

## POETRY.

## GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in summer time  
Is beautiful to me,  
And glorious the many stars  
That glimmer on the sea;  
But gentle words and loving hearts  
Are better than the brightest flowers,  
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew, the dawning flower,  
And eyes grow bright, and watch the light  
Of Autumn's opening hour;  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer sun,  
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,  
With its sad lot and pain,  
And gold or gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But oh! it is the words that round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth.

## MY WORKING GIRL.

Oh! say you not my working girl,  
In passing reader street,  
With rows that upon her cheeks,  
And dress so plain and neat;  
Her tiny hands are snowy white,  
And softly black her hair;  
Her eyes are like two stars at night,  
Her skin is like a fair;  
Oh! say ye not, &c.

Each morn' I see my working girl,  
Throughout the living year,  
As she goes tripping to her toil,  
A mother's heart to cheer;  
God bless my little working girl,  
And shield her from all harm;  
Let her be ever cheerful and true,  
Now faithful, good and warm.

Oh! say ye not, &c.

## PRESENTIMENTS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1847.  
The following beautiful effusion, was written by  
the late Miss Herbert, whose demise we noticed a  
few weeks since. The gifted author did not live  
to complete the year.

Yes, I am here—  
I am here with your smiling throng to-day,  
But, when returns the joyous year,  
I shall be far away.

Ye shall not hear my voice,  
Your eyes shall not meet mine, in answering  
smile;  
And yet I should not have a check your joys,  
To know we read in earth.

For though, upon my bed—  
My lowly bed—the snow-clothing lies—  
My soul, ye shall remember, is not dead,  
But dwells in the skies.

And ye shall smile to know,  
That my weak spirit hath no more to bear,  
The burden of temptation, sin, and woe,  
Which all the living share.

Joy for the quiet dead,  
Bless for the early summoned to the skies,  
Let not, above her grave, your tears be shed,  
Or selfish sorrow rise.

But faithful wait your time,  
And, living, bear in mind the dying hour,  
Then, dear ones, meet me in the happy clime,  
Where death no more has power. S. H.

## WITNESSES.

Mrs. Catherine Thorne having left her husband's  
bed of boards, anticipates his death, and is  
by the following card—

To the Public—Having long since determined  
to quit my present husband, Jedediah Thorne,  
I have this day acted in accordance to my resolution  
and left him, as I trust, forever, unless God in his  
mercy should bring him back to me in another  
state—I don't mean in the United States, nor  
in a holy state, for in such I never lived—but in a  
heavenly state. My husband threatened to ad-

verse me, if I left him, and I presume he will  
leave his throat unaccompanied, and therefore,  
I make this statement, that the public may be  
furnished with both sides of the question at the same  
time, and I am thereby able to judge between us.  
My reputation is dear to me, inasmuch as it cost  
me no trifling amount to get what I am possessed  
of.

The index the house he took me to, which  
we were first met, he had told me so many stories  
about it, that I thought it had at least three stories;  
and it was all a mere story. He had promised me  
furniture, and a bed, and a table, but he had not  
brought them with him. He had not a chair, and  
he had never furnished me with a stool, except  
the stool of repentance. I never drank from  
a cup, except the cup of sorrow. There was not  
a window in the house except in winter, and then  
there was a window in the house except in winter,  
and then there was a window in the house except  
in winter.

He was always complaining that I took him upon  
myself, which heaven knows he is the father of  
every evil I have.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for December.]

## MILDRED—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

The town of Wimborne, in Dorsetshire,  
boasts the possession of a very ancient eccle-  
siastical church, dignified with the title of  
Minster, but with this exception, is as utterly  
devoid, we believe, of all interest to the tra-  
veller, as any of the numerous country towns  
which he rapidly passes through, and so glibly  
quits, wondering for the moment how it is  
that any one can possibly consent to be left  
behind in it. He who has journeyed from  
Southampton to Poole, will remember, from  
the circumstances that he has passed through  
the same narrow streets, by which he en-  
tered it, his road not passing directly through  
but forming an angle at this point. He will  
call to mind what appeared an unaccountable  
turning and twisting about of the coach, whilst  
the horses were being changed, and a mo-  
mentary alarm at finding that he was retrac-  
ing his steps; he will remember the two  
massive square towers of the old church, per-  
ching above the roofs of the houses; and this  
is all that he will know, of the town of Wim-  
borne.

