Zoetry.

EVERY DAY.

Oh, triffing tasks, so often done, Yct ever to be done anew ! Oh, cares which come with every sun,

Morn after morn, the long years through ! We shrink beneath their paltry sway-The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power, The tiresome round of little things, Are hard to bear, as hour by hour Its tedious iteration brings; Who shall evade or who delay The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course By tide and tempest lashed in vain, Obeys the wave whirled pebble's force, And yields its substance grain by grain ; So crumble strongest lives away Beneath the wear of every day.

We find the lion in his lair, Who tracks the tiger for his life, May wound them ere they are aware, Or conquer them in desperate strife-Yet powerless he to scathe or slay The vexing guats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops Is mightier than the fiercest shock ; The constant fall of water drops Will groove the adamantine rock ; We feel our noblest powers decay In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow-Our souls a sudden bravery fills-But we endure not always so The drop by drop of little ills ; We still deplore and still obey The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death Upon the battle field, and dares Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath The needle points of frets and cares ; The stoutest spirits they dismay-The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame, Whose souls by faith have overcome, Who wore amid the cruel flame The molten crown of martyrdom. Bore not without complaint away The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole, And more than hero's heart of fire, We need the humble strength of soul Which daily toils and ills require ; Sweet Patience, grant us, if you may, An added grace of every day.

Tales and Sketches.

THE CIPSY CIRL.

A TALE OF EDWARD THE FOURTH.

[CONCLUTED.]

Alone, half reclining upon a cushioned couch with his graceful form enveloped in a robe of crimson, lined and edged with costly furs, with an air of ennui and weariness, lay England's king, the handsome and voluptuous Edward the Fourth. Scarce a token was discernible of the warrior king, in the languid the warm blood mantled her cheek and brow. "Come," he said, smilingly, "I can read heart." the riddle ; he loves thy fair face, and then,

thou lovest thy soveroign better." "There is no love between us-once it were otherwise; but now the heart which he has betraved knows no softer unction than revonge. Yes," she added, in a deep, low voice. "Leonora Estrange lives but for revenge. The deed is done. With your leave, sire, I will withdraw."

"Nay, stay," said the monarch, laying his hand lightly upon her arm to detain her, "sit thee here, poor child, by my side, and we will see if we cannot comfort thee," he whispered, as he drew her to his side. "Good heaven, he must be a craven," cited the monarch, "that could be false to those bright eyes ! And now, pretty trembler, say, shall not Edward comfort the poor heart that throbs so thee." wildly'? By this token, he swears fidelity overmore to these lovely lips."

He would have pressed his own to those of the pale girl, but like lightning she sprang up, and stood with head crect, flashing eye, and crimsoned cheek. "Stand back, my liege," she said ; the monarch of proud England forone like me to recall him thus. I came not here to complain of Lord Francis of Clairmont, or to seek the love of England's king-but to accomplish my destiny. My liege, fare-thee well," and she turned to withdraw.

The monarch stood wrapt in mute admiration of the bold girl as she spoke ; but when she turned, he sprang forward, crying, "By my halidom, this proud spirit suits thee well. Bold, forsooth, must be the one that dares trifle with thy woman's heart. But do you know, girl," he said, as his eye again fell upon the paper within his hand, and he folded it, placing it within his bosom-" do you know that you have doomed your recreant lover to a traitor's death ?"

Leonora sprang forward, and laid her small white hand upon the king's arm, while her red lips grew pallid, and quivering with agony as she cried, "To death ! oh ! sire, you do but jest with poor Leonora? Say it not again ; recall the words you but now have spoken."

Edward looked long and fixedly upon the agonized brow upturned to his, upon which remorse had already stamped its iron signet. He laid his jewelled hand upon the pale brow. and bending low, whispered, "And if to thy prayer, I spare the life of Francis of Clairmont, will Edward win the love of Leonora?"

But no blush mantled the young cheek ; the life blood was pressing heavily upon her heart; for the truth had struck her for the first time, that it was not alone to imprisonment, but to death, and by her hand, that Clairmont was betrayed. Hence the monarch's words awoke scarcely a thought within that throbbing heart: Raising the long lashes, her glance fell coldly upon Edward's as she answered, "The love, the fidelity of the subject, I will bestow, and if my sovereign be but just to himself and others, that will be enough. I have nothing else, my liege, to give."

