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TERMS.

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POETRY.

LIFE.

BY HIRAM KELSEY.

Oh! what is life! with the joys and smiles
That brighten its opening hours;
With youth's gay dreams and enchanting wiles
As fresh as the morning flowers!
Full soon the glow of the trusting heart
Shall yield to the wasting blight,
And Hope, like rainbow's hues, depart
Away from our dazzled sight.

Oh! what is life! when strength and might
Of manhood have toiled their way
Up the mount of fame to its starry height,
Where the beams of honor play?
The stately bark from the billow's crest
Is hurled to the gulf beneath;
And the falling star with a dark unrest
Yields up its roseate wreath.

Ah! what is life! when our years are passed,
And our heads are white and hoar,
But a sunbeam trembling in the blast
On a dark and desolate shore?
Or a flower whose leaflets all are strown
From their native stem away,
Without one tint to recall the flown,
Or lighten its wintry day.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

FUNERAL SHADOWS.

A MYSTERY BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

The wind was howling and moaning through the almost deserted streets of Boston, on a chilly evening of September, as a young man of medium height and slight figure drew a faded and threadbare black cloak around him, pulled his fur cap down on his forehead to shelter his eyes from the cutting wind, and strode down Washington street, in a northerly direction, with a rapid and impatient step. Arrived at the door of a house of moderate pretensions, he entered hastily.—We shall follow him to the third story, enter with him a large and wholly dark apartment, and watch him while he kindles a fire on the ample hearth stone. A pale blue flame flickers hesitatingly among the wood, and conjures up from the walls around strange shapes and countenances bathed in the indistinct and lurid light. And now the flame grows brighter and the heavy furniture in the apartment flings strange shadows, horizontal, diagonal and perpendicular; and the picture on the wall (for we are in a painter's) look quite as vague and vapoury as the projected shadows. It is not difficult to imagine some of these faces endowed with vitality, and so wild and startling are many of them that the wavering shadows seem to belong to them and be their strangely animated limbs.

The painter lit a lamp and then a huge meerschaum filled with fragrant tobacco, his nightly solace and daily inspiration. While the smoke-wreaths slowly ascended to the ceiling, he wove his Gothic fancies and saw, in the blue clouds that hovered over him, embroyo designs and groups that he afterwards transferred to canvas.

Malise Grey was an artist of great but peculiar talent—a fine draughtsman, an admirable colourist, but his imagination was of a Gothic cast, and he delighted in strange, fantastical and supernatural subjects. He had travelled much in Germany, and his mind was imbued with the superstitions and legends of that storied land. These he loved to illustrate with his pencil, and his walls were covered with German scenes and subjects, from the 'Witches' Sabbath to the 'Castled Crag of Drachenfels.' Portraits he painted from necessity, not choice; but he was too true an artist for the million. The sleek hypocrite wore not on his canvas the deceptive look of holiness that bore him on through life to wealth and honor, but the crafty sensual smile, the libertine eye and lips that indicated the secret phases of his character. Imbecile beauty wore her index in the painted mirror. Folly stood convicted by the pencil. It was frequently remarked that you might learn more of a man from a glance at his portrait than for months companionship with the original. Malise Grey was not popular—but he lived for his art, and bread and water satisfied his earthly craving.

The meerschaum fairly smoked out, the artist drew from a dusty pile of canvases one on which he had painted a family group. It was a fancy piece. An old man lay upon his death-bed, over which bent a weeping wife and a sorrowing and lovely child. The face of the latter was one of unearthly beauty, and Raffaele or Titian might not have disdained the pointing of those glistening blue eyes and the falling sunbeams of that golden hair. The painter had poured out his soul upon that angelic countenance and perfect figure.

'It is my ideal,' said the artist; 'and by the mystic whisper of the heart, by the bright teaching of the star that rules my destiny, by the forbidden love of which I have drank deeply, I know that the ideal of each mind is the reflex of the actual, and with the true artist fancy is existence!'

The meerschaum was again filled, and Malise Grey contemplated his picture. The smoke-wreaths rolled around it, but it shone out luminous and star-like. Its harmony was like the silent melody of the spheres, and its musical radiance dispelled the remembrance of all his sufferings and lulled him like the melody of falling watern. When, at length, he drew his poor couch from its recess and threw himself upon it, he left the picture full in sight, and continued to watch it by the fading firelight till its last luminous point disappeared with the blaze and slumber closed his lids to make its memory brighter.

The next morning was clear and sparkling; the first rays of the sun were like fierce rubies on the walls of the studio.

