

VOL. IX.

POETRY.

O, LET US LOVE EACH OTHER.

O, let us love each other,
The little while we stay;
We cannot tell how soon from earth,
Some may be called away.
The flowers we love and cherish most,
Will all the sooner fade,
And by pale Autumn's ruthless hand,
In death's cold arms be laid;
And O, 'twould be a happy thought,
When gloom has overtaken,
That a kind smile and a tender word
We gave them to the last.

O, let us love each other.

O, let us love each other,
Forget each word unkind;
And let all thoughts save gentle ones;
Be banished from the mind;
Let no ungentle action come
To cause the bitter tear,
Remember, this is not our home,
That "we are exiles here";
Yes, exiles in a stranger land,
Far from our Father's hall,
And O, we need love's silken chain,
To bind us one in all.

A weedy pilgrimage 'twould be.

A weedy pilgrimage 'twould be,
As through the woods we rove,
Were we deprived of life's best gift;
Were we, strong and generous love,
Then let us love each other,
With a affection deep and fast;
Let a kind smile and a tender word,
Be given to the last.
If 'tis true we love each other,
Mid life's sunshine and its flowers,
Our attachment should be stronger in
Its sad and gloomy hours;
If the light of love is round us,
The sweetest time of us,
We should cling with closer tenderness by
The lone and sorrowing heart,
A gentle word hath magic power,
To heal the wounded heart,
And oft in an soul-speaking smile,
The tear will cease to start.
Then let us love more deeply,
Amid sorrow's chilling blast;
How sweet to think a tender word,
Was spoken to the last!

Alas! that anger, scorn and hate,

Alas! that anger, scorn and hate,
Should fill the human breast,
Till seek affection like the dove;
Can find no place of rest;
In this cold, unfeeling world,
O, not in the gem way;
No treasure that the earth can yield,
Will e'er in loss repay,
How can we ever fitted be,
To dwell in heaven above,
Where all is radiant with love's smile,
And God himself is love,
If we in coldness turn away,
When human we see,
It were but just to God to say;
"This is no place for thee."
Then let us love each other, till
Life's smiles and tears are past,
That surrounded by love's parent beams,
We may meet in heaven at last.

Sabbath Reading.

THE WIDOW'S LAST LOAF.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

Sir—Many a noble deed is quiet, poverty in never-fading earth. Let me rescue one too good to be lost. In dark scenes to come, it may waken some messenger of mercy, or cheer some broken heart.

At the close of a long, hard winter, more than two years since, we were summoned from the institution one morning, past liquor stores, junk-shops, and fish-carts, to one of those rambling tenements in the Tower of Babel, a real tenement house in the low regions between the Five Points and the Bowery. In a small chamber, set over in misery, was the patient. She was the young widow mother of four helpless little ones, a delicate, delicate woman, best as with suffering, with brown hair, eyes red with weeping, and thin, pale features, once handsome, but then the picture of despair. Given up to die, as the doctor said, she only wished to save a Coroner's request. "She had neither flush nor cough, neither fever nor consumption. A horrible suspicion flared. It appeared, on enquiry, that she lived by sewing; that she was of no wealthy church to help her, but only of a little Tract Mission; and that, after her rent was paid, she had left from her scanty earnings less than five cents a day, for each, in these expensive times, to clothe, warm and feed five persons. Except an occasional better meal from friends, without meat, butter, or vegetables, she had lived at times for months on dry bread. Modest to a fault, she would die rather than beg. There she was, the very "shadow" of the "Song of the Shirt."

At length, forgetfully, there was suggested her "nourishing food." It was too much. She answered with a gush of tears, and a fond look at her children, like that a consumptive mother gives in parting. Just as Arctic or African travellers, long famished on scanty food, at last faint to rise no more, in the fleshy of a great city, she was sinking of gradual starvation.

