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[From an English paper.]

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently: let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently : love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affections voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,—
Oh ! win them back again.

Speak gently ! He who gave his life
To bind man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife,
Said to them, " Peace, be still."

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

THE PILGRIM CHILD.

A stranger child, one winter eve,
Knocked at a cottage maiden's door:
"A pilgrim at your hearth receive—
Hark ! how the mountain torrents roar !"
But ere the latch was raised, " Forbear !"
Cried the pale parent from above;
" The pilgrim child, that's weeping there,
Is Love !

The Spring-tide came, and once again,
With garlands crown'd, a laughing child
Knock'd at the maiden's casement pane,
And whispered " Let me in," and smiled.
The casement soon was opened wide—
The stars shone bright the bower above;
And lo! the maiden's couch beside
Stood Love !

And smiles, and sighs, and kisses sweet,
Beguiled brief summer's careless hours;
And Autumn, Labour's sons to greet,
Came forth, with corn, and fruit, and flowers,
But why grew pale her cheek with grief ?
Why watched she the bright stars above ?
Some one had stole her heart—the thief
Was Love !

And Winter came, and hopes and fears
Alternate swelled her virgin breast;
But none were there to dry her tears,
Or hush her anxious cares to rest;
And often as she oped the door,
Roared the wild torrent from above,
But never to her cottage more
Came Love !

From the New York Albion.

CANST THOU FORGET ME ?

BY ALICE JANE SPARROW.

Canst thou forget me ?
Speak, unforgotten one! Speak! was it a deceit ?
In all that's past a dream—a cheating dream ?

* * * * * *

Oh, unforgotten one! stretch out to me
The old right hand of friendship ? stretch it here!

Russian Poetry.

Canst thou forget me, unforgotten one ?
Canst thou forget
The beauty of the earth—the brightness of the sun,
The flowers, whose summer lives were just begun,
When we two met ?
Was it our own rejoicing souls which threw
O'er land and sky that strangely glorious hue ?
For ne'er have I, since that remembered hour,
Seen the *same* beauty on earth, sky, or flower!

Canst thou forget how dear that hour was deemed
By thee and me ?—
How strangely fateful, yet how brief it seemed—
How sweet—how passing sweet the dream we dreamed,
—If dreams they be
Which have so strong a pow'r o'er heart and brain
To make life lovely, or a path of pain!
Dreams are unreal—therefore call these not
Dreams which thus beautify, or cloud, our lot!

Canst thou forgot me—thou whose fervent heart
To mine addressed
Words far too pure to be the words of art,
Too fond, too trustful to be coined to smart
A loving breast!
No let hath woman—unforgotten one!
So dark, so desolate, so deeply lone,
As when a heart that vowed a faith like thine
Learns to forget.—Oh, can that lot be mine ?

Canst thou forget the prayers I've prayed for thee
The thoughts I've poured
Forth from my trusting breath, all fearlessly,
To cheer thee in thy home beyond the sea,
When dark fate loured ?
Is this forgotten as a bygone tale ?
Is man's deep heart so fickle, and so frail ?
In memory given to *my* true breast *alone* ?
Canst thou forget me—unforgotten one ?

THE MIDSUMMER MANUSCRIPT.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

The blessings of our youth be on you, bright days of midsummer, prime of the seasons, noontide of the year! The green of our woods deepens beneath your mantle, and our hills rejoice to the heart of our utmost solitude. There was joy at your coming among the nations of old, for your power and glory mingled with the faith of the older time. The Celt kindled the beltane fire on his mountains for your welcome, and the men of the far east spread "the feast of roses" by the lovely lakes of Cashmere. The world has outlived the memories of her morning; creeds have been forgotten; gods have come and gone; but the toiling, stirring multitude of earth still rejoice as ye gladden the span of their passing existence with the breath of your returning roses and the bloom of your eternal youth. So thought, or should have thought, the Monsieur de St. Leon as he sat one long bright evening of that rosy time, surrounded by the chosen companions of his learned labors, engaged in winding up the work of the season. Monsieur de St. Leon was a mighty man in Paris; the fate of the authors, and the speculations of publishers, hung alike upon his pen; his word was law at the Theatre Frangais, and more than law at the Opera Comique; for Monsieur de St. Leon was editor of " Le Voix de Paris," a work whose sentences on the volumes of the period were unquestioned as the ukase in the dominions of the czar; in short, he was the Janin of his day; but he swayed the sceptre of criticism in a more despotic fashion, for the days of his reign were before the Revolution. Well-instructed, highly connected, and blessed with good abilities, Monsieur de St. Leon had early devoted himself to literature, and now, in the meridian of life, he was known as one of the most discerning spirits of the age, the associate of *savants* of the first distinction, and grand master of the French Reviewers. We shall not stay the current of our tale to say how much friends and fortune had to do with building up the fabric of his fame, but there sat the chief of critics amid his band, well pleased with both himself and them; for the last review of the season had been written, the last opera had received its doom, and the latest novel was dismissed with its proper share of well-talented praise and blame. No more was expected at least for some time, for the days of midsummer are not the days of books; and Monsieur de St. Leon felicitated himself on the promised pleasure of a trip to the south, to meet the Summer amid her laden olives, and leave the crowds of Paris and the cares of criticism to less fortunate hands, till the light of her presence was passed.

