be a person of true virtue, and know you to have | nights and days, I thought him so much exhausted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the sleep, and not have disturbed you; so I judged it dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you, I better to say nothing to you about him.'

It was situate in a deep shaded dell, about a 'It is better so,' I gently replied, 'their tender quarter of a mile from the mansion. The rude have always had the highest veneration for both. possessions, time! I have squandered it away sion, wearying the ears, and exhausting the feelwith a profusion unparalleled; and now, when ings. the enjoyment of a few days would be worth the 'There is no relief for him,' said mine host, 'I world, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of dread to give him what he most craves-liquor; half a dozen hours. How despicable, my dear it is but fuel for the fire that rages within him; off, and the hour of four in the afternoon of the friend, is that man who never prays to his God | water he asks for, but will none of it—and medi- | following day, was appointed for the interment. but in the time of distress! In what manner can | cine can only be forced upon him, which now | he supplicate that omnipotent Being in his af- seems to be cruel, as the doctor says he cannot | daughter and Mary Summers. So much had been flictions, whom in the time of his prosperity he live, and that all his remedies have failed.' of kings is treated with indignity and disrespect? | thee beyond the grave!

errors, is more entitled to my compassion than now, she would break her heart with weeping; break!' in his life; and he must have an uncommon share round his neck which he would not part with Summers is very ill-I fear past hope!' will soon bring the most profligate to a proper locket!'

saken by my God!

abilities. I cannot be accused of vanity now, by Mary Summers, we were mutually silent. But abandoned himself, his God, his loving parents, As Hodgson, in profound thought, retired from being sensible that I was once possessed of uncom- the groans, and hysterical laughs, and dreadful his affectionate and beautiful sisters, the luxuries the grave, and was slowly following at the heel of accomplishments still more conspicuous; and fas- much of their force on the worn-out feelings, and | ing, poisonous draught! But what can conquer | and crisped hair had become almost snowy white, cured, I never considered the proper means by ingout a brief reply to an equally laconic question | deep, deep sea, as high as heaven, as expansive | ing profusely over his shoulders. which they should be displayed. Hence to pro- of my good-natured companion. cure a smile from a blockhead whom I despised, I to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were | ing over the uncarpeted floor of the faithful house- | and of agonizing grief! entitled to nothing but contempt. Your men of | dog, and the easily recognized sounds from the from the duties of religion, and confine the doc- set out at a short distance from me-I awoke. At obsequies of the youthful lovers. trines of the gospel to people of meaner under- that instant the landlord gently descended the and they reckon that man possessed of a narrow his long home! genius, who studies to be good. What a pity 'Oh, it cannot be,' I involuntarily exclaimed- profusely blended, and which, as I reposed with A few years have passed since the events I that the holy writings are not made the criterion | the big tear springing into my eyes, 'is he then | my book in a deep armed chair, saluted me with | have thus noted. A neat tomb new jointly reof true judgment! or that any person should pass | relieved forever from his agony, or, oh God! is | their delicious fragrance, and excluded the garish | cords the loves, and the nearly synchronous deaths solicitous about his happiness in the next.

the departing spirit of the poor, unhappy,

BUCKINGHAM!

The Young Inebriate.

A TALE OF THE OLD DOMINION. A section from a work now in press, by David Hoffman, Esq. Baltimore.

which promptly yielded to my tap.

seem to have a maniac in your house—a strange | some hours, till the dinner-bell sounded, and a artificial heat to thy body, by wine or spice, until alliance this, of hospital and hotel—have you no pretty little colored boy softy tapped at my door, | thou find that time has decayed thy natural heat, means of silencing him, so that I may yet obtain and summoned me out.

a little sleep? Who, and what is he? the landord, 'he would have been silent this night; there, interrupted only by those occasional subdued few intermissions, these four days, and as many | terizes manners in the 'Mother State.'

