

JESSE AND COLIN.

A Vicar died and left his daughter poor—
It hurt her not, she was not rich before;
Her humble share of worldly goods she sold,
Paid every debt, and then her fortune told;
And found with youth and beauty, hope and health,
Two hundred guineas was her worldly wealth;
It then remained to choose her path in life.
And first, said Jesse, "Shall I be a wife?"
Colin is mild and civil, kind and just,
I know his love, his temper I can trust;
But small his farm, it asks perpetual care,
And we must toil as well as trouble share;
True, he was taught in all the gentler arts
That raise the soul and soften human hearts;
And boasts a parent, who deserves to shine
In higher classes, and I could wish her mine;
Nor wants he with his station to improve,
A just ambition wakes my father's love;
Still is he poor—and here my father's friend
Deigns for his daughter, as her own, to send,
A worthy lady, who it seems has known
A world of griefs and troubles of her own;
I was an infant when she came a guest,
Beneath my father's humble roof to rest;
Her kindred all unfeeling, vast her woes,
Such her complaint, and there she found repose;
Enrich'd by fortune, now she nobly lives,
And nobly, from the blessed abundance, gives;
The grief, the want, of human life she knows,
And comfort there and here relief bestows;
But are they not dependants?—Foolish pride!
Am I not honor'd by such friend and guide?
Have I a home? (here Jesse dropp'd a tear).
Or friend beside?"—A faithful friend was near.
Now Colin came, at length resolved to lay
His heart before her, and to urge her stay;
True, his own plow the gentle Colin drove,
A humble farmer with aspiring love;
Who, urged by passion, never dared till now,
Thus urged by duty, his trembling knees avow:
Her father's globe he managed; every year
The grateful Vicar held the youth more dear;
He saw indeed the prize in Colin's view,
And wish'd his Jesse with a man so true;
Timid as true, he urged with anxious air
His tender hope, and made the trembling prayer.
When Jesse saw, nor could with coldness see,
Such fond respect, such tried sincerity;
Grateful for favors to her father dealt,
She more than grateful for his passion felt;
Nor could she frown on one so good and kind,
Yet fear'd to smile, and was unfix'd in mind;
But prudence plac'd the female friend in view—
What might not one so rich and grateful do?
So lately, too, the good old Vicar died,
His faithful daughter, must not cast aside
The signs of filial grief, and be a ready bride.
Thus, led by prudence, to the lady's seat,
The Village Beauty purpos'd to retreat;
But, as in hard-fought fields the victor knows
Want to the vanquished he in honor owes,
So, in this conquest over powerful love,
Prudence resolv'd a generous foe to prove.
And Jesse felt a mingled fear and pain
In her submission of a faithful swain.
Gave her kind thanks, and when she saw his woe,
Kindly betray'd that she was loth to go;
But would she promise, if abroad she met
A frowning world, she would remember yet
Where dwelt a friend?"—"That could she not forget."
And thus they parted; but each faithful heart
Felt the compulsion, and refused to part.

Now, by the morning mail the timid Maid
Was to that kind and wealthy Dame conveyed;
Whose invitation, when her father died,
Jesse came comfort to her heart applied;
She knew the days her generous friend had seen—
As wife and widow, evil days had been;
She married early, and for half her life
Was an insulted and forsaken wife;
Widow'd and poor, her angry father gave,
Mix'd with reproach, the pittance of a slave;
Forgetful brothers pass'd her, but she knew
Her humble friends, and to their home withdrew;
The good old Vicar to her sire applied
For help, and help'd her when her sire denied;
When in few years Death stalk'd through lower and
hall.

Sires, sons, and sons of sons, were buried all,
She then abandoned, and had wealth to spare
Forsaking grief she once was doom'd to share;
Thus train'd in misery's school, and taught to feel,
She would rejoice an orphan's woes to heal;
So Jesse thought, who look'd within her breast,
And thence conceived how bounteous minds are
bless'd.

