

Poetry.

A LABOR HYMN.

BY PHILIP O'NEIL.

From beautiful Wyoming,
And from Lackawanna's vale,
The labor men are marching,
And determined to prevail.

O, a glorious glad marching,
Is this marching of the free,
And a labor army chanting
The hymn of liberty.

O, see the sight entrancing,
Of these loyal men so true,
As they proudly marching
With human rights in view.

O, a glorious glad marching,
Is this marching of the free,
And the myriad voters chanting,
The hymn of liberty.

O, the citizens are forming,
By river, lake and stream,
Their hearts in union beating
To the grandeur of the theme.

O, the glorious glad marching,
Is this marching of the free,
And a hundred thousand chanting,
The hymn of liberty.

KIND THOUGHTS.

Let us cherish a memory for pleasant things,
And let all others go,
It is never by giving "tit for tat,"
That we touch the heart of a foe.

Forgive, forget, though the wrong be great
And your heart be stricken sore;
For thinking of trouble makes it worse,
And its pain, so much the more.

The heart is a garden, our thoughts the flowers
That spring into fruitful life;
Have a care that in sowing there fall no seed
From the weed of cruel strife.

Tales and Sketches.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE; OR, THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

CHAPTER I.

"Ah," said Frank, "do you remember how sadly the young poet we met at Arqua spoke upon this theme, and yet how warmly he prophesied that Italy should arise in power, and stand amongst the nations of Europe, once more pre-eminent in all those qualities which are the pride and boast of her decline."

"You remind me of the little episode which awaited me the following day, when I returned alone to the shades of Arqua; I think it might interest you."

"Oh, yes," answered Grace, to whom Ernest Travers seemed to have addressed himself in his last words; "we thank you for it, I am sure, and give you mute attention."

Mr. Travers bowed slightly. "You have heard Frank mention," he continued, "the young poet whose aspirations interested us so much, in their earnestness for the awakening of his country from the sloth of inaction, or for its restoration from the languor of decay; it was rather, however, the music of his words, than any knowledge we possessed of him, that led Frank then to name him a poet."

When I again saw him, the following morning, seeking, like myself, the quiet retirement of Arqua, I doubted not that Frank was right; for, unlike me, he had with him no book, and appeared there as if with no other intention than the full enjoyment of thoughts, which such a solitude was well calculated to encourage. We saluted, and, for a time, lost sight of each other. I had enjoyed, perhaps for some hours, the delightful, balmy coolness of that classic spot, and was in the act of putting up my books, previous to returning, when I perceived our young friend advancing towards me; he came, with many apologies, to entreat, he said, a favor from a stranger; he felt sure that no other than Petrarch could be the volume I held in my hand; his request was, that I would indulge him with the perusal of a sonnet his memory had proved deceptive in retaining. I gladly lent him the volume

he desired; with very apparent surprise, he perceived it was not the one I had been reading; quickly he found the lines he was in quest of, and perused them silently, with great rapidity; then turning towards me, he exclaimed, "Pardon, signor, but listen how exquisitely the great poet speaks here—proceeding to read aloud, with much grace and power, those beautiful words of Petrarch, beginning—

Chiaro, fresco, dolce, aequo.

I listened to him with pleasure, for there was a genuine favor in his voice and gesture which interested me much; his countenance was one of singular beauty—almost of a feminine loveliness, when lit by the expression of intense feeling which it then wore. I thanked him when he had concluded, and said, "How is it that you, who appear to be in the habit of spending so much time here, are without the means of making it pass so pleasantly as my books have done for me this morning?" "Oh, signor," he said, "it was through forgetfulness that I have not Petrarch with me; but other books I never carry hither. I am a poet, and here I come to seek for inspiration; every breath bears it to me. I scarcely ever write; my tablets now and then carry home a verse; but in thought it is that my riches lie. What I gather here will suffice for many a month, when I return to V—, to gild my poor words with a bright tint, borrowed from him who is one of the glories of our land."

"I was struck with such enthusiasm, and I told him so. "Ah," he said, "signor, such sacred ground as this—retirements sanctified by the memory of the great—draw the Italian and poet irresistibly to their calm retreats; remember Alfieri's pilgrimage; and your own poets, signor, do they not visit the birthplaces, the favored spots, where rise the tombs, where lie the bones of those who have taught them to sing?" I smiled, as I thought how little it was in the nature of an Englishman to do so, with the only intention which was a boast of the Italian."