Their work was done, but still his colleagues sat on in Monsieur's elegant bureau, for they had much to talk of. Most of them were amateur assistants of St. Leon; some were young and ardent, some were old and prudent, and some had grown cold and cautious before their time; all were distinguished in the world of letters, and many in the world of fashion too; but among them was only one female face, and that belonged to Senore, the orphan niece of Monsieur de St. Leon. Her uncle imagined there was a marked resemblance between himself and Voltaire, because he was a bachelor, and intended to publish something original; so, by way of completing the picture, he had taken Senore to manage his domestic concerns, admire his own genius, and be in all respects a second Madame Denis. Little likeness had poor Senore to that immortalized dame; the girl was portionless, and but seventeen, a small bright-haired brunette, with a face whose expression of subdued intelligence told of long subservience to another's will and time not spent for herself; but the sunshine of the heart played over it at times; for the light of the clear black eye had not grown dim and dreamy, as in the winter of years.

Projects for the future, *bons-mots* at the expense of their contemporaries, and literary gossip of all sorts, filled the bureau, when St. Leon's valet opened the door, and announced, with rather a comical expression of countenance, that there was a stranger below who wished to see Monsieur on very particular business. "Show him up," said St. Leon, to whom the mention of business was at that moment anything but agreeable; and he added in no very good humored tone, " What can the fellow want that he comes at such an hour as this ?" The words were scarcely spoken when the servant returned, ushering in a young man of dark pale face and low stature, rendered almost dwarfish by a habitual stoop. His dress was poverty-stricken, and made in the fashion of the provinces; his manner awkward and hesitating, like one not sure of his errand. In his hand he held a small soiled looking manuscript, which with an awkward bow, and a few half-articulate words, he presented to Monsieur de St. Leon. It was accompanied by a note from the manager of the Theatre Frangais, stating that it contained a tragedy written by the bearer, which the manager would purchase if Monsieur de St. Leon approved of it, and earnestly requesting that, whether favourable or not, his opinion should be given without delay.

St. Leon had been hard at work for the last three weeks, and that evening was to him like the Jew's preparation for the Sabbath, and to be obliged to read over a new play, was a task he had not expected; but felt it just then inexpedient to refuse the manager's request, and therefore consented, with little grace, and less good temper. If there was one thing in the world which St. Leon delighted to criticise more than another, it was the work of a poet, for Monsieur had wooed the muse on his own account; and with a few cold and hurried questions to the stranger touching his name, profession and birthplace, which were as coldly answered—for the youth had got time to collect himself, and said his name was Joseph Fauquet, his birthplace a village in Auvergne, and profession he had none at present—the great reviewer glanced once more at his shabby appearance, and proceeded to read the manuscript.

Monsieur went to work, determined not to be pleased; and many and marvellous were the faults he found in that unlucky tragedy. The plot was bad; the story was deficient in interest; the characters were unnatural; the poetry defective; and in short there was no possible error of style or composition into which it had not fallen, in the estimation of Monsieur; and he discanted on the said errors with an eloquence highly satisfactory to his own spleen, and edifying to his friends, who seemed to concur in his opinion; for those who did not join in the censure, remained entirely silent. Among the latter was Senore; but there was a deep interest in her young face and slight figure, bent forward with eagerness to catch the sound; and her eye would often kindle with pleasure and admiration at passages which her uncle unhesitatingly condemned. Fauquet sat also silent; at first, indeed, his gaze was riveted on St. Leon with such intense anxiety, as it was painful to witness; but as the critic went on, his countenance gradually settled to a cold and almost stony calmness, except when he caught the eye of Senore, and then his glance would brighten with a fire that seemed from the altar of Hope.