From her vast mansion look'd the lady down
On humbler buildings of a busy town;
Thence came her friends of either sex, and all
With whom she lived on terms reciprocal;
They pass'd the hours with their accustomed ease,
As guests inclin'd, but not compell'd, to please;
But there were others in the mansion found,
For office chosen, and by duties bound;
Three female rivals, each of power possess'd,
The attendant Maid, poor Friend, and kindred Guest.
By these came Jesse, as a seaman thrown
By the rude storm upon a coast unknown;
The view was flattering, civil seemed the race,
But all unknown the dangers of the place.

Few hours had pass'd, when, from attendants freed,
The lady utter'd, "This is kind indeed;
Believe me, love, I find one like you
Have daily pray'd, a friend discreet and true;
Oh! wonder not that I on you depend,
You are mine own hereditary friend;
Hearken, my Jesse, never can I trust
Beings ungrateful, selfish, and unjust;
But you are present, and my load of care
Your love will serve to lighten and to share;
Come near me, Jesse—let not those below
Of my reliance on your friendship know;
Look as they look, be in their freedoms free,
But all they say do you convey to me.

And I, when none your watchful glance deceive,
May make my Will, and think what I shall leave."
Jesse, with fear, disgust, alarm, surprise,
Heard of these duties for her ears and eyes;
Heard by what service she must gain her bread,
And went with scorn and sorrow to her bed.
Jane was a servant fitted for her place,
Experienced, cunning, crafty, selfish, base;
Skill'd in those mean humiliating arts
That make their way to proud and selfish hearts;
By instinct taught, she felt an awe, a fear,
For Jesse's upright, simple character;
Whom with gross flattery she awhile assail'd,
And then beheld with hatred when it fail'd;
Yet, trying still upon her mind for hold,
She all the secrets of the mansion told;
And, to invite an equal trust, she drew
Of every mind a bold and rapid view;
But on the widow'd Friend with deep disdain,
And numerous envy, dwell the treacherous Jane;
In vain such arts: without deceit or pride,
With a just taste and feeling for her guide,
From all contagion Jesse kept apart,
Free in her manners, guarded in her heart.
Jesse one morn was thoughtful, and her sigh
The Widow heard as she was passing by;
And—"Well!" she said, "is that some distant swain,
Or ought with us, that gives your bosom pain?
Come, we no fellow-sufferers, slaves in thrall,
And tasks and griefs are common to us all;
Think not my frankness strange: they love to paint
Their state with freedom, who endure restraint;
And there is something in that speaking eye
And sober mien that prove I may rely:

