

"THE WINDS ARE SIGHING, CHARLIE."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

The winds are sighing, Charlie,
Sighing olden music o'er
With a haunting tone thro' the scenes now lone
Where once we wandered, Charlie,
Where we'll wander nevermore.

The birds are dreaming, Charlie,
Dreaming of the rose to-night—
But the perfume spring no more will bring
Thy voice of music, Charlie,
And thy soft smile's worshiped light.

The stars are smiling, Charlie,
Smiling sweetly once again—
But alone I gaze on their lovely rays,
And tears come gushing, Charlie,
Like a clouded heart's cold rain.

My heart is sighing, Charlie!
Sighing olden music o'er,
With a haunting tone thro' the chords now lone,
That once could charm thee, Charlie,
That may charm thee nevermore!

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A REVENUE OFFICER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

For more than a year our revenue vessels upon the sea, and a posse upon the land, had been in search of the smuggler, Ralph Morwood; but he had eluded us at every step, and still carried on his illicit traffic in spite of us. We knew that the northern part of Lancashire was flooded with rum and brandy of his smuggling; but the people along the coast were all friendly to him, and lent him their assistance. Finally we learned, through careful spies whom we sent out, that his usual place of refuge was somewhere on the eastern shore of Morecambe Bay, between the Wash of the Loyne and Westmoreland, and, furthermore, that he had a great quantity of contraband liquor stored near the coast.

After considerable consultation, it was decided that I should take the matter into my own hands, and ferret out the depot of the smugglers if I could. I had not much hopes of success where so many had failed; but perhaps fortune might favor me, and so I took it. I was permitted to call for as many men as I wanted, and I selected thirty of the most reliable, and bade them make their way to Lancaster, and there remain till I called for them. I instructed them not to go in company, but to travel along as though each was on business of his own, and not herd together after they reached the city, only being sure to have such an arrangement among themselves that they could be assembled with the least possible delay. A lieutenant, named Windham, was to be their leader, and with him I had an understanding, so that I could find him at any moment.

These arrangements were made at Liverpool, and as soon as I had seen my men off—some by water, and some by land—I proceeded to get ready to start myself. I got a peddler's license, and then bought a couple of small tin trunks, which I filled with trinkets and nick-nacks of almost all descriptions, and having assumed a garb befitting my new calling, I took the stage for Lancaster, from whence I traveled on foot as far as Carnford. At this latter place I made some inquiries, but could learn nothing which I had not known before, though I suspected that much more was known than was told to me. I had my trunks hang over my shoulders by a broad leathern strap, and I stopped and opened them, and bartered and gossiped at the same time.

A short distance beyond Carnford the post-road makes an abrupt turn to the right, while a narrow way leads on by the coast towards the confines of Westmoreland. The latter road was the one I took, for I felt that the nearer I kept to the sea, the more likely I should be to learn something of the smugglers. As I left the post-route, the houses became few and far between, and the people seemed poor enough; but I stopped at every dwelling, and as I exhibited and decanted upon my wares, I touched upon the subject of the contrabandists. But nobody knew anything about them, and some solemnly declared that they had never heard of such a thing in that section of country.

I had now reached a point where the road led through a wild, woody and rocky district, sometimes close to the coast, and at others farther off. Where it was furthest from the water there were hills, and woods and huge crags intervening, and it struck me as being the very sort of a spot wrongdoers would choose for a landing-place, for amid such a wild, intricate mass of rock and wilderness, there must be paths in which one acquainted with them could easily elude any number of pursuers. And, beside this, we knew that much contraband stuff had been landed very near here. But this was not all. I had another proof, and a very conclusive one, too, that I was on the right track. It was in the flat denials which the peasants made when I spoke of the smugglers. I knew there had been much smuggling done in that neighborhood, and that these people must, at least, have heard of it; so when they flatly denied having ever heard of any such thing, I simply knew that they lied. And I knew more: I knew they must have a purpose in lying. If the smugglers had only been there occasionally, and had no regular depot in that vicinity, they would not have been so anxious to hide their knowledge.

