

Poetry

AN EVENING VOICE
Our mellow wood and mournful stream
The shades of evening poise and fall

The spirit of the dying day
Scire the soft waves, the gleamy grass;
Each flow'ret wears the spirit's gaze

Take, darling, take my farewell kiss;
Another happy day will shine
With morning smile as bright as mine

But will it make you fade more fast,
Or pale your bloom, or dim your glow?
Is he that one who loved you so

The sun sinks down beneath the hill,
From peak to peak, from pole to pole,
Diss out the golden aureole

Beckoning the gentle spirit on,
The plaintive spirit doom'd to die;
Headless the drowsy flow'rets lie

O, fond hearts lost with passing pain!
O, slighted smiles that once were ours!
O, loved, that in our happiest hours

Select Story

THE WAY MY WIFE CAME TO ME.

It was the day on which the United States steamer was due. I awaited the event with importance, for I expected to be bringing letters that would either command my return to America, or give me a full-lough, by which I might escape the foul exhalations which were generating in the densely packed city of London.

Five months previous to that time I had consented to take charge of a delicate financial affair that threatened to interrupt, if not entirely destroy, the business relations between an eminent company in America and some foreign houses.

Embarrassing and perplexing as the tangled transaction had been, it had afforded me a certain pleasure, for without self-flattery, I may only say that I had maintained my position through the whole affair with credit. I had ceded nothing without getting more than its equivalent; I had managed with such satisfaction to my employers, that towards the finishing of the business they had left me with few restrictions. But as I began to see a favorable and brilliant terminus to my diplomacy, I also made the discovery that my health was suffering. Travel and ceaseless activity of mind, along with the nervous stretch to which my system had been subjected, began to tell their effects in headache and sleepless nights, and it was with a longing for rest that I had taken the train for Liverpool, that I might get my instructions at the earliest moment of their arrival.

It was, therefore, with no small degree of pleasure, looking from a loop hole of a bed-room window, that I noticed among the craft floating over the Anglesian waters, the American steamer coming in; and no sooner did the report of her signal gun announce that she had touched the wharf, than I drove down for my letters. They were there, but they brought no summons homeward. "The cotton crop," so wrote my senior, "was a total failure, and the event would doubtless affect greatly the state of the market abroad, and it would be necessary for me to remain another month, or until such time as I could be certain that the fluctuations could have no bearing upon our recent arrangements. I had better," he added, "continue myself to England, visit the Lakes or a watering-place; but not remain there in case of contingencies." After reading the above with a half-checked sigh, I hastened on my linen coat, and ordered my baggage to be taken to a depot.

The next morning I set down in his Majesty's Hotel, at Brighton, to a breakfast of shrimps and whiting, and after scanning while on the Downs, and taking a bracing sea-bath, I returned to my apartment, as the obsequious waiter called the twelve by fifteen feet bed-room, and threw myself upon the lounge. I must have slept sometime; when I awoke my two bread bedroom windows, which faced the sea, were thrown wide open, and through them the wind was rushing, and blowing about the curtains, and bringing on its breath the saline breeze of the ocean. I lay still as one after waking suddenly, inhaling the health-freighted air, and listened to the boom of the waves as they dashed against the beach, when a gruff and heavy voice, which sounded as if proceeding from behind the lounge, surprised me. I rose, and looking about discovered a large open ventilator just over the head of the couch; that was the medium that conveyed sounds to me; satisfied, I sank back to my reverie, when the voice sounded again, clearer and louder, so that I could not help but hear the words:

"So, Bess," it said, "you mean to thwart me; you think because you have always had your own way with me, that you will carry the day now; but you handle the ribbons too freely to win the stakes. For instance, why did you refuse to dance with Von Holt last night, and why did you leave the assembly room without any escort?"

"I left the room, sir, because Lady Grey was ready to go, and I refused to dance for the reason that Herr Von Holt had neglected to engage my hand for a set, and—"

"And," interrupted the gentleman, "you took exception at that, when you know that Von Holt did not enter the room until the waltzing had commenced. Do you want a man tied to your apron-string, Bess?"

"No father," answered the sweet tones, "I don't wish a man to be tied to me in any way."

I should judge not by the clever manner that you exhibit to my friends. Why do you reject every attention from Von Holt, when, it is my desire that you should accept them?"

"It is because I dislike him."

"And whom do you like? do you want a royal duke? Allow me to inform you, Elizabeth Conyngham, that a man of large fortune, or better family connections will never make advances to you."

"O, father," pleaded the voice, "let me stay at home with you. Why wish me to accept this gentleman, this foreigner, who is so unlike me, and who will surely make me unhappy? What is there in marriage that one should rush into it without even friendship? It does not confer happiness; we see that every day. How many married people do we know, even here at Brighton, I see them, that are ill-mated and ready to be free of their yoke? Do you wish to condemn me to a similar fate? O, father, am I not a dutiful child, that you wish to be rid of me?"

