

no a call at this time, was greatly distressed and scandalized by the appearance of our garden. But, by a deal of fussing, transplanting and repainting, it was got into some shape and order. My uncle was rather troublesome, as careful old people are apt to be—anticipating us by perpetual inquiries of what we gave for this, and that, and running up provoking calculations on the final cost of matters; and we began to wish that his visits might be as short as would be convenient.

But when, on taking leave, he promised to send us a fine young cow of his own raising, our hearts bristled with us for our impatience. "Tain't any of your new breeds, nephew," said the old man, "yet I can say that she's a gentle, likely young critter, and better worth forty dollars than many a one that's cried up for Ayrshire or Durham; and you shall be quite welcome to her."

We thanked him, as in duty bound, and thought that if he was full of old-fashioned notions, he was no less full of kindness and good will.

And now, with a new cow, with our garden beginning to thrive under the gentle showers of May, with our flower borders blooming, my wife and I began to think ourselves in Paradise. But alas! the same sun and rain that warmed our fruit and flowers brought up from the earth, like stinky gnomes, a vast array of purple-leaved weeds, that almost in a night seemed to cover the whole surface of the garden beds. Our gardeners both being gone, the weeding was expected to be done by me—one of the anticipated relaxations of my leisure hours.

"Well," said I, in reply to a gentle intimation from my wife, "when my article is finished, I'll take a day and weed all up clean."

Thus days passed by, till at length the article was dispatched, and I proceeded to my garden, now all any thing earthly could give us for in a few days! There were no bounds, no alleys, no beds, no distinction of best and worst, nothing but a flourishing congregation of weeds nodding and bobbing in the morning breeze, as if to say, "We hope you are well, sir, we've got the ground, you see?" I began to explore, and to hoe, and to weed. Ah! did anybody ever try to clean a neglected carrot or beet bed, or bend his back in a hot sun over rows of weedy onions! He is the man to feel for my despair! Ho! I weeded, and I sweat, and I sighed! till when high noon came on, as the result of all my toils, only three beds were cleaned! And how disconsolate looked the good weed, thus unexpectedly delivered from its sheltering tares, and laid open to a broiling July sun! Every juvenile beet and carrot lay flat down, wilted and drooping, as if, like me, they had been weeding instead of being weeded.

"This weeding is quite a serious matter," said I to my wife; "the fact is, I must have help about it."

"Just what I was myself thinking," said my wife. "My flower borders are all in confusion, and my petunia mounds so completely overgrown, that nobody would dream what they were meant for!"

In short it was agreed between us that we could not afford the expense of a full-grown man to keep our place, yet we must re-enforce ourselves by the addition of a boy, and a brisk youngster from the vicinity was pitched upon as the happy addition. This youth was a fellow of decidedly quick parts, and in one forenoon made such a clearing in our garden that I was delighted. But after he had appeared to view, all cleared and dressed out with such celerity that I was quite ashamed of my own slowness, until, on examination, I discovered that he had, with great impartiality, pulled up both weeds and vegetables.

This hopeful beginning was followed up by a succession of proceedings which should be recorded for the instruction of all who seek for help from the race of boys. Such a loser of all tools, great and small; such an invariable lever-upon of all gates, and letter-down of bars; such a personification of all manner of anarchy and ill luck, had never before been seen on the estate. His time while I was gone to the city, was agreeably diversified with rooting on the fence, swinging on the gates, making popular whistles for the children, hunting eggs and eating whatever fruit happened to be in season, in which latter accomplishment he was certainly quite distinguished. After about three weeks of this kind of joint gardening, we concluded to dismiss Master Tom from the firm, and employ a man.

"Things must be taken care of," said I, "and I cannot do it." "Tis out of the question," said so the man was secured.

But I am making a long story, and may chance to outrun the sympathy of my readers. Time would fail me to tell of the distresses manifold that fell upon me—of cows dried up by poor milkers; of hens that would not set at all, and hens that, despite all law and reason, would set on one egg; of hens that, having hatched families, straightway led them into all manner of high grass and weeds, by which means numerous young chicks caught premature colds and perished; and how, when I, with manifold toil,

had driven one of these monstrous gaddets into a coop, to teach her domestic habits, she came down upon her and slew every chick in one night; how my pigs were always thriving gymnastic exercises over the fence of the sty, and mauling in the garden. I wonder that Fourier never conceived the idea of having his garden land plowed by pigs, for certainly they manifest quite a decided elective attraction for turning up the earth.

When autumn came, I went solemnly to market, in the neighboring city, and bought my potatoes and turnips like any other man; but for between all the various systems of gardening pursued, I was obliged to confess that my first horticultural effort was a decided failure. But though all my rural visions had proved illusory, there were some very substantial realities. My bill at the seed store, for seeds, roots and tools, for example, had run up to an amount that was perfectly unaccountable; then there were various smaller items, such as horse-shoeing, carriage-mending for he who lives in the country and does business in the city must keep his vehicle and apparatus. I had always prided myself on being an exact man, and settling every account, great and small, with the going out of the old year; but this season I found myself sorely put to it. In fact, had not I received a timely lift from my good old uncle, I should have made a complete breakdown. The old gentleman's troublesome habit of ciphering and calculating, it seems, had led him beforehand to foresee that I was not exactly in the money-making line, nor likely to possess much surplus revenue to meet the note which I had given for my place; and, therefore, he quietly paid it himself, as I discovered, when, after much anxiety and some sleepless nights, I went to the banker to ask for an extension of credit.