Some kind ladies nursed her to life, and helped to win her history. It was full of sadness. Left early a lone orphan, she had suffered sacrificed the good will of her friends, and some property expectations, in her marriage; and the young couple had left their home in a distant resort to busy their lives in New York. Misfortunes had followed. Just before the birth of their fourth child, her husband had gone to New Orleans for employment, where, delirious with fever, and unable to send a message, he had died in a day after his arrival, leaving his destitute family in a dark New York basement, one hour of his late for months, and woe-wringing his poor dead father did not write and send them money. The embryo died on the hearth, and the last crust was gone. There a gloomy day followed. Her little boys, raving like the children of Ulysses in their rage, and crazed by crying for bread. Her husband, who had died to die in a maniac delirium, she said. It was a dark night. By the dim light, she saw on the mantle a cup of poison ready mixed. She tried to nerve herself to give, and drink, and quit it. She went back with a shudder, she pressed for delivery, but she thought for the last time, suddenly a knock was heard at the door,

Ignorant of what was passing, but with a strange impression of something wrong in the room, a Ward Missionary of the City Tract Society, the Rev. Mr. L., accidentally calling late about, groped his way to the basement below. All the good he felt for a charge in the country all was changed for the better. Then, by a sort of fatality, time after time, came long sickness and sore trials, relieved so far as they were known, by the unsought, kind attentions, and modest public appeals of her best friends, for years, the ladies to die at home for the friendless. But she grew weary of troubling. To one so sensitive it was easier to fast than to beg, easier to hide than to complain.

Three sorrowful years were passed from the poison scene to the time of our first visit, and the commencement of our story. Once more she had given up to die—alone in the dark hour before dawn. Friends were enlisted, and for many months she was kindly watched. They discovered that she had long borne an exemplary character; and that, amid threatening Sabbath carousals in the Sixth Ward, she might sometimes be seen pale and weary, climbing fifty tenements to die at home for the friendless. But she found her greatly agitated. It seemed that some time previous, while in want herself, she had searched out a destitute Irish family sick and starving and repeatedly interceded for them in vain with a neighbor of their church who could have helped them. He had promised but had forgotten. Sabbath morning came, but no relief. She had but one loaf left, and no money to buy more. With a struggle, such as only a mother can feel in taking bread from the mouths of her famished children, she cut her last loaf in two, and robbing her own, carried one half to feed those of another nation and faith.

Too late, her careless neighbor learned how painfully his omission had been supplied. Some time afterwards as he lay sick with dropsy, he remembered his fault, sent for this self-denying widow of another religion, and generously insisted on her accepting a small sum by way of atonement. And it was the solemn tender of the money in the hand of the dying man, and his ghastly features, and faint accents that had so overcome her.

Through her friend, the story soon spread. In France it was, she had won for her the famous medal for "Public Virtue." But with the genius of a commercial city, it was decided to honor her with the more useful present of a "Fancy Store," all furnished. A few gave from earlier sympathy, but three fourths of the capital, and the final success of the whole enterprise, depended on that noble act. The gentleman who carried her first subscription, said it was this that moved him, and that for weeks something whispered in his ear, "Half a loaf!" "Half a loaf!" Keen eyes in Wall street glistened with a tear at the tale. Her old friends of the Home were early in the field, and delicately appealed through their journal. Money came freely. It reminded one of the romantic origin of France's celebrated "Orphan House" at Halle. The carpenter, casemaker and printer were all donors. At bare cost the artist neighbor letted in gilt, on a neat hanging sign outside—"Mrs. E. L. Travers, Needle, Henry & Co. Fine Goods." Another, equally kind, wrote to a large card inside, "children's Toys cheap," and a third added a bright tablet with "Stationery." Five ladies in carriages distributed her cards. A poor old man with asthma, toiled all day, rose at the dawn of a summer morn as a gift to paint her window, and a noble creature, with luxury, spent weeks in his sick to make making fancy items, as he said, "to help the poor widow." The day she left the tenement house, and moved into her pleasant store, she wept tears of joy. She said "It was so strange!" She had secretly prayed to Heaven a whole year that her children might be kept from the vicious neighborhood.

Eighteen months have passed since her first venture in trade. All the mother has been roused. Her little shop is full of tasteful devices quiet Parisian. With special tenderness to the poor, she is kind and obliging to all. She is prudent, strictly honest, and willing to sell cheaply, and wait patiently for success. Before the financial crisis she was slowly gaining. She has striven in more trying seasons, till she has fainted from exhaustion; till, toiling by her dim light shining through crickets long after midnight, she has brought watchmen for burglars to her door; till pressing monthly bills have been paid by leaving off meat for dinner. These sacrifices have not deterred her. They have slightly dimmed her vision, the blind "drop seraph" of Milton or the amaraous of surgeons; and they have caused repeated and free raising of blood. They will probably keep out the sheriff, but we fear the undertaker.

