

earth, I have no other home—I know Mr. Winthrop, the jailor; he is a kind, benevolent man—he will not deny me an asylum, for a few days.”

“My house is hard by. Remain with me until the funeral is over.”

“There will be no delay, I hope,” said Anthony, turning very pale. “They will not attempt to arrest the body?”

“No, no. Captain Whitmore has generously promised for that. He has satisfied W—— until the estates are all sold. He has acted in a noble manner to your poor uncle and his son.”

“God bless him!” murmured Anthony; “and Godfrey, what has become of him?”

“Captain Whitmore has offered him apartments in his house, until his affairs are settled. Your cousin bore the sudden loss of his father, with uncommon fortitude. It must have been a great shock.”

“That is a sad misapplication of the word,” sighed Anthony. “A want of natural affection and sensibility, the world is too apt to dignify with the name of fortitude. Godfrey had too little respect for his father’s authority whilst living, to mourn for him much when dead.”

“We must not judge him harshly, my young friend,” said the clergyman. “What he is, in a great measure, his father made him. I have known Godfrey from the little petted selfish boy, to the self-willed, extravagant, thoughtless young man—and though I augur very little good from which I do know at his character, much that is prominently evil might have been restrained by proper management; and the amiable qualities, which now lie dormant altogether, have been cherished and cultivated until they became virtues. The loss of fortune will, to him, by leading him to apply the talents which he does possess to useful purposes, be a great gain.”

Anthony shook his head, “Godfrey will never work.”

“Then, my dear sir, he must starve.”

“He will do neither,” said Anthony.

And here the conversation terminated.

(To be continued.)

#### THE IDEAL PHILOSOPHER.

IF you abstract your own perception of colours, your own sensations of hardness and smoothness, and your own ideas of extension and figure, from the piece of marble, it is evident that you will know nothing at all about the marble; but if all you know about the marble be in your own mind, it follows that what you know about the marble is there too. In this manner you seem to be pushed nearly to the verge of your material world; and, therefore, you had better pause before you break the bubble of the ideal philosophy, lest it be all that is left to save you from utter annihilation.

(ORIGINAL.)

#### TO MISS E . . . M . . . G . . . .

LADY, in those liquid orbs I trace  
All that I seek in beauty’s face;  
A mind—in beautiful tints revealing  
Blended thought and depth of feeling:

And on thy brow true love hath set  
His royal seal—it shineth yet,  
As brilliant as in youth it shone,  
The seal of the High and Holy One!

Undimmed by the spray of the billowy strife,  
The ebb and flow of this fitful life,  
It gleamed like a star o’er an angry wave,  
Or a beacon that peers ’bove an ocean grave—  
As the sun casts off his nightly shroud,  
So the seal throws back the gathering cloud.

Thus brightly, Oh! will there ever be,  
Engraven upon my memory,  
The same broad seal that shone on thy brow,  
(Oh! that its soft light might shine on me now!)  
For its language, though silent, still speaks to me,  
That on earth there are souls of sympathy!

Huntingdon County, 1842.

#### TO DEATH.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

METHINKS it were no pain to die  
On such an eve, when such a sky  
O’er-canopies the west;  
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,  
And, like an infant, fall asleep  
On earth, my mother’s breast.

There’s peace and welcome in yon sea  
Of endless blue tranquillity;

These clouds are living things:  
I trace their veins of liquid gold,  
I see them solemnly unfold  
Their soft and fleecy wings.

No darkness there divides the day  
With starling dawn and dazzling day,  
But gloriously serene  
Are the interminable plains;  
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns  
O’er the wide silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear.  
I know thy greeting is severe,  
To this poor shell of clay;  
Yet come, Oh, Death! Thy freezing kiss  
Emancipates! Thy rest is bliss!  
I would I were away!