You cannot stranger: to my words attend,
Accept my offer, and you find a friend:
It is a labyrinth in which you stray,
Come, hold my clue, and I will lead the way."
"Good Heaven! that one so jealous, envious, base,
Should be the mistress of so sweet a place;
She, who so long herself was low and poor,
Now broods suspicion on her useless store;
She loves to see us abject, loves to deal
Her insult round, and then pretends to feel:
Prepare to cast all dignity aside,
For know, your talents will be quickly tried;
Nor think, from favors past a friend to gain,
'Tis but by duties we our posts maintain:
I read her novels, gossip through the town,
And daily go, for idle stories down:
I cheapen all she buys, and bear the curse
Of honest tradesmen for my niggard purse;
And, when for her this meanness I display,
She cries, 'I heed not what I throw away.'
Of secret bargains I endure the shame,
And stake my credit for my fish and game;
Of her she smiles to hear her generous soul
Would gladly give, but stoops to my control:
Nay! I have heard her, when she chanced to come
Where I contended for a petty sum,
Affirm 'twas painful to behold such care
That Ison's nature is to pinch and spare."
Thus all the meanness of the house is mine,
And my reward—to scorn her, and to dine.
"See next that giddy thing, with neither pride
To keep her safe, nor principle to guide;
Poor, idle, simple flirt! as sure as fate
Her maiden-fame will have an early date:
Of her beware: for all who live below
Have faults, they wish not all the world to know,
And she is fond of listening, full of doubt,
And stoops to guilt to find an error out.
"And now once more observe the artful Maid,
A lying, prying, jilting, thievish jade;
I think, my love, you would not condescend
To call a low, illiterate girl your friend:
But in our troubles we are apt, you know,
To lean on all who some compassion show;
And she has flexible features, active eyes,
And seems with every look to sympathize:
No mirror can a mortal's grief express
With more precision, or can feel it less:
That proud, mean spirit, she by fawning courts
By vulgar flattery, and by vile reports;
And by that proof she every instant gives
To one so mean, that yet a meaner lives.
"Come, I have drawn the curtain, and you see
Your fellow-servants, all our company:
Should you incline to throw reserve aside,
And in my judgment and my love confide,
I could some prospects open to your view,
That ask attention—and, till then, adieu."
"Farewell!" said Jesse, hastening to her room,
Where all she saw within, without, was gloom;
Confused, perplex'd, she pass'd a dreary hour,
Before her reason could exert its power:
To her all seemed mysterious, all allied
To avarice, meanness, folly, craft, and pride:
Wearied with thought, she breathed the garden's air,
Then came the laughing Lass, and joined her there.
"My sweetest friend has dwelt with us a week,
And does she love us? be sincere and speak;
My Aunt you cannot—Oh! how I should hate
To be like her, all misery and state;
Proud, and yet envious, she disgusts sees
All who are happy, and who look at ease.
Let friendship bind us, I will quickly show
Some favorites near us you'll be bless'd to know;
My Aunt forbids it—but, can she expect
To soothe her spleen, we shall ourselves neglect?
To me and the widow were to watch and stay
My free-born feet; I watch'd as well as they:

"My freedom thus by their assent secured,
Bad as it is, the place may be endured;
And had it is, but her estates, you know,
And her beloved hoards, she must bestow:
So we can sily our amusements take,
And friends of demons, if they help us, make."
"Strange creatures, these," thought Jesse, half in-
clined
To smile at one malicious and yet kind;
Frank and yet cunning, with a heart to love
And malice prompt—the serpent and the dove:
Here could she dwell? or could she yet depart?
Could she be artful? could she bear with art?
This splendid mansion gave the cottage grace,
She thought a dungeon was a happier place
And Colin pleading, when he pleaded best,
Wrought not such sudden change in Jesse's breast.

Days full of care, slow weary weeks pass'd on,
Eager to go, still Jesse was not gone;
Her time in trifling, or in tears, she spent,
She never gave, she never felt, content:
The lady wonder'd that her humble guest
Strove not to please, would neither lie nor jest;
She sought no news, no scandal would convey,
But walk'd for health, and was at church to pray:
All this displeased, and soon the Widow cried,
"Let me be frank—I am not satisfied;
You know my wishes, I your judgment trust:
Let me be plain, child—I want an ear,
When I am dumb, instead of mine to hear;
When mine is sleeping let your eye awake;
When I observe not, observation take:
Alas! I rest not on my pillow laid,
Then threatening whispers make my soul afraid;
The tread of strangers to my ear ascends,
Fed at my cost, the minions of my friends;
While you, without a care, a wish to please,
Eat the vile bread of idleness and ease."
"Th' indignant girl, astonish'd, answer'd—"Nay!
This instant madam, let me haste away;
Thus speaks my father's, thus an orphan's friend?
This instant, lady, let your bounty end."
"The lady frown'd indignant—"What!" she cried,
"A vicar's daughter with a princess' pride
And pauper's lot! but pitying I forgive;
How, simple Jesse, do you think to live?
Have I not power to help you, foolish maid?
To my concerns be your attention paid;
With cheerful mind th' allotted duties take,
And recollect I have a Will to make."
Jesse, who felt as liberal natures feel,
When thus the baser their designs reveal,
Replied—"Those duties were to her unfit,
Nor would her spirit to her tasks submit."
In silent scorn the lady sat awhile,
And then return'd with stern contemptuous smile—
"Think you, fair madam, that you came to share
Fortunes like mine without a thought or care?
A guest, indeed! from every trouble free,
Dress'd by my help, with not a care for me;
When I a visit to your father made,
I for the poor assistance largely paid;
To his domestics I their tasks assigned,
I fix'd the portion for his hungry hind:
And had your father (simple man!) obeyed
My good advice, and watch'd as well as pray'd,
He might have left you something with his prayers,
And lent some color for those lofty airs."
"In tears, my love! Oh then my softened heart
Can not resist—we never more will part;
I need your friendship—I will be your friend,
And, thus determined, to my Will attend."
Jesse went forth, but with determined soul
To fly such love, to break from such control:
"I hear enough," the trembling damsel cried:
"Flight be my care, and Providence my guide:
Ere yet a prisoner, I escape will make:
Will, thus display'd, th' insidious arts forsake.
And, as the rattlesnake, will fly the fatal snake."
Jesse her thanks upon the morrow paid,
Prepared to go, determined though afraid.

