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TERMS.

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POETRY.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

SILENT LOVE.

There is a language of the heart, that speaketh through the eyes,
And with a homage deep and wild, its object deifies;
The tongue of man hath never spoke, nor woman's ear received it,
Yet rather than ten thousand words hath woman's heart believed it!

I. is the gushing of the soul, fresh moulded from the heart,
The essence of the spirit's love, without its baser part;
A homage that the human heart can but on one bestow,
A language none but those who love, can read, or speak, or know!

Yet, oh! how deeply eloquent its soul-entrancing power!
How wakes the heart to ecstacy within that rapturous hour,
When eye to eye gives heart to heart, the cabalistic token,
That each is loved, as each *would* love, though not a word be spoken.

And oh, if there be left in man, thoughts free from words disguise,
It is this language of the heart, that speaks them from the eyes;
Without a word to bar their way they reach into the soul,
And spurn the vain attempt of words, their meaning to control.

How many a hope but half conceived, has blossom'd into day;
How many a budding thought of love has ripened 'neath its sway;
How many a feeling that had else died in its parent-breast,
This silent language of the eye hath heart to heart confessed!

So be it: mind, with giant stride, may compass the wide earth,
May gain the wisdom of the world, for more than it is worth;
But give to me her heart whose mind speaks in the sparkling eye,
Give me the love that needs not words—whose glance is ecstacy!

For oh, how cold, how passionless—how spiritless, how vain,
To seek in language studied phrase love's feelings to explain!
Or 'neath the mask of gallantry, which every one must show,
To see the deep abiding love which many in secret know.

To judge the feelings of the heart, from what the lips declare,
When every tongue to flattery stoops,—while love, with timid care,
Guards well the portal of its thoughts; aye, even from the shrine
To be whose favored worshipper, it would the world resign.

Oh, think not then that Silent Love, when voiceless and unknown,
Doth not exist in many a heart, whose love no word hath shown;
It lives, and breathes, and has its life in woman's beaming eye,—
A glance from her can bid it live—a glance can bid it die!

Philadelphia, 1845.

THE DEATH BED.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As on her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seamed to speak,
Slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers,
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed;—she had
Another morn than ours.

☞British Troops are moving into Western Canada, near the Michigan frontier.

From the Rover.

MAY WOODELL, OR A GOOD RESOLUTION.

BY MISS S. C. EDGERTON.

Quite away from the dusty turnpike, and across sweet smelling clover fields, in a small, quaint, moss-grown edifice, dwelt Job Woodell and his daughter May. Job had been a fisherman in his better days, but, sad to tell, had been drawn away from his honest occupation by the seductive charms of the village inn. There he might be found from early morning till midnight, scarce turning his steps homeward to the frugal meals prepared by his patient child, and leaving with her the whole care and toil of providing for their family necessaries.

Happy was it for May, poor girl! that her heart was as brave and hopeful, as it was patient and loving.—Whoever passed her door on a bright spring morning, might hear her voice, singing songs as sweet and merry as though she had not a care or sorrow in the world. And that little quaint old cottage! who would have dreamed it the home of an inveterate tippler, with its neatly swept grass-sward, its bed of fragrant carnations, its honey-suckles, azaleas, and moss-roses!

Job loved his daughter May—was proud of her—&, saving his dreat neglect, always treated her with kindness. In his worst stages of inebriation, he exhibited no phasis of cruelty; he was only excessively and shamelessly silly, and disposed to lavish on May a world of foolish and fondling caresses. May, in turn, was always gentle and patient with her father, never reproached him for his vile habits, but often tenderly entreated him to stay and assist her about her garden, or to spend the long winter evenings with her, instead of hurrying away to the "Admiral."

One very beautiful spring morning, Job stuck his old hat jauntily on one side of his head, and stood crowding the tobacco into his pipe, ever and anon casting a wistful look toward May, who was busily wiping the breakfast plates.

'Can I do any thing for you, father,' said she, looking up with a pleasant encouraging smile.

'Ah, you're a good girl! I hate to trouble you—but just now I'm all out of change—and a curse on these times, I say, when an honest man can't get trusted for a shilling to save him from want.'

'Dear father, I would willingly give you what little money I have, but if I do, we shall be forced to go without dinner or supper, I fear.'

'Are we really grown so poor as that? Ah, well! these are melancholy times for us poor fishers. I'll not take your money, May; I can win a shilling from Ned Watkins, any day, at nine pins, and that will be easier than to rob you.'

