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POETRY.

"ONLY WAITING."

A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now? He replied, "Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Blackwoood's Magazine.

THE JEW.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

I was at Vienna a few years ago. After trying several *tables-d'hote*, I established myself at a hotel in the Judenstrasse, frequented by a select society. Mr. Muller, master of this establishment, did its honors with thorough German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness, reigned throughout the house. One might pass through the servants' room, and even throught the kitchens, without meeting with anything by which the sight was in the least offended. The cellar was as well arranged as a bookcase, and the regulations of the house, as regarded both the service and the hours of meals, were as punctually observed as they could have been in a seminary. If a guest come in late, though it were but ten minutes, he was served apart, in an adjoining room, that the comfort of all might not be sacrificed to the convenience of one.

In the conversation at this *table-d'hote* there prevailed a tone of good society which excluded neither ease nor pleasantry; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well executed concert. The countenance of Mrs. Muller, in which dignity was blended with benevolence, was the brometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of Rhine wine or Stettin beer might lead them a little too far. Then Mrs. Muller assumed an air of reserve; by a few words she adroitly broke off the conversation, and turned it into another channel; and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who, without affectation or pouting, kept her eyes fixed on her plate until the end of the meal.

Ellen Muller was the type of those beautiful German faces which the French call cold, because they know not how to read them; she was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanoverian characters. A pure and open brow, eyes of inexpressible softness, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve, a transparent complexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the immobility of her bearing, auburn hair whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonised with the serenity of her features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood;—such was Ellen Muller.

A councillor of the Court, Hofrath Baron von Noth, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him, several students, whose parents had recommended them to the vigilance of Mr. Muller, and a few merchants, composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travellers, literary men, and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation, in which Mr. Muller, a man of extensive acquirements and great good sense, took part, with a choice of expressions and an elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.

Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, and sing some of those simple and beautiful melodies in which the tenderness, the gravity, and the piety of the German national character seem to mingle. Then conversation ceased; every countenance expressed profound attention; and each listener, as if he were assisting at a religious service, translated the accents of that universal language according to his sympathies, his associations, and the habitual direction of his ideas.

I was not long in perceiving that Baron Noth and a young student named Werter were particularly sensible to Ellen's charms and merit. In the baron, a middle-aged man, there was a mixture of dignity and eagerness which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and the energy of a strong passion. It is between the ages of thirty and forty that the passions have most empire over us. At that period of life the character is completely formed; and as we well know what we desire, so do we strive to attain our end with all the energy of a perfect organization.

Werter was little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair, and melancholy. I am pursuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the musical sense. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fever agitated him; he isolated himself in a corner of the room, and there, in a mute ecstacy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.

The pretensions of Ellen's two admirers manifested themselves by attentions of very different kinds, and in which were displayed their different natures. The baron brought Mrs. Muller tickets for concerts and theatres. Often at the desert, he would send for delicious Hungarian wine, in which he drank the health of the ladies, slightly inclining his head to Ellen, as if he would have said—I bow to you alone. Werter would stealthily place upon the piano a new ballad, or a volume of poetry; and when the young girl took it up, his face flushed and brightened as if the blood were about to burst from it. Ellen smiled modestly at the baron, or gracefully thanked the student; but she seemed not to suspect that which neither of them dared to tell her.

An attentive observer of all that passed, I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart, and to decide as to the future chances of the baron's or the student's loves. She was passionately fond of narratives of adventure, and, thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her.—Her eyes sparkled as though she would fain have distinguished, through time and space, the hero of a noble action; then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection recalled her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the baron nor Werter was the man to win her heart; they were neither of them equal to her. Had I been ten years younger, I think I should have been vain enough to enter the lists. But another person, whom none would at first have taken for a man capable of feeling and inspiring a strong passion, was destined to carry off the prize.

One night, that we were assembled in the drawing-room, one of the habitual visitors to the house presented to us a Jew, who had just arrived from Lemberg, and whom business was to detain for some months at Vienna. In a few words, Mr. Muller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and customs of the house. The Jew replied by monosyllables, as if he disdained to expend more words and intelligence upon details so entirely material. He bowed politely to the ladies, glanced smilingly at the furniture of the room, round which he twice walked, as if in token of taking possession, and then installed himself in an arm-chair. This pantomime might have been translated thus: "Here I am; look at me once for all, and then heed me no more." Mr. Malthus—that was the Jew's name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height, and of a decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a phrenologist would have read a world of things in the magnificent development of his forehead.

The conversation became general. Mr. Malthus spoke little, but as soon as he opened his mouth everybody was silent. This apparent deference proceeded perhaps as much from a desire to discover his weak points as from politeness towards the newcomer.