"And how did you part with your friend?" said Grace; "have you nothing more to tell us of a person so interesting?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Travers; "we parted as soon as he had again expressed his thanks for the slight service I had rendered him; he told me that he promised himself many more days of delightful thought at Arqua."

"Have you never met with any of his verses?" asked Edith; "it struck me your curiosity might have led you to make some search for them."

"No," replied he; "I had no desire to do so; I should probably have destroyed the illusion; the picture was a beautiful one, and I was almost inclined to look upon it as an example of national character; beyond that I would not seek; had I done so, the probability is, I should have been forced to reap the disappointment of reading some hundred pages of crude conceptions and faulty images; violent, passionate, they might have been, but, with little to remind one Petrarch, beyond his language."

"It seems a harsh judgment," said Edith, "you might surely have found yourself mistaken."

"I have no expectation of it," rejoined Mr. Travers, "and at least I secured myself from disappointment by such a course, nor do I altogether approve the plan this young man pursued; he would have caught the rays of another's genius; he did not seek to plume his own to flight. Had he given half the time to the improvement of his judgment, which he thus expended upon the cultivation of an imagination, probably already too powerful to be controlled by the restriction of reason or correct taste, his talents would have acquired an enlarged power, and his writings might have gained for him a fair meed of honor and renown. Self-dependence is, above all things, necessary to a poet. It is this, based upon extensive knowledge and deep thought, that is especially evident in the writings of our greatest poets, Shakespeare and Milton, second as they are to none of any land."

Edith's eye glistened; it was a sentiment particularly pleasing to her; but bashfulness and reserve, with the remembrance of the repulse she had received before, hindered her making any other reply; and in a few moments Frank and Mr. Travers took their leave.

Before separating for the night, the ladies, after a review of what had occurred, passed a few customary words of comment upon their guest. "The society of such a man as Mr. Travers will be a delightful addition to us," said Mrs. Cambley, "although it is possible he may not stay many days."

"Mr. Travers used the expression, 'some weeks,'" said Grace, "when he was speaking to me of his stay at Lawnborough; so I do not fancy we shall lose him very soon."

"Indeed, my dear; we must endeavor to make it pleasant to him; at the sea side it is so easy to get up a few agreeable out-door parties."

"Yes, mamma; and yet I do not quite fancy that Mr. Travers is the man to enjoy them, unless on a peculiar scale of refinement."

"Oh, that is one of Frank's notions; he would lead you to form such an unreasonably exalted opinion of this friend of his. I see nothing, for my part, about Mr. Travers, beyond the agreeable manner of a highly-

educated gentleman, with perhaps a little too much stiffness, or hauteur, which I have no doubt will wear off on acquaintance. Certainly there could be nothing to shock his taste in any parties we might think proper to arrange."

"Oh no, mamma; I did not mean exactly that; but you must know, I pictured a picnic with the Brookers' and Williams's, and thought it might not be in exact conformity with his taste. But, Edith, do you not think Mr. Travers a very handsome man? I fancied you would quite admire him."

"So I do; his countenance is a very striking one; I should have known him anywhere; although there appears to me an expression of even higher intellect about him than Frank had sketched."

You are certainly in one of your heroic moods to-night, Edith," said Mrs. Cambley, testily. "I believe, however," she continued to Grace, "if you admired him, he was in no way backward to return the compliment. You are looking remarkably well just now, my love."

Grace was evidently pleased by her mother's remark; she blushed, and smiled, at the same time disavowing that any particular admiration was expressed in his behavior.

Edith looked at her cousin, more lovely than ever with the excitement of the evening, and thought that admiration not strange which was expended on such a face. Yet, perhaps, she never looked in the glass with greater dissatisfaction than when, before retiring, she went to smooth those bands of hair, which at least were dark and glossy enough to have given her satisfaction. It certainly would be delightful to feel oneself beautiful, she thought with a sigh, and a feeling of sadness crossed her mind as she remembered how constantly the difference between herself and cousin, in this respect, was recalled to her by her aunt's words and manners. It was a subject, however, upon which had scarcely thought until then; and even now she did not suffer herself to dwell upon it long; other and more pleasant thoughts were awaiting her, and she readily turned to them. She anticipated the pleasure she should carry with her on the morrow to the Lodge, and thought joyfully of the happiness those two, whom she perhaps now regarded as dearest to her on earth, would enjoy, in part through her endeavors, for she doubted not that the assurance she had given to Frank would be fully realized.