Dear Doctor .- I always looked upon you to mania a potu. As he slept so little for some a sound understanding; for however I have acted before you came, that he would have sunk to

The noises still continued—moanings that sick-The world and I, shake hands—for I dare affirm ened the heart, shrieks that chilled the blood, we are heartily weary of each other. O, what a laughter of no mortal sounds, oaths that demons prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all | alone could fashion, all followed in quick succes-

me with infidelity, when I tell you that I am said I, angrily, following my remark, a moment | I felt, for a moment greatly disappointed at her almost ashamed to offer up my petitions at the after, with a deep sigh, and more than half-asham- absence; but how soon were all my feelings the throne of grace, or to implore that divine mercy ed, too, that I should feel anger, and use such a other way, when selfishness gave room, on a and believeth in me, shall never die;'-were uttered in the next world which I have scandalously word towards a fellow-being in such a state of moment's reflection, to far better sentiments.abused in this. Shall ingratitude to man be hopelessness. 'Poor, unhappy youth,' added I, Sweet sufferer!' said I mentally, 'I value thee looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not 'would that I could bring thee one moment of greatly more for thy absence, for, surely, retireingratitude to God? Shall an insult offered to relief; may God, who alone knoweth the cause ment and silence better harmonize with thy the king be looked upon in the most offensive of thy great infirmity, find for thee a door of affliction, than the ruddy light of day and the light, and yet no notice be taken when the King | escape! but, if that must not be, have mercy on | unavoidable courtesies of life.' But, rousing my-

"The companions of my former libertinism 'Oh, dear sir,' replied the landlord, 'I have Summers;—how did she pass the night?'

expected affluence to wait upon my life; from | nature made them more and more sluggish and | eyes forever. 'There is nothing so dangerous as extraordinary and the deep sealed and inexhaustible love of creature dies a martyr to love, for a man who son to his then degraded state.

for a gentleman in this world, but he that appears | death but the beginning of a never-ending life, — | day, now become almost offensive to me. and, if so, is it but a prolongation, with superad. I had not been long in the library before my | who only lived the year out, lies buried in an ob-Favor me with a visit as soon as possible. ded horrors of this life? As the tree falls, so it eye rested on a musty volume entitled Remains scure corner of the same grave yard, but with no Writing to you, gives me some ease, especially on lies; but yet to spring up an eternal tree of the of Sir Walter Raleigh,' which I eagerly seized, slab to record his name, and with scarcely a a subject I could talk of forever. I am of opinion | same nature, bearing none but its peculiar fruits; | with the full assurance of finding therein much | mound to distinguish the spot desecrated by his this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you: there can then, be no tilling, no melioration, no good sense-and, strange coincidence! the first ashes, from the virgin soil that surrounds it. Old my distemper is powerful. Come and pray for | change for the better, dreadful, overwhelming | page my eye lit on, painted in living colours the | Dembo, however, still lives to point it out, and thought! But, landlord, we must now indulge no | vice of Drunkenness. The passages I allude | from present appearances, will continue so to do farther in such matters.'