"To live cheap in the country, a man must know how."

DOMAINS.

I wandered through the summer fields, All in the idle and golden noon, And his Christ's followers of old, I pitched the care of corn.

High up a lark sang rapturous hymns, Low down, among the rustling stems, His brethren many listened, and the dew Set round her nest with gems.

Had he down and dreamt, and dreamt of summer morings in the land, Where you and I, dear love, went forth, Each to raise, hand in hand.

Each to till the trenchless soil, Through golden locks, alas! 'twas but The corn flowers and the wheat.

What N. P. Willis Thought of Edgar Poe.

The ancient fable of two antagonistic spirits imprisoned in one body, equally powerful, and having the complete mastery by turns of one man, that is to say, inhabited by both a devil and an angel—seems to have been realized, if all we hear is true, in the character of the extraordinary man whose name we have written above.

Some four or five years since, when editing a daily paper in this city, Mr. Poe was employed by us, for several months, as critic and sub-editor. This was our first personal acquaintance with him. He resided with his wife and mother at Fordham, a few miles out of town, but was at his desk in the office from nine in the morning till the evening paper went to press. With the highest admiration for his genius, and a willingness to let it atone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led by common report to expect a very capricious attention to his duties, and occasionally a scene of violence and difficulty. Time went on, however, and he was invariably punctual and industrious. With his pale, beautiful and intellectual face, as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with deferential courtesy, and to our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage colored too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented far more yielding than most men, we thought, on points so excusably sensitive. With a prospect of taking the lead in another periodical, he, at last, voluntarily gave up his employment with us, and, through all this considerable period, we had seen but one presentation of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability.

Residing as he did in the country, we never met Mr. Poe in hours of leisure; but he frequently called on us afterward at our place of business, and we met him often in the street—invariably the same sad-mannered, winning and refined gentleman, such as we had always known him. It was by rumor only, up to the day of his death, that we knew of any other development of manner or character. We heard, from one who knew him well (what should be stated in all mention of his lamentable irregularities), that, with a single glass of wine, his whole nature was reversed, the

demons became apparent, and through some of the usual signs of intoxication were visible his evil was palpably manifest. Possessing his reasoning faculties in exalted activity at such times, and seeking his acquaintances with his wonted look and manner, he easily assumed personating only another phase of his natural character, and was accused accordingly of depicting atrocious and bad traits. In this reversed character he repeat it was never our chance to meet him. We know it from hearsay, and we mention it in connection with this sad intimation of physical constitution, which puts it upon very nearly the ground of a temporary and aim of irresponsible insanity.

The arrogant, vanity and depravity of heart of which Mr. Poe was generally accused, I seem to see, referable altogether to this reversed phase of his character. Later that degree of intoxication which only acted upon him by demoralizing his sense of truth, and which he doubtless said and did teach that it might be accountable with his better nature, but when himself, and as we know him only by his modest and unadorned humility, as to his own shortcomings, were a constant charm to his character. His letters of which the constant application for autographs has taken from us, we are sorry to confess, the greater portion exhibited this quality very strongly. In one of the carelessly written notes of which we chafe still to retain possession, for instance, he speaks of "The Raven" that extraordinary poem which electrified the world of imaginative readers, and has become the type of a school of poetry of its own, and in evident earnest attributes its success to the few words of commendation with which we had prefaced it in this paper. It will throw light on his same character to give a literal copy of the note.

"FORDHAM, April 20, 1843.
To live cheap in the country, a man must know how. I am so glad to hear that you will like, in some respects, has been just published in a paper for which sheer necessity compels me to write now and then. It pays well as times go, but unquestionably it costs to pay ten cents; for whatever I send it I feel I am consigning to the touch of the Caputines. The verses accompanying this, may I beg you to take out of the bundle, and bring them to light in the *Home Journal*. If you can oblige me so far as to copy them, I do not think it will be necessary to say, 'From the' that would be too bad—and, perhaps, 'From a late paper,' would do."

"I have not forgotten how a 'good word in season' from you made 'The Raven' and made 'Edgar' (which, by the way, people have done me the honor of attributing to you, therefore I would ask you if I dared) to say something of these lines if they please you. Truly yours ever,
EDGAR A. POE."

In double proof of his earnest disposition to do the best for himself, and of the trustful and grateful nature which has been denied him, we give another of the only three of his notes which we chance to retain.

"FORDHAM, January 22, 1848.
MY DEAR MR. WELLS: I am about to make an effort at re-establishing myself in the literary world, and feel that I may depend upon your aid."