CHAPTER II.

O, how full of briars is this working-day world.

SHAKESPEARE.

"I fancy Frank and his friend, Mr. Travers, will call this morning, Edith; don't you think so?" said Grace, as they sat at breakfast the following morning.

"Yes," replied Edith, "I expect you will see them early. I am thinking of walking to the Lodge; it will be a delightful walk this splendid morning, but I suppose you will not accompany me?"

"No," said Mrs. Cambley, "it will be awkward for no one to be at home to receive visitors, especially as you expect these gentlemen; and I shall be engaged this morning."

"You not fear, mamma," said Grace, "I assure you, I have no intention of going. Edith is always more at home in the society of Walter and Mary than I am; and I have no great wish for a *te-te* with Mrs. Lester, poor woman!"

"What pity your tone implies; do you feel so much for her?" said Edith, laughing.

"Yes, indeed; I do. Her head is so full of care about all the most uninteresting domestic matters, that I am sure, beyond her flower-garden, she can have little enjoyment in life."

"The one you have mentioned is a very fruitful source of pleasure to her."

"It may be so; but even that is carried out in so unromantic a manner, that it quite disenchants me. I assure you, I often wonder how it came to pass that her children are so decidedly clever, as they undoubtedly are."

"You must remember," said Edith, "that Mary was educated entirely by her aunt, Mrs. Lester's sister, and Walter also was much with her; and yet I wonder with you, because education alone could not have made them what they are. Walter, I am sure has genius—real natural genius—and that of no common order, either; and Mary has powers which have only been strengthened, not planted, by education."

"Her health is very delicate," said Mrs. Cambley, "and her beauty a good deal faded, I think of late. It was said that she and Frank were engaged to each other, was it not? But I do not believe it; we should have been sure to have heard it from him."

"I do not think," said Grace, "and I can see you agree with me, Edith. I have an idea—perhaps he wishes it resumed? Eh, Edith! have I caught you? He has entrusted you with the commission; take care, there is many a wise old saw that declares such interference dangerous. Mamma did not hear me," she added, as she perceived that Mrs. Cambley had left the room. "Depend upon it, she would have informed you fully of all the penurious attached to acting such a part."

"Never mind, Grace, I will take care of myself; and now I am off. When I return, I do not doubt I shall be prepared to answer all the questions your curiosity may prompt, so do not ask any more now."

"That feminine vice is not in the catalogue of my sins," replied Grace, as Edith left the room, to prepare for the walk.

Nor, indeed, at that precise moment, did she feel any curiosity. She was speculating upon the probability of Mr. Travers paying his visit before or after lunch; and, if the truth must be told, thinking whether her morning dress was a becoming one. Thus Edith escaped a questioning, which, in spite of Grace's assertion, would otherwise have occupied more time than she was inclined to spare.

Edith stood at the hall-door a moment, debating which road she should take. The one direct and nearest would carry her along the principle streets of the little town, and thence by the high road to the Lodge; the other, and far more tempting path, might be gained by a descent to the sands, which lay glittering in the glorious sunshine, and the road, ascending the cliff, passed through soft green fields, and then a shady lane. She glanced at her watch; the time was earlier than she had expected. The thought of the cool sea-breeze, the morning dew, the fresh bright flowers of the meadows, and, lastly, the waving and pleasant rustling of the lofty spreading trees decided her; in a brief space her brisk step trod those sands which, from her elevation, had so bewitched her. The morning suited such a morning right well; a light mist alone shaded the clear brightness of the azure sky towards the horizon; above, all was of a cloudless, deep-hued blue. This lovely color, reflected in the sparkling water gently heaving beneath the morning sun, harmonised wonderfully with the rich depths of the cliffs, thrown back in shade, or the yellow-tinged green of such points as the sun's bright light glowed upon. Little curling waves, softly rippling as they neared the shore, timing a musical measure to their flow, playfully kissed the shining pebbles or washed the steadfast rock, whilst they formed a lovely fringe-like border of purest silvery form. Around the beautiful bay, one or two light vessels, their white sails spread and fair forms distinctly marked and visible, gracefully rested between the sky and ocean, adding life and beauty to the scene. Edith's heart was not one to remain closed to such influence: it opened wide to their reception, and holy and grateful feelings lifted her thoughts to Him who has stamped His material creation with so much beauty—teaching man to be ashamed of a deformity which contrasts darkly with it, existing most perceptibly in his own heart, and having its expressions in actions resulting thence. This it is that shuts the soul of man against the fair and lovely scenes of nature; this it is that deadens and blights his affection for her in her calm and peaceful solitude, as he advances in life and in knowledge of the world and its destructive usages; and this it is that gives her a healing power when she recalls to the mind what her influence once was, when the heart was yet pure and unsoiled.

