POETRY.

From the Sun.

STANZAS.

BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

Who lives through life's season,
And knoweth not love.
Hath refused the high mission
Sent down from above;
His breast is a winter
Of desolate hours;—
Where the spring-time ne'er comes
With its verdure and flowers.

Oh! how wild is the transport—
How perfect the bliss!—
When lip presseth lip
In a love-glowing kiss!
And the arms are encircled
Around the loved form;—
And the low-murmured words
Are impassioned and warm.

Love planteth the seeds
Of delight in the heart;—
Whose quick-springing blossoms,
Rich fragrance impart;
Then give him kind welcome,
Ye bosoms of snow
He will cheer your cold hearts,
In his torch's warm glow.

The whole world will then wear
A new beauty and bloom;
And the flowers of life,
Yield a sweeter perfume,
Oh, reject not the blessing
God's goodness hath given—
To mortals as well
As to angels of heaven!

Brooklyn, 1846.

MISCELLANEOUS

From the Rover.

THE TEMPTER.

A TALE OF JERUSALEM.

IT was fast approaching the eleventh hour; the busy hum of the Holy City had sunk into comparative stillness, and, save some straggling wayfarers, and mechanics returning from their daily toil, few passengers were to be seen in the streets of Jerusalem. One middleaged man alone kept his seat in the Water Gate, looking with placid smile along the rugged road which led down to the Valley of Jehosaphat: a silver gerah was held between his fingers, as in the act of giving an alms; but for some minutes no object appeared on whom it might properly be bestowed. At last from his seat, and gathering his flowing robes round him, was preparing to depart, when the figure of an aged man tottering slowly up the steep, arrested his attention. The old man was meanly clad; and, as he leant feebly on his staff, to take breath after his toilsome ascent, his glance rested upon the person of the sage Rabbi Abimelech, for it was he who sat in the gate distributing his daily alms to the poor, the hungry and the waylarer.

"The Lord direct thy goings out and thy comings in," said the Rabbi, with a self-satisfied smile, dropping the coin into the extended palm of the stranger. "Lo! I have tarried from the ninth hour, until the towers and pinnacles of the temple have thrown their dark shadows across the brook of Cedron, even unto the base of the Mount of Olives, to bestow this last gerah of forty in an alms, according to a vow which I made last Pentecost, and behold thou art here to receive it."

"Precious is the gift which comes from the heart, more precious than the Arabian frankincense, and sweeter than the rich honey of Hebron. If I might know my lord's name, my heart would not forget it when I lift up my voice in prayer to the Ruler of Israel," said the stranger repectfully.

"I am called the Rabbi Abimelech."

"He whom men term '*the sinless?*' whose voice is as the neighing of a war-horse, in the temple—whose works are the works of righteousness—who clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, and gives alms to the tenth part of his substance?" asked the stranger.

"The same," answered the self-glorified Rabbi; "and now, let me pray of the, thy name, and in what city thou art a dweller?"

"Alas!" answered the stranger, "I am as a reproach to my kindred, and my name is a defilement to the lips of an Israelite."

"Unfortunate man! in what hast thou offended against the law?"

"In this thing have I offended. Behold, *I* went forth at the last vintage season into the vineyards and the vintagers were pressing the grapes in the wine-presses; and the red wine ran into the vats, even the red wine of Lebanon; and being weary with the heat and toil of the day, I was tempted, and in foolishness I did drink of the wine, which should have been an abomination unto me, seeing that I am a Nazarite from my youth."

The scrupulous Rabbi shrank from the degraded Israelite as from a tainted leper, and elevating his brow, said with a sanctimonious air, "The way of the wise man is pleasant, but the feet of the fool treadeth in the mire."