It had got to be near five o'clock, and the nearest village ahead was in Westmoreland, so I determined to keep on to that place and spend the night, and then hover about until I could gain some positive intelligence. I had just started on with this intention, when I noticed that a storm was at hand. Heavy black clouds had rolled up over the rocks and hills, and the wind was rising. I could not see the waters of the bay, for a long line of crags and woods was between them and the road; but I could hear the breakers dashing over the rocks, and I knew the sea was not very far distant. Very soon the wind broke into fitful gusts, and large drops of rain began to fall. I hurried on, and ere long had the good fortune to see a dwelling by the road-side, only a short distance ahead. It was a small, steep-roofed cot, thatched with straw, with a few dilapidated out-buildings, situated on the left hand side of the way, and surrounded by dense woods. The door was open, and I entered without ceremony, for at that moment the rain came pouring down in a torrent. The only inmates were an old woman and a girl, the latter being a stout, rugged-looking creature, some sixteen years of age.

I asked if I could have shelter there from the storm. The woman looked into my face with a searching glance, and finally said yes. So I placed my trunks in one corner, and then sat down. I was considerably wet, and feeling somewhat chilly. I asked if there was any spirit in the house. At a sign from the old woman, the girl brought me some, which I found to be pure old French brandy. "That is something of the right stamp," I said, as I wiped my lips.

"Yes," returned my hostess. "It is some that my son brought up from Lancaster."

I had a strong suspicion that she was lying, but I kept my thoughts to myself, and pretty soon she commenced to get supper.

The storm grew more furious, and I noticed that both the females were very anxious, and that they frequently went to the back door, and listened to the roar of the distant breakers. Nine o'clock came, and as it still rained hard, I remarked that I should have to remain with them over night. The old woman made no objections, but took up a candle, and led the way into a little apartment in one corner, where I found two mattresses spread upon the floor. She told me that was the best she could do, and if I could sleep there I was welcome. I answered that I was grateful for any port in a storm, and with a mumbled reply, which I could not understand, she left me. I quickly undressed, and having found some old pieces of sailcloth which had been used for sheets, I covered myself up.

I soon fell asleep, but the events of the day, and the various suspicions which I had entertained, so worked upon me, that my slumbers were uneasy and troubled. I had lain thus perhaps an hour, when I was awakened by a lull in the storm, and I supposed it was clearing off. I soon fell asleep again, and when I was next awakened, it was by some one's entering the cot. I heard a rough voice call out for the old woman, and in a few moments more I heard her reply.

"Hush!" she uttered. "Is that you, Ralph?"

"Yes," returned the newcomer.

"Be careful," she added, "for there's a 'loper in the bunk-room."

"A 'loper?" repeated the man, with an oath.

"What's he doin' here?"

"He's only a poor peddler that got caught in the storm. He'll do no damage if ye let him be."

I heard thus much, and then I heard more men enter—two more, at least—and then the door was closed. After this a light was struck, the rays from which shone through the cracks of my thin partition, and then followed some conversation in suppressed tones. Fortune had thrown me upon the track now, sure enough. That Ralph Morwood was in the next room to I was certain, and I was equally certain that this was one of his regular posts. Presently I heard the old woman say that she knew I was asleep, and then Morwood replied that he would convince himself of it before he trusted me. I saw, from the motion of the light, that he had taken up the candle, and as quickly as possible I sank down, and pretended to be in a sound sleep. He came into my room, and having gazed upon me a few moments, he held the candle close to my face, and passed it to and fro. But I made no movement. Then the light was withdrawn, and the fellow muttered—

"I'll kill him while he sleeps, and there'll be no more trouble! This knife'll find his heart before he can know he is hurt!"

For a single instant there was a thought of self-preservation flashing through my mind, but before I had made any movement with that design, I remembered that this might be only another test, and I pretended to sleep on. I heard him draw his knife, and knew that he was bending over me; but he soon went away, and softly closed my door after him, after which I heard him in conversation with his companions.

I got upon my hands and knees, and crept softly to where I had seen the widest crack, through which I easily gained a view of the occupants of the other room. There were three of them—stout, hard, rough-looking fellows—and the old woman was with them. It would be useless to note all the conversation I heard; but I heard all I could have desired. I learned that the smugglers had a secret place, close at hand, where they stored such of their contraband goods as they were forced to land before they were sold; and also that they had a cargo on the coast which they must bring up as soon as possible, and they had come up now to make arrangements for that purpose.

"We shall be ready to commence at twelve o'clock to-morrow night," said Ralph Morwood, "and you must see our friends in the morning, and be sure that they will be on hand."

These "friends," I learned, were peasants who lived in the neighborhood, and who lent their assistance in landing goods when required. The old woman promised that everything should be attended to in season, and furthermore remarked that she would see that the coast was kept clear.

Morwood came into my room again to try me, but I stood the test, and shortly afterwards he and his companions left the cot.