The painter sprang to his feet. 'The dream!' he cried. 'My heart did not deceive me. The spirits are at work for its accomplishment.'

He went forth to take his daily walk. There were times when an appalling dread of insanity smote his heart, and once the expression of a friend at the recital of one of his wildest fantasies led him into a train of reflection and self examination which shook his very soul. For a time he forsook his studio and went abroad into the gay world and formed fashionable acquaintances, but he went back to his lonely room and his hermit life, at the expiration of a few weeks, convinced that the madness of art was preferable to the madness of society. And it was a painful thing for him to go abroad, for no one sympathized with him. His mind dwelt either on the shadowy past or the yet more shadowy future. He held no community with the present. So, on the occasion we have referred to, after a hurried walk, he returned to his room, the door of which he had left unlocked. A veiled lady sat before his easel. She rose upon his entrance. His heart beat high with anticipations. The lady thus addressed him:—

'Malise Grey, we have known each other in the land of dreams!' and removing her veil she pointed with her left hand to the picture, while she extended her right hand to the painter. The ideal and the actual stood before him. A strange light gleamed upon the painter's mind, and he spoke as if prompted by some unseen power.

'Esther Vaughan, by this token do I know you.'—He then took her hand and added—'By the mystic spell that drew us to each other, I conjure you here to plight your troth to me for weal and wo.'

'My father died shortly after that picture was painted,' replied the maiden, 'and my mother—my poor mother soon followed him. The spirit-summons commanded me to seek you out. I have obeyed.'

* * * * * *

A strange marriage was solemnized in the Old King's Chapel. The bride wore no rose or orange flower in her braided hair, and a long black veil enveloped her from head to foot. In fact, her entire raiment and that of the bridegroom was of the same ghastly hue, and the ceremony was performed beneath the light of torches which threw their funeral glare upon the mortuary tablets and reliefs that decorate the interior of the sacred edifice. As the newly married pair were about to step into the carriage at the door, a thin figure in black approached the bride and laid its hand upon her arm;—the countenance was not visible. The bride uttered a sharp cry of pain and terror, and the figure instantly stepped back.

'Hold up your torch there, sexton,' cried the painter; 'some one has insulted the bride.'

A small figure was seen stealing off through the tombstones in the church yard, to which he had probably gained access through a breach in the wall, at that time wholly ruinous.

It is not our intention to describe the happiness of Malise Grey and his strangely found and strangely wedded bride. Enough to say, it was like all the circumstance that composed his existence, dreamlike and strange. So vivid were his dreams and reveries that he often wondered whether they were not the actual, and his marriage life the imaginary part of his existence.—He could not give himself up to enjoyment, and sometimes when his young wife would have lavished on him the wealth of her innocent caresses, he turned from her moodily and muttered—'What have I to do with a spirit bride? When the sun rises these shadows will disperse.'

Esther Grey had often solicited her husband to paint her portrait, since the likeness in the family picture showed her under the influence of grief. She wished a record of her happiness. Grey set about complying with her request. He assumed the task in a moment of inspired and fresh feeling, and went to work with heart and soul. His sketch was instantaneously executed, and

'His touches they flew like leaves in a storm,
And the pure pearly white & the carnation warm,
Contending in harmony glowed.'*

Suddenly he threw down the pencil and paced the apartment to and fro with rapid strides. 'The doomed look!' he muttered—'the doomed look!' Esther, I can paint no more to-day.'

But the morrow found him early at his task. A few hours work completed a portrait which for fidelity of likeness, harmony of accessories and felicity of coloring, was almost unsurpassable. Yet the painter refused to have it framed, and concealed it from view behind a curtain in his studio.

A day or two afterwards a stranger called upon the artist. He was a tall thin man, attired in a threadbare suit of black bombazine. He was frightfully pale; his jaws were prominent, and the sallow, shrunken skin clung close to every muscle of his countenance. His dark, sunken and glossy eyes had an unearthly expression and his air was melancholy in the extreme. A nameless chill came over the painter as he surveyed the aspect of his unknown visitor. The stranger coldly surveyed the productions of the artist, and honored them with a few brief comments. At length he paused before the veiled picture, and said.—'This picture of your wife belongs to me.'

The painter was so strong a believer in the supernatural, had been subject to so many inexplicable influences, that he felt no surprise at the stranger's naming the subject of the veil picture, without uncovering it. But he repeated sternly—'Belongs to you?. What mean you by that remark?'

'I mean it is, or will be mine by purchase.'

'Not so.'

'Then you will not sell it.'

'I will not part with it at any price.'

