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POETRY.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no Death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no Death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the Summer showers
To golden grain or yellow fruit
Or rain-bow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves ring daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no Death. The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through w ntry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no Death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with si ent tre d,
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all deso'ate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transported into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now in everlasting song
Amid the Tree of Life.

And where He sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread:
For all the boundless Universe,
Is life—there are no dead.

Gotfried, the Little Chimney-Sweep.

A Story for Little Folks.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUGUST MORITZ.

On the chimney-top of a high house belonging to an old and wealthy nobleman in the city of Brunswick, there sat a little chimney-sweep, who looked with those clear blue eyes of his over the great mansions that were now shining in the rising sun. The magnificent scene brightened every moment before him, until he bec me no longer able to restrain his feelings, but broke forth in the following language:—

"Just think of it; even a chimney-sweep can be happy this glorious morning! Look at the parks, the river, those old bridges, the duke's garden, it makes me feel as rich as the duke himself. Those people walking on the street below me don't know what a world this is; they have no idea of what a morning they are passing through. Some of them are great folks, I know, but it would be a blessing to every one of them to be chimney sweeps this hour, if no longer.—What a pity people don't live on the top, instead of inside their houses! I believe I will have my bed put out on the roof of my house—that is when I am rich enough to have a house."

Gotfried made many o'her such novel expressions as these, and all in sober earnest too, but concluded with the positive declaration that he would rather be a dirty chimney-sweep, than Emperor of Russia. He then gave a good long look round the city, snatched up his well-worn broom and darted down the chimney. He did not intend to slip away down the hearth without some warning to the people, but he did. As it happened, nobody was in the room; and when he looked from the fire-place out into the chamber, his eyes were perfectly bewildered with the splendor before him. Right glad was he, then, to make as general an observation from the bottom, as he had from the top of the chimney. He had been inside many houses, but never had he seen the interior of one like this.

"Many a time," he softly said, "have I longed to look within Count Rulman's great mansion. I have often passed by it, and have frequently swept every chimney in it, but never until this moment could I feast upon the beauties of it. I have just enjoyed Nature; now I will enjoy Art."

Scarcely had Gotfried finished these words when he began to creep out from the fire-place and make a survey of the room. His first thought was to stay where he first found himself, but that was impossible. He could not see so many beautiful objects without getting a nearer look at them. Did you ever see an owl? Well, his eyes were almost as large as an owl's when he glanced hastily from one piece of ornament or furniture to another.

"What comfortable things these are! What cushions, and chairs, and vases, and books! I thought only a few minutes ago, that I would rather be a chimney-sweep than anything else on earth; but a boy like I am, would, after all, be more comfortable to eat and sleep in such a room as this, and read these splendid books too, than to live in people's chimneys, and be covered with soot until I am as black as an Ethiopian. I wonder if the Count wouldn't exchange with me a month or two; I would take his house and he take my brushes. But then I would get new brooms and brushes for him: I wouldn't be dunce enough to give him my old ones. And when he sees the sunrise from the top of a chimney, he would never think of giving up his new business. More than all this, he can't enjoy this great mansion much longer. I am young and strong and healthy. An old man might as well die in the chimney as on a bed. He would die as easy too. Maybe he would find some difficulty in climbing and letting himself down, but I would go about with him for a week, charge him nothing for my services, and teach him all the hooks and crooks of chimney-sweeping. And there isn't a boy in all Brunswick that knows them better than I do. I have been in the business three or four years, and applied myself solely to my profession. I think when I represent the whole matter to the Count, he will agree to it without a murmur. The Countess—to tell the truth I never thought of her in reference to this matter before—couldn't be expected to go about with her husband and assist him in his labors. But she could live in a house Fleischstrasse, where the most of us sweeps lodge at night. I am sure there would be no difficulty in her finding one.—I know all the landlords, and would willingly interest myself for her. Now how shall I broach the subject? I have a piece of paper at home, and here in my waistcoat pocket is the piece of charcoal that I whittled down yesterday morning into quite a respectable pencil. When I get home to-night, I will wash myself very clean, powder up these black hands to make them smooth and then I will make my proposition in as good language as I can command. But what am I about here? The Countess may step in at any moment, and what would become of me then? I must be making observations as speedily as possible, and then get to my work."

