

you better eat suthin'! You'll never hear the whippoorwills, if you don't! *I* ain't going to cut browst for you all winter!" *I* just took a chaw o' tobacco on the head of it, and says I '*I'll fix you!*' So *I* fenced in the little barrack where *I* had the raspberry *hay*, and made out as how *I* wasn't going to give 'em any of it; and whenever they broke over the fence, *I* run and hollered at 'em, and sot the dog on 'em, and made be-

lieve *I* was awful mad about it; and them critters had just enough human nature in 'em to eat up every bit o' that *hay*, slick and clean! There's nothing like a little *scheming* to get over prejudices! Now very likely," and his eyes twinkled with fun, "if *I*'d had that *coon* all nice roasted, as a present to the major, to entertain some of his military friends, you'd all 'a been begging a slice of it!"

THORWALDSEN'S LOVE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

I.

THE DEPARTURE.

"Bertel, is it kindly done,
After all the plighted troth
That hath been betwixt us both,
Thust to leave me sad and lone?"

"See this jewel that *I* wear,
'Tis the troth-pledge thou did'st give:
I will wear it while *I* live;
Ne'er will *I* that faith forswear.

"Dost thou mind thee of the eve—
Sweetest eve was ever known!—
When my heart became thine own?
How that heart this night doth grieve!

"But *I* will not keep thee here,
Though the way is far to Rome,*
And, 'Oh! when wilt thou come home?'
Asks my heart with boding fear.

"Nay, my Bertel, these weak fears
Must not come 'twixt thee and fame,
Thou wilt win a noble name;
See, *I* now dry up my tears.

"Go and dream thy glorious dreams,
Carve the wondrous visions bright,
Breaking on thy inner sight,
Radiant all with Heaven's own gleams.

"Woo and win thy true bride, Art;
Strike from out the marble cold,
Grandeur, beauty manifold;
Thine be fame's and fortune's part.

"But when dames of Italy—
Stately, high-born, fair of face—
Praise thy work to win thy grace,
Think of thine own Amalie.

"Oh, my Bertel, noble Dane,
When high fame shall thee betide,
Should'st thou wed a Southern bride—
Nay, *I* will not give thee pain.

"Oh, my heart's beloved one!
While the nations praise afar,
And thou shinest like a star,
Cold, remote and all alone,

"Think, 'neath Denmark's northern sky
One shall ever sigh to thee,
'Come, oh star, come down to me,
Come and love me, or *I* die!"

* Thorwaldsen was a year making the journey from Copenhagen to Rome, in consequence of shipwreck and delays.