The stranger smiled but not sneeringly or sarcastically. The expression of his countenance was mournful in the extreme, and likewise unpleasant, because the parting of his shrivelled lips displayed his large yellow teeth in unpleasant relief. He opened the door, but paused upon the threshhold.

'You will not part with it?'

'Once more—no!' replied the painter.

'No matter—the original—will soon be mine.'

The door closed rapidly behind his noiseless steps. A vague terror shot through the soul of the artist.

When Esther Vaughan came to the dwelling of the painter, she was radiant with a health which had triumphed over sorrow and long watching by the bed of disease and death; but soon diseases fastened upon her frame, and she sunk under its influence, growing feebler and feebler. The almost distracted husband employed the best physicians in the city, and under their efforts Esther for a while seemed to revive. One day, in solemn conclave, they decided that the patient would live, and announced the intelligence to the poor painter as he sat in his lonely study, with much pomposity and temphasis. At the time of this announcement the painter was standing oposite the open door through which the physicians had just entered. At the moment when a smile of gratified love was lighting up his intelligent countenance, his eyes—looking beyond the group of visitors—caught in the corridor those of the strange bidder for the veiled picture. The unknown shook his head slowly and mournfully, then turned and retired.

'Stop him, gentlemen!' cried the painter, bursting through the group of leeches; 'he is a deadly enemy.'

The physicians looked at each other, smiled darkly and shook their heads.

'Poor Grey!' said an old doctor,

'Mad?' asked one of the group.

'The cell, the chain and scourge would be a wholesome prescription,' said the first speaker.

Such were the tender mercies of science to madness in the eighteenth century.

* * * * * *

It was a hushed midsumer night; the hum of busy footsteps had long since died away, and the twinkling lights had faded one by one from the huge bulk of the metropolis. To the lonely night-watcher there was enough of light in the mild effulgence of the moon to distinguish whether the pale invalid woke or slumbered, whether the repose of the dead was inviolate or invaded by noisome things that move abroad only in darkness. And midway between life and death, so motionless that you would say she belonged to the dark realm of the latter, so lovely that the former still seemed to claim her own, lay the earth-born love of the painter, with her supernatural essence yet hovering near the beloved of her soul. The painter sat by the bedside with her thin pale hand clasped in his; he had listened to her last accents, he heard her call him in the fervor of her affection 'her beautiful, her own,' and he knew that ere the unseen clock had recorded the death of another hour, the feeble pulse that fluttered beneath his fingers would have ceased to beat. Yet, with all this, his eyes were tearless, and his heart less heavy than in those dark dreams which had foreshadowed this event. In weal or wo his prophetic dreams seemed even more impressive than the realities which followed them.

It appeared as if there was a magnetic influence in touch of the dying hand, that the soul of Esther, bathed in the dawning light of the better world, had communicated a portion of its brightness to his own. So the hours worn on; the feeble pulse yet beat, but fainter. At last, through the open window which commanded a view of the east, the brightning streaks of dawn appeared; in the leaves of a solitary tree that stood amid a wilderness of brick hard by, was heard the faint, tremulous twitter of a bird, waiting but a ruddier ray to launch forth upon his dewy pinions.—A smile, like a ray of light dawned upon the countenance of Esther. She pointed to a shadowy alcove in the chamber, and the painter's eye following the indication, detected the figure of his mysterious and prophetic visitor. But the countenance of the unknown was milder, softer; a veil of brightness had fallen upon the more repulsive lineaments, and when the broad daylight beamed into the apartment, his image melted into the ray, like a rain drop into a sunny sea. A thrill ran through the painter's frame; he gazed upon the face of Esther—it was that of death.

* * * * * *

An unfinished painting rests upon an easel; it is a glimse of Paradise. In the centre is a focus of almost intolerable splendor, the luminous veil of the Inconceivable and Infinite, while towards it, as if drawn by a vortex of glory, yet held in suspense when too near, hover a sea of radiant forms and faces, their souls pure and beautified beaming from their countenances, all full of adoration, intelligence and bliss. The painter sat before it, putting the last touches with a feeble yet graceful hand. A light seemed to stream upon him from the picture, and lit up his pale, inspired countenance.

The door opened, the painter turned not from his task; he heard no footstep, yet he knew that the Messenger—no longer feared, but hoped for—was standing at his side.

'One touch more,' he said softly. 'Thus—'tis done, and bravely done.'