The Jew had one of those penetrating and sonorous voices whose tones seem to reach the very soul, and which impart to words inflexions not less varied than the forms of thought. He summed up the discussion logically and lucidly; but it was easy to see that, out of consideration for his interlocutors, he abstained from putting forth his whole strength.

The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudices: at the first words spoken on this subject, the Jew's countenance assumed a sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations: it was easy to see that his imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration, that Ellen, yielding to a sympathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement towards him. Their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete each other.

I said to myself, that Jew will be Ellen's husband.

Then I applied myself to observe him more attentively. When Mr. Malthus was not strongly moved and animated, he was but an ordinary man, nevertheless, by the expression of his eyes, which seemed to look within himself, one could discern that he was internally preoccupied with some of those lofty thoughts identified with superior minds. Some celebrated authors were spoken of; he remained silent. Baron von Noth leant over towards me and said, in a low voice, "It seems that our new acquaintance is not literary."

"I should be surprised at that," I replied; "and, what is more, I would lay a wager that he is musical." The baron drew back, with a movement of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something. The amiable girl begged him to excuse her, but without putting forward any of those small pretexts which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanquish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude testified to some unwonted agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; soon she recovered herself, and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short, declaring that her memory failed her.

Then, to our great astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by the finest tenor I ever listened to in my life.

The baron bit his lips; Werter was pale with surprise. The warmest applause followed the conclusion of the beautiful duet.

Malthus had risen from his chair, and seemed entirely under the spell of harmony. He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to him with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage, which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand, almost with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "I thank you!"

"Very odd indeed," said the baron. Poor Werter said nothing, but went and sat himself down, very pensive, at the further end of the drawing-room.

Mrs. Muller was radiant at her daughter's success. As to Ellen, she merely said, in a low voice—

"If I had instruction, I should perhaps be able to make something of music."

"With your mother's permission," rejoined Malthus, "I shall have pleasure in sometimes accompanying you."

Mrs. Muller cast a scrutinizing glance at the Jew, whose countenance, which had resumed its habitual calmness, showed nothing that could excite her suspicions. She judged that such a man was not at all dangerous, and accepted his offer. Malthus bowed with cold dignity—doubtless appreciating the motive of this confidence—and Ellen struck a few notes, to divert attention from her embarrassment.

The baron, who sought a vent for his ill-humor, said to the young girl, pointing to the Jew's stick—

"If anything should halt in the accompaniment, there is what will restore the measure."

Ellen rose, cast a look at the baron, which meant, "One meets people like you everywhere," and left the room. Malthus took up a newspaper, and read until we separated for the night.

The Jew led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received a few visits, went upon Change about two o'clock, then shut himself up in his apartment and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock entered Mr. Muller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano. It was easy to see that he daily assumed a greater ascendency over the mind of his pupil, whose progress was rapid.

When Malthus smiled, Ellen's charming countenance assumed an indescribable expression of satisfaction; but as soon as he relapsed into his habitual thoughtfull mood, the poor girl's soul appeared suspended in a sympathetic medium; she saw nothing, answered nobody;—in a word, she instinctively assimilated herself to the mysterious being whose influence governed her. When Malthus leaned on his cane in walking, Ellen seemed to say, "My arm would support him so well!"

The Jew, however, did not limp disagreeably; his left leg was well formed, and his symmetrical figure showed the disturbance in its harmony to have been the result of an accident. He had the appearance of having long become reconciled to his infirmity, like a soldier who considers his wounds a glorious evidence of his devotion to his country.

I had more than once felt tempted to ask Malthus the history of his lameness; but he eluded with so much care every approach to the subject, that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.

Two months passed thus, and I had opportunity of appreciating all the right-mindedness, generosity, and enlightenment that dwelt in the accessible part of that extraordinary soul. In presence of this dangerous rival, who triumphed without a struggle, the baron became almost tender. His self-love cruelly suffered to see preferred to him a lame merchant, with a fine voice. He sometimes attempted to quiz him; but Malthus confounded him so completely by the aptness of his retorts, that the laughers were never on the side of the baron.

One night that the family party was assembled, Werter approached Mr. Muller with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the letter contained a proposal. Mr. Muller read it with attention and handed it to his wife, who rapidly glanced over it and cast a scrutinizing glance at her daughter, to make sure whether or no she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favorable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the maternal heart, and a thousand motives concur to arrest the desired consent.

"It were well," she said, "first to know what Ellen thinks."

The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl, whose countenance expressed the utmost surprise.

"Besides, he is very young," added Mrs. Muller, loud enough for the baron to hear.

Werter's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarrassed, and abruptly left the room.

"A mere child," quoth the baron, "who should be sent back to his books."

Malthus who had observed all that passed, rested his two hands on his stick, like a man disposed to argue the point, and warmly defended the student.

