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POETRY.

From the American weekly Messenger.

TO A LADY.

THE AUTHOR OF "BROTHER COME HOME"

hat are they thoughts!—Of the gay world,
And all its bright illusions given,
e dreams of hope, the smile of joy,
Or, do they rest on Heaven!

urn,st thou from off the lotter'ed page
With thought, into they heart to look,
Or why thus lean upon they hand,
And why thus closely shut thy book!

What is thy study! —the broad globe,
On which thy taper fingers rest!
Offers it one bright isle, one home,
For thee to bless, or to be blest!

There are wild fancies in thy brain,
Fancies, fain would have thee tell,
Why thus apart—and why so wrapt!
For thought hangs o'er thee like a spell.

Perchance thou lovest, the blue wave
Rises between thee, its white foam
Bears him to other climes—but yet
Thy heart is the beloved one's home.

Or thou beheld'st him o'er the seas—
Watch the last curling wave arise,
That sped his vessels o'er the deep,
And left him 'neath those foreign skies.

'Tis a sad retrospect of love,
Which memory faintly shows thee now,
For, like a twilight on the earth,
It dims the sunbeam of thy brow.

I would not have the Lady speak,
I would not have her break the spell,
Think on in purity and love,
For, with thee all will yet be well.

C. H. W.

ABON BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abon Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abon. 'Nay; not so,'
Replied the angel. Abon spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me for one that loves his fellow men,'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

From the Boston Liberator.

THF CALLING OF GOD.

The following effusion of *J. G. Whittier's* spirit stirring muse, though intended only for a lady, in explanation of something he had said to her in conversation, is a gem too pure and bright to be kept in her casket; may it be set in the hearts of your readers.

Not always as the whirlwind's rush
On Horeb's mount of fear,
Not always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd seer;
Nor as the awful voice which came
To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
Nor gift of fearful words;
Not always thus with outward sign
Of fire or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine—
The call of God is given!
Awaking in the human heart
Love for the *True* and *Right*—
Zeal for the Christain's 'better part,'
Strength for the Christain's fight.

Nor unto manhood's hear. alone
The holy influence steals;
Warm with a rapture not its own,
The heart of *woman* feels!
As she who by Samaria's wall
The Saviour's errand sought—
As those who with the fervent Paul
And meek Aquila wrought.

Or these meek ones, whose martyrdom
Rome's gathered grandeur saw,
Or those who in their Alpine home
Braved the crusader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard
Through all its vales of death,
The marytr's song of triumph, poured
From *woman's* failing breath.

Oh, gently by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirits pass,
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
Or vapors o'er a glass,
Leaving their token strange to view
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the *Right* and *True*
And *Merciful* is made.

Oh, then, if gleames of Truth and light
Flash o'er the waiting mind,
Unfolding to our mental sight
The wants of human kind—
If brooding over human grief
The earnest wish is known,
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not our own!

Though heralded with nought of fear,
Or outward sign or show—
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low—
Though dropping as the manna fell
Unseen—yet from above—
Holy and gentle—heed it well!
The call to TRUTH and LOVE!

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That's creeping o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold:
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim!
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart was he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have had and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past.
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Knickerbocker, for January.

The Fountain of Youth.

The very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Col. Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake.—And, before proceeding farther, I will merely hint, that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

'My dear old friend,' said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, 'I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study.'

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger' study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim oldfashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken book cases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios, and black leather quartos, and the upper with little parchment duodecimos. Over the central book case was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the book cases hung a looking glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and could stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and no body could tell the title of the book But it was well known to be a book of magic and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said—'Forbear!'

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a wild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visage of the five old people who sat around. Four champaigne glasses were also on the table.

'My dear old friends,' repeated Dr Hiedegger, 'may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?

Now Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But, without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

'This rose,' said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, 'this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding.—Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?

'Nonsense!' said the widow Wycherly, with a pevish toss of her head. 'You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again.

'See!' answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the case and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petels stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower was reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew drops were sparkling.

'That is certainly a very pretty deception,' said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show; 'pray how was it effected?'

'Did you ever hear of the 'Fountain of Youth?' asked Dr. Heidegger, 'which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago.

'But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?'—said the Widow Wycherly.

'No,' answered Dr. Heidegger, 'for he never sought it in the right place. The Famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macao. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase.'

'Ahem!' said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; 'and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?'

'You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel, replied Dr. Heidegger, 'and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid, as may restore you to the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment.'

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasse with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once.—But Dr. Heidegger besought them stay a moment.

'Before you drink, my respectable old friends,' said he, 'it would be well that, with the experience of a life-time to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea, that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

'Drink, then,' said the doctor bowing: 'I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment.'

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

'Give us more of this wondrous water!' cried they eagerly. 'We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick!—give us more!'

'Patience, patience!' quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. 'You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service!'

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase, to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grand-children. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table and swallowed the contents at a single gulph. Was it delusion!—Even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks—they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age; and a woman, hardly beyond her buxom prime.

'My dear widow, you are charming!' cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson day-break.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Mean-while, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner, as proved that the water of the fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhileration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years.—Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. How he rattled forth full throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's rights; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own consience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar ice bergs,

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror, curtseying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside.—She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long remembered wrinkle or crow's foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

'My dear old doctor,' cried she, 'pray favor me with another glass!'

'Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!' replied the complaisant doctor; 'see! I have already filled the glasses.'

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brim full of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moon like splendour gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately carved, baken armchair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befited that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But the next moment the exhilirating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost; and without which the word's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new created beings in a new-created universe.

'We are young! We are young!' they cried exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant foolishness of their years. The most singular of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a gouty grand-father; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischieveous merriment in her rosy face.

'Doctor, you dear old soul,' cried she, 'get up and dance with me!' And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

'Pray excuse me,' answered the doctor, quietly, 'I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner.

'Dance with me, Clara!' cried Colonel Killigrew. 'No, no, I will be her partner!' shouted Mr Gascoigne, 'She promised me her hand, fifty years ago!' exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap.—Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalship, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled granddam.

But they were young; their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

'Come, come, gentlemen!—come, Madam Wycherly,' exclaimed the doctor, 'I really must protest against this riot.'

They stood still, and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time was calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and dark come vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm chair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

'My poor Sylvia's rose!' ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds: 'it appears to be fading again.'

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

'I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness,' observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly flattered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an allusion? Had the changes of a life time been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

'Are we grown old again, so soon!' cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue as transient as that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin lid were ever it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

'Yes, friends, ye are old again,' said Dr. Heidegger; 'and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!'

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning noon and night, from the fountain of Youth.

EASTON, Md. January 14.

Negro David, sentenced at the last term of our county Court, to be hung for the murder of Capt. Edward Blades, was executed yesterday, at 12 o'clock. The Rev. Mr. Greenbank delivered a solemn and impressive charge to the numerous assemblage present—a more orderly concourse has seldom been witnessed. The criminal met his doom with great firmness, and died with scarce a struggle. He had permission to address the crowd, but declined doing so.—*Gazette.*