It was one of Gotfried's pecu'iarities that he generally thought out loud. Sometimes he would deliberate to himself a little, and then, before he became aware of it, he would be talking all his thoughts. He frequently found this leading him into trouble, but he was using all his efforts for the last few months to break himself of it. And so ought every boy and girl, who has a bad habit, always be trying to get clear of it.

After finishing his speech, every word of which he should have kept to himself, his eyes fell first upon the great looking-glass that reached from the floor to the ceiling.—No sooner did he get a fair look at it than he went up to it and beheld himself. It may appear wonderful to many of the readers of these lines, but yet it is true, that Gotfried had never before seen himself pictured out from head to foot. He had a piece of broken looking-glass in his lodging-room, but it was only large enough for him to see two-thirds of his face. Imagine his feelings then when he beheld himself—Gotfr.ed the Brunswick chimney sweep—as large as life in Count Rulman's splendid mirror. Look at him now, gazing first on his face, then on his hands, and finally on his feet. Now he turns half round and takes a side view of his lordship. By-and-by he becomes fully satisfied that he has thoroughly examined and secretly hopes that when the Count gives him his house he will have the kindness to leave his mirror and other serviceable articles there. What would even Count Rulman's grand palace be without the furniture? I wouldn't give a fig, thought he, to have this room if I couldn't have these sofas, and chairs, and pictures, and this chandelier, and this glorious looking glass.

Just now he beheld a new object of interest. It is the Countess' gold watch and chain. How bright they shine! Any sensible goldsmith would have given three hundred dollars for them both together. No sooner does Gotfried see them hanging near the book-case than he takes them down.—The chain is bright and long, so he hangs it around his neck and again takes a view of himself. His head was almost turned upside down when he saw his picture—Gotfried, the sweep, with a watch on!

"My own opinion is," so he reflected aloud, "that a boy is not a real gentleman unless he has a watch. I sometimes sleep too late in the morning, and if I had this watch of the Countess, it would save me a great deal of inconvenience. I think, too, that when I become possessor of this house people would think me a great dunce if I hadn't a fine gold watch. So in either case I find it indispensable to my comfort and respectability. I must take it with me—no one would dream of my having it. No policeman in Brunswick would search Gotfried's pockets, he is only a poor chimney sweep. Now I am rich and happy.

"*Happy* did I say? Can what one steals make him *happy?* And *rich*—can a thief be a rich man? My poor mother told me before she died, to be honest to the value of a pin or a penny. And the watch and chain are worth thousands of pins and pennies. I would then be disobeying my mother who has gone to Heaven. No, I will not take this gold watch and chain. It would only make me unhappy and poor instead of happy and rich. I obeyed my mother living, and I will obey her dead."

Noble words were these; and when the little chimney-sweep had finished them he kneeled down and folded his hands in prayer. I will not narrate all his prayer, though he spoke it aloud, but only:—"I thank Thee, O God, that thou hast rescued me from this great temptation that has threatened the destruction of both my soul and body. I thank Thee for a good mother who gave me such instructions as to remind me of my duty to Thee and to myself. If Count Rulman had not seen me. Thou could'st have beheld this wicked deed, 'Thou fillest Heaven and earth with Thy presence' I thank Thee a thousand times—a million times—for thy preserving care."

By way of postcript to his prayer he added: "I have no business whatever in this room. In future I will attend to my work, my whole duty. Then I will be sure to escape temptation."

Immediately he turned round and started for the fireplace to begin his duties in the chimney. But when he was about half across the floor a little side door suddenly opened, and in came the Countess Rulman! "Stop," said she, "I have a word to say to you."

Gotfried trembled like an aspen.

"You need not be afraid, little chimney-sweep," said the good-hearted lady, after looking at him a moment. "I have been gazing at you every minute of the time that you have been here in my chamber. You might well have trembled if you had taken my watch and chain, but, as it is, dismiss all alarm. You heeded the voice of conscience just at the right time. It gives me great pleasure to think that you have resisted the temper. And your prayer—it went to my heart—I shall never forget it. You thanked God for a pious mother. I wish every child in Brunswick, and in the whole world would acknowledge God's goodness when He gives them a praying mother."

The words of the Countess made warm tears flow from the little chimney-sweep's blue eyes. They were like balm to his soul; she seemed like his mother risen from the grave. Oh, how many there are in this world who by kindness and love, could take the place of departed mothers!