If, however, the traveller should be set  
down in this quiet place, and be compelled to  
wait there half a day for the arrival of some  
other coach to carry him to his destination,  
he will probably find away his time by a vi-  
sit to its antique and venerable church; and  
after climbing, by the dark and narrow stair-  
case, to the top of one of its towers, he will  
be somewhat surprised to find himself in a  
library! A small square room is fitted up  
with shelves, where a number of books are  
deposited, and the centre is occupied by a  
large reading-desk, and a massive oak table,  
apparently coeval with the tower itself, and  
which was probably placed there before the  
roof was put on, since it never could have  
been introduced by the stairs or through the  
window. It is no modern library, be it un-  
derstood—a very reading-room connected with  
the Sunday school of the place; they are old  
books, black-letter quartos, illuminated mis-  
sals, now dark and mouldy, and whose parch-  
ment has acquired no pleasant odour from  
age. By no means is it a circulating library,  
for some of the books are still chained to the  
reading-desk; and many more have their  
iron chains, twisted about them, by which  
they, in their turn, were bound to the desk.

If the traveller should not be favoured with  
that antiquarian taste which finds a charm in  
deciphering, out of mouldy and black-letter  
volumes, what would not be worth his perusal  
in the most luxurious type of modern days,  
he will at least derive some pleasure from  
opening the little windows of the tower, and  
inhaling the fresh breeze, that will blow in  
upon him, and in looking over an extensive  
prospect of green meadows, with their little  
river meandering about in them. It must  
have formed a pleasant retreat at one time to  
the two or three learned clerks, or minor  
canons, or neighbouring monks or friars—who  
may be sure there were never many of such  
students—who used to climb this turret for  
their morning or their evening lucubrations.  
Some time student who had, perhaps for  
some time centuries, frequented it—and she  
brought her own books with her, and was  
very unlike either learned clerk, or monk, or  
friar—was Mildred Willoughby. She used  
to delight in a quiet solitude of extreme youth  
—to bring the book she was perusing from  
her own comfortable parlour, to climb up with  
it to this solitary height, and there read it  
alone. She had no difficulty in obtaining  
from the parish-clerk permission to be left in  
this chosen solitude—to draw the one wood-  
en chair it possessed to the window, and there  
to sit, and read, or muse, or look upon the  
landscape, just as long as she pleased. It  
did not very frequently happen that this func-  
tionary was called upon to exhibit the old  
tower to the curiosity of strangers; but it  
this occurred whilst she was thus occupied,  
she would rise from her seat, and for a mo-  
ment put on the air of a visitor also—walk

slowly round the room, looking at the backs  
of the books, or out of the window at the pros-  
pect, as if she saw them for the first time;  
and when the company had retired (and  
there was little to detain them long), would  
quietly return to her chair, her study, or her  
revery.

