

Poetry.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

What's the use of being sad, as you journey through life,
Why not always be happy and gay?
To folk without sense, leave all quarreling and strife,
And despondency banish away.
If ill fortune attends you, your courage keep up,
Better days for you are in store;
Many others like you, of misfortune's diabolical sup,
After you there will be many more.

If your fair weather friends in adversity turn
Their backs upon you, let them go;
It will teach you in future such fellows to spurn,
For just then they their true colors show.
If for fortune and wealth you strive with the crowd,
And Dame Fortune to you seems unkind,
Cheer up! and remember that every dark cloud
Has a bright silver lining behind.

To-day, the clouds lower, and the rain it falls fast,
But to-morrow all sunshine may be;
So your day of misfortune may soon all be past,
And the future all sunshine for thee.
And yet, tho' great wealth you may not acquire,
Still enough for your wants you may save;
To be happy with that should be all your desire,
And, with that, nothing else you will crave.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

In ancient lays of poets old
We read of Saturn's age of gold,
And then of Time's dark cycles pass
And men more gross and vicious grew.
The age of silver, iron, brass,
Successive rise upon our view.
Now—thanks to potent art—we find
The iron and the gold combined.

Of iron now our ships we form,
To stem the tide and brave the storm;
Our roads, o'er which we rapid march,
Man and earth's rich productions go—
The bridge, who's long, inverted arch
Spans the river's ceaseless flow—
And e'en man's dwellings lift their head,
Drawn from the iron's darkling bed.

And all this ore which bids the sage
Call this, in truth, an iron age—
The potent alchemy of steam
Transmutes, by motion, into gold,
While, like the changes of a dream,
Man to earth's farthest bounds is rolled;
And wealth, by intercourse and peace,
Finds all its many streams increase.

Thus War's red weapons, rust decayed,
The useless spear and broken blade,
May, from the blazing furnace heat,
Come forth a means to bless mankind;
Not the hook and ploughshare heat,
But mighty links our race to bind—
Turning, by peace and love untold,
The iron age indeed to gold.

Fables and Sketches.

THE BEGGAR OF SAN-MARC,
A VENETIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

With the lightness and grace of a bird upon the wing, a gondola cleft the limpid waters of the Giudecca, and darting swiftly through hundreds of the same beautiful craft, gliding to the music of the gondoliers, swept up to the stairs of the Piazzetta San Marc; and two gentlemen debarking from it, mingled with the motley throng which crowded the marble pavement of the square. Threading their way through the gay multitude, they passed on to the church of San Marc. They entered beneath the porch over which stand the four famed horses of Lysippus, once the pride of Constantinople, seeming as if curbed by some invisible power, to restrain their fiery leap upon the rich pavement below, and ascended to the tower, from which they might command a view of the whole magnificent scene.

It was the sunset hour. Sunset in Venice, of which poets have sung, and painters, with pencils dipped, as it were, in the gorgeous beauty of the clouds have attempted to portray! The long sweep of the canals, and the broad lagunes, beat by their thousand oars, broke in golden flakes under the rich glow of sunset. The "deep-dyed Brenta," with its walled palaces, the green trees of the Lido, and the wide Adriatic beyond, on which the white sails of the countless galleys, like sea-gulls, dipped to the gentle breeze, the cloud-like shore of Italy, afar, the Alpine mountains, a glorious base worthy the glorious heavens which they seemed to uplift, and then, below them, Venice herself, with her splendid palaces and towers, her glittering spires, and the graceful arch of her bridges, like chains of filigree gold, linking these islands of the sea into one magnificent gem—all combined to render the scene too lovely for expression, and the two strangers (Americans) for some time stood speechless at its glorious beauty.

"Was there ever a scene more beautiful than this?" at length one of them exclaimed; "and yet it is impossible to view it, fair as it is, without a feeling of melancholy; for too

surely has decay fastened upon this magnificent city, 'throned upon her hundred isles.' Her palaces, her churches, her superb towers and turrets are gradually crumbling into ruin, and, ere many years, malaria, with its poison drawn from the slimy canals and lagunes, will drive hence her inhabitants!"

