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## POETRY.

### THE STARS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Those burning stars! what are they? I have dreamed
That they were blossoms on the tree of life,
Or glory flung back from the outspread wings
Of God's Archangel—or that yon blue skies,
With all their gorgeous blazonry of gems,
Were a bright banner waving o'er the earth
From the wall of heaven!—And I have sat
And drank their gushing glory, till I felt
Their flash electric trembling with the deep
And strong vibration down the living wire
Of chainless passion—and my every pulse
Was beating high, as if a spring were there
To buoy me up, where I might ever roam
Mid the unfathomed vastness of the sky,
And dwell with those high stars, and see the light
Pouring down upon the blessed earth, like dew
From the bright urns of Naiades!

Beautiful stars!
What are ye? There is my heart of hearts
A fount, that heaves beneath you, like the deep
Beneath the glories of a midnight moon!
And list—your Eden tones are floating now
Around me like an element—so low,
So wildly beautiful, I almost dream
That ye are there, the living harp of God,
O'er which the incense winds of Eden stray,
And wake such tones of minstrelsy
As well might wander down to the dim world
To fashion dreams of heaven!—peal on—peal on
Nature's high anthem!—for life has caught
A portion of your purity and power,
And seems but as sweet and glorious tone
Of wild star-music!

Blessed, blessed things!
Ye are in heaven and I on earth. My soul
Even with the whirlwind's rush, can wander off
To your immortal realms, but it must fall,
Like your own ancient Pleid from its height,
To dim its new caught glories in the dust!
The earth is beautiful—I love
Its wilderness of spring flowers, its bright clouds
The majesty of mountains, and the dread
Magnificence of Ocean—for they come
Like visions to my heart—but when I look
On your unfading loveliness, I feel
Like a lost infant gazing on its home,
And weep to die, and come where you repose
Upon your boundless heaven, like parted souls
On an eternity of blessedness.

## POPULAR TALE.

### THE CONCEALED LOVER.

A BEAUTIFUL TALE.

Miss Percival had completed her toilet for Mrs. Mowbray's party, and was sitting by the fire in her chamber, waiting for the carriage. Resting her arm on the side of the large and luxurious chair she occupied, in a drooping mood, her eye was vacantly fixed on the hearth. The splendor of an exalted beauty was paled by a shade of listlessness, and the fire of pride and passion upon her lofty features quenched in melancholy. One who saw that expression and manner would have wondered through what peculiarity or defect of character it was that her nature failed to respond to the bright influences of happiness that were around her. Did she feel too much, or too little? Were her sympathies below the inspiration of the scenes that surrounded her, or above their vanity? Dwelling amidst a luxury that exhausted the wishes, and a magnificence that anticipated fancy—accustomed from her youth to look upon that as the ordinary state of life which quickens ambition and inspires the life of hope in others less affluent, perhaps the blessedness of that condition had lost its value, and she had ceased to appreciate the enjoyments that were so familiar. It had been as difficult for herself, perhaps, as for an observer, to analyze the causes of that gloom; nor indeed was she aware of its existence. In calmness and inaction the various qualities of our nature—its faculties and sentiments, aspirations and hinderances—lie folded together darkly; till the breezes of some powerful excitement raise and expand them into vigor, as the gathered wings of the bird Juno open in their gorgeousness to the freshening wind. Passion lighting on the spirit, its blaze wakes up the sleeping forms of power, and its rays, streaming backward reveal all the hidden qualities of the character.