had been, stretched upon the floor, with an empty | he will become a man or a beast-whether he | when religion, morals, and education have been bottle in one hand, and a fragment of a chair in | will enjoy life's blessing with wife, children, and found to yield to the fascinations of the Circean found silence-no air disturbed even the pensile perhaps but a few moments before the vital spark | he will murder himself and his betrothed, or live avail. foliage, that from many trees, and shrubs, and had fled. His fine hazel eyes were protruded in health respected by the world, and wed the flowers, in rich luxuriance, environed the inn, from their livid sockets-his thin blue lips and dis- object of his first love. But, why should I morasituate in one of nature's most beautiful valleys, | torted features showed how his vexed spirit had | lize when we have the eloquent wisdom of Sir in the 'Old Dominion'—a land, as is well known, struggled with the grim monarch—his glossy | Walter Raleigh? of traditional hospitality, of generous feelings, brown hair hung in short ringlets, and were 'Take especial care,' says he, 'that you delight exalted talents, and-of bad habits. The little | beautifully contrasted with the fair complexion of | not in wine, for there never was any man that came wooden clock of mine host had struck twelve his exposed neck and shoulders, over which also to honour or preferment that loved it; for it transbefore I retired to rest, but not to sleep. The hung the hair locket of Mary Summers! In hastily formeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, monotonous ticking of my watch, suspended near | casting my eye over the room, I found that every | poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat my pillow, alone reminded me that any thing with | thing within his reach had been broken; and his | bringeth a man's stomach to an artificial burning, motion existed in nature; all was in deep repose, bruised and lacerated body also showed that the deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to consave my own busy thoughts, and these were fast | unhappy youth had waged war against a thousand | clude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and subsiding into those gentle half-slumbers that must | imaginary enemies, among which were his own | despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy soon have ended in sleep, exhausted as I then was | tender limbs. We promptly removed him to | servants, in thyself, and companions; for it is a with my arduous day's journey. But a tremen- another chamber, and bestowed on his remains | bewitching and infectious vice; and remember dous shriek from the adjoining room, struck a every attention that might, as far as possible, re- my words, that it were better for a man to be momentary horror through my inmost heart. This move from the eye of affection, soon to visit him, subject to any vice, than to it; for all other was instantly followed by a most unnatural laugh- the tokens of his miserable end. It was a sad vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard then by horrid imprecations—then by cries of scene, in a few hours after, to see his aged parents | will never shake off the delight of beastliness; 'murder,' 'fire,' 'landlord, I am dying, sinking into kissing his forehead and lips; his lovely sisters, for the longer it possesseth a man, the more he hell!'- Oh, I am lost, water, water, I am burn- with deep affection and involuntary horror blend- will delight in it, and the older he groweth the ing up!' I naturally supposed that the landlord | ed, embracing his lifeless corpse. Some of the | more shall he be subject to it; for it dulleth the would have been instantly there—but he came | sad tale of the preceding night, had been related | spirits, and destroyeth the body, as ivy doeth the not; and, as there was no intermission to the to them by the host, and I was urgently invited by old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the shocking cries of the unhappy being, I soon ap- | the afflicted parents to their house, and that I | kernel of the nut.' peared at his chamber door, but was much as- should extend my kindness still farther, by wit- 'Take heed therefore, that such a careless tonished to find it locked on the outside with a | nessing the interment. The heart, in such a case, | canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly padlock! The paroxysms, growing still more needs not the ties of blood, nor yet of acquain- infection thy old age, for then shall thy life be intense and long-continued, and finding no hope | tance, to feel for the dead, or warmly to sympa- | but as the life of a beast, and after thy death of sleep that night, already far advanced, it seemed | thize with the living; and, in a short time after, | thou shall only leave a shameful infamy to thy but reasonable I should have an associate in my I found myself domesticated in the comfortable posterity, who shall study to forget that such anxious vigils; and at length, I resolved to seek | mansion of a Virginian gentleman of the old | an one was their father. Anacharsis said—the companionship with my maitre d'hotel, who had school. Here, all that met my eye, at once told first draught serveth for health, the second for left on my mind a very favorable impression, me that it had long been the home of an intelligent pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth for madduring the half-hour spent with him before re- and worthy family; one of an extended hospitality, ness; but in youth there is not so much as one tiring to my chamber. The moon kindly aided but whose progenitors had probably seen brighter draught permitted, for it putteth fire to fire, and me through a few narrow passages to his door, and more prosperous days than had shone on its wasteth the natural heat. And therefore, expresent owners for some time past, at least.

Sir, can you solve this mystery for me?—you I retired to my chamber, and slept soundly for for a general rule, that thou never add any

'I hoped, for your sake, as well as his,' replied | with little appetite; a death-like silence reigned | together to art. but poor youth, he cannot last many nights but heart-felt kindnesses which sprung from the

his excellent and wretched parents can do nothing 'my friend, we must dine to-day without the the families, with their numerous friends and ac-

following letter to a particular friend—Dr. Bar- | with him; he is now under my care; and all this | ladies; but George and James will accompany us, | quaintances from a populous neighbourhood, torow:— | comes, sir, from drink! His disease is called | and shall we do better, I hope, in a few days.'— | gether with an equally long train of faithful slaves, Then pausing for a moment, he added, 'my wife who loved their young master and mistress, might and daughters were nearly prevailed on to join us; have been seen slowly walking towards the family but, poor Mary Summers has just arrived, and grave-yard.

souls need the solace of weeping, and I am happy | but substantial fence that encompassed it, was

they can weep.'

took place with our afflicted son.'

said to me by the landlord, as also by the younger

resentment. A future state may well enough for she yet tenderly loves him. He still wears a At this moment, Eliza, the eldest daughter, intense interest! I afterwards learned that Hodgstrike terror into any man who has not acted well locket of her hair, suspended by a black ribbon | rushed into the room, and exclaimed—'Miss | son was notorious in the neighbourhood for rare

which were shaded by honeysuckle and eglantine and was soon out of sight.

