

"DROWNED, DROWNED!"

"One more unfortunate
Weary of breath
Rashly importunate
Gone to her death!"

She stood upon the bridge and gazed into the deep
below,
She heeded not the hasty tread of hurriers to and
fro.

Near her were beggars in their rags, and men of
high degree,
Some hastening on to happy homes, some home-
less even as she,
Their garments touched her as they passed, she
saw or heeded none,
Amid ten thousand beating hearts, her sick heart
beat alone!

A poet tells us, trifles have a fearful power to
bring
Back like a flood, upon the heart the thoughts
which it would fling
Aside forever, and it is in vain we try to still
Their voices, for they go not, as they come not at
our will.

One backward glance reveals to us, our history
writ in tears,
And in one short hour we struggle with the agony
of years.

She had no thoughts of other days, she dreamed
not of the past,
A trifle—and old memories come crowding thick
and fast,
A child sat singing on the steps, an old song soft
and low,
She had heard her mother sing it last, years, long
years ago.
And through the crowd she madly rushed, nor
paused she till she stood
Upon the bridge with one wild wish, to plunge
beneath the flood.

Sullen and foul the waters rolled, that once so
clear and bright,
Came dancing down the mountain side, or burst
into the light,
From hidden springs in quiet dells, then calmly
wound their way,
Mid pleasant fields and happy homes through
many a summer day,
And she shuddered loathingly to think how her
life from first to last,
Was unblest by that once bright wave, now
rolling darkly past.

Then came a wild wish to recall the past, a glim-
mering thought,

That even by one so lost as she, repentance might
be sought!—

In vain—she was alone—alone! None pitied, all
might blame,

She knew suspicion, scorn, and hate, were hers,
and then there came

A sense of wrong, guilt, shame, remorse, fear
agony, despair!

Oh, God! to think that one poor heart should have
so much to bear.

She might not bear it, human hearts were never
made to bear

Such woe, there rose one stifled cry, half formed
into a prayer,

Then a fierce impulse to be gone, a madness to be
hurled

To death, to darkness, anywhere, out of a weary
world!—

The hand that clasped the iron rail relaxed.—A
sudden spring,

The morrow comes, they drew her forth, a dead,
polluted thing.

Eastern Townships. H——h.

ANECDOTE OF FIELD AND HUMMEL.—A stranger
once called upon John Field, the celebrated pian-
ist, (who resided many years in Moscow, and died
there,) pretending to be a passionate lover of
music, and stating that he could not leave Mos-
cow without having heard the celebrated master,
Field, perform.

Field, somewhat flattered by this mark of at-
tention from a stranger, sat immediately down to
the piano, and played with exquisite grace one of
his beautiful capricci. The stranger thanked him
again and again, declaring that he never had heard
the piano played with such ease and precision.

Field, not having much opinion of the stranger,
still out of politeness, asked him to play some-
thing. His request was faintly refused, but Field
persisted, and the stranger seated himself at the
piano.

Without any prelude the stranger took up the
same theme which Field had just been playing,
and extemporized upon it in the most masterly
manner; treating it in every possible way, and
embellishing it with the most exquisitely beauti-
ful and fascinating variations.

Field stood for some time as one amazed, when
suddenly bursting into tears, he seized the head
of the performer from behind, and kissing him, he
exclaimed with great emotion, "You are Hummel,
for Hummel is the only man in the world who
could extemporize in such a manner!" And Hum-
mel had great difficulty in extricating himself
from the hands of his admirer, in order to em-
brace him.