"Then, by heaven, Clairmont dies ere another week has passed !" answered the king.

Leonora drew herself up. "And I tell you, false king, false alike to honor and justice, that he shall not die." And again, with flashing eye and dauntless mien, she confronted England's king, and then suddenly turned fro a the apartment.

The word was spoken. The final sentence had gone forth. Doomed to an ignominious

tray me to infamy and death ; then the wrung soul, in its agony, turned to a softer, a truer

A shudder ran through the slight figure before him, and Leonora spoke, in a voice of sharp agony, that fell painfully upon the listener's ear. "Not a truor, not a fonder heart." she said. "Francis, the poor gipsy girl would have sacrificed all but honor to have saved thy life. Behold here-she will still save you. Take this cloak and hood," casting them from her as she spoke; "wrap them around thee, and pass out. None will heed thee. At the foot of the stairs a boat waits,

and with it those who will bear you away in safety. And then, lady," she said, approaching the Lady Clare, "let me look upon the face which smiled upon my lone youth, and pray for pardon for all the wrong I have done

She spoke hurricdly. Clairmont moved not. She took her mantle, and threw it around the young lord; but a sharp thrill ran through her whole frame, as she touched the hand that so often had fondly clasped her own.

When the young nobleman felt the burning touch of those slight fingers, he raised himgets himself strangely, when he leaves it for self, saying, "And can you think, Leonora, that I will leave you to the revenge of a baffled king ?"

> "Edward will not harm me," answered Leonora, "a night's imprisonment will be all; and it matters little now," she murmured to herself. "whether the roof of palace or prison covers this blighted head."

Clairmont still hesitated, but she took his hand and joined it to that of the Lady Clare, saying, "She is good and true-be thou so to her. Go, before it is too late."

The next moment she was alone.

When the echo of Clairmont s step had died way, she threw herself upon the couch, and drew the covering around her, so that, if the guard looked in, he might still fancy Clairmont slept. The caution proved not in vain ; for in a little while, the door opened, and a man's head intruded. But in the dim light the guard beheld that motionless form ; murmuring to himself, "He sleeps soundly his last sleep on earth," he went on his round.

Who shall tell the bitter and sad thoughts that swept across the soul of Leonora Estrange, through the hours of that long, dark night ? They were too deep for endurance at last ; for, when the first grey light of early morning filled the room, and the guards entered to convey the young Lord of Clairmont to the block, they found only the corpse of a young girl lying quietly upon his pallet. Even the rough and hardened soldiers turned awe-stricken from the sweet pale face before them. Many eyes looked upon that lifeless form that day, and at last the tidings reached the monarch's ear. With a presentiment of the truth, he entered the room, and bent over the dead. For many moments he stood motionless ; then a tear was seen to gather in his eye, and fall silently amid the dark braids of the corpse, beautiful even in death.

"For her sake, I pardon my Lord Francis of Clairmont," at last, said the king. "Let her have Christian burial; and let masses be said for her soul."

Taught by the bitter lessons of youth, Lord Clairmont was ever after true to his sweet wife. But both he and the heiress of Moorland often conversed sadly of Leonora Estrange, the poor GIPSY GIRL.



that I'm sorry for my bad manners last night, an hour after, I found my father leaning over and I hope you won't lay it up against me mo. for a fellow can't always hold his tongue when

something for you to make up for it. So I

run down to Western station before I take

my afternoon trip, I thought I'd step in and

I was delighted. All my life I had longed

to ride on a locomotive, especially one unin-

cumbered by cars, and here was the chance.

Yet withal, I felt a little timid, for though I

had never seen Dan really under the influence

of liquor, still from his heated face and dull

eyes, I knew he had been drinking; yet the

next moment I laughed at myself for my fears,

and, yielding to the temptation, was soon

"I will just step in and tell father I'm go

"No, you won't," said he, roughly seizing

ing." I said, as we passed the baggage-room.

me by the arm. Then sceing my surprise, he

added quickly, "We haven't time to stop,"

Then getting on himself, we started off.