'Oh, papa! if you will not go to the Admiral to-day; but will help me plant out my little garden, and transplant those fine strawberry-vines that yield us so many dollars every year—oh, dear papa, I cannot tell how happy you will make me, how very gratefully I shall remember the kindness.'

'Little need of *my* assistance,' answered Job, with a good natured laugh, and a sly wink, that sent the bright blood gushing all over May's dimpled cheeks.—'Younger and steadier hands are at your service, and an old man like me would be in the way.'

"Oh, no! no, papa!' exclaimed May, earnestly, dropping her work, and clasping her arm in his, at the same time lifting up her beaming, tearful eyes most imploringly.

Job was touched. Tears were unwonted visitors to those joyous and radiant eyes; so, at least, tho' he, who saw few indeed of the many that were shed for him.

'You are a good girl, May,' said he, patting her head, and kissing her white forehead with parental delicacy; 'you are a good girl, and I wish I were a more worthy father. But let me go now, dear, and I will soon be back again to help you.'

May had been too long accustomed to have her entreaties disregarded, to shed many tears for her present disappointment; so having completed her household arrangements, she tied on her little cottage straw—its blue ribbons somewhat faded it is true, but thereby better suiting the exquisite delicacy of her complexion—and proceeded to the garden. There was a freshness and exhileration in the soft, spring air, that soon removed from her heart and face all traces of unhappiness; and if her cheek had previously been a shade too pale, this defect was remedied the instant the sound of a buoyant and hasty footstep fell upon her listening ear.

The person who approached was the son of May's nearest neighbor, widow Lovell. He was a fine looking fellow with a complexion of the clearest white; eyes of the darkest blue, and hair that would rival the gloss and blackness of a "raven's wing." He held a basket on his arm, full of young plants.

'You were wishing for some of those gorgeous pansies, May. See, I have been fortunate enough to procure you some.'

'You are my good geni, Harry. I have but to wish, and lo! the prize is at hand, I thank you a thousand times.'

The young friends busied themselves in planting the roots, for some time in silence. They were lovers, though not acknowledged ones. The confession had been long trembling on Harry's lips (silly fellow! did he not know his eyes had already told it over and over again?) but there was something in May's manner which restrained and embarrassed him. This morning, however, he had sought her with the determination to avow his love.

For nothing was Harry Lovell more remarkable than for readiness and eloquence of speech. It was astonishing what could keep him so long silent on this occasion. Root after root was fixed in the ground, and still his tongue faltered in its intrusted duty.—'This is no place,' thought he, 'with the sun glaring down upon us, and in open view of half the village.' He rose from the garden path, and lifting his new palm-leaf hat—May's hand had braided it for him—brushed back from his forehead, which was a very white and handsome one, a mass of black, glossy curls.

'You are weary, May,' said he, 'and the sun is really oppressive. I have my thoughts on a glass of your nice root-beer. Together with the shade of the porch it will be very refreshing.'

May laughed, and led the way to the house. The beer was brought, drank, and praised; the glasses removed, and May, with her bonnet off and her soft, brown hair parted smoothly from her brow, had seated herself on the threshold of the door. Harry chose a situation on the door step. Here, they were quite sheltered from the sun, and quite hidden from the view of the villagers. Harry had no excuse for silence; and so, in a quiet way, but with a burning cheek and eloquent eye he told the tale of his love.

May heard him with many heart-throbbings, and a few ill-concealed tears. 'Oh, harry! I feared this,' she said. 'Sweet as it is to know that you love me, it is bitter indeed to feel that we can never be happy in this affection.'

'But what shall hinder us dear May?'

'My father, Harry. I can never leave him.'

'Of course; but he shall have a home with us.'

'You must not think of the thing, dear Harry.—You have already a mother to support, and I can never consent to bring upon you such a burden as poor father would be. Were he merely old and decrepit, I might not look upon the case as so hopeless; I might almost *then* consent that he should become a burden to you; but as he is, O, Harry you know he is unfit to sit at any fireside, or be a partaker of any domestic society except such as nature has made sacredly his own.—A *daughter* can pardon, can bear with his infirmity; but, O, Harry, *your* home would be desecrated by such an inmate.'

Poor May! How bitterly she wept, as this painful and humiliating reflection was breathed into her lover's ears; but he like a generous and devoted friend, soothed and encouraged her, and though he found that to combat her resolution was idle, he still declared that she only had, and ever should have, undivided empire over his heart.

