis-
pleased 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, com-
mencing 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
a 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 "*fieri facias*" in the office pre-
sently, 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 yester-
day by the following:—

We were sitting in our elbow chair rumi-
nating on the decided advantage of virtue
over vice, when a little, withered French-
man, 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.

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

"Really, my friend," said we, smiling, for
he 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, sair!" I have come to horsewhip
you wis dis cowhide!"

We took a pistol from a drawer, cocked it,
and aimed it at his head.

"Pardon, sair;" said the Frenchman, "I
will first give you some little explanation.—
Monsieur, if you have write dis article?"

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

"You have write dat in your papair?"

"Yes, sair."

"Well, den, sair—stop you dem papair.
I have live *quarante-neuf* ans. I have de-
voted 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 summer, 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—voila '*supersede*.'
Dat is what you say—supersede every thing
else. Monsieur, begar I have de honnair to
inform you dat de rail-road neva'r supersede
de balloon—and also, monsieur—*ventre
bleu!*—stop your paper.—*New York Mir-
ror*.

"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 pur-
chaser!"

"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 a shopping."

"What do you wish to purchase Exa-
nah?"

"Oh nothing; but it is such a beautiful
day that I thought I'd go and look at the col-
licoes 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, war-
ranting this not to fade, and that to wash,
this to last for ever, and ten days longer,
working three hours, and telling lies suffi-
cient 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 pass-
ing by, growing most furiously? "Matter,"
said the old man, stopping short—"why,
here I've been logging 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 ninepence," answered Mr.
— "Ninepence I'm blessed! she told
me the Doctor would RULL 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."

"O, but he saves heaps of work."

"How?"

"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 with-
out 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 par-
tial.

Are you going to build up the burnt dis-
trict?" 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 characte
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 su-
perannuated washermen?
Because they wear *lawn dresses*.

"Well! (exclaimed a Liberal at the Unit-
ed Service Club the other day) Evans has
beat" — "What?" interrupted the Col-
onel. A *retreat*," was the laconic an-
swer.

There is a floating theatre on the Ohio.
At the last accounts it was fastened to one of
the wharves at Cincinnati. It is a neat water
tight commodious affair—draws good audi-
ences, 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 improve-
ment, and improvement is the true source of
wealth.