As we passed the depot my father came

out. and appeared to call to us to stop; but

Dan only laughed, and put the engine to a

For a few moments I wondered what my

father could have wanted of me; but the

novelty of my position soon drove every other

thought away. I had been taking little no-

tice of Dan, but, presently, turning to speak

to him, saw him just taking a good-sized bot-

tle away from his mouth. He smacked his

lips, and muttered something about courage,

"What is that you have been drinking?"

"Whiskey," he answered, putting the bot-

""Please do not drink any more," I said,

frightened. "I want you to show me how to

"And how to stop her, too, I suppose," he

said, with a laugh that somehow made my

"Now, my dear, I've a thing to tell you

this 'ere engine is going at a pretty good

speed, and according to my calculations, if

we're not hindered, we'll reach Western in

I gave a sigh of relief ; only fifteen minutes

they would soon pass. He seemed to read

my thoughts, for after taking another long

drink from his bottle, which was evidently

"You think you'll be safe when you reach

Western, now don't you? but"-with a horri-

ble oath.-"you'll never reach there alive.

Do you suppose I was going to let you when

you wouldn't marry me? I laid awake all

night thinking how I could pay you off, and

my plan has worked beautiful, for here you

are caught like a mouse in a trap. I wasn't

sent to Western ; that was only part of my

plan; for you know, maybe, and maybe you

don't know, that between here and there,

there is only a single track, and in just ten

minutes the express will be up. She don't

stop at Weston, and we'll meet her about two

miles this side of the station. They won't

see us till they're close on the curve, and then

it will be too late ; they will run slap into

He paused, and took another long drink

from his bottle. Far away I thought I heard

this 'ere engine, and dash us to pieces."

having an effect upon him, he continued :

before he saw me looking at him.

and hurried me on to the engine.

see if you didn't want to go along."

ready for my ride.

greater speed.

I asked.

tle to his lips again.

run the engine.

blood run cold.

just fifteen minutes."

"Thank God, you are safe, my darling !" he gets such a slap across the head, as it he said, tenderly. were; and I've been thinking if I couldn't do

I shuddered as I thought of my wonderful escape, and asked by what good providence remember now you had always wanted to the express train had stopped at the station. take a ride on the engine, and as I've got to

"Why, you see," said my father, "just as you started off with Dan, William Dean came in to me and said :

"' 'For God's sake, Markman, make your daughter get off that engine .-- Dan has been drinking all the morning, and is in no fit state to be with her. He cannot run to Western before the express is due, and if they meet on the single track, there is death to them.' I ran out and called to Dan to stop ; but, you know, he would not. Oh, my dar. ling, I can't tell you what I felt when I saw that iron creature taking you away to what scemed certain death. I staggered like a drunken man, and hadn't any more wit than one ; but William's head was clear.

"'We may save her yet,' he said, and rushed into the telegraph office, and sent this message :

"'Stop the 11:20 express at Western station." "And then we both started off for Western as fast as we could."

When I told them my story they went to look for Dan. They found him where he had jumped off-quite dead !

It was long before I recovered from the effect of my fright, and, as was natural, William Dean called often to see me. And at last there was a quiet wedding, and father. without losing a daughter, gained a son.

HOW THE GEESE SAVED ROME.

I have so often heard public speakers quote the above, "that a flock of geese saved Rome," but never give the particulars.

'On reading " Plutarch's Lives," by John and William Langhorne, published in 1830, I have read the particulars of that event, and with your permission I will briefly give a few extracts as there I find it.

In giving the public lives and adventures of Rome's public men, they, among the rest, give that of Fusius Camillus.

Camillus was one of Rome's great men, and was during his lifetime elevated by the Roman Senate as Dictator and Tribune. In the year of Rome, 353, he held the office of Censor for his many laudable acts, (an office at that time in Rome of great dignity.) A war broke out with the Tuscans, against which Camillus led the Roman army-defeated and routed the Tuscan army, which gave great satisfaction to the Romans, and they appointed him Dictator. Subsequently, Camillus and the Roman Senate differed on public affairs, by which he incurred their displeasure and opposition, and was charged with appropriating the spoils of the Tuscan war to his own use. The Roman Senate tried and impeached him on false and unjust accusations.