"Ungrateful creature!" said the lady, "this
Could I imagine?—are you frantic, Miss?
What! leave your friend, your prospects—is it
true?"
This Jesse answer'd by a mild "Adieu!"
The dame replied, "Then houseless may you rove,
The starving victim to a guilty love."

Relent you not?—speak—yet I can forgive;
Still live with me—"With you!" said Jesse live?
No! I would first endure what you describe,
Rather than breathe with your detested tribe;
Who long have feign'd, till now their very hearts
Are firmly fix'd in their accursed parts;
Who all profess esteem, and feel disdain,
And all, with justice, of deceit complain:
Whom I could pity, but that, while I stay,
My terror drives all kinder thoughts away;
Grateful for this, that, when I think of you,
I little fear what poverty can do."
The angry matron her attendant Jane
Summon'd in haste to soothe the fierce disdain—
"A vile detested wretch!" the lady cried,
"Yet shall she be by many an effort tried,
And, clogg'd with debt and fear, against her will
abide."

And, once secured, she never shall depart
Till I have proved the firmness of her heart:
That when she dares not, would not, can not go
I'll make her feel what 'tis to use me so."
The pensive Colin in his garden stay'd,
But felt not then the beauties it display'd;
There many a pleasant object met his view,
A rising wood of oaks behind it grew;
A stream ran by it, and the village-green
And public road were from the garden seen:
Save where the pine and larch the boundary made,
And on the rose-beds threw a softening shade.

The Mother sat beside the garden-door,
Dress'd as in times ere she and hers were poor;
The broad-laced cap was known in ancient days;
When madam's dress compell'd the village praise;
And still she look'd as in the times of old,
Ere his last farm the erring husband sold:
While yet the mansion stood in decent state,
And paupers waited at the well-known gate.
"Alas, my son!" the Mother cried, "and why
That silent grief and oft-repeated sigh?"

There is no mother, Colin, no, not one,
But envies me so kind, so good a son;
By these supported on this falling side,
Weakness itself awakes a parent's pride:
I bless the stroke that was my grief before,
And feel such joy that 'tis disease no more;
Shielded by thee, my want becomes my wealth,
And, soothed by Colin, sickness smiles at health;
The old men love thee, they repeat thy praise,
And say, like thee were youth in earlier days;
While every village-maiden cries, "How gay,
How smart, how brave, how good is Colin Grey!"

"Yet art thou sad: alas! my son, I know
Thy heart is wounded, and the cure is slow:
Fain would I think that Jesse still may come
To share the comforts of our rustic home;
She surely loved thee: I have seen the maid,
When thou hast kindly brought the Vicar aid—
When thou hast eased his bosom of his pain,
Oh!—I have seen her—she will come again."
The Mother ceased; and Colin stood the while
Silent, but striving for a grateful smile;
He then replied—"Ah! sure, had Jesse stay'd,
And shared the comforts of our sylvan shade,
The tenderest duty and the fondest love
Would not have fail'd that generous heart to move;
A grateful pity would have ruled her breast,
And my distresses would have made me bless'd."