Now all this while there was a little by-scene going on, which we must not conceal from our readers, especially as it has reference to the issue of our tale.—Job Woodell, when he parted from his daughter, struck across the clover field toward the Admiral; but instead of entering, as was his time-out-of-mind custom, he turned aside, and springing down the rocks, sat for some time gazing thoughtfully upon the great expanse of ocean that lay spread before him. On his left, frowning over the cliffs, rose the roof of the Admiral, enticing him to his folly; but the sweet pleading tearful face of his beloved May would steal into his heart, and paralyzed the power of the tempter, in a manner that surprised even the poor victim himself.

'I told May I would soon return,' said he; 'but if I go *there*, Ned Watkins and a whole gang of loafers will beset me, and drive all thought of home out of my head. So I will keep out of their sight, and for once fulfil my promise.'

Job reached his house just before Harry and May had entered it; and hearing their voices as he came up toward the porch where they were sitting, he stopped in front of a window that opened at the side of the porch, and, gazing through it, could not only distinctly hear the language, but could also see the faces of the young lovers. The mention of his name kept his feet rivited to the spot. Their conversation has already been detailed, and its effect upon Job, in his present mood may well be surmised. At first, the hot blood rushed in torrents to his brain and face, and the deep disgust he felt for his own folly was pictured in every lineament and expression of his countenance. But when he saw May in tears, when he heard her sweet, tremulous voice pronouncing the doom of Harry's fondest hopes, and all for *his* sake, who had so cruelly wronged and disgraced her, he wrung his hands in agony, and, unable to suppress his feelings, hurried cautiously through the back entrance of the house and shut himself up in his chamber.

A sad day was it for May Woodell after Harry retired. Her garden had lost its interest. Even the favorite pansies only made her weep when she looked on them. She prepared a dinner for her father, however, and strove, by an increased devotion to his wants to forget her sorrowful thoughts. But the day wore on, and Job did not appear. The dinner was removed untasted. 'Poor father!' said May, 'I told him I had scarce money enough to buy us a dinner; I fear he has denied himself out of consideration for me.'—And she *tried* to believe this the true solution to his delay, though experience had taught her that his neglect of his meals was usually occasioned by a worse than ordinary debauch. How different would have been her feelings had she known that her erring parent was this moment in his own chamber, overwhelmed with anguish and remorse! How quickly would she have forgotten every thought of self, and hastened to pour into his ear assurances of her forgiveness and love! Ah, it was better for him, May, that thy tender mercies were awhile withheld.

'I *do* think father will return to tea,' thought May; and she hastened to prepare a dish for him which she knew he very much liked, and which she had made some personal sacrifices to procure. Then spreading the table very neatly, she sat down at the window to await his approach.

Those only who have but *one* object to care for, *one* being to smile on their toil, *one* friend to whom their existence seems a peculiar blessing, can alone understand how every thought and feeling becomes a servitor at *one* shrine.

Job, meanwhile hearing her light step about the house, rose from the bed where he had thrown himself, bathed his face in the basin of cool water that May's hand kept constantly supplied in his chamber, brushed his hair, and putting on his hat, stole cautiously down into the yard and betook himself to May's bed of pansies and carnations. Here she at length espied, and ran out to meet him. Her first glance relieved and gladened her heart. She held out her hand to greet him. 'How long you have been away, papa! and how glad I am to see you home to tea!' she said, looking into his face with a smile that told him how happy and grateful she felt to meet him in a rational mood once more.

As they sat together at that tea-table, chatting, in a social and affectionate way, of the thousand little interests dear to a father and child, even tho' one, alas, is but such in name, May felt not a solitary trace of her morning's sorrow. If she thought of Harry, it was with love and gratitude, but scarcely with pain and regret, for though the same causes remained to prevent their union, how could she think of any thing unpleasant or melancholy while her dear father sat by sober, and full of kind words and gentle attentions?

A week passed on, and Job daily assisted May in arranging and planting her garden, never once going near the Admiral, nor lifting a glass of spirits to his lips. May was in raptures. Only one thing disturbed her felicity; Harry was not by to partake of it. 'It is foolish in him to stay away so long,' thought she; 'for though we must not be lovers, we might certainly be friends.' Perhaps the change would not have been so easy, May?

One morning, after breakfast, Job rose from the table, and put on his hat, (May had just branded him a new one) saying as he did so, 'I am going up to the Admiral this morning. Ned Watkins, and some of my friends there, will begin to wonder at my long absence. Only think, May, it is a whole week since I have been there!'

May's smile changed to a look of undisguisable distress at this unwelcome announcement. 'Oh, father!' she exclaimed, in a tone of touching entreaty, 'do not go any more to that wretched place. I have been so happy this past week, I cannot spare you away. You will not go dear father.'