He could not, however, bear the thought of so great an indignity, and giving way to his resentment, determined to quit the city as a voluntary exile.

Having taken leave of his wife and children. he went in silence from his home to the gate of the city. There he made a stand, turning about, stretched his hand toward the capital, and prayed to the gods, that if he was driven out without any fault of his own, and nearly by violence of envy of the people, the Romans might quickly repent it, and express to all the world their want of Camillus and their regret of his absence. He left, leaving his cause nn-

form, the sunny brow, and small, voluptuous mouth, as he lay with drooping eyelids, dreaming, not of past victories, or stirring triumphs, but of the many bright beauties that graced his brilliant court.

Presently his reveries were broken by the entrance of a favorite attendant. Edward looked dreamily up, as the page spoke.

"A lady craves audience, my liego," he said, "and will not be denied admittance." "Is she old, or still in youth, Francois?"

"I should say far advanced, sire, were it not for a white hand that gleamed out for a moment, as she drew her mantle about her. when my Lords Hastings and Woodville came near."

"Then in heaven's name admit her, withous delay. We have not looked upon a new face this many a day." And in a moment the stranger entered.

"Throw back that envious hood," said Edward, as she stood close-veiled before him : "we would fain look upon the brow of our fair petitioner." Fair indeed," he whispered, admiringly, as suiting the action of his words. he withdrew the hood from the somewhat frightened girl, disclosing the beautiful face of Leonora Estrange. She paused a moment. and then threw herself at his feet. Her check was of marble hue as she extended a let ter to him.

"Edward took it carefully, but as his glance ling eye and frowning brow. Once or twice hum. he read, and re-read ; then looking gravely down upon the fair girl, he said, somewhat this?"

"Lord Francis Clairmont," she said. "bade me destroy it, but knowing it to be of someyou, by liege, for safe-keeping."

"And what may my Lord of Clairmont be to you, thut he should deposit letters of such high value in your care."

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death, on the breaking of another dawn, the young Lord of Clairmont sat in his dungeon. His head was bowed upon his folded arms : his cheek was pale with the spirit's strife, and his dark eye had lost its wonted fire. The light of his soul had expired when he learned that he was betrayed, and by the hand of Leonora.

Long he remained buried in deep and painful thought, until a low, half-stified sob fell upon his ear. Uncovering his face, he looked tenderly down, where by his side the Lady Clare sat, with her head resting upon his knee. Sadly and caressingly he laid his hand amid those golden curls, clustering around the pale brow, and bending down fondly, kissed the tear-laden eyes. As he did so, he said, "Thou alone, of all the world, art true."

Amid her tears she looked up, to these words, like blessed music, fell upon her ear. He had scarcely spoken when the door was gently opened, and a muffled figure stood silently gazing upon the scene. Directly she advanced with faltering steps, and spoke in trembling accents. The colour came flushing to the cheek of Francis of Clairmont.

"My lord," she said, as she threw back her mantle, and both Francis and his wife started as their glances fell upon that beautiful face, now so wan and faded-" my lord, Leonora has come to save the life which she has perilled. Will you not trust me?" she asked, in a rested upon it, he bent forward with a kind- voice of touching sadness, as she knelt before

Francis of Clairmont looked sadly down upen her for a moment, without a word : then sternly, "And how pretty one came you by spoke. "Have you come here, Leonora," he said, "to mock the doomed man with idle hopes and soft words-you, who have betrayed me to death ? Yet I thank thee, Leonoro, for what treasonable import, I have brought it to the boon of thy presence. I would return the as I knew how ; wrong thou hast done by mercy. Francis of Clairmont loved thee."

Here a low cry broke from the young wife : but he laid his hand upon her head, as he con-"Nothing, sire," answered Leonora, while tinued :-- "I loved thee until thou didst bede la serie

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BY M. L. D.