This morning Edith was very happy, and as she considered the cause upon which this feeling was based, she felt the impression deepened. She loved Mary as a dear sister; to her she felt sure she was bearing tidings of joy. She had long been aware that a cloud overshadowed the brightness of her existence; she had never entirely pierced it, but she had guessed its meaning, and that she looked forward to its removal, determined to ask a perfect confidence. She dwelt with warmth upon the change she believed would be the result of her intelligence to her friend; she imagined how the dimmed eye would light again with happiness, the sad lips part once more with the easy charm of a light heart. Such was her dream for Mary; but her pleasure was much increased as she thought of Frank, of his beaming look the night before, of the eagerness with which he would greet her on her return, of his delight if the result of her visit was such as she anticipated. He filled in her heart, which had never been privileged to know a sister's love, the place a brother might have occupied there. She bore for him much of a younger sister's affection—that sweet mingling of love and friendship, tenderness and reverence, which forms, perhaps, one of the loveliest relations domestic life affords. He warmly returned her regard; much of their life had been passed together. With Edith's mother, Frank was a very great favorite; and when she died, and Edith was taken by her uncle to his home, Frank was more than ever willing to accept his frequent invitations to stay at his house, when his cousin Edith, as he called her, was his constant companion and friend. Grace amused him, and her beauty gave him pleasure; but it was with Edith that he corresponded, when absent—with Edith that he read and conversed—and to Edith that he looked for sympathy.

After her uncle's death, which happened about four years before the commencement of our tale, Edith was, by Frank's desire, invited to Mrs. Wentworth's, and spent some time with them; there she first became acquainted with the Lesters, who, at that time, resided near to Frank's family, and saw with pleasure Frank's growing affection for Mary, and its return. Her great intimacy with Mary Lester, however, did not occur till the removal of the family, two years back, to Lawnborough; a period, during which she had scarcely heard from or of Frank, until his sudden and unlooked-for arrival at Lawnborough. Edith mused on all these matters, and forgot, or hastily dismissed the few thoughts which had power to lessen the pleasurable emotions she just then experienced. Her situation, in Mrs. Cambley's family was not an entirely happy

one; and occasionally the remembrance of the relation she filled there would press heavily upon her.

(To be Continued.)

THE SIOUX PRINCESS.

Tahmiroo was the daughter of a powerful Sioux chieftain, and she was the only being ever known to turn the relentless old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty; but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was the emblem. Hers was a species of loveliness rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexible grace so appropriate to protected and dependent women in refined countries; her ripe, pouting lip, and dimpled cheek, wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood; and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the young Sioux called her the "Startled Fawn." I know not whether her father's broad lands, or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of her admiration; but certain it is, Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her downcast eye, her trembling lip, and her quiet, submissive motion, all spoke its language; yet various young chieftains had in vain sought her affections, and when her father urged her to strengthen his powers by an alliance, she answered him only by her tears.

The state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur trade. Among them was Florimond de Rance, a young indolent Adonis, whom pure *amour* had led from Quebec to the Falls of St. Anthony. His fair, round face, and studied foppery of dress, might have done little to ward gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner which the Indians never pay woman, and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, and anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of his European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power which was fast making her its slave.

The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this, long before the old chief began to suspect it; and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around his heart as he had around the more yielding soul of his darling child. Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rance had acquired skill to many graceful arts, which excited the wonder of the savages.

He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist, and in hunting his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of every country, made him a universal favorite; and, at his request, he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But, conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring proposition, it was received with a still and terrible wrath that well might frighten him from his purpose. Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief.

With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian, he answered,—

"There are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come to us. A King's daughter veils the son of a king. Eagles must sleep in eagle's nests."

In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised that Florimond de Rance would adopt all his emitties and all his friendships; that in hunting, and in war, he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old man noticed that her rich face was silent when he passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermilion current, which mantled under her brown cheek, became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth, entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes whenever he saw Florimond de Rance; but one day, when he crossed his hunting path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers the village maidens had brought her scattered and withering at her feet.

The chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear.

"Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun and the opening flowers."

There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn" of the