In the morning I got up, and eat breakfast with my hostess. She was very particular to know if I had slept well, and I assured her that I was never better satisfied with a night's rest in my life. I gave her half a crown, and then slung my trunks over my shoulders, and took my leave. The distance to Lancaster was only fifteen miles, and I reached that city by the middle of the forenoon. I found Windham at his tavern, and before noon all my men had been notified. It was arranged that we should meet, at eight o'clock that evening, in a small wood between there and Carnford, and there we would proceed upon our mission.

At the time appointed we were all together in the wood, and I then related to my men what I had seen and heard. I described to them the location of the cot where I had spent the night, and ordered them to follow me, and bait at my further directions. I was to go ahead, and they were to drop along, singly or in couples, so as not to excite the suspicion of any of the peasants who might chance to see us. By eleven o'clock we were together again, close by the smuggler's cot. We found a good hiding-place in the wood, where we could observe any one who might approach the dwelling, and there we lay in wait. About half an hour after midnight we heard the tramp of men coming up through the wood from the sea, and ere long we saw dusty forms approaching the cot. We could not distinguish much by the dim starlight, but we could see that there were a large number of them, and that they stopped by one of the small out-buildings. In a few moments more, we heard the squealing of a pig, and shortly after that the fellows seemed to be very busily at work.

Now was the time, I thought, and I passed the word for my men to be ready; and as soon as they had their weapons at hand, I gave the order for starting. We took our way carefully down, under cover of the wood, and when we came to the point where we must show ourselves, I gave a loud shout, and dashed forward, with my men close at my heels. The smugglers were taken so completely by surprise that we had a score of them down and handcuffed ere they knew what had happened. The remainder showed some fight, but was easily and quickly overcome; and when we had no more fighting to do, we looked around to see what had been going on. There were some forty small kegs of spirit lying upon the ground, while close at hand I observed a broad opening in the earth, like the mouth of a pit, with a board fence upon three sides of it. I took one of the lanterns which the smugglers had dropped, and examined the mysterious looking place. I found it to be a curi-

ous contrivance. In the day-time this had seemed to be but a very ordinary pig-pen, the bottom covered with straw and dirt, and a pig grunting about in it; and it had been passed and re-passed many times by officers who were in search of the smugglers' depot, without exciting suspicion. But now the pig had been removed, the straw cleared away, the plank flooring taken up, and the way opened to a vast subterranean vault, where we found over five hundred casks of various sizes, and containing various kinds of liquor, besides several boxes of tea, tobacco, and sugar!

As soon as I had seen my prisoners safe I took half of my men and moved down to the coast. It was a crooked, hidden way, among rocks and trees, but it had been traveled so much that, by the help of the lanterns, we managed to follow it. At the water's edge we found three boats, in charge of six men; and as they thought we were friends until we got close upon them, we had no difficulty in securing them. The boats were loaded with kegs of brandy, and had just come to the shore.

Not far off I saw a brig at anchor, which I knew must be the smugglers' vessel, and having learned that only two of the crew were on board, I had one of the boats cleared out, and then set off four of my men in her to take the brig, and stay on board till I relieved them.

My next movement was to find a horse, which I did without trouble, and then I sent a man off to Lancaster with orders for a posse of men from that port. Just at daylight my messenger returned with twenty men, and our work after that was easy. We captured the whole smuggler crew, took their vessel, and got contraband goods to the amount of between five and six thousand pounds sterling.

"Aha! you're the peddler, eh?" cried Ralph Morwood, when he saw my face by daylight.

"Exactly," said I.

"Oh!" he added, with a gnash of the teeth, and a furious clanging of his irons, "I wish I'd only known it!—ye wouldn't have done this, my fine fellow!"

"I'm just as much obliged to you," I returned. "But if you'd pricked me with your knife, or burnt my nose with your candle, I might have waked up."

He said no more, and I passed on to the cot, in hopes to find the old woman and the damsel there, whom I had entirely neglected during the night. But they had flown. However, we had enough, and as the hospitable dame had helped me so much I was rather glad she had gone.

TOO LATE.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

She is dying—her lamp of life is flickering,
Faint is its light;
Damp are the heavy curls that cluster round
Her brow so white;
Damp with the drops which herald the approach
Of Death's cold, starless night.

Her pale lips move—she speaks—and bending low,
We hear her say:
"Alas! in vain I wish to see him now,
He's far away;
In bitter anger my love from me departed,
He will not come to-day."

"Tell him his hasty words were harsh and cruel,
When last we met;
Tell him that many a weary hour I've passed,
With keen regret,
For my companion—while Hope would sometimes
Whisper,
There's joy in the future yet."