He turned—the mysterious messenger was truely there. But as the painter gazed, the herald's form was transfigured; his poor garments had given place to shining raiments; his countenance beamed glory and goodness; effulgent wings expanded their snowy plumage from his glorious shoulders, and his forehead shone a star like that of Morning. He touched the mortal hand that throbbed to meet his clasp; the last film fell from the painter's eye, and he saw with ecstacy, no horrid phantom, but Azrael, the Angel of Death, great, beautiful and good.

*W. Alston—the Paint King.

PLEASANT THINGS.

It is pleasant, in a sultry summer's day, to leave the dusty thoroughfares of trade, and sit down beside some bubbling spring, the margin of which is carpeted with green and tender turf, while overhead the tall family of the forest enweave their rustling branches, forming huge Gothic arches, while thro' their interstices a beam of sunshine descends in softened glory.

There, with a book, a good cigar, or, better than either, an intelligent companion, who can read the great volume of nature with enthusiasm, and who delights in racy anecdote and the reminiscences of happier days, it is pleasant to linger, forgetful awhile of the goading cares of life and the sharp spur of uncongenial toil.

'Tis pleasant to wander by the sea shore, and permit the cool breezes from the waters to fan the feverish brow, and the low murmur of breaking waves to lull the anxious heart to rest—to view the white and swelling sails of summer barks, gliding in distance, and catch the thrill of happy voices, song and laughter that came, wafted by the gale, along the glittering expanse.

It is pleasant, at early morning, to behold the bright and rising sun—to see the mists rolling away their vast and fleecy curtains from the mountains, and the glowing heralds of day painting the portals of the east with gold and crimson hues, while the morning star, like the eye of a beautiful woman, trembles with its own lustre, and scintillates like a jewel upon the coronal of a goddess.

At evening, it is pleasant to wander forth in the moonlight—to stand amid the heavy shadows of tree or tower—to see the great dome of nature's temple, sprinkled with thousands of unwaning lamps, and see those mystic images of light which entraced the Chaldean shepherds, and made the Pagan bend in adoration.

It is pleasant, at such an hour, to hear amid the the thick foliage the low twitter of some bird composing himself anew to slumber, the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will, or the far away music of a mellow flute, that seems like the halcyon whisperings of an angel in the depths of paradisaical groves—to count the slow and solemn strokes which, in half stern and half melodious tones, beat the march of time upon some distant bell, while the freshing wind playfully quavers with the sound, and echo calls to it as it flies.

Pleasant, after the day's fatigues, is the welcome of an affectionate wife, the prattle of dear children, the mute greeting of the faithful old house dog, or even the purring of the less sagacious cat. It is a cordial to the soul, that, in this cold and selfish world, there are those who love you—that even a brute will look upon you with kindness—and that you are not altogether like a pelican in the wilderness.

Pleasant are the slumbers which weigh down the lids of the laboring man, and shut out the scenes of turmoil, of bustle, and scheming avarice, which distract the brain of one whose bread is earned in a counting room, in the marts of trade, amid the calculating crowd, who care not for your perplexities, and would laugh none the less were you stricken from existence.

Among the superstitions of the Senecas, is one which for its singular beauty, is already well known. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave in the belief that it will not fold its wings neither close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent, says the Indian historian, to see twenty or thirty birds loosened at once, over one grave.

Christianity has never suffered opposition for a long time from any particular and formidable system of infidelity. Infidel theories have been constantly rising and falling; while the religion of Jesus, at times grossly abused by its professed friends, has moved forward like an invincible column. To oppose it, every species of wickedness has risen up. It stands, however, in the majesty of Truth.

USED UP!—An editor 'out west,' thus makes his exit:—

'Dear readers—With this paper ceases the existence of the 'Ohio!' Our number is full and complete, and we are a 'busted establishment.' We shall gather up our coat & boots, shave off our whiskers, dun a few interesting specimens of 'patrons' that will pay—in promises, and then we're going for to go to some other field of operation. It may not be more extended, but it cannot be *less!*'

The Union says that the gross amount of proceeds from postage on business letters, unconnected with the government, has fallen off nearly 66 per cent., while the postage charged to the government for its letters, &c., received and sent, is enormous. For the Post Office Department alone, it is said to reach near $40,000 for the month just past.'

Punch tells of an artist who was an eye witness to the battle of Navarino, in the peaceful capacity of a passenger, and received a cannon ball into his chest, which utterly destroyed—a dozen of shirts that were packed up in it.

A gentleman in Lowell, Mass., is so strongly attached to the ten hour system that he will not drink root beer, because it works more than ten hours per day.

AGRICULTURAL.