"Stay," said the stranger, as the Rabbi was departing. "Is it not also said that 'the vain glorious man shall fall in the snares of his own proud heart?' Rabbi Abimelech, thy life has been righteous, but fire hath not yet tried, nor water purified thee. *See that thou stand just when the time cometh.*"

At these words, the stranger, with more alertness than his seeming feebleness indicated, turned into an obscure street, while Abimelech, pondering on the warning of the strange man, took his way toward his own dwelling. On reaching his house, Abimelech retired to his own chamber. It was a small closet or oratory on the housetop, furnished in a style of simplicity approaching to rudeness, and its cold, cheerless appearance was increased by the dim twilight. There was still, however, sufficient light for Abimelech to distinguish a female figure standing in a thoughtful attitude in the centre of the apartment. A rich, mellow ray fell upon her shape, which exceeded in height the usual standard of her sex, but was so exquisitely proportioned as to convey only an idea of grateful dignity to the beholder. Her eye, as she turned it upon Abimelech, seemed dark and lustrous, and her smile was as a sunbeam upon the bosom of the still waters. The Rabbi stood motionless, for he never before had beheld so much beauty; a new pulse stirred in his bosom, and an unusual fire burned in his veins. At length he found words to express his admiration and astonishment. "Fair damsel," cried he, "thy visit is unforeseen; but thou art more welcome to my chamber than the pleasant odor of the young vines in the spring season."

"I am," said the abashed intruder, while a roseate blush overspread the marble whiteness of her soft cheek and lofty brow, "I am, as you may perceive, a stranger and a gentile, unworthy to come beneath the roof of the far-famed Rabbi Abimelech, the words of whose lips are wisdom, and whose precepts are as pearls of great price. Nevertheless, let thy handmaiden find favor in thy sight; and turn aside, I pray thee, unto my lodgings, which are nigh at hand, and let thy handmaiden rejoice in the light of thy countenance, and in the sweet sound of thy voice." The Rabbi, though surprised at this novel address, felt a strange sensation thrill through his frame. Gazing upon the lovely speaker, his resolution began to waver, and, almost unconsciously, he permitted himself to be led out by his unknown visitor. Proceeding at a rapid pace toward the western quarter of the city, they at length stopped before a house of handsome exterior, but which Abimelech could not remember ever having seen before. A single tap at the door caused it to open, and the Rabbi, still following his mysterious conductor, entered a hall, feebly lighted by a single lamp. Here she motioned him to remain for a short time, and disappearing through a passage, the Rabbi was left alone to meditate upon the strange adventure in which he was engaged. But he had little time allowed him for reflection, ere the heavy folds of a curtain, which overhung a small door, were partially withdrawn, and a fair hand and a sweet, soft voice invited him to enter. He approached, lifted up the curtain, and beheld a superably furnished apartment, lit with silver lamps fed with the perfumed oil of Samaria. Mirrors of polished metal hung around the room, while, on a low couch, sat, or rather reclined, the beautiful stranger, whose charms now shone with a splendor far suppassing anything the Rabbi could imagine of mortal mould. He essayed to speak, but the words dwelt upon his lips. She beckoned him to take a seat beside her. He obeyed tremblingly; but the gentle assuring smile which she cast upon him, at once banished his timidity, and he suffered his eyes to wander in unrestrained freedom over those voluptuous beauties, till the sight became painful from extreme delight. A female attendant spread before them a light but luxurious repast of fresh and dried fruits, grapes, figs, apricots, olives, pomegranates and dates, interspersed with pots of pure honey, rose cakes of Damascus and bananas of Rosetta; with Egyptian syrup, and crystal vases in which the rich wine of Holbon sparkled with tempting brilliancy.

"Fairest of the daughters of men, may I crave thy name, and that of thy father's house?" said the Rabbi, addressing his unknown companion.

"My name is Zorah," replied the damsel "My father is of the children of Ishmael, an abider in the desert; the fame of the sage Abimelech has reached unto the farther borders of the wilderness, and behold the heart of thy handmaiden was moved to see the man of whose wisdom all nations." spake."

"Lovely Zorah!" exclaimed the enamored sage, "my wisdom is become as withered grass before thy beauty, and the strength of my heart as dew in the consuming light of thine eyes. Suffer me, therefore, to be unto thee even as Boaz was unto Ruth, and to love thee with the love wherewith Jacob loved Rachel."