"It cannot be denied," he said, in conclusion, "that the young man's choice pleads in his favor; and his embarrassment, which at that age is not unbecoming, proves in my opinion, that, whilst aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficient modesty to admit himself unworthy of it."

"If a declaration were a sufficient proof of merit," interrupted the councillor, "I know one man who would not hesitate"—

"And who is that?" inquired Mrs. Muller, with ill-concealed curiosity.

"Myself, madam," replied the councillor—"Baron von Noth."

By the way in which this was spoken, the dissyllable "*myself*" appeared lengthened by all the importance of the personage.

"At my age men do not change," continued the baron: "and the present is a guarantee for the future."

Ellen was really to be pitied. When Malthus took Werter's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting. Her countenance, naturally so gentle, was overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the Jew's benevolent defence of the student for a mark of indifference.—Whilst still under the influence of this painful impression, the Baron's declaration came to add to her agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair, and swooned away. The Jew sprang forward, took her in his arms, laid her on a sofa, and knelt down beside her.

"You have not understood me, then?" he exclaimed.

Ellen opened her eyes, and beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected; and, absorbed in her passion, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured, in a feeble voice—

"Yours! Yours alone!—ever yours!"

"Sir," said Malthus to Mr. Muller, "my proposal comes rather late; but I hope you will be so good as to take it into consideration."

In the Jew's manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr. Muller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; but his wife could not restrain a smile at this dramatic complication, whose *denouement* remained in suspense.

"Mr. Y.," said she to me, somewhat maliciously, "do you not feel the effect of example?"

"Perhaps I might have been unable to resist," I replied, "had not Mr. Malthus declared himself before me."

Ellen blushed, and the Jew pressed my hand. Just then Werter re-entered the room, pale and down-cast, like a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. There was profound silence which lasted several minutes, or at least seemed to me to do so. At last Mr. Muller broke it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am much flattered by the honor you have done me—

He paused, and seemed to be recalling past events to his mind. During this short silence, Werter gazed at us in turn with an air of astonishment, and I doubt not that he included me in the number of his rivals.

"I have something to tell you," continued Mr. Muller, "which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About ten years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father had just died. The winding up of his affairs proved complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interests in the hands of a lawyer who had been recommended to me as extremely skilful. The business at last settled, I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen was seven years old. Our little fortune had been greatly impaired by a succession of losses, for which this inheritance would compensate.

"One day I went to my lawyer's to receive the money. He had disappeared, taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and, I confess it with shame, I determined on suicide. All that day I rambled about the country, and at nightfall I approached the banks of the Spree. Climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy delight into the dark waters that rolled beneath. On my knees upon the stone, I offered up a short but fervent prayer to Him who wounds and heals; I commended my wife and daughter to His mercy, and precipitated myself from the bridge. I was struggling instinctively against death, when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me, and drew me towards the shore, which we both reached.

"It was so dark that I could not distinguish the features of my preserver. But the tones of his voice made an impression upon me which has not yet been effaced, and I have met but one man whose voice has reminded me of that of the generous unknown. He compelled me to go home with him, questioned me as to my motives for so desperate an act, and, to my extreme astonishment, handed me a portfolio containing forty thousand florins on the express condition that I should take no steps to find him out. I entreated him to accept my marriage-ring, at sight of which I promised to repay the loan, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so. He took the ring, and I left him, my heart brimful of gratitude.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the joy with which I once more embraced my wife and daughter. God alone can repay my benefactor all the good he did us. I arranged my affairs, and we set out for Vienna, where I formed this establishment, of which I cannot consider myself as more than the temporary possessor. You perceive, gentlemen, that Ellen has no dowry to expect, and that we may at any moment be reduced to a very precarious position."

Ellen's face was hidden by her hands.—When Mr. Muller ceased speaking, we still listened. Presently the Jew broke silence.

"I have little," he said, "to add to your narration: the man who was so fortunate as to render you a service, remained a cripple for the rest of his days. When he plunged into the Spree, he struck against a stone, and since then he limps, as you perceive."

We were all motionless with surprise.—Then Malthus drew a ring from his finger and handed it to Mr. Muller. The countenance of the latter, generally so cold in its expression, was suddenly extraordinarily agitated: tears started to his eyes, and he threw himself into his preserver's arms.

"All that I possess belongs to you," he cried, "and I have the happiness to inform you that your capital has doubled."

"Of all that you possess," replied Malthus, "I ask but one thing, to which I have no right."

The worthy German took the hand of his daughter, who trembled with happiness and surprise, and, placing it in that of the Jew—

"Sir," he said, addressing himself to me, "you who have seen the world, and who are disinterested in this question, do you think that I could do better?"

WELL SAID.—*Question*—What ought to be done with a gentleman who engages the affections of a young lady, and then leaves her?