Miss Percival's father was a man of large and secure wealth, and his family had always very fully enjoyed the manifold advantages of such a condition. Miss Percival early displayed a superiority of intelligence, and an elevated spirit, which made her the delight and admiration of her friends. Her youth was a recollection of the highest delight. Led by the guidance of taste into the enchanting realms of poetry, her fancy delighted to wander through the impressive grandeurs of Milton, and to contemplate life glorified on the pages of Shakspeare. Her summers were passed at the family-seat in the country, and there, in freedom and in solitude, she breathed the glad excitement of the scenes of nature. These pleasures in the coming years were changed for the still more animating prospect of entering society—perhaps the most exquisite anticipation that the mind ever enjoys; for the world then lies before the eyes of the novice, glittering in the splendor of an indistinct but wild and endless attractiveness. Her first winter was a sojourn in fairy land: her eye was fascinated with a varying succession of the brilliance of the drawing-room and the enchantments of the ball-room, and her mind was charmed by the elegant homage, the delicious flatteries, the golden promises that ever awaited her coming. The second winter the glory began to fade—and this was the third season. There was no abatement of the pleasure that spread before her, but the rapture of their influence was departed; everything that could stimulate was around her, yet her feelings slumbered amid all.—There was no change in her manner; none guessed her weariness—she scarcely stated it to herself; good-breeding and kindness of heart made her seem still to be happy.—Yet she felt more and more that society was an affair of routine:

She wore a face of joy because
She had been glad of yore.

As she sat by the fire, her younger sister came in to warm her gloves.

"Well, Lily," said the elder, "do you expect a pleasant evening?"

"Yes, I do; do you not?"

"No, my dear, I expect rather a dull time. Mrs. Mowbray's parties are stupid to a proverb—and, in fact, I think all society is degenerating. The beaux this winter are very indifferent, and people generally do not seem as bright as they used to be. For my part, I wish the party was over."

The servant at that moment announced the carriage, and in a few moments the sisters entered Mrs Mowbray's drawing-room. The younger sister joined some of her acquaintance in another part of the room, and Miss Percival remained conversing with one of her friends. In a few moments there came in a young man whose appearance drew her attention. He had rather the air of a student than a man of fashion. His countenance bore remarkable traces of energy and exalted thought, and his high pale forehead, and large dreamy eye blended an inexpressible softnes and beauty with the strength of its lineaments. It seemed as if the lustre of the mind itself became corporeal in the purity and force of those features. The moment her glance fell upon him, her curiosity and regard were excited towards him—there was something so elevated yet so winning in the animated gentleness of his aspect. His face beamed with earnestness, sincerity, and the light of intellect.

Some time after, Miss Percival was sitting on a sofa listening to the vacant conversation of one of her acquaintance, when she heard the piano sounded, and, looking round, she saw this stranger seated at the instrument. She understood that he was playing something of his own composing. It was a piece of rare excellence, and of extraordinary interest to one so skilled in the criticism of music as she was. It developed the subtlest combinations of harmony, and gave expression in the most delicate tones to sentiments of high and impassioned beauty. Touching on a hundred tones of melody that displayed the fastidious affluence of the author's mind, the sounds ran on like a full stream that reflects the radiance of the sunbeams, and flows to the murmur of its own varied cadence. But, the performance engaged Miss Percival's thought less than the face of the performer. It was lighted up with all the blaze of that genious of which the music gave but broken and imperfect gleams.—Its ardor, its ambition, its repressed enthusiasm, marked the high workings of a sensitive but dauntless spirit, which regarded all that it had yet done as but eminences whence greater triumphs could be described. You read therein the secrets of a life full of fine and touching interest.