"But she is gone, and ever has in view
Grandeur and taste,—and what will then ensue?
Surprise and then delight in scenes so fair and new;
For many a day, perhaps for many a week,
Home will have charms, and to her bosom speak;
But thoughtless ease, and affluence, and pride,
Seen day by day, will draw the heart aside:
And she at length, though gentle and sincere,
Will think no more of our enjoyments here."

Sighing he spoke—but hark! he hears th' approach
Of rattling wheels! and, lo! the evening coach;
Once more the movements of the horses' feet
Makes the fond heart with strong emotions beat:
Faint were his hopes, but ever had the sight
Drawn him to gaze beside his gate at night;
And when with rapid wheels it hurried by,
He grieved his parent with a hopeless sigh;
And could the blessing have been bought—what sum
Had he not offer'd to have Jesse come?
She came—he saw her bending from the door,
Her face, her smile, and he beheld no more;
Lost in his joy—the mother lent her aid
"T' assist and to detain the willing Maid;
Who thought her late, her present home to make,
Sure of a welcome for the Vicar's sake;
But the good parent was so pleased, so kind,
So pressing Colin, she so much inclin'd,
That night advanced; and then, so long detain'd,
No wishes to depart she felt, or feign'd;
Yet long in doubt she stood, and then perforce re-
main'd."

Here was a lover fond, a friend sincere:
Here was content and joy, for she was here:
In the mild evening, in the scene around,
The Maid, now free, peculiar beauties found;
Blended with village tones, the evening gale
Gave the sweet night-bird's warblings to the vale;
The Youth, embolden'd, yet abash'd, now told
His fondest wish, nor found the maiden cold:
The Mother smiling whisper'd, "Let him go,
And seek the license!" Jesse answer'd—"No."
But Colin went—I know not if they live
With all the comforts wealth and plenty give;
But with pure joy to envious souls denied,
To suppliant meanness and suspicious pride;
And village-maids of happy couples say,
"They live like Jesse Bourn and Colin Grey."

ENGLISH SONG-BIRDS.

The song-talk of the finches rises and sinks
like the tinkle of a waterfall. The greenfinches
have been by me all the time. A bullfinch
pipes now and then further up the hedge where
the brambles and thorns are thickest. Boldest
of birds to look at, he is always in hiding. The
shrill tones of a goldfinch came just now from
the ash branches, but he has gone on. Every
four or five minutes a chaffinch sings close by,
and another fills the interval near the gateway.
There are linnets somewhere, but I cannot from
the old apple-tree fix their exact place. Thrushes
have sung and ceased; they will begin again in
ten minutes. The blackbirds do not cease. The
note uttered by a blackbird in the oak yonder
before it can drop is taken up by a second near
the top of the field, and ere it falls is caught by
a third on the left-hand side. From one of the
topmost boughs of an elm there fell the song of
a willow warbler for awhile; one of the least of
birds, he often seeks the highest branches of the
highest tree.

A yellowhammer has just flown from a bare
branch in the gateway, where he has been
perched and singing a full hour. Presently he