Job smoothered her bright hair, and looking good-humoredly into her troubled face, replied, 'If I go, your friend Harry will come to see you again; but so long as I stay you are not likely to enjoy much of his society. I will not be in your way, my child,' and without stopping to listen to her earnest remonstrances, he imprinted a tender kiss upon her cheek, and hurried away to the Admiral.

He found the usual bar room club assembled. Immediately upon his entrance they began their assaults upon him for his long absence. He evaded them by marching up to the bar, and throwing down a sixpence. 'Give us a mug of stout flip, Rawley,' said he; and while this was preparing, he picked up the stump of an old pen, dipped it into the batter-thick ink that stood on the desk, and drawing an old letter from his pocket, tore off the back, and scribbled upon it the following remarkable words:

'This certifies that I, Job Woodell, do hereby give my solemn pledge to abstain wholly, henceforth and forever, from the use of all intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Signed JOB WOODELL.

May 15, 1844.

This he placed in the hands of his old fellow-tippler, Ned Watkins, bidding him read it aloud to his companions, while he seized his mug of "flip," and hurried to the door. Lifting it toward his lips, to make the temptation as strong as possible, he suddenly turned it upside down, spilling its smoking contents upon the ground. Then placing the mug in this reversed position upon the bench, he took his pipe from his mouth, and delivered this brief soliloquy: 'Job Woodell, thou art a man, again. The fetters that bound thee are broken, and thou art free. Job Woodell, thou art a father. Henceforth, the child of thy lost May has a father's arm to rely upon for her support, and a father's heart to bless and cherish her. Job Woodell, thou art redeemed. Go home now, and sink thy hallelujahs!'

Having thus made and solemnized this *good resolution*, he entered the bar room in quest of his hat. He found the group huddled together, in vain striving to spell out his rude hieroglyphics. 'Here, let me read it for you,' said Job.—And taking the paper from Ned's hand he proclaimed in their astonished ears the tidings of his redemption.

'——Job Woodell!' exclaimed Ned Watkins, prefacing the name with a loud oath. 'What in the d—l has brought you to this nonsense?'

'*My daughter's love* has brought me to this *sense*,' was the calm reply, as he turned with a serious aspect toward the door.

When he entered his own house, he found Harry there, standing with May's hand clasped in his, and both looking very much afflicted. May sprang forward with an exclamation of joy, and twined her arm in his. 'Oh, father! I was sure you would return, you are so very kind of late.'

'But why do you welcome me, my love, since my arrival will be a signal for Harry's departure? And pray what have you been saying to each other, to cause you to look so sorrowful?'

'Harry is going to leave us, papa. He has adopted your old profession of whaling, and goes out in the Dolphin, to-morrow. He was just bidding me farewell as you entered.'

'Ah! how is this? I thought you loved May too well to leave her,' said Job, laying his hand on Harry's shoulder.

'I do! I do!' answered he, with great emotion, rising to depart; 'but what avails it? she refuses to be mine.' He was hurrying from the room to hide the tears that forced themselves to his eyes, when Job's hand detained him. 'Stop a moment, my son,' said he. 'As you will pass by Dix's grocery, just be kind enough, will you, to post up this little notice on the door. I wish to make it as public as possible.'

Harry's eye glanced hastily over it. 'Blessed be God!' cried he, his whole face lighted up with joy.—'Is this true? Have you deliberated? Are you serious, Mr. Woodell?'

'Yes, my dear Harry, it is my serious, deliberate irrevocable pledge—signed, and sealed, and solemnized. Show it to May—she stands staring at us in dubious wonder.'

May needed but one glance. She threw herself into her father's arms, and burst into tears. Father and daughter wept together, but they were delicious tears, expressive of joy that words could not utter.—Harry's eyes, too, were overwhelming with sympathy, but he returned to the porch, feeling that *their* joy was too sacred to be witnessed except in Heaven.

In a few minutes Job recalled him. Taking his hand, he placed in it one of May's and held them clasped, together between both his own. 'My dear children,' said he, 'one week ago, I was a witness, and auditor of the interview you held in the porch. It awakened me to a sense of my great wickedness and that very moment I vowed to reform. I have served a week's noviciate; and feel no desire to return to my old life. It was written in the haunt, and amid all temptation of my old vice. I read it aloud to my old companions. They sneered at me, but I did not shrink—*pilied them*. And now, my dear children, since I have done all this for *your* sakes, show me your gratitude by making yourselves as happy as possible.'