"The deuce take the perversity of woman," was muttered in reply. Somebody immediately slammed the door, and the conversation ceased. I said the voice had pliqued my curiosity, and no sooner was it silenced than I felt an overwhelming desire to see the owner of it. How could I accomplish the object? There was the ventilator, a broad aperture through which I could have leaped if necessary—why not make use of that. I softly moved a large chair across the room, and placing it beneath the opening in the wall, I stepped into it. I now ceased, looking back upon that time, that for a person of my years and dignity the act was contemptible; but I am now ashamed to state that I never thought of the extreme indeelicacy and presumption of that step, or what might be its consequences. As I retired my head to the level with the sill, I saw hanging opposite to me, against the wall of the room I was about to reconnoitre a large mirror, and from its clear surface reflected the image of a lady; I knew it was the owner of the voice; a slender, lady creature reclining in a fauteuil, her feet bent down upon her hands, and her whole attitude indicative of mental suffering. I did not see the face, but a cloud of curls floated over her neck and arms were the last insignia by which I knew I should recognize it. So long as I gazed I preserved my position; but a slight movement of the curls started me, and I sprang down.

Easily that evening I took a station in the assembly rooms which commanded a view of the entrance, and after long and faithfully watching my patient was rewarded. The florid figure of Lady Grey appeared, and by her side was Miss Conyngham; a gentleman of dubious aspect accompanied them; a man with lighish hair and moustaches, and small eyes, the sight of which was nearly extinguished beneath bushy eyebrows. I did not like the expression of those green eyes, it was furtive, and seemed constantly looking out for surprises; his manner was clearly that of a man of the world. I knew that it was Mr. Conyngham, and my eyes soon turned from him to the fair creature at his side. She wore a plain, white dress, without other ornament than a bunch of heather that fastened it at the throat; her countenance was pale and grave, and she stood in silent indifference, regarding the arch scene about her, so unlike the silly things that were fluttering their fans and arbing their necks to show themselves off.

I drew near, and heard her refusing to dance with two or three young men, who had hurried towards her on her entrance; I, too, looked around with the hope of seeing some friend or acquaintance that could introduce me, and fortunately encountered the glance of Mr. Lovelace, a young gentleman whom I had well-known in London. We shook hands, and after a few preliminaries, I inquired, "Who is this young lady with the beautiful hair?"

"That," he replied, "is Miss Conyngham; a fine looking girl, is she not? and of strong character, too. The old gentleman by her side whose face looks as if he had imbibed all the elixir in his celler, is her father, an old reprobate; he wants to marry his daughter to a Dutchman, as old and ugly as himself just because he is the owner of a thousand miles of dykes, and a hemp manufactory. I would marry her myself—provide I could—to save her from such a fate. If I had the money to pay the parson!"

"Who is the tall lady?"

"That is Lady Gray, a sister of the young lady's mother; I will ask permission to introduce you," and before my heart had made ten strokes, I found myself conversing with them. Lady Grey I discovered at once to be a true English gentlewoman; she conversed well, and on many topics, sprinkling all her talk, however, with certain quality phrases that served to convince me that a stratum of amateur underlaid the affability. Miss Conyngham was herself. I have never seen another like her. Clear and honest was the ray that shot from her deep eyes. She made no effort at display or effect, but talked on in answer to my questions, and proposed her own with a combination of suavity and dignity that she would have worn if I had been her brother. I asked her to dance.

"No," she answered, "she did not dance that evening." She gave no excuse, but her eyes looked cloudy a moment after, when a phlegmatic gentleman with a sinister lip, came up with a similar request. She declined it, mentioning the gentleman's name to me by way of introduction as she did so. It was Herr Von Holt. He looked suspiciously at me; I think he thought me a rival. I stayed by her, however, saving her as far as possible from his odious talk and amorous glances, by interposing myself between them; an officiousness for which she seemed to thank me.

He at length walked around to the place where Mr. Conyngham was standing. Lady Grey was talking with Dr. Scandiativus, the great Doctor of Laws, and I was at last vis-a-vis with Miss Bess. I improved the opportunity. Soon however, Mr. Conyngham came and led his daughter and sister away. I followed them, and sought my own room, where I tried to remember the length of time I had been at Brighton—it seemed like two months, so much of hope and fear had been crowded into the limits of a day. I had forgotten my illness and business seemed a subject I had been acquainted with in some former place of existence. I cannot minutely follow out the events of the ensuing week. I will only say that I met the charming Miss Conyngham everywhere. I walked with her by the pier chain—Lady Grey, of course, on the