I was never in my life a flirt, or at all inclined to play the coquette; so when Dan Hanton asked me to marry him, it gave me real pain to refuse. He was a handsome fellow, most of the girls thought, and rather en-

vied me his attention ; but somehow, though not naturally timid, I shrank from his bold eyes, coarse manners, and more than all, when he spoke to me, from his hot breath, filled with the fumes of liquor. I think if young men only knew how disgusting this is to s woman, they would abstain from drinking, at least when they are coming into her presence. My father always called me his "little lady," and petted and spoiled me for my dead mother's sake, and had I loved Dan, I know he would not have opposed our marriage. Still I could not help seeing the satisfaction in his eyes when I told him that I had refused him.

"Well, my girl," he sald, "there be some who say Dan would be a good match for you, seeing as how he is engineer on a train, and I nothing more than a baggage master; but I think different, and don't feel a bit sorry to keep vou a spell longer-though I fear it will only be a spell after all, for I saw William Dean, that good-looking chap in the telegraph office, (casting 'sheep's yes' at you, and I suppose he will be asking you next.'

In this, by the way, father was right.

I had just finished my work the next morning, when a knock came to the door, and when I opened it I was quite surprised to find Dan standing there, for he had gone off in such a violent passion at my refusal, that I scarcely expected to see him again. But I tried to hide my astonishment, and said as pleasantly

"Come in, Dan."

He came in, shuffling his feet, and twirling his hat in his hand. I had certainly never seen him appear to worse advantage.

"I just came over," he said, "to tell you :

the whistle of a locomotive. An expression of fright and horror passed over his face, as though he were only just conscious of what he had done. Again I heard the whistle, this time a little londer. He staggered to his feet. "She's comin'," he said in a hoarse whise per.

And before I could guess his intention he had sprung wildly from the side of the engine. It was a terrible moment. We were already within sight of the curve, and I expected each minute to see the express train rounding it. I was only eighteen, and life was fair and sweet to me. I thought of my father and how lonely he would be without me, his only child. Was there no escape? No averting the fearful death which was so near me? On and on we rushed ; we were at the curve. I closed my eyes and prayed-prayed as we only do when death is looking us in the face. I waited for the crash of the two engines. We were round the curve, I felt sure. I opened my eyes, fearing I was only opening them to see my death coming. But no ! as I looked eagerly forward. I thought I saw the express train standing at the station. I started to my feet; might I not still be saved?

Oh, if I could but stop the engine ! Like an inspiration came the thought. "To start the engine, Dan turned on the steam," I said, taking hold of the starting bar, "by pulling this out; therefore, the way to stop must be to push it in," suiting the action to the word. We were still about a mile from the station. I looked longingly at the break, too heavy for my woman's hands to turn. but felt the next moment, with a thrill of joy, that the engine was beginning to slacken her speed; and as we reached the further end of the platform at Western station, not twenty feet from the express train, she stopped.

Kind hands helped me from the engine, and eager voices asked an explanation of my strange position ; but it was not given, at least not by me, for sight and strength failed me, and I fainted. When I came to myself, about | lus answered them,

defended. At Ardea, Camillus lived in abso-Jute retirement as a voluntary exile.

The Gauls, subsequently, declared war against Rome. Brennus led the army of of the Gauls, marched on Rome, and after a stormy time, succeeded in taking it, laying it in ashes.

The third day after the battle, outside of the city, Brennus arrived with his army, and finding the gates of the city opened, and the walls destitute of guards, at first he had some apprehension of a stratagem or ambuscade. for he did not think the Romans had so entirely given themselves up to despair. But when he found it to be so in reality, he entered in by the Collins gate, and took Rome, a little more than three hundred and sixty years after its foundation.

Brennus, thus in possession of Rome, set a strong guard about the Capital, and himself went down in the forum ; where he was struck with amazement at the sight of so many men seated in great state and silence, who neither rose up at the approach of their enemies, nor changed countenance or color, but leaning upon their staffs, and sat looking upon each other without fear or concern. The Gauls, astonish. ed at so surprising a spectacle, and regarding them as superior beings, for a long time were -bas

afraid to approach or touch th one of them ventured to go Popisius, and advanced his ha ing his beard, which was, which Popisius struck him his staff, and wounded h Gauls fell upon the rea continuing their rage, in their way. The length of the s

fail the Gauls, and t and part stayed wi fortress, while pay laid waste to the to The Roman Ser treating him to acc

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