About five minutes walk east from the Bowery, in a wide, newly opened street, on the south side, at the first corner from the common street, stands a neat yellow cottage, and stretching beneath the eaves is the sign, "Cheap Fancy Store." It has been filled with that "last loaf." We have dreamed that in the trials of a panic winter, the patronage of the good neighbors who may recognize the portrait, and its claims, may possibly turn the scale between the suffering that may destroy to live. Entirely without her knowledge, in simple humanity, we present this strange history for publication, partly as a prescription to keep off blindness and consumption. And the circle around her, to whom it is thus addressed, or any one else, can easily tell its entire truth.

A Wall street President said a leading firm in the "swamp," her neighbors, have kindly offered, as soon as this shall appear and be widely known, to save deeper questions that might wound her, by acting as references.

But for the large world beyond, we have treasured these incidents from real life, hoping that they may influence many who may never see the Heroine of the Half Loaf, or touch the hand that carried it to their hour night of hunger, and a prison cup were the rich to be relieved, that the "baked" and "ack" whom the Saviour remembered even in his vision of Judgment, may be famishing while his followers are sleeping. But the faith that started its own to lead the stranger, only to reap a reward no mortal could foresee, has for a witness, being a sublime march. As in a rainbow, shining dark clouds, as is inscribed, "Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

A preacher, wishing to explain to his congregation what a dangerous delusion those persons are in who seek salvation partly from their own works, and partly from the righteousness of Christ, said to them: "Supposing it is needful for you to cross a river, over which two planks are thrown. One is perfectly new; the other has been completely rotted away; you are sure to fall in the river. If you put one foot on the rotten plank it will be the same—you will certainly fall through and perish. So there is only one safe method left. Set both feet on the new plank.

The rotten plank is your unaided self-righteousness. He who trusts in it will perish without remedy. The new plank is the eternal saving righteousness of Christ, which came from Heaven, and is given to every one that believeth in him. Trusting in his righteousness, confide in his everlasting truth, and you shall be saved. For the Scripture saith, 'Whoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.'

THE LITTLE STAR-GAZER.

There was once a little child, with laughing eyes and flaxen hair, that loved the gay flowers, and oft at early morn or dusk of eve, he wandered forth and gathered the bright blossoms and half-escaped buds. He loved the stars too, and would sit and watch them as they twinkled in the blue sky, till while gazing he fell asleep. He had a sister once, but she sleeps within her little grave, where the weeping willow waves at every breeze, and the bright eye looks to God.

He believed the stars were God's little children, and he thought his sister was one of them, and the brightest he called by her name. He wondered she did not come nearer to him, and raise his flowers, for she loved them too.

One morn he plucked a blushing rose, all wet with dew, and bore it to his mother, saying, "the bright star that looks like you, sister, left a tear upon it; and he thought his sister wept because he was not there. That night he gazed more earnestly, and wished that he too, might be a star, and go and be with her.

Too soon the color faded from his cheek, and his little hand grew hot, and he could not stand and watch the stars. But it shone upon his bed, and he thought he should soon be near it.

The mother wept and pressed him to her bosom, for she knew that he must die, and he was very dear to her. But she said he would come and shine upon her, with his sister, and kiss her flowers, and then she would not weep.

There was a time when there was no church face upon the bed; but another little bed was made beneath the willow tree. Often, at eve, the mother watches the stars as she thinks of the loved, but absent ones.—*Oliver Branch.*

GETTING READY FOR HEAVEN.

"Mother," said a little four-year-old girl, the other day, "isn't it time for me to learn to fly?"

"Why do you want to learn to fly, my daughter?"

"Because I am going to Heaven some time, and the angels all fly there, and how could I play with them if I didn't know how to fly?"

The child was full of the idea of preparation for Heaven. She pressed her inquiries with earnestness and anxiety. It was hard to satisfy her, for we know not how soon she will be called to leave her earthly home, and to take flying lessons in order to be ready to fly herself among the angels.

Her question, simple and childish though it may be, may lead those older and wiser than she to profitable self-examination. We need spiritual preparation for the duties and employments of the spirit world, and we should be seeking it now, for we know not how soon we may be summoned thither. If we expect to be the companions of angels—to mingle with raptures in their holy services, and tie songs of praise, we ought to be learning daily all that we can of the themes which fill their hearts and employ their tongues.