How could they refuse a request like this? Harry said nothing farther about going to sea, and in the following autumn, took May Woodell to his home with the title of Mrs. Lovell. Job lives with them, and has never yet broken, nor repented of his GOOD RESOLUTION.

HORTICULTURE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

If the admiration of the beautiful things of nature, has a tendency to soften and refine the character, the culture of them has a still more powerful and abiding influence. It takes the form of an affection; the seed which we have nursed, the tree of our planting, under whose shade we sit with delight, are to us as living loving friends. In proportion to the care we have bestowed on them, is the warmth of our regard.—They are also gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness, who causeth the sun to shine and the dew to distil; who forgets not the tender buried vine amid the snows and ice of winter, but bringeth forth the root long hidden from the eye of man, into vernal splendor or autumnal fruitage.

The lessons learned among the works of nature are of peculiar value in the present age. The restlessness and din of the rail road principles, which pervades its operations, and the spirit of accumulation which threatens to corrode every generous sensibility, are modified by the sweet friendship of the quiet plants. The toil, the hurry, the speculation, the sudden reverse which mark our own time, beyond any which have preceded them, render it particularly salutary for us to heed the admonition of our Saviour, and take instruction from the lilies of the field, those peaceful denizens of the bounty of Heaven.

Horticulture has been pronounced, by medical men, as salutary to health, and to cheerfulness of spirits; and it would seem that this theory might be sustained, by the happy countenances of those who use it as a relaxation from the excitement of business, or the exhaustion of study. And if he, who devotes his leisure to the culture of the works of nature, benefits himself—he who beautifies a garden for the eye of the community, is surely a public benefactor. He instils into the bosom of the man of the world, panting with the gold fever, gentle thoughts, which do good like a medicine. He cheers the desponding invalid, and makes the eye of a child brighten with more intense happiness.—He furnishes pure aliment for that taste which refines character and multiplies simple pleasures. To those who earn their subsistance by laboring on his grounds, he stands in the light of a benefactor. The kind of industry which he promotes, is favorable to simplicity and virtue. With one of the sweetest poets of our native land, we may say,

"——Praise to the sturdy spade,
And patient plough, and Shepherd's simple crooks,
And let the light mechanic's tool be hailed
With honor, which encasing by the power
Of long companionship, the laborer's hand,
Cut off that band, with all its world of nerves,
From a too busy commerce with the heart."

SUBLIMITY OF AN UPRIGHT MAN.

The sentiment of one of the shrewdest observers and finest painters of human nature, that,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God," is strikingly, if not sublimely, illustrated in the following portrait, drawn by another.

"It is he who stands, amidst all the exigencies of trade, firm, calm, disinterested, and upright. It is the man who can see another's distress as well as his own. It is the man whose mind his own advantages do not blind or cloud for an instant; who could sit as judge upon a question between himself and his neighbor, just as safely as the purest magistrate upon the bench of justice. Ah, how much richer than ermine—how far nobler than the train of magisterial authority—how much more awful than the guarded pomp of imperial majesty! Yes, it is the man who is true—true to himself, his neighbor, and his God; true to his sight, true to his conscience; and who feels that the lightest suggestion of that conscience is more to him than the chance of acquiring an hundred estates."

When it is considered that such a character for integrity, formed on the Divine model, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is admired by all, secures the confidence and homage of all, and is attainable by all, without wealth, or even superiority of intellect, it really gives a melancholy aspect to human nature, that among the multitude it should be so rarely found; and indeed that so few, comparatively, should even seem aspiring to its attainment. An ancient city had its Aristides; England has had her Wilberforce; America her Washington, whose integrity no one ever doubted; and perhaps every considerable city or town may be able to point to one, two, or three, and say with united voice, 'There is the man to be fully trusted under all circumstances.'

This was eminently the case with the late ROBERT RALSTON, Esq. of Philadelphia. As an illustration, when a citizen who had purchased of him, and just removed to his own store, a large quantity of goods, unexpectedly finding himself likely to fail, offered at once, out of veneration for the good man, to return those goods: "Are you able,' said Mr. Ralston, "to pay all your creditors?" "No, Sir." "Then keep the goods," said he, "and let me share with the rest."—Now this was simple *justice*; but the case, though admired by all, was then spoken of as very remarkable, even in the good city of Philadelphia. We hope human nature in that and other cities is advancing, and that such cases of high and holy sense of justice would not now be regarded as so extraordinary, and may yet become objects of general emulation, as well as of spontaneous homage and admiration.—[N. Y. Tel.

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