When he arose, Mrs Mobray led him towards Miss Percival, and presented him to her as Mr. Levison. He told her that he had the pleasure of knowing her many years before, when he had passed a summer in his boyhood near the country residence of her father. He listened with an air of interest to her reply, to see if she retained any reccollection of their former acquaintance. The name recalled to her the image of a boy with whom she remembered to have wandered years before among the beautiful scenes of her childhood, but she could not realize that he was the person now before her, or indentify the present acquaintance with their former familiarity. The circumstance, however, gave friendliness and cordiality to their meeting, and to freer confidence to their intercourse. Miss Percival had never listened to anything so charming as his conversation.—At first she exerted herself to talk, but afterwards gave herself to the pleasure of hearing him The force, the fire, the glittering wealth of his mental resources, the happiness of buoyant strength that his character displayed, made his discourse a deep and high delight. His fancy threw a rich gilding over every subject that came under it; by the action of a nature so animated, life seemed quickened and elevated into a thing of loftier and more vital interest. In the companionship of so exquisite a power she felt herself stronger, happier, looking upon the world through an exalting medium, and triumphant over all the annoyances and hinderances of earth. These influences were conveyed by a voice more rich, and soft, and penetrating than any sounds that her ear had ever received. Nothing has a mightier or more mysterious action than the voice; in its strength and in its melting sweetness it reaches the soul with an impression that the moss piercing thoughts, unembodied in language, cannot equal. His voice was clear and firm, yet so gentle, that it seemed to break in rich melody as it was formed; it was distinct, but trembling with susceptibility and delicate passion. Often her attention wandered from what he said, in order to drink in the mere music of his tones. There was too in his feautures—their ardor, yet composure—a witchery that enchained her gaze; amid the glow of the eye and the play of the lips, his high pale forehead, remained motionless, with a calm that gave, as it were, an Olympain serenity to the countenance. He remained conversing with Miss Percival until he left the room; when he retired, Mrs. Mowbray came up.

"Have you read Mr. Levison's poems?" said she.

"No; has he written any?"

"Some of the most beautiful I have ever read. I am sure you will be delighted with them."

When Miss Percival returned home that night, and dismissing her servant, threw herself into her chair beside the fire, how different was her aspect, and how far removed from her former indifference was the splendid excitement which now agitated her mind! What a tumult of passions looked beautiful upon her face! With what energy and teeming life her thoughts were filled! What golden interest was thrown over every thing! Life sparkled before her gaze in the glitter of hope and joy. The secret of her former listlessness was explained. Her sympathies had wanted an object; that object was now supplied; and in the engrossment which it made of all her powers, she felt that delight which results from the full stress of the faculties. The tedium of superfluous feelings, the pain of unoccupied emotions, no longer weighed down her spirit, but, exhilarated by a purpose and an inspiration that drew up all her energies, every part of her nature was agitated with gladness. The next morning she spent in reading a volume of the poems which Mrs. Mowbray had sent. A fall of snow had taken place during the night, and the whiteness of the earth and cloudless blue of the sky seemed in unison with the purity of rapture to which her heart was raised She scarcely read, much less criticised the verses; for to her enthusiam there hung around the lines, and floated off, as it were, from the surface of the words, dream-like pictures of feeling which filled her fancy with an intoxicating pleasure. She found that some of the poems were addressed to a lady; appropriating the author wholly to herself, it never occurred to her thoughts that his interest might be engaged in another—and she was only charmed to find that the same sentiments which her breast contained, could exist also in his. Two or three times subsequently she met him in company, and the impression of their first interview was strengthened and extended. One evening, however, a person acquainted with Mr. Levison's history remarked to her that he had for years passionately loved a lady to whom many of his poems were addressed, and that his affections were still fixed upon her.

Miss Percival made no inquiry of her name or the circumstances; the communication fell upon her like the blow of death. It was enough that he was devoted to another; the dream of her soul was vanished. In the moment that she first realized she loved him, that love was blasted by despair. She hastened home, and locking the door of her apartment, sank into her chair, paralyzed, as it were, and dumb with grief.

Long did she sit in silent stupor. Her mind was too much oppressed to act upon the case and analyze the extent of her woe; yet that pain pressed sharply upon her nature with an obscure but keen distress, which threatened almost to drive her to insanity. At last she roused herself; her feelings, overwrought, revolted against the tyranny of that torture. She said to herself, "What has happened to me? Nothing. I loved before; I will love still.—My happiness was in loving; nothing can prevent my loving." Banishing the recollection of the reality by a powerful effort, she brought up her feelings to the eminence they had stood upon before she flung her soul into passion.