will commence again, and as the sun declines
will sing him to the horizon, and then again sing
till nearly dusk. The yellowhammer is almost
the longest of all the singers; he sits and sits
and has no inclination to move. In the spring
he sings, in the summer he sings, and he con-
tinues when the last sheaves are being carried
from the wheat field. The redstart yonder has
given forth a few notes, the whitethroat flings
himself into the air at short intervals and chat-
ters, the shrike call sharp and determined, faint
but shrill calls descend from the swifts in the
air. These descend, but the twittering notes of
the swallows do not reach so far, they are too
high to-day. A cuckoo has called by the brook,
and now fainter from a greater distance. That
the titlarks are singing, I know, but not within
hearing from here; a dove though is audible,
and a chiffchaff has twice passed. Afar beyond
the oaks at the top of the field dark specks
ascend from time to time, and after moving in
wide circles for awhile descend again to the corn.
These must be larks; but their notes are not
powerful enough to reach me, though they
would were it not for the song in the hedges, the
hum of innumerable insects, and the ceaseless
"crake, crake" of landrails. There are at least
two landrails in the moving grass; one of them,
just now seemed coming straight toward the
apple-tree, and I expected in a minute to see the
grass move, when the bird turned aside and
entered the tufts and wild parsley by the hedge.
Thence the call has come without a moment's
pause "crake, crake," till the thick hedge seems
filled with it. They have visited the apple-tree
over my head, a wren has sung in the willow, or
rather on a dead branch projecting lower down
than the leafy boughs, and a robin across under
the elms in the opposite hedge. Elms are a fa-
vorite tree of robins, not the upper branches,
but those that grow down the trunk, and are the
first to have leaves in spring.

The yellowhammer is the most persistent in-
dividually, but I think the blackbirds when lis-
tened to are the masters of the fields. Before
one can finish another begins, like the summer
ripples succeeding behind each other, so that the
melodious sound merely changes its position.
Now here, now in the corners, then across the
field, again in the distant copse, where it seems
about to sink, when it rises again almost at
hand. Like a great human artist, the blackbird
makes no effort, being fully conscious that his
liquid tone cannot be matched. He utters a few
delicious notes, and carelessly quits the green
stage of the oak till it pleases him to sing again.
Without the blackbird, in whose throat the
sweetness of the green fields dwells, the days
would be only partly summer. Without the
violet all the bluebells and cowslips could not
make a spring, and without the blackbird, even
the nightingale would be but half welcome.

It is not yet noon, these songs have been cease-
less since dawn; this evening after the yellow-
hammer has sung the sun down, when the moon
rises and the faint stars appear, still the cuckoo
will call, and the grasshopper lark, the landrail's
"crake, crake" will echo from the mound, a
warbler or a blackcap will utter its notes, and
even at the darkest of the summer nights the
swallows will hardly sleep in their nest. As
the morning sky grows blue, an hour before the
sun, up will rise the larks singing and audible
now, the cuckoo will recommence, and the swal-
lows will start again on their tireless journey.
So that the songs of the summer birds are as
ceaseless as the sound of the waterfall which
plays day and night.

VARIETIES.

THE school of the nobles in Tokio, Japan, has
in the court behind the school building, a
physical map of that country between three and
four hundred feet long. It is made of turf and
rock, and is bordered with pebbles, which look
at a little distance much like water. Every inlet,
river and mountain is reproduced in this model
with a fidelity to detail which is simply wonder-
ful. Latitude and longitude are indicated by
telegraph wires, and tablets show the position of
the cities.

AN instance of the irony of history is furnish-
ed by the fact of pianos being made at the pre-
sent moment from oak timber more than two
thousand years old, recently taken from the
bottom of the Rhine, near Mayence, being evi-
dently the remains of the bridge built by Drusus,
and mentioned by Caesar in his "de Bello Gal-
lico." A Berlin firm has purchased most of the
ancient piles, which, owing to their hardened
state and texture, are admirably adapted to the
above-named purpose, and are said to admit of a
remarkably fine polish.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER writes to a friend that
he is preparing to cross the ocean this summer
and take a long vacation among the scenes of his
early life—"lie among the heather, you know,
and hear the lark, and drink in at old wells,
and eat oat-bread and milk, and hunt up old
cronies, and tumble round in a river I know of,
and go to an old farm-house I know of, and to
the church where I was baptized, on one or more
Sundays, and hear the parson preach—he does
not mind that I am a heretic, and if he did I
should not care—and there is a little tavern
where the landlord knew my folk forty-five years
ago, and I shall put up with that landlord for
a spell, as it is a pleasant place and haunted
by pleasant ghosts as ever anybody didn't see,
and I shall toddle through some woods I know
of, between an old abbey and tower, where I
used to go a-court-ing."