cept thou desire to hasten thine end, take this and the sooner thou beginnest to help nature, the I entered the dining-room much refreshed, but sooner will she forsake thee, and thou trust al-

The day at length arrived for the interment of | Whereon thou art flitting so merily now! more—this is the longest and severest fit I have | newly kindled affection towards me, blended with | Charles and of Mary. The hair-locket rested on yet known him to have; it has lasted, with but | that habitual and noble politeness which charac- | his bosom; and the beautiful Mary Summers was placed in her tomb, with every memento that What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet, nights—he is a young gentleman of our neigh- As we approached the table, covered with the | Charles had given to her of his affection. It was bourhood, of education, wealth, and high family- savory products of the surrounding manor, the on a lovely November afternoon, in the year 18-, has not been from college more than two years - old gentleman placed his hands in mine: 'I fear | that a long procession of weeping relations of both

entirely covered with vines and creepers of various Dear Mary does not weep,' rejoined the afflicted sorts, and in each corner of the square was planted father, 'we have been in some measure prepared | an evergreen, that seemed to have been there very for the sad event-not so with Mary Summers, to | many years. Though this sacred spot was the whom we never ventured to communicate all that | receptacle of many graves, it contained but few tombstones which were to be seen, here and there, We dined in sadness; the day and night passed | raising their white tops above the luxuriant grass and wild flowers, distinguishing the more prominent members of an ancient family, and of its At breakfast, all were present, except the eldest | numerous alliances, who, in the course of nearly two centuries had been there deposited.

As we entered the ample gate, the sublime and never remembered with reverence? Do not brand 'Poor human, or rather poor beastly nature,' sons, whom I have named, in praise of Mary, that | well known words, 'I am the resurrection and the life, said the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoever liveth in heavenly tones by a very aged pastor, whose snowy locks seem to admonish us that temperance and serenity of mind are good securities for ripe old age-and that intemperance in man, and excessive feeling in woman, had brought the deceased to untimous graves. A short, but tender self from this reverie, I inquired, 'How is Miss and appropriate discourse was delivered by the venerable old man, which bathed all eyes in tears, would scarcely believe their eyes were you to known many persons far more wicked than he; Julia, a blue-eyed girl of seventeen, as beau- and among the rest, those of Jack Hodgson, a show them this epistle. They would laugh at for I may truly say, he is very amiable, and chari- tiful as a fresh May morning, garnished with middle aged man, clothed in rags, and who, I obme as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a table, and sensible when sober-nearly all his faults | dewy flowers, and redolent with their sweets, | served, had approached unusually close to the timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appear- proceed from intoxication. He was to have been replied to my question: 'I fear sir, she did not graves, and held before his eyes the miserable ance of futurity; but whoever laughs at me for | married before this time, to a lovely young woman | sleep at all; she neither weeps nor speaks, but | fragments of what had once been a hat, removing being right, or pities me for being sensible of my hard-by; and could Mary Summers see him, even only moans continually. I think her heart will them occassionally, and looking into the graves, evidently with no idle curiosity, but with a most scholarship, wit, obscenity, oaths, and drunkenness; of courage indeed, who does not shrink at the even for liquor; and yet it seems he would coin | All were in her chamber in an instant, and I and had, occasionally claimed fellowship with presence of God. The apprehensions of death his body and soul, too, for a dram, but not that found myself also there, a witness of the melan- Charles on the score of some distant relationship; choly scene. Dear Mary Summers was then but mainly, of late from the community of their use of his understanding. To what a situation | Some hours passed in these sympathetic collo- expiring, and my first acquaintance with her was tastes and pursuits. Charles' terrible death had am I now reduced! From my rank I might have | quies on his melancholy condition; but wearied | made in performing the sad office of closing her | made much impression in the neighbourhood, and had so softened the heart even of Jack Hodgson, religion and understanding, peace to smile upon forced, until, after having wrung all the changes | 'Oh! thou great and unsearchable Being,' said | that he presented himself sober that afternoon, my end; instead of which I am afflicted with on the miseries of the wretched inebriate, the I inwardly,' how unfathomable are thy ways? and with a decency so unusual for him, gazed on poverty, hunted with remorse, and, I fear, for- vices and horrors of drunkenness, the mental | She was young, and beautiful, and, as all say, full | the scene that closed forever from his sight, a agonies of his amiable parents, sisters, and brothers, of angelic virtues,—and yet this fair and lovely manifest victim to a habit that had brought Hodg-