One reason she might have given beside  
the romantic and pensive mood it inspired,  
for her choice of this retreat—the charm of  
being alone. Nothing could be more quiet  
to look at the exterior—than the house she  
called her home. It stood at the extremity  
of the town, protected from the road by its  
own neat enclosure of turf and gravel-walk—  
surely as remote from every species of dis-  
turbance or excitement as the most devoted  
student could desire. We question even  
whether a barred organ or a hurdy-gurdy was  
ever known to commit an outrage upon its  
tranquillity; and for its interior, were not  
Mr. and Miss Bloomfield (they were brother  
and sister, uncle and aunt of Mildred) the  
most staid, orderly, methodical persons in the  
world! Did not the lucid uncle cover  
every part of the house, and the kitchen stairs  
in particular, with a black carpet, in order that  
the footsteps of John and the maid should not  
disquiet him? The very appearance of the  
garden, both before and behind the house, was  
sufficient to show how orderly a genius presided  
over it. Could box be cut more neatly,  
or gravel-walk be kept cleaner? You saw a  
tall lance-like instrument standing by the steps  
of the back-door, its constant place. With  
this Mr. Bloomfield frequently made the cir-  
cuit of his garden, but with no hostile pur-  
poses; he merely transfixed with it the dry  
leaves for the splinters of wood that had stray-  
ed upon his gravel, carrying them off in tri-  
umph to a neat wooden receptacle, where  
they were both imprisoned and preserved.  
And Miss Bloomfield, she also was one of the  
most amiable of women, and as attached to a  
quiet and orderly house as her brother. Nei-  
ther could any two persons be more kind, or  
more fond of their home, than they were.  
But it was from this very kindness, this very  
fondness, that Mildred found it so pleasant  
times to escape. Her aunt, especially, was  
willing to grant her any indulgence but that  
of being alone. This her love for her mother  
and her love of talking, would rarely permit.  
Neither could Mildred very gracefully per-  
form this unbecoming privilege. In youth,  
nothing is so delightful as solitude, especially  
when it is procured by stealth, by some subtle  
contrivance; some fiction or pretence; and  
many a time did her aunt find it necessary to  
pursue Mildred to her own chamber, and man-  
y a time did she bring her down into the par-  
lour, repeating, with unfeigned surprise, and  
a tone of gentle complaint the always unan-  
swerable question—what she could be doing  
so long in her own room? Therefore it was  
that she was fain to steal out alone—take her  
walk through the church-yard, across the  
tower, enter its little library, and plant her  
self at last in an hour of solitary  
reading or thinking.

Mildred Willoughby was born in India,  
and her parents (the greatest misery attendant  
upon a residence in that climate) were com-  
pelled to send her to England to be reared,  
as well as educated. She had been placed  
under the care of her uncle and aunt. These  
had always continued to live together—lacked  
her and spent her. As their united incomes  
enabled them to surround themselves with  
every comfort and personal luxury, and as  
they were now of a very mature age, it was  
no longer considered to be in the chapter of  
probabilities that either of them would change  
their condition. Miss Bloomfield, in her  
youth, was accounted a beauty—the belle of  
Wimborne; and we may be sure that per-  
sonal charms, a very amiable disposition, and  
a considerable fortune, could not fail to bring  
her numerous admirers and suitors. But her  
extreme placidity of temper no passion seem-  
ever to have ruffled; and it did so happens  
that though her hand had often been solicited,  
no opportunity of marriage had been offered  
to her which would not have put in jeopardy  
some of those comforts and indulgences to  
which she was habituated. She was pleased  
with the attentions of gentlemen, and was  
studious to attract them; but there was no  
in that word *love* which could have com-  
pensated for the loss of her favorite attendants  
for that pretty little carriage that drew her  
about the country.

As for Mr. Bloomfield, it was generally  
supposed that he had suffered from more than  
one tender disappointment, having always had  
the misfortune to fix his affections just where  
they could not be returned. But who knew  
him well would say, that Josiah Bloomfield  
was, in fact, too timid and irresolute a man  
ever to have married—that being himself con-  
scious of this, yet courting, at the same time,  
the excitement of a tender passion, he invari-  
ably made love where he was sure to be re-  
jected. Many a fascinating girl came before  
him, whom he might have won, from whom  
society, for this very reason, he quietly with-  
drew, to carry his sighs to some quarter where  
a previous engagement or some other obstacle  
was sure to procure him a denial. He thus  
had all the pleasing pangs of wooing, and re-  
ceived the credit for great sensibility, whilst he

hugged himself in the safe felicity of a single  
life. By this time a more confirmed or obdurate  
bachelor did not exist; yet he was pleas-  
ed to be thought to waver, and would  
from time to time endeavour to exert compas-  
sion by remonstrating with the suffering; he had  
endured from thwarted affection.

Two small herons, the little he supposed,  
were at first somewhat alarmed at the idea of  
being taken into a spirit establishment, a little girl  
about four or five years old. Indeed, they had  
in the first instance, only so far agreed to take  
charge of her as to find her a fit school—to  
receive her at holidays; and, in this distant  
manner, superintend her education. But Mil-  
dred proved so quiet, so tractable, and so  
cheerful a child, that they soon resolved to  
depart from this plan. She had not been long  
in the house before it would have been a great  
distress to both of them to have parted with  
her. It was determined that she should reside  
permanently with them, and that the remain-  
der, received from India should be employed  
in obtaining the very best masters that could  
be procured from Bath or Exeter. Mr. Bloom-  
field, found in the superintendence of Mil-  
dred's education, an employment which made  
the day half as short as it had ever been before.  
He was himself a man of letters, and he  
had at least a very large store of knowledge;  
Mildred, who had now arrived at the age of  
fifteen, had already begun to penetrate.