Christians engrossed with worldly interests and cares, learn to look from the child's earnest inquiry: "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A GOOD-HUMORED REBUKE.

A certain good-natured old farmer preserved his constant good nature, let what would turn up. One day, while the black-tongue prevailed, it was told that one of his red oxen was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man, "well, he was always a breechy old fellow. Take off his hide and take it down to Fletcher's; it will bring the cash."

As he sat on the two man came back with the news, "Limeback and his mate are both dead."

"Are they?" said the old man, "well, I took them from B—, to save a bad debt, I never expected to get. Take the hides down to Fletcher's; they will be as good as cash."

In about an hour the man came to inform him that the "big hide was dead."

"Is he?" said the old man, "well, he was a very old ox. Take off the hide, and take it down to Fletcher's; it is worth more than any of the others."

Hereupon his wife, taking upon her the office of Eliphaz, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked him if he was not aware that his loss was a judgment from Heaven for his wickedness.

"Is it?" said the old man; "well, if they take judgments in cattle, it is the easiest way I can pay them."

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.

It is one great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about, give her an acquaintance with the actual world and its transpiring events.—Urge her to read the newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. The present world is our world, and it is our duty to know it, to know what it is and how to improve the condition of it. Let women have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain an intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times. Let the divided Annals and Poems on the counterpane keep a part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the family—men, women and children—all read the newspapers.

A TOUGHNESS INCIDENT OF THE EVENING IN NEW ORLEANS. A man kept a part of the present, the other day, for the consideration and ability of one of the Good Samaritans.

THE STANFIELD HALL MURDER.

The Manchester Examiner has an extraordinary statement in reference to the Stanfield Hall murders, for which Rush was hanged at Norwich in 1849. It states that a private letter, written at Gibraltar, and dated August 26, 1838, mentions that there is a person in the island who has committed the murder of the Jersey Family, upon his own confession, which is, that he was employed and paid by Rush to perpetrate the murder, and that he, and he only, fired the shots. It is, of course, adds the Examiner, impossible at present to form an accurate opinion, upon the point, in the absence of the man, the person who thus accuses himself, but it may be remarked that Rush declared from first to last, that he was not the actual person who committed the murders. In the extraordinary defence he made as the inquiry was drawing to a close, he said that two persons named Dick and Joe were the persons who committed the crime, and that he was only a third party. He would not mention who they were, but saying that they were the persons with whom he had been in constant communication with regard to the Jersey property, and that one of them claimed to be the rightful owner of the estates.

On being removed to his cell after he was condemned to death, he drew his chair toward the fire, sat down, and, rubbing his knees, remarked to the attendants—"This is a troublesome world, and I suppose I must die; but should the man who really committed the murders come forward and acknowledge his guilt, I would be glad to release him. I have declared that Dick and Joe would make confession in three years, and up to the present time it is a familiar phrase in Nor'olk, when alluding to the Stanfield Hall murders, that Dick and Joe have never yet come forward. Against this statement of Rush it is to be placed the emphatic declaration of the coroner, that the work was done in his house (Potash farm) at the time the murders took place, and Eliza Chetney distinctly swore to him as the person who fired at her. She said she knew him by his head, upon which Rush immediately exclaimed, "Did you see my head?" a remark which led strongly to the inference that it was he who committed the act. Besides, Eliza Chetney's husband was altogether so peculiar, that any one having seen him and observed his gait, could scarcely have failed in identifying him again. Notwithstanding his extraordinary disguises, which had been accurately described, when found buried behind Potash farm some weeks after the execution.

A PLEA FOR SHAMS.

We are living, we are told, in an age of "shams." "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" in a worse sense than Shakespeare's. The grand drama of life is literally, as the poet has said, "a play, and the players are all shams." To look upon its scenes as characters as realities, is, we are assured, the happy ignorance of childhood's first visit to the theatre; wisdom can only smile and envy us; it knows all the actors of the stage—can detect the wig and the tinsel, smells the lamps not unmarkedly, and has learned too much of the actor's history—behind the scenes—to feel much sympathy for virtue in distress. Yes, everything is a sham; "I shan, you shan, he shan;" this is the pattern verb of the New Universal Grammar. It is put forth by the authority of a formidable array of writers, who have gained, not undeservedly, much of the public ear. The greatest poet of the present age, the most popular writer of fiction, the most remarkable, if not the deepest, philosophical thinker of our day, unlike many moderns, all agree in this tone. It seems the great modern discovery in moral science; and, like other great discoveries, of doubtful authorship; the idea claims birth in more than one mind at once. Our post-laudate, with his deep melodious chime; "Rings out the fall, rings in the true."