other side—sometimes danced with her, and once had the felicity of driving with her on the cliffs. I had preserved the secret of the ventilator, though in my vindictiveness I will state that I had never listened at it since I had known my neighbors. I kept my room in perfect quietude and if I heard voices in the adjoining room, I would go out that I might not overhear the conversation; but there came a time, as I am about to tell you, when I stayed. It was, I think about a week after my first acquaintance with the Conynghams through the ventilator that, as I sat busily answering my London correspondent, I became the unwilling carter-dropper to a violent altercation in the next room. I could not help but hear it. Lady Grey was taking sides with her niece against Mr. Conyngham. She complained bitterly enough of the treatment her sister's child sustained from an exacting father. He retorted by charging her with duplicity and his daughter with disobedience, and declaring that in this instance his authority should be respected by both of them. I found, as they proceeded, that it all hinged on Herr Von Holt's proposals; it seemed that he had been accepted for months by the father, and still persisted in pressing his suit, notwithstanding the aversion of the ladies. "He wished to marry at once," so said Mr. Conyngham; "he was tired of angling after a mere girl whose head was apparently turned after a Yankee adventurer."

(To be Continued.)

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—His titles.—As this distinguished individual will visit America shortly it may be interesting to some to know the various titles with which the young prince is distinguished.

ALBERT EDWARD, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, was born Nov. 9, 1841 and consequently was eighteen years old last November. As a prince of England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany, he has by birth and by letters patent, the following titles:—

- 1 Prince of Wales, by patent, 1841 English.—
2 Duke of Cornwall, by birth,
3 Earl of Chester, p. s. t., 1841, "
4 Great Steward of Scotland, by birth, Scotch.
5 Duke of Rothesay, by birth, "
6 Earl of Carrick, by birth, "
7 Baron of Renfrew, by birth, "
8 Lord of the Isles, by birth, "
9 Earl of Dublin, by patent, 1849, Irish
10. Duke of Saxon, German.
11. Prince of Coburg and Gotha, German.

His personal appearance.—He has neither the tradition all airy gaiety of the "mid-day" who fetched Chief Justice Gascoigne a box of the ear, nor the studied grace of the *coi doisant*'s finest gentleman of Europe, who became George the Fourth. He is, on the contrary, a quiet, easy, gentlemanly youth, with not an atom of pretence about him. He is not tall of his age. The form and quality of his features resemble that of the Brunswicks. The nose is good, slightly aquiline, the hair brown, the eyes a bluish gray. His complexion is pale, and the expression of his countenance rather grave, and sometimes dull and heavy, but susceptible of brilliancy when lighted up by mirth. In his intercourse with the persons about him, he is very affable; his questions, when new objects are offered to his attention, are always pertinent, and his remarks evince a cuteness and the result of cultivation. In the unrestrained enjoyment of the country sports of England—such as shooting, hunting, riding—the Prince of Wales resembles the youth of the British nobility with whom he associates. He is jocular, indifferent to anger, loves to "rough it," and has an especial relish for a practical joke.—In his expenditure he is generous and judicious; simple in his tastes, but with a passion for military pursuits. He is now a Colonel in the army—as the prince of the blood royal always begin their career with that honorary appellation. But, I will undertake to say, that he has brought to that rank more knowledge of military history, tactics, fortifications, engineering generally, and an acquaintance with modern languages, than nine-tenths of the veterans who have risen through all the gradations.—Home Journal.

A number of the Norfolk (Va.) roughs have vented their spite against Marciassy the pugilist by burning him in effigy.

MARVELLOUS FACT FOR NATURALISTS.—The other day, an Oshon hen fancier became possessed of a peculiar-looking fowl. Chucky being designed for the table was removed to the yard, that she might reap the benefit of a fortnight's cramming before being "plucked." But although our feathered heroine held its head aloft, and in its walk and demeanor, emulated its cresty contemporary, the pincok, still it would not eat. All sorts of dainties were laid before it, but proud, high-minded "annule pensis", turning up its beak at them all. The greatest luxury that ever "crossed its' orag" was pure fresh water, and to this diet it stuck with the rigidity of any tectol veteran. Our client, well knowing that if chucky continued to turn its back upon all sustenance, its shadow would cease to be seen upon the wall, and its bones be numbered among the relics of departed greatness, in order to "check the evil in the bud," deemed it advisable to introduce chucky to the tender mercies of the cook. But how ran our reader picture the surprise and fright of the spit-wielding matron, when, on sitting open the gizzard of the fowl; out sprang a great live frog, fully developed, and to all appearance fat and healthy. The chief wonder is how the loathsome creature got there. The presumption is that it must have been swallowed when very young, and thriving on the good things daily finding their way into the gizzard. It grew until too large for the poor hen's stomach. Owing to the great weight, the hen was obliged to hold its head high to prevent its breast from rubbing along the ground. We presume the frog still "lives to tell the tale."—West Highland Journal.