"My general aim is to start a magazine, to be called 'The Stylus'; but it would be useless to me, even when established, if not entirely out of the control of a publisher. I mean, therefore, to get up a journal which shall be *my own*, at all points. With this end in view, I must get a list of at least five hundred subscribers to begin with, nearly two hundred I have already. I propose, however, to go South and West, among my personal and literary friends, to college and West Point acquaintances, and see what can do. In order to get the means of taking the first step, I propose to lecture at the Society Library, on Thursdays, the 1st of February, and, that there may be no mistake, my subject shall not be *literary* at all. I have chosen a broad text: 'The Universe.'"

"Having thus given you the *facts* of the case, I leave all rest to the suggestions of your own tact and generosity. Gratefully and gratefully—your friend always,
EDGAR A. POE."

Brief and chance-taken as these letters are, we think they sufficiently prove the existence of the very qualities denied to Mr. Poe: humility, willingness to persevere, belief in another's kindness, and capability of cordial and grateful friendship. Such he assuredly was, *when sane*. Such only he has invariably seemed to us, in all we have happened personally to know of him, through a friendship of five or six years. And so much easier is it to believe what we have seen and known than what we hear of only, that we remember him but with admiration and respect: those descriptions of him, when morally insane, seeming to us like portraits, painted in sickness, of a man we have only known in health.

But there is another, more touching, and far more forcible, evidence that there *was* goodness in Edgar Poe. To reveal it, we are obliged to venture upon the lifting of the veil which sacredly covers grief and refinement in poverty—but we think it may be excused, if so, we can brighten the memory of the poet, even were there not a more needed and immediate service which it may render to the nearest link broken by his death.

Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe's removal to this city was by a call which we received from a lady who introduced herself to us as the mother of his wife. She was in search of employment for him, and she excused her errand by mentioning that he was ill, that her daughter

was a confirmed invalid, and that their circumstances were such as required his not taking it upon himself. The consciousness of this lady made her heart and soul with an ardor and sympathy giving up of her life, to preparation and a wonderful tenderness, her gentle and maternal care, regarding the poor, but long-lingering but naturally and innocently suffering mother, but her application and yet appeared to her, as if she had done the duty of one of her own family, and she was able to give up the presence of her own daughter upon earth, that woman in adversity, and in a state her mother's popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulties, and with his sick wife frequently in want of the barest necessaries of life. Winter after winter for years the most touching sight to us in this whole city has been that tireless mother to get up, study and industriously clad, going from office to office, with a poem, or an article on some literary subject, to sell—sometimes simply pleading to be taken some that he was ill, and begging for him mentioning nothing but that "he was ill," whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing and never, and all her tears and words of distress, suffering one willing to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of his, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions. Her daughter died, a year and a half since, but she did not desert him. She continued his unnumbering angel, living with him, caring for him, guarding him against exposure, and when he was carried away by temptation, and grief and the loneliness of feelings unrelieved, and away from his self-abandonment prostrated in desolation and suffering, begging for him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with pure, unselfish, holy or his object as this path, disinterested and holy as the path of an invisible spirit say for him who inspired it?

There is a picture in a great capital that justice warrants and that we can quote. At one's A woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with pure, unselfish, holy or his object as this path, disinterested and holy as the path of an invisible spirit say for him who inspired it? There is a picture in a great capital that justice warrants and that we can quote. At one's A woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with pure, unselfish, holy or his object as this path, disinterested and holy as the path of an invisible spirit say for him who inspired it?

The good atom are great. Heaven's Nelson's Hope.

A writer's anecdote has just turned up relative to the history of the picture of "The Death of Nelson," painted by West. Just before Nelson went to sea for the last time, West sat next to the great captain at an entertainment given in his honor and in the course of dinner Nelson expressed his regret to Sir William Hamilton that he had little taste or discrimination for art. We give the rest in the words of Tucker.

"But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel, I never pass a print-shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it."

West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted it more like it.

"Because, my lord, there are no more subjects."

"I didn't think of that," said the sailor, and asked him to take a glass of champagne.

"But, my lord, I fear your intemperance will yet furnish me such another scene, and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's. "Will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle."

We all know how the painter fulfilled his promise in "The Death of Nelson."

A French Epigram.

True speakers always ill of me; I speak always all our foes; Yet spite of all our noise and pother, The world believes for one nor other.

Thales and his Pupil.

"What," asked a pupil of his master, Thales, "what recompense can I make to show my gratitude to you for your excellent lessons?" "Teach others," was the philosopher's reply.

Washington Irving on Good and Evil.

With every exertion, the best of men can do a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

Pascal on Man.

What a chimeric is man! What a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A jumble of all things, yet a feeble worm of the earth! The great guardian and depository of truth, yet a mere bundle of uncertainty! The glory and the scandal of the universe!

Mex are constantly falling on life's battle-field.

We who stand must not scorn, but help them. We did not see the conflict, and therefore cannot know the scars, whether they stand for heroism or cowardice.