Answer—Bless him, and let him go. We always think, in such cases, that a young lady has abundant causes for congratulation, and instead of whining and crying over "spilt affection," let her put on her sunny smiles, and endeavor to captivate a more worthy beau. You may depend upon it, that a man who has no more stability of mind, or honesty of purpose, than to act in this way to a young lady, is not worth a tear of regret; on the contrary, she should be especially happy that she has so luckily got rid of a person who, throughout his life, in whatever he undertook, would unquestionably exhibit the same unfixedness of purpose and the same irresolution of mind. Love is like everything else; a man who is not to be trusted in that, is very likely to be unsafe in other respects.—*New York Times.*

A WORD TO THE WISE.—We must insist upon our subscribers who are in arrears, *to pay up*. We are nearly out of supplies and must have means. There is no use in shilly-shallying about a matter of this sort. Our town subscribers know where our office is, and those at a distance can very easily avail themselves of the post office for forwarding their back dues. There is precious little fun in working for nothing, and throwing in the materials.

[The above is from one of our exchanges.]

A QUAKER'S LETTER.—Friend John, I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called attorneys, and let him take out an instrument with a seal thereto, by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lamb-skin men at Westminster, and teach him to do in future as he would be done by.

Thy friend, R. C.

"I cannot bear children," said Mrs. Prim, disdainfully. Mrs. Partington looked over her spectacles mildly before she replied—"perhaps if you could you would like them better."

THEODORE PARKER.—Somebody in the Boston *Transcript*, writing from Jerusalem, in Virginia, tells the following good story, illustrating at once the importance of the letter "D," and the bad odor of Abolitionism in the Old Dominion:

"Theodore D. Parker, Esq., a merchant in Boston, happenened a few weeks since to be a guest for one night at Knapp's hotel in this place. After tea, as he was enjoying the coolness of the evening on the piazza, he noticed a gentleman in the office who was examining the books of arrivals, and who afterwards walked up and down the piazza, scanning him (Mr. P.) very closely. Some ten or fifteen minutes passed in this way, when the stranger broke the silence by addressing him:

"Is your name Parker, sir??"

"Yes, sir."

"Theodore Parker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you come from Boston, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, sir," (with the look as if the identity of the individual were fairly established) "I suppose that you are the man that goes about in New England vilifying the institutions of the South."

"Oh, no, no!" answered the astonished Mr. Parker, before whose eyes a bag of feathers and a kettle of tar danced a momentary *pas de deux*, "I am Theodore D. Parker—I am a merchant of Boston—I am not the Minister of whom you speak."

"Ah, that alters the case, then," responded the chivalric Virginian in a milder tone. "But allow me to give you one piece of advice; and that is, that if you are going to travel around these diggins, you had better, in future, when you sign your name, be particular, and put that 'D.' d——n plain."

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Be ever gentle with the children God has given you, watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are very good boys." I once heard a father say, "I talk to them pretty much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought not elegantly expressed. Yes there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness fade, a cold world frown on them, but amid all, let memory carry them back to home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's improving eye moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

Give your children fortune without education, and at least one half of the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion—perhaps to ruin. Give them education, and they will be a fortune to themselves and their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor—they can never spend or lose it, and through life it ever proves a friend; in death a consolation.

PROBLEM.—A constable in pursuit of a thief at a uniform pace, finds by inquiry that the thief is traveling 1 1-2 miles per hour quicker than himself; he therefore doubles his speed after the first four hours and takes the thief at the end of six hours and twenty minutes from the time of his starting. Given that the thief had a start of one hour and never varied his speed; find the rates of traveling of the two parties, and the distance at which the capture took place?

WHAT IS ARISTOCRACY.—In reply to this question, Gen. Foy, a distinguished orator of the French Chambers, gave the following answer:

"Aristocracy in the 19th century is the league, the coalition of those who would consume without producing, live without working, know without learning anything, and have all the places of government without being able to fill them."

An honest Dutch farmer of the Mowhawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were in the right way to heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "ven ve ride our wheat to Albany, some say dis is the pest vay, and some say dat is de pest vay; but it don't make much difference which road ve take, for ven ve get dare, day never ask us vich vay ve come—and it is none of their pusiness—*if our wheat is good!*"

DEATH'S KNOCKINGS.—The last number of the London Diogenes presents the postman "who knocks at everybody's door."—He is Death! At his side is a bag of letters from the East. With one hand he touches a knocker on a cornetted door, with the other he reps with his knuckles at the door of a washer-woman.

"WILL YOU DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW," asked one Irishman of another.—"Faith, and I will, with all my heart." "Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm askin' you to." And what for not—a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have you got?" Och, nothing uncommon—an illigant piece of corned beef and potatoes." "By the powers, that beats the world? jist my dinner to a hair—*burring the beef!*"