And books—her music—&c., a few friends,  
more distinguished by good-breeding and  
good-nature than by any vivacity of mind,  
were all the world of Mildred Willoughby,  
and it was a world that seemed little  
probability of her growing beyond. It had  
been expected that about this time she should  
have returned to India to her parents; but  
her mother had died, and her father had ex-  
pressed no wish that she should be sent out  
so long. On the contrary, beyond certain pe-  
cuniary remittances, and these came through  
an agent's hands, there was nothing to testify  
that he bore any remembrance of his daughter.  
Of her father, very contradictory reports  
had reached her; some said that he had  
married, and had formed an engagement  
of which he was not very proud; others that  
he had quitted the service, and was now tra-  
velling, no one knew where, about the world.  
At all events, he appeared to have forgotten  
that he had a daughter in England; and  
Mildred was almost justified in considering  
herself—as she did in her more melancholy  
moments—as in fact an orphan, thrown upon  
the care of an uncle and aunt, and dependant  
almost entirely upon them.

One fine summer's day, as she was enjoy-  
ing her solitary life in the minster tower,  
a visitor had been allowed to grope up his way  
unattended into its antique library. On en-  
tering, he was not a little startled to see be-  
fore him in this depository of mouldering litera-  
ture a blooming girl in all the freshness and  
beauty of extreme youth. He hesitated a  
moment whether to approach and disturb so  
charming a vision. But, indeed, the visitor  
was very soon disturbed. For Mildred, on  
her side, was still more startled at this en-  
trance, alone and suddenly, of a very hand-  
some young man—for such the stranger was,  
and blushed deeply as she rose from her chair  
and attempted to play as usual the part of a  
recalcitrant. He bowed—what could he  
less do—and made some apology for his having  
started her by his abrupt entrance.

The stranger's manner was so quiet and  
unassuming, that the timidity of Mildred  
soon disappeared, and before she had time to  
think what was most proper to do, she found  
herself in a very interesting conversation with  
one who, as it were, was as intelligent as he  
was well-bred and good-looking. She had  
left her book in her hurry to rise. He  
picked it up, and as he held the elegantly  
bound volume in his hand, which ludicrously  
contrasted with the mouldy and black-letter  
quartos that surrounded them, he asked with  
a smile, on which she felt he was to deposit it,  
"This fruit," said he, "came from another  
orchard." And seeing the title at the back,  
he added, "I think I might have expected to  
find in a young lady's hand, but I should have  
looked for a Tasso, not an Alfieri."

"Yes," she replied gaily, "I discovered  
reading in this old turret ought to have a  
book of chivalry in her hands. I have read  
Tasso, but I do not prefer him; Alfieri pre-  
sents me quite as much as Tasso with new  
world to live in, and it is a more real world.  
I seem to be learning from him the real feel-  
ings of men."

These remarks were manifestly struck by this  
kind of observation from one so young, and  
still more by the simple and unpretending  
manner in which it was uttered. Mildred  
had not the remotest idea of talking criticism,  
she was merely expressing her own unaffected  
partialities. He would have been happy to  
prolong the conversation, but the clock re-  
minded her that her aunt was waiting for her  
in the parlour. She had missed her visitor as well  
as her book, for his visitor had purposely given  
him the slip, as all wise men invariably do  
at all decencies of whatever description. He  
at length took of his dignified retreat, and  
went into the library. His entrance interrupted  
her dialogue, and compelled the stranger to re-  
turn very soon afterwards to retreat. He made

his bow to the fair lady of the tower and de-  
scended.