She took up the poems again: they recalled vividly her former thoughts and the conversation she had had with him, and she was happy. It seemed as if the effect she made to restore herself to her former frame, powerfully increased her love, and urged her to the utterance of it. She drew near to her secretary, and, taking a sheet of paper, began to express, in the form of a letter to Mr. Levison, the feelings she entertained towards him. The imparting of her emotions gave her relief; she returned to the task, and found that dwelling upon her passion, and turning it over in various lights, was a delicious employment. She covered several pages, and when she stopped, she felt as if she could have continued the delightful toil for weeks, and derived from it an abundant satisfaction. Should she send him the letter? She had no such intention at first; but when it was ended, she felt that it would be an inexpressible joy to her if he could know how much he was beloved; she thought it was true to the earnestness and purity of her attachment that he who inspired it should be acquainted with it. Accordingly, leaving it unsigned, she folded it up, and at nightfall, putting on an old cloak and bonnet, and drawing her veil closely about her face, this enthusiastic child set out and left it with her own hand at his lodgings. When she retured, she felt herself but half relieved; she was under a powerful excitement that could not rest, but must act: there occurred to her a thousand things which she wished to say, better than anything she had said. It happened that there was an interval of some length, during which she did not meet Mr. Levison, and in that period she despatched to him three or four letters.

At length they met at a small party.—When she saw him approaching her, she felt herself suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of humiliation, nay, of degradation; she was ready to sink into the earth with shame and self-reproach. She, born so lofty, once so proud, was sunk in hopeless subjection, was lost in hopeless love. When he spoke to her, she could'nt answer him; her face burned with blushes, and her senses seemed to melt away. He seemed to note her confusion, yet to affect not to do so; and, entering upon an interesting conversation, she gradually recovered her composure sufficiently to attend him. As he proceeded in his customary strain of lofty and splendid discourse, she satisfied herself that it was not love she felt, but admiration of his high powers of intellect.—As she returned home, she thought that a genius so elevated deserved to receive every tribute of praise that could be rendered to it—and she sat down to write him another letter, only to give him that reward or condemnation which his brilliant faculties deserved. That evening, while she sat alone in the drawing-room, with the letter in her basket, Mr. Levison was announced.

His manner was somewhat agitated, and her embarrassment was excessive. He sat down and after a very commonplace compliment or two, remained silent. For her life she could not think of anything to say, yet she felt the silence to be distressingly awkward. He took up a volume which lay upon the table. Determined to say something, yet not knowing what to say, said, "Will you not read?" and when the words were out of her lips, they seemed so absurd that she would have given anything to recall them.

He took the question up immediately:

"Are you fond of literature?" said he.

"Very—and especially poems;" and again, shocked at the indelicacy of the remark, she was still more overpowered with confusion.

"There is a tale of real life," said he, turning over the pages, "which is not without interest. Perhaps you will permit me to introduce it to you?"

"Certainly, with a good deal of pleasure."

He held the book before him, and began as follows:

"In the neighborhood of ——— there dwelt a boy, the son of one who belonged to the middle station of life. From his youth he was endowed with feelings of the finest texture, and the most impassioned susceptibility. Under the cope of the blue soft sky, amid the waving woods, and beside the murmuring streams, his spirit developed itself in all the freedom, depth, and fulness of its power. He delighted to linger beneath the smile of nature, yet not alone. His wanderings had one companion—high-born, more enchanting to his heart than the songs of the muses; in the first bloom of girlhood, yet exercising a queen-like sway over his bosom. When he was with her, he felt nothing but a pure delight; when absent, he thought only of her beauty, for she was as bright, and gentle, and lonely, as a seraph. His station was beneath her own: when alone with her that difference was not felt, for her sweetness and condescension banished it; but when they were in company with others, and she was approached with the higher courtesies which belonged to her rank, he felt his inferiority. As time passed on, and their lives drew nearer to the world, that interval was more plainly perceived. His natural pride was wounded; her he would have approached boldly—for, by loving her, he was exalted; but his nature revolted from being looked down upon or repelled by her family. He took leave of her, and, withdrawing to a distance and encompassing himself with solitude and toils, a tract of years passed on. Yet, during all that time, her memory was the one cheering, inspiring fire of his life. His being was dedicated, a votive offering, to her. For her were his powers intensely tasked—for her did his lonely studies outwatch the morning star. The hope that urged also comforted his efforts, and the hours as they passed mingled ecstacy with his pains. Touched by the soft hand of her ever-present memory, the fountains of poetry opened within his heart. He sent his productions out into the world; they were admired, and the anonymous author became famous. Every effusion of his muse referred to her, for from her they were all derived. He visited the city where she was. They met in society. The only thought that occupied his inquiry was, "Did she, could she love him?"