Mr. Thackeray, with unflinching hand dissects our very vitals, and lays bare the ghastly ferment under the fair skin of *Vanity Fair*; "Boz" himself, heartiest and most genial of his craft in former days, has taken of late to a more earnest and unflinching, like his own immortal *Miggs*, over the wrongs of injured blackguardism, and the base deceptions of respectability. And last, and most terrible of all, Mr. Carlyle, who, as an old lady of our acquaintance tells us, very shocking language—calls our civil and ecclesiastical dignities "crowned, coroneted, shavel hatted quackery;" talks of our most distinguished systems as "wind bags," "cant," and "castles," and seems to lump his readers and the public generally, in terms more terse than flatterings, into two classes—"sham beavers and a velvet world." Each of these writers has discovered, he claims, that "the time is out of joint;" but not being blooded as the Danish philosopher's modesty, they rather glory in the announcement that they were "born to set it right."

Of the poet, we will not complain. His vocation gives him a license to see things as generalities, to other eyes than common men; either all in one, or all in two, or all in three, as suits his temperament or his fancy. We have no right to be him down to facts, or to confine his prophecies by the rules of

logic. The days are past when the vates were priest and prophet as well as bard. The poet is to live, and the philosophy he proclaims. Society in general does its thinking, for all practical purposes, in very plain prose. Englishmen will no more become dreamy mystics from reading Teasoyan, than they became misanthropical and insane from a course of Byron. A few young enthusiasts then, we can remember, wore tun down collars, dined (after a good luncheon) on potatoes and vinegar, affected hock and soda-water, and kept a skull on their chimney piece; but the public generally stuck to its roast beef and port, tied their chokers as tight as ever, and continued to use the old-fashioned drinking glasses. So the splendid mist in which the laureate shrouds his religious and social creed will find many imitators, for a while, among the young and the imaginative, but will leave very little trace upon the minds of his sincerest admirers. We read and admire Lucretius; but we have loved his science, and we do not trouble ourselves about his creed.

But with the novelist and the philosophical historian the case is different. Both have great influence upon the very large section of a reading public which is glad to take its opinions at second hand, to save itself the trouble of thinking. The writer of fiction will have most; if for no other reason, because he is easiest to understand. Mr. Carlyle's passionate invectives will weary nineteen readers out of twenty who take them up. And the essayist addresses at best a comparatively small circle. But the novelist, in our degenerate days, has usurped the poet's ground; and he has become the teacher of the multitude, either for good or evil. He gives you his religious or political creed in the form of a story, and skillfully wraps up a whole scheme of social regeneration in the adventures of his heroes and heroines. In fact the child steadily going novel readers must be "breathless interest" and "striking catastrophes." The change is very considerable, and not altogether for the better. We miss the interest, and are not much the better for the instruction; which, indeed, most conscientious novel readers judiciously skip as far as possible. Some years ago, I don't think that a young man would have been considered as not exercising a very strict and cautious right of selection; and certainly the style of some of the novels of that day abundantly justified the precaution. In these present days we have (shall we say a purer taste, or only a more sensitive propriety) than we had of old. The writers of fiction venture to offend against decency and morality. Still, the detestable censorship has not expired. Mammas and governesses, and other authorities, still feel it incumbent on them to censor the pretty young ladies who have it in their minds to read a novel, and to keep their children out of young people's way, or at all events to exercise a very strict and cautious right of selection; and certainly the style of some of the novels of that day abundantly justified the precaution. In these present days we have (shall we say a purer taste, or only a more sensitive propriety) than we had of old. The writers of fiction venture to offend against decency and morality. Still, the detestable censorship has not expired. Mammas and governesses, and other authorities, still feel it incumbent on them to censor the pretty young ladies who have it in their minds to read a novel, and to keep their children out of young people's way, or at all events to exercise a very strict and cautious right of selection; and certainly the style of some of the novels of that day abundantly justified the precaution. 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