"But,"

"With the Rialto, the Shylock, and the Moor, and Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away. The keystone of the arch! Though all were o'er, For us re-peopled were the solitary shore!"

replied his companion; "the memory of her Doges, her grave senators, her richly-froighted galleys, oblivion may bury with the crumbling ruins around us, yet the genius of Shakspeare and Otway has rendered Venice imperishable. So long as the world stands, Shylock and the Moor will here hold sway."

"Look yonder, Irving," continued the first speaker; "see what a glow rests on the Rhetian Alps, which, even as we gaze, fades in beauty!"

"Like Venice herself, you would say, Winthrop," said Irving. "Is not that the Armenian isle we see to the right, so like an emerald? And how the bright bosom of the Adriatic heaves in this golden light, as if conscious of her wedded greatness; though now,

"The Bucentaur" lies rotting un-restored!"

"So many pleasant memories crowd around this enchanted spot," said Winthrop, "that we might linger for hours, and still wish to look again. But we must not forget that we have promised to accompany Mary to the opera."

"True; and yet I would gladly tarry here and view this beautiful scene in the chastened moonlight. But I am ready; we shall soon reach our hotel." So saying, the two gentlemen left the campanile, and descending the flights of marble stairs, stood upon the rich mosaic pavement, which seemed but a reflection of the brilliant roof above, for on both the fadeless hues of lapis lazuli, agate, and jasper, united in pictures of glittering mosaic. Lost in contemplation they proceeded through these aisles, so splendidly paved and canopied, adorned on either side with columns of porphyry, and were about to emerge once more upon the open square, when the attention of Charles Irving was arrested by the figure of an old man leaning against one of the pillars. Although his cap held out before him denoted him a mendicant, yet there was such an air of dignity about him as seemed to belie his vocation. Not Coriolanus on the hearthstone of his enemy wore a more noble look, as, with his cloak half falling from his shoulders, yet held in graceful folds over one arm, his silver locks, his furrowed brow, and his long white beard resting on his breast, he thus solicited charity. Irving dropped a small coin in the cap, and passed on in silence.

By this time the square of San Marc was thronged with Venetians, Austrian soldiers, Turks, and Albanians, promenading the spacious area, or gathered about the brilliantly-decorated cafes; while from the gondolas, which swept to the piazzetta to embark or receive their freights of beauty and pleasure, the song of the gondolier mingled with the notes of the guitar.

"Winthrop, did you observe that old man who just now demanded our charity?" said Irving.

"I did not. Beggars are so common here, that the eyes of Argus would fail to detect them all," was the reply.

"This was no common beggar, I am convinced. I know not why it is, but I cannot dismiss him from my thoughts. I fear I did wrong not to have spoken with him, or at least I should not have insulted his pride by the miserable dole of a ducat!"

"In the words of Byron, he was, perhaps, 'some lordly patrician begging his bitter bread!'" said Winthrop.

"I fear so," replied Irving. "Ah, who can tell the struggle of that old man's heart; the sufferings, mental and physical, he has endured ere, yielding to this galling necessity! Among these lofty palaces were once, perhaps, his ancestors proudly ruled; he, their descendant, born to command, now stalks a beggar and an alien beneath their crumbling arches. I tell you, Winthrop, that Darius, changed to his victor's car, suffered no greater humiliation than the pride of a high-born, noble spirit thus subdued by poverty! I must once more seek the old man, and repair my error."

"Not to-night, Irving. See, here is our gondola; come, or we shall be late."

"Push off—don't wait for me; I will join you in an half hour, or meet you at the opera," he answered.

"No, Charles, if you are determined to go, I will go with you. I have no idea of trusting you alone, to the chance of a stiletto in your breast," said Winthrop.

"Nonsense, Winthrop; go home to Mary, who, I dare say, from our long absence, has been imagining us for the last half hour victims to some 'Bandit of Venice.' I will soon be with you."

The suggestion that by long delay he might cause undue anxiety to his young wife, decided at once the argument. Winthrop sprang into the gondola, and, waving his hand to his friend, was borne swiftly over the thronged waters in the direction of his hotel.