"Ah, Countess, don't praise me. I don't deserve a word of kindness or sympathy. I was very wrong in yielding to my curiosity. Like many other boys I was led into temptation by a desire to be wealthy, and by this foolish prying into other people's business."

The Countess took the opportunity to teach him a lesson of obedience to conscience, which he never afterwards forgot. In closing her admonition she inquired of him if there was any other occupation he would prefer to his present one. "Now don't fear," said she, "to speak your wishes to me. I will take good care to gratify them if they are proper ones."

Then Gotfried related his history, and spoke of how he had been compelled from poverty to become a chimney-sweep. He would have gone to school if he had the means; but as it was he confessed that he was not only too poor to get instruction but also to buy books. All his earnings were required to pay for his clothes and boarding.

"Oh, Countess, I would rather have a good education than anything else." And as he spoke the tears flowed down his soot-covered cheeks.

The lady was greatly gratified at his wish, and promised him faithfully that it should be gratified. "Take this present," said she, "and to-morrow night you may expect me in your little garret-room in the Fleischstrasse." So saying she handed him a piece of gold with which to purchase good clothing. And instead of Gotfried's having to clamber up the chimney to get out of doors, his new-made friend showed him to the front door and told him he could always enter her house in future by that means.

"Countess Rulman coming to my room! Who could have dreamed such a thing? Never did chimney-sweep have such good fortune as this before. Now I will get my clothes, arrange my little room, buy a candle, and prepare for my benefactress." So Gotfried spoke as he went along the street.

The next evening has come, and it finds him with clean hands and face, freshly cut hair, new clothes, and a nice sperm candle burning brightly from the neck of an old beer bottle. Above all his outlay he found enough remaining to buy himself a plain Bible. So there he sat in his little room reading that Bible. "Hush, hark," says he, "she's coming." True enough. It was the rustling of Countess Rulman's silk dress.—She was attended by a gentleman, not her husband, but some one Gotfried had never before met with. The happy boy arises takes his candle, opens his door, and shows his visitors the way to his room.

"Gotfried, the gentlemen who attends me is Professor Acker, of the college in this city. I have called to see him to-day, and stated your circumstances and wishes to him in full. Moreover I have paid him your tuition fees for a year in the institution with which he is connected, and will continue to do so until your graduation. He has also given his consent to your boarding in his family and having the advantage of his personal intercourse. Here is a note which you must give to Mr. Lemoister, the bookseller, and he will furnish you in future with whatever books you may desire. To-morrow morning you can bid farewell to this little garret-chamber and commence a new life. I trust it will be one of usefulness and honor. The professor here will be your steadfast friend, and he will give you all necessary instruction. Meanwhile, I shall want to see you frequently at our house. You know in what street it is.—You need never climb its chimneys again, but enter by its front door, and warm yourself by its fires. And in order to smooth your way as much as possible by enabling you to divide your study-hours properly, I give you this gold watch. You have seen it once before; indeed you have once had it round your neck. But it was not your own then, and you would have been afraid to wear it in public. Now it is your property and the whole world cannot make you ashamed of it. To-day I have caused a slight change to be made in it. Inside the case you will find an engraving representing a chimney-sweep praying to God. As long as the watch lasts this little design will endure. Let it teach you gratitude to your Heavenly Father for delivering you from temptation and for His goodness in granting you the holy example of a praying Mother."

I will not speak of Gotfried's feelings, or of his noble reply to the words and gift of the Countess. They can be imagined without much difficulty. Nor is it necessary to follow the boy to the college, and witness his constant attention to his studies. He passed through the entire course, and finally graduated with distinction. After leaving the institution, a wealthy merchant of Brunswick requested him to join him as partner of his business. Gotfried accepted it since the inducements were of no ordinary nature.—He thrived in business beyond all calculation, and was known in the neighboring provinces and kingdoms for his attention to the wants of the poor, and especially for his care of the orphan. I first made his acquaintance in the South of France, where the chances of travel threw us together for a single night. He is the owner of a castle there, situated high up in a mountain summit, where he spends three summer months of every year. There he has a better opportunity of beholding the wonders of nature than from a chimney-top; and he spends hours of each day in admiring the glorious works of his Creator. During the course of our conversation he showed me the watch presented him by Countess Rulman, and I saw within it the little design of the *praying chimney-sweep.—The Methodist.*

Life and Misfortunes of a Genius.