"Tell him I leave for him love and forgiveness,
And now—Good-bye."
Meekly she folds her hands—a tear-drop dims
Her darkening eye;
Then her pure, gentle spirit wings its flight,
To realms of light on high.

Hark! there are footsteps hurriedly approaching
The garden gate;
Nearer they come—her lover comes to greet her;
(Inevitable Fate!)
The white-robed form no welcome has to give him
He comes too late—too late.

HORACE GILMOR.

A LEAF FROM A PHYSICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Some years ago I was called upon to visit a patient, at one of the largest hotels of the city. I met the gentleman, of course, as a stranger, but a physician comes as a friend to the bedside of the suffering, and I soon found myself more deeply interested in this young man than often happens to me in the course of my practice.

He told me he was dying of consumption, and I could well believe it when I looked upon his worn and emaciated frame, listened to his hurried and irregular breathing, the cough that convulsed his whole physical frame, at short intervals, and saw the color come and go at every exertion.

But it was not these common symptoms of that insidious and incurable disease that interested me. Had they been all I should certainly have exerted my skill to render comfortable the short remainder of a life I had no power to prolong, and those efforts would have ended the duties and cares imposed by our relation of physician and patient.

But I detected, together with a sweetness and amiability of temper that charmed me, a deep-seated, apparently ineradicable melancholy that fascinated me, while it piqued my curiosity. There was something magnetic about this sweet sadness. It thrilled me, and gradually brought me to the same mood, and I would leave my patient's apartment full of a vague, but deep sorrow, that seemed a reflection of his own. I had prided myself on my ability to look upon all forms of suffering undimmed and unaffected, but here I was, at the first moment, receiving this man's mental malady, like a sensitive school-girl!

Day by day I visited him, and finding that in his feeble condition the bustle and noise of the great hotel precluded that quiet by day, and calm sleep by night that he so much needed, I made interest with an excellent family of my acquaintance, who lived near me, and had him removed thither.

Here I saw him frequently, as I was in the habit of calling nearly every time I passed the door. My wife, also, hearing me often mention the interest I felt in him, went frequently to visit him. She, too, was charmed by his gentle sadness and his ardent gratitude for every attention that was paid him; and the family with whom he was established soon came to love him as a son and brother.

It seemed indeed remarkable that a stranger of whom we absolutely knew nothing save his name, and that of his birthplace and the home of his parents at the South, should so have won all hearts. With regard to his history and antecedents he was reserved, and yet no one of us believed that any crime attached to this mystery.

I had several times offered to write to his mother, who he had informed me was still living, but he had refused my offer.

"She is old, and too feeble in health to come to me," he would say, "and need not be troubled with any tidings of her truant son, until she is informed that I am no more. Be patient, Doctor," he would add, "your task will not be long. Before I die I will tell you my sad, brief story, and give you every necessary direction for communicating with the few friends fate has left me, and for disposing of my effects."

It was not until two days before his death that I learned the history of that deep, rankling sorrow that had made a lonely wanderer of one well calculated to adorn the domestic circle and to illustrate the virtues of the patriot, and had finally brought him to the verge of the grave, while yet in the flower of his manhood.

I had been with him in the morning and had found him unusually cheerful. He smilingly assured me that he had not felt so strong and well in months, and I remember his saying, with a faint sigh, that he might perhaps be recovering. I knew he had no wish to live, so that I understood the sigh, and the smile and jest that followed and covered it, as he said that if I effected a cure upon him, I might advertise myself as one able to raise the dead.

I was not deceived by this apparent cessation of the more violent symptoms of the disease, but I own that I was startled when, on my return to dinner, about four o'clock, I called again. During my absence he had been unusually talkative and cheerful, and had probably over-exerted himself, though at any rate he could not have lived many days. But a violent attack of coughing had seized him. In his convulsive efforts he had ruptured a blood-vessel, in the lungs, and was actually bleeding to death, as my first glance at his blood-stained pillows and ghastly face too well assured me.

Restoratives were immediately applied and the hemorrhage soon checked, but my patient lay in a state of weakness and utter prostration not easy to conceive by one who has never seen a similar case. I thought he could not possibly survive the night, and feared he would die without having the power to give the directions he had promised, and to satisfy the anxious desire of us all to know the history of his life.

But contrary to my expectations he rallied, and his life was prolonged until the close of the week, which had just commenced at the period of his attack. Two days, as I before said, previous to his death he told me the story I shall here set down. It was told with many interruptions, and in feeble tones, sometimes difficult to understand, but I think I have preserved a faithful record of its main incidents.