PLOW AND HOE OFTEN.—I fear our farmers and gardeners are not sufficiently aware of the fact that great benefit results from plowing and hoeing often when we have what is deemed a drought. I am of opinion that too little hoeing in dry, and too much in wet weather, is practised. In a dry time, the ground should be often stirred, even if no weeds or grass are to be destroyed. The writer of this article a few years since had a patch of potatoes planted the same day, by the same hand; soil and seed equal. During the dry season it was necessary to pass and repass almost daily by the side of one row with a plow and cultivator, the hoe was applied to remove what dirt was thrown on the potatses. When the potatoes were dug, the row yielded fifty per cent more, which were larger and better. Since then I have been in the practice of applying the hoe freely in dry weather with success.—*Cor. Michigan Farmer.*

A HINT ON PASTURES.—There is a common practice in farming which our own personal experience convinces us is bad economy; and that is, the close feeding of grass land, after the hay is taken off. Upon ground that has no advantage of overflow or wash, this close feeding will lessen the crop amazingly; the feed used is not half in amount of the value of that of the hay crop of the next year alone which it takes away. Farmers would do much better to lessen their number of acres of mowing and convert it into pasture, that they might keep their cattle entirely from their mowing grounds. In a rough country, there is necessarily a great portion of some farms that must remain in pasture; but a farm that has none or few rocks, may be plowed in all parts; and here a quick rotation will enable the farmer to plow both his pasture and mowing grounds. A pasture cultivated and manured like mowing lands, will give at least four times the feed of the same land kept permanently down to pasture.—*Farmers' Visitor.*

NEW KIND OF WHEAT.—We clip the following from an exchange. We doubt not it will be perused with curiosity by many, as it is on a topic in which farmers generally feel a deep interest. Le Coteur's efforts are probably well known to most readers of the Cultivator. To the wheat growing portion of Europe, as well as that of America, he is to be regarded as a benefactor.

The varieties of Wheat are yearly increasing in England. Le Coteur enumerates eighty-four varieties, and there have been several new introductions since this list was made. These varieties are obtained by judicious selections and mixtures. Some of these are remarkable for their productiveness, while others for the weight of gluten or nutritive matter.

At present the kinds cultivated almost universally in the higher grounds and lighter soils of Scotland, are the Golden Drop, and Blood Red Bolton. We have received a small quantity of the two varieties, with specimens of the grain in straw. The average crop of the Blood Red, is about fifty bushels to the acre.—The skin of this variety is thicker than in most other varieties, and they yield more bran.

The Uxbridge and Hunter's wheat are the kinds most cultivated in the rich soils of England. The yield is from fifty to sixty bushels per acre—the average weight per bushel is from 62 to 63 lbs. Specimens of these grains in straw may be seen at this office, where a small quantity of the seed may be obtained.—*Maine Cul.*

ANIMALS WITH LARGE CHESTS.—Horses that are round, "or "barrel chested," are invariably more muscular and enduring than those of the opposite kind.—Scientific sportsmen are, in a great measure, guided in their opinion of a horse's racing qualifications by his girth just behind his shoulders. By this test, a well-known jockey foretold the reputation and prowers of the celebrated racer "Plenipotentiary," from the period of his birth. Cattle-dealers and butchers, in like manner, judge by the chests and shoulders of cows and pigs with reference to the amount of fat they are likely to gain in the process of feeding. All animals that have large lungs are remarkable for the vigor of their appetite, and for the facility with which they appropriate their nutriment. Such animals will feed upon the coarsest hay and straw, whilst their less fortunately constructed companions are fattened by no kind of food. An amusing anecdote is related of a simpleton, who, in trying to sell his horse, declared that 'the animal's eating was a mere nothing." The intelligence would, contrary to intention, have suffered to ruin the prospect of sale, but that buyer, with a rare discrimination, inferred from the horse's chest that the capacity of his appetite had been unwittingly mis-stated. He had bought him on the hazard of an opinion, and had no reason to repent of his judgment.—*Medical Times.*

SALT AS A MANURE.—Professor Johnson has done more than any other person to extend the use of salt as a manure, by giving to the world his excellent essay on salt used on soil, and the mass of experiments he has recorded. It appears that salt in small proportions, promotes the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances; that it destroys vermin and kills weeds; that it is a direct constituent of some plants, and therefore necessary to their perfection; that all cultivated plants of marine origin contain it—asparagus, for instance—and that all such succeed better when watered with salt water, than when deprived of it; that salt preserves vegetables from injury by sudden transitions in temperature, salted soil not freezing as readily as those to which salt has not been applied, and that it renders the earth more capable of absorbing the moisture of the atmosphere.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."

There are no less than five Churches now in course of erection in the city of Washington.

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