The state galley, in which the Doge of Venice annually wedded the Adriatic, by throwing a ring into the sea.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile, Irving rapidly retraced his steps, and once more entered the church, whose vastness had now become more dim and solemn in the evening shadows which were gathering upon her splendours in their stealthy arms. And there stood the old man still; his noble head bowed upon his breast, and his attitude one of deep mental misery. Although so urgent to relieve, yet Irving hesitated in what manner to make his presence and intent known to the object of his kindness; and the longer he paused, still more difficult it seemed. "He surely will not remain here much longer; I will observe his movements, and, perhaps, a more favorable opportunity may offer to address him;" and, with this conclusion, Irving retired a few steps, and gliding behind a column, where he was himself unseen, still continued to watch the old man.

The church was now nearly deserted; a few persons only were strolling listlessly up and down the long aisles, and here and there a solitary worshipper was seen upon his knees, or prostrate upon his face before the image of some saint.

Not many moments had Irving thus concealed himself, when the graceful figure of a young girl, like a shadow, noiselessly flitted by him, and glided to the spot where the old man stood so heedless of all that was passing around him. Stealing one arm around his neck, in low tones she seemed to speak words of tender affection. The old man raised his head, a faint smile for an instant broke through the cloud of despair which was settled on his brow; he looked at the young girl sadly, but fondly, and then, without speaking, he motioned her to leave him, and relapsed into the same desponding attitude from which her presence had momentarily aroused him.

"Come home, dear father; you have left me a long time. I have been so weary with-out you—come, father!" said the young girl, in the soft, musical Venetian accent.

"Home, Isola? We have no home!" was the bitter reply.

"Lean on me, father; the twilight deepens, and the cool evening breeze upon the Rialto will refresh you. Come, father."

The old man clasped his hands, and raising them above his head, he groaned aloud; then, suddenly dashing his cap against the pavement, he stamped upon it passionately, exclaiming, "Senseless tool of my shame! I could rend you in pieces, and strike off the servile hand which held you to receive the beggar's mite!"

"Father! dear father!" cried Isola, in terror, and placing her hand gently upon his arm.

"Call me no longer father, Isola, for I have disgraced you. Yes, Isola, I—I, a Foscarino, have this day stooped to a deed that shames the noble blood which courses through your veins! Leave me, Isola; let the darkness hide my shame; let me not go forth as a beggar. Ay, Isola, a beggar—where, as princes, my fathers trod! Go!"

"Alone, father, alone! Holy Virgin, you mean not so—it is late—the Piazza and the Rialto are already thronged with the gaiety of Venice. You would not surely have me go forth alone? Oh, no; come, dear father, let us go together." But the old man waved his hand, and turned from her.

Then Isola fell on her knees before him, and throwing back the light scarf or veil which had before concealed her features, looked up beseechingly into his face.

It was still light enough for Irving to note that the upturned countenance of the young Venetian was one of great beauty; and, indeed, the shadows which fell so softly around her served but to enhance her loveliness in his eyes. More than ever interested by the scene, he scarcely dared to breathe, lest his presence might be betrayed.

Clasping the withered hand of the old man, she pressed it tenderly to her lips; and then, as she knelt there at his feet, once more besought him in her sweet, thrilling tones, to leave the church, and accompany her. As the eyes of her father caught the imploring expression of her features, his countenance relaxed its sternness, and placing his hand upon her beautiful head, he said—"Isola, my fair, my lovely child, image of your sainted mother, you have subdued me! No, I will not forsake you! May God forgive the rash act I meditated in my desperation! Come, my daughter, we will return to our desolate home. Perish pride, perish all vain memories of the past! let all but paternal love and duty be forgotten. Come, Isola!"

Isola drew the cloak of the old man more closely about his shoulders, lifted his cap from the pavement, and placed it gently upon his white head—every action, every movement revealing some new grace; and then, hand in hand, the old man and his child went forth together, followed at a little distance by Irving, who, forgetful of all engagements, sought only to learn the history of the two beings in whom he had become so much interested.

CHAPTER III.

In a spacious apartment, whose arched windows overlooked the sun-lit waters of the Grand Canal of Venice, and in immediate view of the Rialto, our party of American travellers were at breakfast. The walls and the lofty ceiling were beautifully frescoed, and supported by pillars richly gilt and carved; the furniture, although faded and worn, still bore evident marks of its former elegance, when those, now mouldering in the tomb, whose portraits hung tarnished and neglected against the walls,

moved through those splendid rooms in life and beauty. The Hotel R—was once the proud palace of a Venetian noble.