Horace Gilmore was the son of wealthy parents. His early home was surrounded by the richest luxuriance of tropical scenery—a plantation, remote from large towns, and separated by leagues of wilderness and miles of cultivated lands from the seaport which was the market for its productions. Though so remote from the busier haunts of men, Mr. Gilmore's plantation was by no means a lonely spot—the cotton fields, and the negro quarters were full of busy life, while the house itself resounded always with the pleasant bustle of a large family, and within sight of its windows and broad verandahs, were two other similar dwellings—the homes of planters like Mr. Gilmore.

Horace was the youngest of the flock, by many years. Previous to his birth the eldest son of the family had established himself in New Orleans, and the eldest daughter had married and removed to her husband's home.

It was not many years before Horace alone was left in that pleasant home, of all the children of Mr. Gilmore. The lad, for by this time he was well-grown, would then have been lonely indeed, had he not found society congenial to his tastes at the houses of the neighboring planters.

Each of these gentlemen was father of a daughter nearly of the same age of Horace Gilmore. From infancy the three had been playmates, and their affection only increased with years. So long as Horace could have the society of Clara Delamere and Sophia Lawson, he scarcely felt the absence of his own brothers and sisters, all of whom were so much older than himself as to preclude the growth of that close intimacy which frequently exists among children of the same family.

The trio—Horace, Clara and Sophia, were scarcely ever separated for a day, until the period arrived when it became necessary to send them from home for the completion of their education. Hitherto they had been taught by a tutor engaged for that purpose, meeting for study, alternately at each other's house.

This separation was the first and saddest trial which these three young creatures had ever been called to endure. To the two girls the sorrow was lightened by the fact that they were not to be parted. Both were to be pupils of the same school, and find a home with an aunt of Clara Delamere's, who lived in the town where the seminary was situated. But Horace was to lose them both, and to go from home the first time in his life, quite alone.

Though many and bitter were the tears shed at parting, these young people were consoled, as others are, by the new scenes and employments on which they entered. And though they protested, and really felt that they could never be happy again, at the time they left home, all contrived to endure the separation with a great deal of cheerfulness, though they by no means forgot each other.

Four years passed before the three were again domiciled beneath the roofs of their respective parents, though in this interval they had met several times, for short periods.

Then they returned to leave no more. Horace was to remain with his father and assist in the care of the plantation—the girls to live in their fathers' homes until transferred to those of their husbands.

Of course the old intimacy, modified by their increased age, was renewed. Hitherto the relation existing between these youthful friends had been nearly fraternal, and for a time it continued so. Warmer feelings, however, sprung up at last; and though for a long time Horace found it difficult to decide which he loved best, loving both so well, his heart at length fixed itself upon Clara Delamere.

With the consent of their parents the youthful pair were betrothed, but owing to their extreme youth the marriage was to be delayed until Horace reached his twenty-first year. Meanwhile there was no apparent change in the deportment of the three. To the lovers, Sophia Lawson was as a sister, equally beloved by both, and equally loving. The hours, the days, the months flew past full of happiness. Love cast its enchantment over their lives, and they existed in a magic realm of bliss.

Their dream of joy met with a sorrowful interruption when, during the year previous to that fixed for the marriage, Clara Delamere went to pay a long-promised visit to an aunt in New Orleans—a visit which her parents were unwilling that she should postpone until after the wedding as was desired both by herself and Horace. But the hope of speedy reunion sustained those who were left behind, and they were wise enough to fill the blank caused by her absence with cheerful pursuits.

Clara, that the first great sorrow fell upon Horace Gilmore.

During the winter season assemblies were regularly held at the town hall of the county-seat distant but a few miles from Spring Hill, the residence of our friends. To one of these Horace obtained the consent of her parents to escort Sophia. And accordingly, on a fine winter afternoon, they set out for the scene of their hoped for enjoyment.

Sophia was in exuberant spirits. Horace thought he had never seen her so gay, and pleased himself with the thought that he had been instrumental in affording her a gratification so congenial to her tastes and age, and from which, owing to the secluded situation of her home, she was almost entirely debarred. There seemed no shadow across her sunny pathway; no premonition of her coming fate chilled her heart.

The ball-room was filled at an early hour. Horace was to dance the first dance with Sophia, and was waiting impatiently for the signal, when he was called from the room to attend to some matter of business, of importance to his father. He would have excused himself, but Sophia begged him to go, and accepted the invitation of a mutual friend for the dance, that Horace might feel quite at liberty.

