

slight variations, is the history of many honest, industrious, but most fatally deluded men, during the monetary fevers in our cities.

That "little family," on which the New-Year had dawned so auspiciously, in whose very name young Stanley had taken such innocent delight, was broken up for ever; God's happiest temple on earth, a virtuous home, made most desolate. Whose was the crime, and where the criminal, was to remain a dreadful mystery! The exposure on that dreadfully anxious night, and the despair that followed, were too much for the susceptible frame of Mary Gretton. She languished a few weeks, and died. Stanley and the baby-sister, whose birth had been hailed with such love and promise were adopted into the family of their mother's young brother, Wilton Harvey, a most kind and generous man, who had just happily begun his commercial career in the city.

We conclude this prefatory part of our story with the words of the wise man, sad in our application of them as they are wise: "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house."



SONG.

Oh! sing no more that gentle song,

Wake not its notes again,

Though wildly sweet they steal along

Like some bird-warbled strain.

For thee I hear, as once I heard

A voice whose every tone

Was music, and my heart is stirred

To know I am alone.

Alone, alone! the thought will bring

Back youth's bright sunny sky;

And hopes, ere yet, with noiseless wing.

Old Time, with Death, swept by.

The flowers are crushed, the hopes are gone.

As leaves in autumn's blast,

But oh! they come to thy sweet song.

Like shadows from the past.

As stars look on the rolling deep,

As moonbeams on the spray,

As night birds chaunt, while waters sleep,

Thy wild notes o'er me play:

Then breathe no more that simple air,

Wake not its melody,

For now, alas! the song is sad,

That once was sweet to me.



I envy no man that knows more than myself,
but pity them that know less. — *Sir T. B. C.*

For The Amaranth.

THE STAR AND FLOWER.

A POEM.

'Twas the warm summer time,
The green trees were bending o'er the
world

In their deep slumber; the Angel of Night
Threw her raven hair over the wide arch
Of heaven, and bade the spirit of the stars
Retrim their flaming torches in its curls.
The wind had hung his harp above the throes
Of the Eternal, and the sweet flowers
Were hiding their soft faces in the shade
Of their folded leaves; all, save one, and she
Was beautiful above the fairest there,
Of all her sleeping sisters; pale and sad,
And tender beyond thought, gazing ever,
With a peaceful, untiring look, upon
The face of heaven, and lo! the rich light
Of one glorious star streamed deepest
Into her snowy breast, ruffling its deep calm
And trembling she beheld the spirit pause,
Checking his skiey flight, and on his wing
Radiant hang pois'd, while he returned
Her wond'ring look, but, blushing deep, she
droop'd

Her virgin head, for oh! he was too bright
To look upon unscathed; the locks of gold
Shed luster o'er his broad, prophetic brow,
Majestic with the spell of mighty thought:
And in his eye sat pity and regard
For earthly things; he knew that they would
perish.

A burning, mystic girdle, graven deep
With characters divine, embraced his loins:
His right hand held a lyre whose tones were
mute,

And in his left, an ever-blazing torch
Incessant gleam'd, amid the lamps on high.
One moment, from his solitude, upon
That bow'd and gentle Flow'r the spirit gazed
But when she rais'd her head again, his face
Was redd'ning in the portal of the west:
It vanish'd from the sky, and then she felt
A loneliness unknown before that hour,
Which made her yearn for the returning day
To herald forth that lovely star again;
And nightly did the spirit linger o'er
The tender Flow'r, until she learned to bear
His presence without fear; ah! could she trace
Expression's eloquence, the god-like form,
The earnest sympathy which seem'd to draw
His interest unto her, and tender back
No passion for such love. The thrilling chord
Of his wild lyre resounded through the vast