"Who—where was this?" interrupted Miss Percival.

He laid down the volume and approached her chair. Bending before her, he said—

"You are the lady, and I the lover. Did I not tell you that we had met before? In the story I have related, I have not ventured to paint my love. Read it in my life and in my nature. My very being is love for you. Could I but hope——"

Miss Percival sank back in her seat, overpowered with delight and surprise.—He—the object of her unbounded passion, the idol of her heart, whom she had despaired of winning—felt for her a love that left her own far, far beneath it. The glowing verses she had read, were addressed to her; she was the goddess of the poet's dreams. It was a happiness too great for feeling.

At that moment his eye fell upon the direction of the letter which lay in her basket. He recognized his corresdondent to be, as he had faintly suspected, the lady whom he so long had worshipped.

He sank upon his knee and pressed her hand to his lips. In whispers he said—

"You have filled my heart with bliss; and all my hopes are turned to raptures."

### The Old Atheist.

Dead! and of all his wealth not sufficient to bury him with proper decency. Died, doubting to the last—poor old grey headed Atheist!

Years ago his home was a palace. His daughters were beautiful, his sons stately and noble. He glorified in his unbelief. "His eyes stood with fatness." It seemed hard to the poor Christians, and one was tempted to say, "It is better with the wicked than with the good."

But by these wet clods, on which the rain drips dismally, lies his pine coffin.—And the sexton strikes it with his shovel, and coarse jests profane the "garden of God."

"Poor old Atheist!" One daughter lies broken-hearted in an early grave. One in a foreign land wanders under the weight of his curse. The youngest son, the old man's darling," rots in jail; the other died drunken.

All were atheists. Prosperity kept them company along. Their ships sailed in safety. Their orchards were never blighted—Sickness tainted not their beauty; and disappointment left their heads alone.

But to-day where are they, with their wealth and prosperity?

Ay! it is true.

"The mill of God grinds late—but it grinds to powder."

A Cheap Luxury.—As a weary traveler was wending his way through the mud, out in a far west region of country, he discovered ahead, a young maiden standing in the door of a small log house. He rode up in front of the house and asked the maiden for a drink of water; he drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen for several days, offered her "a dime for a kiss." The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both kiss and dime.—The traveler was about to resume his journey; but the maiden, never before having seen a dime, asked:

"What am I to do with the dime?"

"You may use it any way you wish," he replied, "it is yours."

"That being the case," she replied, "I'll give you back the dime and take another kiss."

Apples Without Seeds or Cores.—A correspondent of the Memphis Whig gives the following recipe for obtaining apples without seeds and cores:

Take the ends of the limbs of an apple tree, where they hang low, so as to reach the ground, dig a small hole for each end under the tree, bend it down and bury it in the hole, confining it down so that it will remain. Do this in the winter, or beginning of spring. The end of the limb thus buried will take root and put up sprouts of scions, which, when they become sufficiently large to "set out," dig up at the proper season, and transplant them in the orchard where you wish them to remain. When they get large enough to bear, they will bear apples as above.

Little to Do.—The Cleveland Plain Dealer has the following:—An athletic specimen from the Emerald Isle called into the counting room of one of our River street merchants.

"The top of the mornin' to ye, Misther P———, I've been told ye're in want o' help"

"I've but little to do," replied P———, with mercantile gravity.

"I'm the very boy for yees. It's but little I care about doing—and it's the money I'm afther, shure."