He was absent but a few moments. The sound of the music made him impatient to return; and he was bounding gaily up the stairs, when a cry of horror issued from the assembly room; the music suddenly ceased, and through the open doors he saw the crowd rushing toward the centre of the room, while several voices called his name in loud tones. He pressed forward and saw Sophia Lawson lying upon the floor, partly supported in her partner's arms.

She was dead! In an instant, with no warning, not even one pang, she had passed from this life to the next! Horace bore the dead girl to her home. There was mourning and desolation where her presence had been joy and light. Clara and Horace decked her grave with flowers, and went daily to mingle their tears above the sod that covered the form of one they had so dearly loved.

The marriage was delayed, until the mourning both were should be laid aside. Neither felt that any joy could be complete in which she did not participate. At first they could not feel that their deep grief could ever be assuaged.

Nevertheless "Time the comforter" performed his work of healing.

Little more than a year had passed, when Horace accompanied Clara to the place which had been the scene of Sophia's death, with the same joyous anticipations. The assembly to be held was in commemoration of some historical event, and was to be unusually brilliant in appointments.

They thought, often, of Sophia, and talked of her as they drove along the pleasant winter roads, with a soft, chastened melancholy. Clara was inclined to indulge in some slight and vague superstitious fears. But Horace rallied her, until she forgot them, and turned to thoughts of the triumphs he predicted for her.

Clara danced once with Horace. He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful, as in her rich and becoming dress, she moved through the mazes of the dance, her soft color flickering over her cheek, and her eyes modestly cast down. He was surprised as he led her to a seat to hear her whisper:

"I feel very ill, Horace, and should like to go home."

"Not yet, surely, dearest Clara," he replied, "I will take you to a cooler room and you will recover. You are only a little fatigued and excited. That is all, is it not?"

She assented, with a languid smile, and suffered herself to be led away. Rest did not revive her, but, unwilling to deprive Horace of a pleasure he highly enjoyed, she soon returned to the assembly-room. But it was in vain that she strove to maintain an appearance of ease, and Horace soon seeing that she was really ill, besought her to return home.

They went. The sick girl leaned heavily upon Horace's shoulder, moaning in pain, and long before the long, dark way was passed, she lay in utter helplessness in his arms.

They laid her upon her bed, when she reached home, and she never rose from it again. Her disease was one of the violent and fatal fevers of the country, and soon ended in death. Clara Delamere was laid beside Sophia. Lovely in life, and united in death, they rest beneath the magnolias that shed their glorious blossoms, an odoriferous offering, upon their early graves.

Horace Gilmore became a wanderer. Henceforth his home was hateful to him. Every object he looked upon, all familiar sounds, the odoriferous breezes, the sunset clouds, all recalled the lost. Over the face of the earth he sought peace in vain. For years he had borne the burden of his great sorrow, but release had come at last. With a smile of almost triumph he breathed his last in my arms.

In compliance with his dying request, we sent his remains to his Southern home, and to-day they repose beneath the magnolias that cast their huge shadows on the graves of the three friends.

FLOWERS.

Of all the animate and inanimate productions of nature, flowers have the least reason to complain of the neglect or unkindness of man; and Æsop, Gay, and La Fontaine in conjunction, would find it difficult to discover a grievance for them which they could lay, with any justice, at the foot of Jove's imperial throne. In every age and every nation they have been honored and cherished, loved and admired. In the olden time they graced the festivals, and adorned the altars, of the deities. A goddess, ever blooming and young, superintended their interests, and her marriage with the gentle Zephyrus must have singularly promoted the welfare of her delicate subjects. They have been showered on the heads of heroes, been twisted into the chaplets of Hymen, and chosen by Love as his most appropriate gifts, and most intelligible symbols. Affection has delighted to strew them on the graves of the departed, and poetry has sung their praise, till the wearied ear turns from the oft-told tale.

"Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,"
are tastes and studies of this description, when cultivated as the amusement, not the business of life, and kept in due subserviency to higher and more useful pursuits.

HOURS OF SADNESS.

Though youth be a season of jollity, yet it is in hours of sadness that the man is most strongly reminded of the days of yore. The deep feeling of melancholy is the only one that extends like a clue through life; that blends present, past, and future, into one, and places our identity palpably before us. It is the point at which we all feel at home; and when, after intervals of apathy and distraction, we return to it, it seems as if life, like time, were but a series of revolutions, and at certain periods found itself at the very goal from whence it first started.