mon qualifications, especially as I sincerely regret | imprecations from the pandemonium chamber, no | of his home, the respect of his friends, and, finally, | the main procession, and near the head of the that I ever had them. My rank in life made these | way diminished; fortunately for us, they had lost | even his betrothed—all, all, for a nauseous, sicken- | coloured people, a very aged negro, whose short cinated by the general applause which they pro- I fell asleep on my chair in the very act of forc- woman's chaste love !- it is as fathomless as the approached Jack, whose long, gray hair was hang-

and pervading as the atmosphere. And there 'Ah, massa Jack!' said the venerable negro, I slept soundly-may be a couple of hours- was poor Mary's lifeless body, a faithful witness you be almost a boy alone side of me; but your have frequently treated the virtuous with disre- | when, from the hum of domestic arrangements, of the truth of thought, that for a | hair be jist as white as mine! Wad's the reason, spect; and sported with the holy name of Heaven, the glare of broad daylight, the occasional tramp- moment occupied me in this chamber of death massa Jack, o' that? Shall poor nigger, tell you, massa?-nigger drink water all his libe, work hard Charles' funeral was of course, postponed for ebbery day, go to bed arly, get up arly; but massa wit generally look upon themselves as discharged adjustment of the breakfast furniture, on a table a couple of days more, to prepare for the joint Jack Hodgson drink nothing but poison waternebber work at all any day-frolic all de blessed During this interval, I occasionally sought relief | night-and I tell you, massa Jack, you be no long standing. It is a sort of derogation, in their steps into the room, and whispered to me, 'Friend, in the library, which occupied a very retired part for dis world. I tell you, you die in a few monds!' opinion, to comply with the rules of christianity; it is all over with the youth; he has departed to of the windows of With this the old man, dropping Hodgson's hand,

of Charles and of Mary. Poor Jack Hodgson, to, so harmonized with my feelings then, and for a long time to come. Since his warning voice We hastened to the sad chamber; and never | ever, that I copied them into my diary, and here | to Hodgson was so accurately verified by his did eye rest upon a sight more heart-rending, they now are for the benefit of all who avail them- speedy death, Dembo regards himself as no little more loathing. We beheld a youth of fine pro- selves of the privilege of looking into such por- of a prophet; and it is fortunate, also, for some of portions, and once of manly beauty, now an | tions of my Note Book as I have chosen to reveal; | the youths of the surrounding country, that they emaciated corpse, a miserable wreck of what he and especially, for any one who hesitates whether esteem him somewhat in the same light; for The moon shone into my windows with a flood | the other, both held, apparently, with the same | friends, or its poisons, through absence of them | bowl, the, superstitious threatenings from the lips of silvery light-all nature was hushed into pro- muscular force with which they had been seized, all; for any one, in fine, who may hesitate whether of the hoary-headed negro have proved of more

The Winter King. BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Oh! what will become of thee, poor little bird? The muttering storm in the distance is heard! The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing

They'll soon scatter snow-flakes over thy back! From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away: And what art thou doing this cold winter day? 'I'm pecking the gum from the old peach tree,

The storm doesn't trouble me-Pee, dee, dee.'

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care? The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare; And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free, Like Liberty's form with the spirit of glee, When no place is near for thy evening rest, No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no rest? Because the same hand is a shelter for me, That took off the summer leaves!-Pee, dee, dee.'

But man feels a burden of want and of grief, While plucking the clusters, and binding the

We take from the ocean, the earth and the air, And the rich gifts do not silence our care. In summer we faint; in winter we're chilled, With ever a void that is yet to be filled.

'A very small portion suffices for me, If sweetened with gratitude !- Pee, dee, dee.'

I thank thee, bright monitor! What thou hast Will oft be the theme of my happiest thought! We look at the clouds, while the bird hath an eye

To Him who reigns over them, changeless and

And now little hero, just tell me thy name, That I may be sure whence my oracle came. Because in all weather I'm happy and free, They call me the WINTER KING!-Pee, dee,

Soon there'll be ice weighing down the light bough, And though there's a vesture well fitted and warm, Protecting the rest of thy delicate form, To save them from pain 'mid the frost and the sleet?

'I can draw them right up in my feathers, you To warm them, and fly away!-Pee, dee, dee.'