

Snow over head, and snow under feet—  
Snow in the country—snow in the town,  
Silently, silently sinking down ;  
Everywhere, everywhere fast-falling snow,  
Dazzling the eyes with its crystalline glow !

## II.

Snow, snow—beautiful snow !  
How the bells ring o'er the fresh-fallen snow !  
How the bells ring, as the sleighs come and go !  
Happy-heart voices peal out on the air,  
Joy takes the reins from the dull hand of care ;  
Singing and laughter, and innocent mirth,  
Seem from this beautiful snow to have birth.

## III.

Pure, pure, glittering snow !  
Oh ! to look at it and think of the woe,  
Hidden, to-night, 'neath this mantle of snow !  
Oh ! but to think of the tears that are shed  
Over the snow-covered graves of the dead !  
Aye, and the anguish, more hopeless and keen,  
That yearneth in silence o'er what might have been !

## IV.

Snow, snow—chilling, white snow !  
Who, as he glides through the bustling street,  
Would care to follow the hurrying feet,  
Crushing beneath them the chilling, white snow—  
Bearing up, fiercely, their burden of woe,  
Till, weary and hopeless, they enter in,  
Where food and fire are the wages of sin ?

## V.

Snow, snow—wide-spreading snow !  
No haunt is so cheerless, but there it can fall,  
Like the mantle of charity, covering all :  
Want, with its suffering—sin, with its shame ;  
In its purity breathing the thrice-blessed name  
Of one who, on earth, in sorrow could say—  
“The sinning and poor are with you alway.”

## VI.

Oh ! brothers who stand secure in the right ;  
Oh ! sisters with fingers so dainty and white ;  
Think, as you look on the fast-falling snow ;  
Think, as you look at the beautiful snow ;  
Pure, pure—glittering snow—chilling, white snow ;  
Think of the want, and the sin, and the woe,  
Crouching, to night, 'neath the wide-spreading snow !

## VII.

Give of your plenty to God's suffering poor,  
Turn not the lost one away from your door :  
For his poor He prepareth blest mansions on high ;  
Rich in faith, they inherit bright crowns in the sky.  
The lost ones, though sunken never so low,  
Christ's blood can make them all whiter than snow ;  
Pure, pure—glittering snow—beautiful snow.

JENNIE E. HAIGHT.

## 2. HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

The London (Eng.) *Times* recently censured the Queen for persisting in mourning for His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and her visit to Cobourg. The New York *Express* thinks differently of the matter, and speaks as follows :—

“Her Majesty, on this occasion, was surrounded by her children, and the scene, as portrayed by eye witnesses, was one of the most beautiful and touching description. It was characteristic of Queen Victoria that, it having been intimated to her that more than one royal personage was desirous of being present, she replied the occasion being one of strictly domestic interest, the presence of stranger, would be unacceptable. There was a touch of the wife and mother in this reply now, as well as of ‘Her Majesty’ the Queen. These few but expressive words, on such an occasion, we think, afford a key to the salient points of her character—an ardent attachment to home, a constant longing after domestic tranquillity, a motherly love for her offspring, with their counterparts, a dislike of ostentatious display, and a positive aversion to the pomp and pageantry of public life. These certainly are not qualities which respond to the popular conception of the regal magnificence, or the awe-inspiring splendors of the first Court in Christendom, but, nevertheless, they are something better and higher ; they are the inspirers of real love

on the part of her subjects, and of respect of all the world else. These, we believe, are possessed by the Queen of England to-day to a degree entirely unknown heretofore, to any, even the most beloved, of the long line of her ‘illustrious predecessors.’ If the historian of her reign will have nothing brilliant to record, he will at least have the satisfaction of bearing testimony to this truth, that her subjects were contented and happy. Conspiracies, or rebellions, against her authority, he will have to add, were things unknown—for with everybody contented with her mild sway, nobody has had any provocation to, or pretence for, seeking to shake it off. The annalist of her times, however, will find little of the picturesque or the brilliant to illuminate his story. The inventive genius of a Macaulay or a Thackeray even would be at his wit's end to discover a Court scandal, such as was associated with the butterflies who fluttered around the ‘glorious Queen Anne,’ or obscured the reigns of the Georges. Brilliant Court receptions, grand levees, dazzling pageants will be rare—and there will be scope therefore but for the driest and prosiest delineations of every-day life at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. But if the annalists of such a reign will fail to captivate the senses or please the mere admirer of earthly vanities, we suspect these will not be wanting in charms for those who can admire virtue in high places—or place a becoming value upon a noble example. To know the real character of such a Sovereign, one must look away from the glittering palace life of Windsor and London to the secluded dales and mountain nooks of the highlands of Scotland—to the little village church of the Rev. Mr. Caird—to her numerous unostentatious charities—and to that rigid seclusion to which we have referred, of all but the members of her own family from the recent tribute of affection, to the memory of a husband and a father, at Cobourg. In short, to be good rather than to be great—as the world esteemeth greatness—seems to have been, and to be, the aim of Victoria's life, in public and in private. Hence, in speaking of her, one is inclined to think much less of the Queen than the woman, the wife, and the mother.”

## 3. THE QUEEN AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

The Paris correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, after announcing Queen Victoria's departure for Germany, relates this piece of gossip : “Before leaving, she took a fancy to spinning, and ordered a mechanic of Spitalfields to make her a spinning wheel. He finished one of so exquisite workmanship, that she ordered one for each of her palaces and castles. The good royal matron resumes the occupation of the simple ladies of old and unaffected times, and, be sure, her example will not be lost on the crinolined and jewelled ladies of our age. The inclinations and fancies of queens dictate the fashion at the spinning wheel as well as the court toilet.”

## 4. THE CONFEDERATE SURRENDER.

Immediately that General Lee was seen riding to the rear, dressed more gaily than usual, and begirt with his sword, the rumor of the imminent surrender flew like wildfire through the Confederates. It might be imagined that an army which had drawn its last regular rations on the first of April, and harassed incessantly by night and day, and been marching and fighting until the morning of the 9th, would have welcomed anything like a termination of its sufferings, let it come in what form it might. Let those who idly imagine that the finer feelings are the prerogative of what are called the ‘upper classes,’ learn from this and similar scenes to appreciate ‘common men.’ As the great Confederate captain rode back from his interview with General Grant, the news of the surrender acquired shape and consistency, and could no longer be denied. The effect on the worn and battered troops, some of which had fought since April 1861, and (sparse survivors hecatombs of fallen comrades) had passed unscathed through such hurricanes of shot as within four years no other men had ever experienced—passes mortal description. Whole lines of battle rushed up to their beloved old chief, and choking with emotion, broke ranks and struggled with each other to wring him once more by the hand. Men who had fought throughout the war, and knew what the agony and humiliation of that moment must be to him, strove with a refinement of unselfishness and tenderness which he alone could fully appreciate, to lighten his burden and mitigate his pain. With tears pouring down both cheeks, General Lee at length commanded voice enough to say, “Men” we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you.” Not an eye that looked on that scene was dry. Nor was this the emotion of sickly sentimentalist, but of rough and rugged men familiar with hardship, danger, and death in a thousand shapes, mastered by sympathy and feeling for another which they had never experienced on their own account. I know of no other passage of military history so touching, unless, of the melo-dramatic coloring which French historians have loved to shed over the scene, it can be found in the *Adieux de Fontaineblau*.—*Fortnightly Review*.