Mildred read very little more that day, and  
if she lingered somewhat longer in meditation  
her thoughts had less connexion than ever  
with antiquities of any kind. She decid-  
edly took her way home. The proba-  
bility that she might meet the stranger in pass-  
ing through the town—all that there was no  
doubt, disagreeable in the thought—made her  
walk with unusual rapidity, and bend her  
eyes persistently upon the ground. The  
consequence of which was, that in turning  
the corner of a street which she passed almost  
every day of her life, she contrived to en-  
counter her dress in some of the interesting  
hardware of the principal ironmonger of the place,  
who, for the greater convenience of the inha-  
bitants, was accustomed to advance his array  
of stoves and shovels far upon the pavement,  
and almost before their feet. As she turned  
and stooped to disengage her dress, she found  
that relief and rescue were already at hand.  
The stranger knight, who had come an age  
too late to release her as a captive from the  
tower, was affording the best assistance he  
could to extricate her from entanglement with  
a kitchen range. Some ludicrous idea of this  
kind occurred to both at the same time—their  
eyes met with a smile—and their hands had  
very nearly encountered as they both bent  
over the taunting mischief. The task, how-  
ever, was achieved, and a very gracious thank  
you, from one of the most musical voices  
rejoiced the stranger for his gallantry.

That evening Mildred happened to be sit-  
ting near the window—it must have been the  
mezzanine floor—the very rarely occupied  
part of the tower—as the Bath coach-passed  
their gates. A gentleman, seated on the coach,  
appeared to recognize her—at least he  
looked as if he did so—he passed at the  
same time—and what if it were? Evidently  
he was a more passer-by, who had been de-  
tained in the town a few hours, waiting for this  
coach. Would he never even think again of  
the town of Wimborne, of its old minster,  
of its tower—and the girl he surprised sitting  
there, in its little antique library.

## LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

A CAPITAL STORY.

A Correspondent of the *Knickerbocker*  
Magazine, relates the following amusing an-  
ecdote, which actually took place in the town  
of M—, in Ohio, two years ago. It  
would have made even the late Isaac Hicks  
laugh at a solemn meeting on "Seventh-day."  
"Former" had two daughters, very interest-  
ing young ladies, yet in their teens, who  
were quite romanced in their notions. The  
father was an aristocratic member of the Bar,  
and of course was very particular  
as to the "company" his girls should keep.  
Now it happened that these two pretty girls  
became acquainted with a couple of young bucks  
who lived in an adjoining village, and to use a  
common phrase, took quite a shine to each other.  
The old gentleman was very much offend-  
ed as he intended to match his daughters him-  
self. But was no use talking to them; while  
week after week wore away, and found the  
young men constant visitors.

At length, in order to enforce obedience, the  
old man found himself driven to the necessity  
of locking up the foolish children, who had  
presumed without his consent to fall in love  
with a couple of tradesmen. The two girls  
were accordingly confined Sunday afternoon  
in the back, led-room, in the second story,  
which looked out the barn-yard; a very roman-  
tic lock-out. Under the window was a pile  
of stone, which had been left after repairing  
the cellar-wall in that corner. For two or  
three successive Sabbath evenings, the usual  
period of visiting these inmates, the lovers  
had climbed, by means of the sheets of the bed  
which were let down from the window by the  
heroic girls up to the apartment of their im-  
prisoned lovers and from night fall until day  
morning did revel in the ambrosial delight  
of love's young dreams. But his clandestine  
courtships could not be continued without be-  
ing at last discovered.

One lovely Sabbath just at twilight the  
father coming in from the barn saw there  
something rather ominous hanging out of the  
back window so he walked noiselessly around  
to ascertain the nature of it. There hung  
the fatal flag of surrender and the old man  
giving it a slight jerk, commenced the ascent.  
He was lifted gently from off his feet, and felt  
himself gradually rising in the world. "I was  
a very heavy weight, the daughters thought,  
and to tell the truth, it was a corpulent body  
corporate" at which they were hopefully wag-  
ging away. But lo! his head had reached the  
window-sill and now, just as his old wife  
that appeared above the window, his affection-  
ate daughters, dropped him like a hot potato  
and with something like the emphasis of a  
squashed apple-dumpling the old man came  
in instant contact with his wife and daughters  
who were all as much surprised as he was, and  
for all regarding the scene, the father  
and into the library. His entrance interrupted  
her dialogue, and compelled the stranger to re-  
turn very soon afterwards to retreat. He made