Zorah smiled at the earnestness with which these words were uttered, and filling the cup, presented it to the delighted Rabbi, who instinctively shrank from the dangerous libation; but Zorah would not be denied.

"Urge me not, fair damsel," said he. "I have a vow against the juice of the vine until next new moon."

Zorah's countenance fell, and the big tear hung trembling on her dark eyes' silken lash. Abimelech, torn with conflicting passions passed his arm around her waist, and drew her unresistingly to his bosom: he felt the quick pulses of her heart throb against his; her warm sighs were upon his cheek, and the perfumed wine-cup at his lips: human strength could resist no longer—he seized the cup with desperate hands, and at a single draught quaffed it to the bosom. *His vow was broken*, and having nothing farther to hope or fear, draught followed draught in quick succession, till his flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes bore evidence that he was no longer under the dominion of reason.

"Zorah, my beautiful Zorah!" cried he, "my love for thee is as the love which floods cannot quench, nor many waters drown. Thou art the light of mine eyes—I cannot part from thee; let us therefore flee unto thy father's tents, even unto the wilderness as unto a city of refuge."

"Ah! my lord, thy servant hath neither gold nor silver to bear the charge. Could we live like the raven or the stork of the desert?"

This objection had not struck Abimelech before; he was rich himself, but he could not immediately convert his possessions into money, and his passion was too violent to admit delay. He seemed perplexed and spake not, till Zorah inquired, in a careless manner, if his next-door neighbor was not the rich publican, Aaron Ben Rabbi.

"It is even so," replied the Rabbi, still musing.

"And he hath, I am told, coffers filled with shekels of pure silver?"

"It is said so."

"And shekels of gold, and pots of double Maccabees, and precious stones, pearls, and sardonyx, and carbuncles, more costly than the jewels of the high-priest's breast-plate?"

"Hah!" exclaimed Abimelech as if a sudden ray of light had darted across his mind; "speak on."

"Aaron Ben Rabbiat is stricken in years and liveth alone; riches are to him as the dust of the earth; there is a private way from thy house into his.

"Stop, stop!" cried the agitated man, grasping the arm of the tempter convulsively. "What wouldst thou? Shall I peril my soul in this thing? Zorah! Zorah! thy words, are pleasant to my ears as the murmurs of falling waters in the desert, but the bitterness of Marah, even the bitterness of death is in their taste: nevertheless, in this also I will obey thee."

"Go about it, then, instantly," said Zorah rising; "thou knowest the private passage into the old miser's chamber. Take this weapon—thou mayest need it—and when thou hast secured the treasure, return quickly hither, and all things shall be ready for our flight."

Abimelech, whose scruples had by this time completely vanished, was no less eager than his impetuous mistress to accomplish the deed; he ran with incredible speed through the now silent streets, and quickly reach his own dwelling. Lighting a small lamp, he entered a private passage, which in times of danger had been contrived between the two houses, and in a few moments found himself in the strong chamber of Aaron Ben Rabiat.

Around him lay coffers filled with gold and silver coins, and caskets charged with precious stones, that trembled with varied but incessant lustre in the sickly beams of the lamp he bore. He had raised one jewel box to his eye, to examine it more closely, when, slipping from his fingers, it fell to the floor with a loud crash, and the next moment the alarmed miser rushed into the apartment. Seeing a stranger at such an hour, in the sanctuary of the gold of his idolatry, he uttered a piercing scream, and throwing himself upon the robber, grappled him with almost supernatual strength. Vainly did Abimelech endeavor to escape from the old man's grasp or to still his screams:—every moment increased his danger: he heard the steps of persons ascending the stairs; not an instant was to be lost; the dagger which Zorah had given him was in his girdle; he drew it, and plunged it into the heart of the old man. A piercing shriek rung through the chamber, and the unfortunate Aaron Ben Rabiat fell lifeless on the floor. Instead of providing for his safety, the guilty Rabbi stood petrified with horror over the quivering body of his victim, watching the life-stream welling from his side, in a bubbling tide. When the persons attracted by the publican's screams entered the room, he made no attempt to escape, but surrendered himself quietly into their hands. He was instantly hurried to prison, and, amidst the revilings of the crowd was plunged into a dark noisome dungeon, to await the public ignominy of a trial on the following day, in the sight of that people before whom he had set himself up as an example of righteousness. Dashing himself on the earth, he lay writhing in bitter agony cursing the hour of his birth and the fatal madness which had led his steps from the paths of virtue; when suddenly a ray of light illuminated his prison—he looked up—it was Zorah. Her eyes' dark orb still shone with undiminished lustre; but there was in the proud smile which curled her elevated lip an expression of demoniac triumph, which chilled the Rabbi's blood. Hiding his face in his robe, he exclaimed:

"False temper, begone. I have done thy bidding—and lo! innocent blood is upon my hands. I am broken and trodden under foot like a defiled thing. The cup of my pride has been filled with gall. Depart, therefore, I pray thee, lest in the bitterness of my wrath *I* curse thee also."

"Rabbi Abimelech, it is said, 'the vain-glorious man shall fall in the snare of his own heart.' *The time hath come, and thou couldst not stand fast.*'

"Racca! art *thou* here?" shrieked Abimelech, as he recognised in the speaker the voice of the mendicant to whom he had given alms at the Water-gate on the previous evening. Burning with rage, he seized the prophet of evil by the throat; but the strength of the old man far exceeded his own, and he flung him to the earth with a violence that shook his frame. Starting up he beheld not the old beggar of the Water-gate, nor the tempter, Zorah. He was alone, not in the dungeon of a prison, but in his little chamber, with a yellow harvest-moon streaming through the lattice. Several minutes elapsed before he could convince himself that the horrors he had undergone were but the airy painting of a dream, and then, prostrating himself on the ground, he exclaimed, in the fulness of his heart, "It is a lesson from the Lord—I was proud of my own strength, and when the trial came I was delivered to the Evil One!"

From that day forth the Rabbi Abimelech walked in the path of humility. He had experienced the dangers of self-confidence, and he learned to pity rather than condemn those who, like himself, had fallen in the struggle with *The Tempter.*

FABLE.

"Father of men and beasts," said the Horse, approaching the throne of Jupiter, "it is said of me, that I am one of the most beautiful animals with which thou hast adorned the world; and self-love incites me to believe the character just; yet in some particulars, my appearance might admit of improvement."

"Of what kind? inform me. I am willing to receive instruction," said the father of all, and smiled.

"I would probably run better," replied the steed "if my legs were longer and more slender; a neck like a swan would be more becoming; a wider chest would improve my strength; and, since thou hast ordained me to carry thy darling, man, might I not have a natural saddle growing upon my back; instead of that with which the well meaning hirer confines me?"

"Have patience," resumed the God; and with an awful voice pronounced his creative word. Life started into the dust; inert matter became alive; organised members were formed: they were joined in one consistent body; and before the throne; arose—the hideous Camel. The horse shuddered, and shook with horror.

"See," said Jupiter, "longer and more slender legs; a neck like that of a swan: and a large chest, and a natural saddle. Would you choose to have such a shape?" The horse quaked with extreme aversion.

"Go," continued the God, "take counsel from this event; be henceforth satisfied with your condition; and, in order to remind you of the warning you have now received,"—so saying he cast on the Camel a preserving look,—Live." said he, "new inhabitant of the world! and may the horse never see thee but with trembling aversion!"—*Concordia Intelligencer.*

KISSING.—The following are said to be very useful receipts. If your wife scolds, kiss her and keep her quiet.

If your child cries, kiss it and keep it quiet.

If your creditors appear in scores, with each a bill as long as your arm, why just kiss them and keep them quiet.

The remedy will prove alike efficatious in all these cases.—*Concordia Intelligencer.*

No man was ever a loser by good works, for though he may not be immediately rewarded, yet in process of time, some happy emergency or other occurs to convince him that virtuous men are the darlings of Providence.—*Concordia Intelligencer.*

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