"Born at the Park, Walmersley, near Bury, Lancashire, July 16, 1704, John Kay, the son of a woollen manufacturer, was educated on the Continent. On his return to England, he settled at Colchester, and there conducted a woollen manufactory till he was driven from the place by weavers whose hostility he had roused by the invention of the fly-shuttle, which, with prejudice still alive amongst English workmen, who, as a class, exceed English capitalists in their sympathy with protective views, they regarded as a device for diminishing their field of labour, not as a contrivance which would increase the demand for their productions.—Relinquishing his concern at Colchester John Kay established himself as an engineer at Leeds, in 1738. But Yorkshire treated him even worse than Essex. The clothiers were ready to adopt the fly-shuttle, but reluctant to pay for its use. To protect his patent rights the inventor had recourse to the Court of Chancery, where he was opposed by the "Shuttle Club," an association of manufacturers for the express purpose of defrauding Kay of his just remuneration.—The operatives also rose against their benefactor, and by their violent opposition compelled him to close his workshops. Driven from Leeds as he had before been driven from Colchester, the ill-starred man of genius settled at Bury, where, in 1753, a mob broke into his house, destroying everything they found, and no doubt would have killed him had he not been conveyed to a place of safety by two friends, in a wool-sheet. Rather more than ten years later, after having in vain sought the assistance of the "Society of Arts and Manufactures," he went to France, from which country he returned to his native land at the instigation of the British Ambassador at Paris, who encouraged him to look for reward from Government.—But the Government had more important matters to think about: and John Kay's application to them was unsuccessful. Once more taking refuge in France, he died there, unrecognized and in poverty. No stone marks his grave."

Such was the fate of John Kay, the father of those great inventors to whom England owes so much and has rendered so little.—"Bury," observes Mr. Woodcroft, "has produced two great men John Kay, the inventor, and Sir Robert Peel, the statesman; to the latter the inhabitants have already erected a statue; to the former they have still to do that act of justice."

True Courtesy.

Rev. Henry Giles, one of the most eloquent of our lecturers give birth to these sentiments respecting true courtesy:

"This is real courtesy, that which has reverence for womanhood in sex, the courtesy which has respect for others than the rich, the young; it is distinct from the courtesy which blooms only in the smiles of love and beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty age and toil. Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age, who can cheerfully converse with those years have deprived of charms; show me the man who is willing to help any one who stands in need of help; show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village, than at the elegant and well dressed lady in the saloon; show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would an heiress surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches and family; show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe, who shuns a blasphemer, the traducer of his mother's sex, who scorns as he would the coward, the ridiculer of womanly foibles, or the exposer of womanly reputation; show me the man who never forgets for a moment the delicacy that is due to woman, and woman in any condition or class; show me such a man and you show me a gentleman—nay you show me a true Christain gentleman. There are some who think that persons lose in manners as they gain liberty. One grace belongs to the spirit of liberty, which is most active where this grace prevails most—with this grace is respect for woman—not for her rank or elegance, but for woman. And when this sentiment becomes enlarged, when it is stable, a social structure may be raised upon it more glorious than mankind has ever seen.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS.—The cure of smoky chimneys may be effected at a very trifling expense. Put on the top of the chimney a box having a door on each of its sides which is kept open by a thin iron rod, running from one to the other, and fastened by a ring in each end to a staple. When there is no wind, the doors will remain half open; but if the wind be strong, the door opposed to it will be closed, while the opposite one is throw wide open. If the wind meets the corner of the box it shuts two doors, and opens their opposites. By this simple means the chimney is guarded from the wind, and effectually prevented from smoking.

—Lt. Col. Lord Abinger, of the Scots Fusiler Guards, was married at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on Thursday week, to Miss Ella Magruder, niece of Major General J. B. Magruder, commander of the Confederate forces in Texas. The bride's sisters acted as bridesmaids. Col. Collany, of the Guards, acted as best man. Among the officers present was Major Gen. Williams.—The happy pair immediately started on their weeding tour, intending to make Boston their first stopping place.

Pictures preserved from Flies.—The following simple way of preventing flies from sitting on pictures, or any other furniture, is well experienced, and if generally used, would prevent much trouble and damage: Let a large bunch of leeks soak five or six days in a pail of water, and wash your pictures or any other piece of furniture with it. The flies will never come near any thing so washed.

—The assessed valuation of property in Pennsylvania is $595,591,994.

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