The naive reply procured him a situation with P———.

☞"Julius, why is de gettin' out ob bed on the 31st ob August like one ob Moore's melodies? Does you gub it up, my spected colled friend?"

"In course I does. Why?"

"Because it's de last rose ob summer!"

"Look here, nigger, if you preambulate any more such nonsense about dis child, he'll cave your head in. I'se had enough ob dat highferlootin' talk. I is."

### The Farmer.

It does one's heart good to see a merry, round-faced farmer. So independent and yet so free from vanity and pride. So rich and so industrious; so patient and persevering in his calling and yet so kind, sociable, and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits in his character. He is generally hospitable—eat and drink with him and he don't mark on you and swear it out of you with double compound interest, as some people I know will, you are welcome. He will do a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with every body. He is usually more honest and sincere, less disposed to deal in low and underbanded cunning, than many I could name. He gives to society his best support—its firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government; he is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and gray; laugh at him if you will, but believe me, he can laugh back if he pleases.

☞A new witness has appeared in the newspapers testifying to facts which tend to show that Col. R. M. Johnson killed Tecumseh. The colonel was certainly brave enough to meet and kill a dozen Indians, and if he didn't kill Tecumseh, he no doubt would have done it if he had had a chance. He himself was often interrogated upon the subject, and his reply upon at least one occasion was capital: "They say I killed him; how could I tell? I was in too much of a hurry when he was advancing upon me to ask him his name or inquire after the health of his family. I fired as quick as convenient, and he fell.—If it had been Tecumseh or the Prophet it would have been all the same."—*Louisville Journal.*

☞We have just heard a good 'un.—Not long ago, a distinguished divine of this city was walking with a friend past a new church, in which another distinguished divine is the spiritual shepperd.

Said a friend to the D. D., looking up at the spire, (which was very tall and not yet completed,)

"How much higher is that going to be?"

"Not much," said the D. D., with a sly laugh, "they don't own very far in that direction!"

Distinguished divines, like Dicken's beadles, are, after all, but human.

A Voucher.—A man once went to purchase a horse of a Quaker.

"Will he draw well?" asked the buyer.

"Thee will be pleased to see him draw."

The bargain was concluded, and the farmer tried the horse, but he would not stir a step. He returned, and said—

"That horse will not draw an inch."

"I did not tell thee that he would draw, friend; I only remarked that it would please thee to see him draw; and so it would me, but he would never gratify me in that respect."

☞Young man, a private word. When you go a-courting, find out, as soon as possible, whether your affections are being planted more in a bundle of dry goods and things generally, than in a pulsating heart hemmed in by warm ribs, and all that.—Many a fellow has laid himself out for a full made woman, and only found a very extensive assortment of cotton, whalebone, and similar delusive institutions. Just look over the goods before going to the parson.

☞Most ladies think it is the summit of misfortune to be ugly. This is a mistake, quite frequently. The chances are, as the world goes, that homely women are altogether the best at heart, head and soul. A pretty face often presides over a false heart, and a weak head, with the smallest shadow of a soul.

☞Some of the domestic evils of drunkenness are houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage barns without roofs, children without clothing, principals, morals, or manners.—*Franklin.*

Cure for a Cold.—Take three tablespoonfuls of molasses, and one of ground black peper, mix, and take the whole on going to bed, for five nights. It is a simple but effectual cure, for I have tried it six or seven times.

☞The epaulettes worn by Prince Albert when in full costume, are worth the trifling sum of $2,500—a small farm on each shoulder.

☞The statistics of mortality in Massachusetts, confirm the rule that the majority of those who live the greatest age are females.

☞A love sick swain in describing a kiss, says it is a draught that passes thro' the system like a bucket of water through a basket of eggs.

☞If you wish to sell more goods this year than you ever did before, advertise more.

☞An elopement took place the other day which caused some consternation. A dog ran away with a newly married man's rib—of beef.

☞If a police officer is after you, the best thing you can do is to lock the door and then bolt yourself.