"My dear Charles, you lost a very great pleasure, I assure you, in not hearing the Prima Donna last evening," said Mary Winthrop, addressing Irving; "never did I listen to tones more thrillingly sweet! And, pray, where were you? Robert came home with some romantic story about an old beggar at San Marc; but ah, brother, I doubt him; confess, now, was it not some charming Signora, who, with her dark, fathomless eyes, thus wiled you away from me?"

"Ah, true, Charles," said Winthrop, "what became of you? And did you find the old man again who called forth such a burst of eloquence from you? You should have heard him, Mary! We must have you on the floor of Congress yet!"

Irving bowed to this compliment, and answered—"Yes, I found him standing where we had left him; and I have gathered enough from a conversation which I overheard between the old man and his daughter, to convince me that my suspicions were correct; he was no common beggar!"

"His daughter! ha, ha! Charles, I said so!" interrupted Mary, laughing.

"Well, Mary, I will not deny, that although greatly interested in the old man before his lovely child appeared upon the scene, I was still more so after I had seen her."

"Young and beautiful, of course?"

"Young, I am certain," answered Irving; "for a voice so musical and sweet could come from none but youthful lips; and I think, also most beautiful. Her form was grace itself; and, as seen in the dim light of the church, her countenance appeared to me one of exceeding loveliness."

"You quite interest me, Charles," said Mrs. Winthrop. "If you have finished your breakfast, we will go on to the balcony, and, while I finish my sketch, you can repeat to me your adventures."

"My adventures, I am sorry to say, are soon told, and have a very unsatisfactory ending—at least, to me," replied Irving.

He related what transpired between the old man and Isola at San Marc, with which the reader is already acquainted; and then continued—"I do not remember, my dear sister, that my feelings were ever more wrought upon than at the distress of that venerable old man, and the tender affection of his child. I felt irresistibly impelled to follow them, forgetful both of my engagement, and of the anxiety my long absence might cause you. I left the church as they did, and kept my way a few paces behind them. After leaving the Piazza San Marc, the old man and his daughter, keeping as remote as possible from the crowd, passed along the narrow callas and the numerous small bridges which traverse this strange city, and emerged at length upon the Rialto. Here their steps became slower, and the young girl unloosely the veil which she had hitherto held closely about her face, as if to inhale the cool evening wind; and I, also, fearful of being observed, slackened my pace, keeping within the shadow of the arches. It happened, unfortunately, that just before we reached the termination of the bridge, a party of gay masquers issued from one of the cafes, and with loud songs and boisterous laughter came directly toward us, separating themselves in such a way as to fill up the whole passage. They had all evidently drunk a little too much of their favorite wine. I saw Isola hastily conceal her features, and cling more closely to the arm of her father, who, drawing himself proudly up, stood still to let the revellers pass. I involuntarily hastened my footsteps, and, unperceived, stood on the other side of the young girl.

"Ha! ha! my beauty! don't hide your bright eyes. Come, a zechin for a peep, my pretty Signorina!" exclaimed a cavalier, rudely attempting to draw aside her veil.

"In one moment a blow from the old man had prostrated him."

"O Charles! you frighten me!" exclaimed Mary, catching his arm.

"A scene of wild tumult followed," proceeded Irving, "in which, of course, I bore my part, in defence of the old man and his helpless child. The noise attracted the notice of the police, and in a few moments we were surrounded by a body of the Austrian guard. As briefly as possible I explained the facts to the commander, who, learning that I was an American, courteously allowed me to pass; but on looking for those whom I wished should share the privilege with me, they had unaccountably disappeared. Imagine my chagrin and my regret! With those winding streets or alleys leading from the Rialto I was wholly unacquainted, and, of course, could not pursue my search; indeed I was obliged to procure a guide to conduct me back to the hotel."

"Thank Heaven, my dear brother, your adventure ended thus safely! I shudder to think of the danger you incurred!" cried Mary.

"Yes, I think you have escaped narrowly," added her husband; "a broil with a party of hot-headed, inebriated Venetians, is no such trifling matter. I advise you to be more wary in future, nor be led by any such foolish impulse, to run after old men and pretty girls again—at least so long as we remain in Venice."

"Thank you, Winthrop; but, to tell you the truth, I am very much disposed to pursue the adventure," replied Irving.