THE OHIO TORNADO.—The storm of Tuesday 22nd is believed to have extended from Louisville to Marietta, following the line of the river. The damage is estimated at over a million dollars. All the towns above Cincinnati suffered severely. Thirty-six pairs of coal-boats are known to have been sunk, involving a loss of over 100 lives. All the steamboats on the river were damaged.

At Louisville and New Albany the storm was less disastrous, although at those places a great many buildings were unroofed and trees and fences prostrated.

On a Saturday evening, not long ago, considerable excitement was caused at Lyons by a person stationing himself on the Quai Saint Clair, and presenting to every man that passed wearing a blouse a half-franc piece which he pulled from a bag. Some people, thinking he was mad, talked of arresting him; but he cried out, "Do not interrupt me. I am not mad. I have unexpectedly come into a legacy of 30,000f. from an uncle, and I have resolved, in order to show my gratitude and joy, to distribute 400f. to working men." So saying, he continued his distribution until the bag was empty after which he quietly went away.

RETURNED AFTER CAPTIVITY OF THIRTY YEARS.—Mr. George Brubaker, a Citizen of Lancaster county, Pa., reached our city yesterday, on his way home. He was captured by a band of Camanches while on his way to California in 1847, thirteen years ago and had just escaped from them. There were but three of the party captured alive. George Richardson, of Schuylkill, and Peter Demy, of Canphin county Pa., both of whom were afterwards burnt at the stake for attempting to escape from the savages.

After becoming acquainted with the language and habits of the Indians he was made a medicine man, and it that capacity did a great deal of good among them, preaching to them and has succeeded in converting over two hundred to the Christian religion. It was only after the most solemn promise that he would return that they allowed him to depart, and he will go back as soon as he has seen his family, who have mourned him for years as dead. He lectured last night to a number of our citizens in the N. S. Presbyterian Church.—St. Joseph Journal 10th.

A sailor lad at Baffin last week, exhibiting his agility on a schooner's main-topmast stay rope, lung for so long a time by his head downwards that he weakened and unable to get back he fell sixty feet to the deck and was dashed to pieces.

More than one hundred men are busily engaged preparing the Metropolitan Hotel, in N. Y., for the Japanese visitors. The entire second floor will be fitted up and ornamented in the most luxurious style.

The Academy of Music now being erected in Brooklyn is to be built entirely of Nova Scotia freestone.

Poetry

For every leaf the loveliest
Waltz beauty signs for fro
For every star a drop of dew
For every sun a sky of blue
For every heart a heart as

For every tear by pity shed
Upon a fellow sufferer's head
Oh! be a crown of glory giv'g
Such crowns as saints to giv'g
Such crowns as seraphs wear

For all who tell at honest
A proud, a pure, a destined
For all who love, who labor
Be life one long, kind, close
Be life all love, all happiness

STORY OF AN EXILE
Baron Poniatowski, no
our city, gave a very
count of his banishment
fore a small audience at I
on Saturday evening last
a painful illustration of
ny in matters of religion
lities.

His father was a Po
forcibly transplanted to
count of his taking part
revolution. Like all tran
he was obliged to give u
native language, embrac
ligion, and send his son
rial schools. Being a
Catholic it was a grea
him to change his religi
of a broken heart.

The Greek church is
forms without religion
only as an instrument
power of the Czar. I
catechism that the Em
power on earth, and rei
the Saviour. Conversio
in signing a roll of fai
ship painted images and
intercession of Saints-
Nicholas and St. Isaac
whom is always at hand
liars from the perils
ness. Miracles are num
frequent. Indeed the
seeks to storm Heaven
sins, even that of murder
ed for by fasting. Pu
is not so important as
lied. No prayer is kno
Lord's prayer. The B
ed, save a mutilated ed
Testament, and the pos
it is sent to Siberia.

married before he can
wear leggings of the sk
mal whose flesh he has
not be present at a wa
though at other times
much dancing as he pl
sycism the Greek Ch
bitter spirit of persecu
fifty-eight Roman C
refused to change their
beaten with twenty-fi
and eight of them ha
out! A common tor
feeding the heretic on
then denying him wa
himself was subjected
ment. Some monks
join the Greek Ch
pumped upon their na
they were encased in
en to death.

The young Baron,
to a medical school,
such a church as th
who had been a Lady
Empress of Russia, a
Protestant King of
him to take the Bible
did so, became a cor
sought to communica
to others. He was
before the tribunal
exile in Siberia. Th
es of Siberian exiles.
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and furnish a certai
of the government,
what they please in
can never leave it, a
enrolled as soldiers
of Tartary. The Bar
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torn from him and
government schools,
shines. His wife, th