"Nonsense, Charles! why, there is not one

chance in a thousand that you will ever meet the old patrician again."

"Well, I will take even that one chance, small as it is," answered Irving. "I will haunt San Marc's by day, and the Rialto by night, and something assures me I shall be successful."

"And something assures me that you are a very headstrong, foolish fellow!" said Mary. "I confess, what you have told me has greatly moved my sympathies for the old man and his daughter, but not enough so, my dear brother, for me to consent that you should expose yourself a second time to so much danger. Come, I must lay my commands upon you; this morning, you remember, we proposed visiting the Ducal Palace, and this afternoon, I think, the Armenian Isle."

"I will accompany you to the Palace, Mary, but this afternoon I must claim my liberty," said Irving; "at eleven I will be with you."

As her brother left the balcony, Mary said, "My dear Robert, what can we do to end this romance in which Charles has engaged? I fear something dreadful will befall him."

"You cannot stop him, Mary; he is too headstrong for that. Let him alone, he will soon tire of his fruitless search," was the reply.

(To be Continued.)

THE FATEFUL HAND.

I believe there is no occasion into which Cupid does not intrude his saucy presence, and strive to convert it into his own opportunity.

A party of us had met, one evening, ten or twelve years ago, at the house of a "mutual friend," for the laudable and solemn purpose of invoking the presence of the spirit of the departed.

There were twelve or more of us, young and old, and we seated ourselves round the table in the centre of the room, each intent on doing his share toward promoting the "harmony" necessary in order to call "spirits from the vasty deep." We laid our hands on the table, as though to propitiate it; and silently waited for the supernatural influence which should produce the "rapping." But they did not come. In vain we waited and wished; in vain we wondered. We were forced to come to the conclusion, at last, that we were not harmonious.

"I think," said one of the party, "that we had better leave the table and sit in a circle with joined hands. In that way we shall be harmonious."

This proposition was agreed to, and we seated ourselves accordingly, in a ring, determined that no effort on our part should be wanting to accomplish our purpose.

We sat down, as I said, in a ring, joining hands all round. I am a very sensitive fellow, indeed, and the first touch of a human hand always makes a very powerful and permanent impression on me. My left hand I give to a person whose touch chilled me to the bone—it was clammy, cold, and repulsive. I had felt the hand before, and knew whose it was; it belonged to an old deacon of our church. But when I grasped the hand offered to me on the other side, I was forced to look up, for its touch thrilled me as I had never been thrilled before. It was soft, warm, gentle, tender to the verge of rapture. I looked up, and there, sitting beside me, was the loveliest creature I had ever met in my life. I was amazed, bewildered; my first impulse was to move away, from sheer awe at the near proximity of so radiant a being; my next, to press closer to the little hand that

"Lay tenderly, fondlingly in mine."

And the latter impulse, I need scarcely say, prevailed.

Well, we sat for nearly half an hour in this way, I, meanwhile, absorbing like a sponge, the enrapturing od that emanated from the palm of my lovely neighbor. I was not anxious for the circle to break up under such circumstances. I felt as though I could keep up the effort to harmonize with the Forty Thieves, or any other equally questionable "ring," if by that means I could only keep possession of the little white, dove-like nestler that so softly rested in my bony hand. But everything has an end, and so, alas! had our circle. We rose at last; and reluctantly, but suddenly, I was obliged to drop what I would otherwise have given worlds to retain.

We went our ways that night, each with different feelings, whether we had become harmonized or not. At any rate I doubt if any other person at that circle carried home a heart as nearly in a state of red-hot fusion as mine. I kept that hand that held hers in my bosom. I would not open the door with it when I arrived at my room, and stood bumblingly trying to turn the key with my left hand; till my father, awakened by the noise I made, put his night-capped head out of the door of his room to ask me angrily if I was drunk. Deigning no reply to so outrageous an insinuation, I entered my room, and taking my right hand from my bosom, kissed it over and over again, with the romantic passion of a first-lover of twenty.

All that night I lay awake, dreaming of the blue eyes and rosy lips of my enslaver, and seeming to feel over and over again the exquisite thrill I had experienced from her gentle touch.

I remained in that molten state for a week afterward, striving vainly to find out the name of the lady I loved. Nobody knew the lady—no one who was at the circle that night had