The piece was called " La Reine Blanche;" its subject was a story of the old romantic times, and there was poetry in it; for, as St. Leon reached the climax, Senore started to her feet, exclaiming, " Oh, uncle, is not that splendid ?"

"Nonsense, child," said St. Leon; "it wants originality." But before he could utter another word, Fauquet bounded from his seat, snatched the manuscript from his hand, and casting on Senore one look of wild but unfathomable gratitude, darted down stairs, and rushed into the street.

" There's assurance for you," said the critic, as soon as he could speak from the effect of surprise and anger; " some run-away apprentice no doubt, or turned-off servant, who has mistaken his sphere, and presumed to write plays; but he has got a lesson which will serve him for the rest of his life." And with this gentle conclusion Monsieur de St. Leon dismissed the subject from his mind.

* * * * *

It was in the summer of 1786 that the scene we have just related took place; but there came after summers, which ripened the bloody vintage growing through ages of unchecked oppression for the crown and the coronets of France; and the name that swept from the bases both throne and altar, shipwrecked the fame and fortunes of Monsieur de St. Leon. The storm had dispersed his friends, and some it had turned into enemies; and " Le Vaux de Paris," the sword of his power, and the strong-hold of his glory, perished unwept and unlamented, amid the clash of contending interests and the fall of the old institutions. His family were among the first on the lists of republican proscription. Most of them died in exile, and some in poverty; and he had wandered from land to land, with no means of life but his literary profession, which he practised with more or less success in every city of Europe. But years had passed over him, and St. Leon had grown old and alone; for poor Senore who had long been the faithful companion of his wanderings, at length agreed to the proposal of an eminent German publisher, to become Madame Wessendorf. The match was a good one, but the girl had hesitated long, as if there was some old love that rose up in her memory. But at the declarations of her uncle, " that she had no fortune, and must be provided for," and Wessendorf's handsome settlement prevailed. She had been married five years, and now resided in Paris; there also St. Leon arrived in the summer of 184-. He had three good and sufficient reasons for his coming : the first was, to see Senore; the second to recover a small property lost in the Revolution; and the third, to fulfil the darling design of his life—the publication of an original volume, which he hoped his former fame would revive in the memory of the Parisians. He had collected its materials for years; many a sleepless night and troubled day it had cost him.—Through the terrors of the Revolution, and the privations of his exile, he had kept it, like Cæsar's Commentaries, held above the wave, even at the risk of drowning. His dream was the same, but he found the city changed. A new generation of writers and critics had arisen, who thought and spoke not like the men of his youth; for these were the days of the empire. The intended volume was a philosophic work, which St. Leon designed to be splendidly illustrated and published by subscription; but he had now no friends in the capital: and when he explained the plan to his nephew, that skilful trader in taste and genius shook his head solemnly, and assured him that his only hope of success lay in an immediate application to Monsieur Marzette, whose name at the head of his subscription list would be a sufficient recommendation to all the *savants* in Paris.

" Marzette ?" said St. Leon, for the name had reached him in many a far city as that of a rising star in the new system of things.

" Yes," said Wessendorf, " Monsieur Marzette, who is known as far as the tricolor streams as the first of our living authors, and the most accomplished critic in France. He is now a member in the French academy, and will likely soon be a peer of the empire; for the Emperor though more partial to the genius of the sword than the pen, it is said, has expressed a high opinion of him; and Madame La Mere Cambaceres, and all the people of influence are his friends; but he is very amiable," continued Wessendorf, " and receives everybody. All Paris crowd to his hotel on the reception nights; to-morrow is one of them; and as I have the honour of knowing him, and am going to introduce Madame, I think I might manage to do the same for you."

Next evening found Monsieur de St. Leon, with his niece Senore and her German husband, entering a splendid hotel at the Place de Luxemburg, in which was the residence of Monsieur Marzette. All Paris seemed indeed there: the street was crowded with brilliant equipages; and crowds of fashionables poured in, till the scene reminded Senore and her uncle of the last great ball they had attended in this very house, when it was occupied by the Count de Marigny, two months before the taking of the Bastile. With some difficulty they got through the crowded house to the principle saloon, in which the great man sat. The room was no less gay and magnificent than when St. Leon and his neice last stood within it; but the years that intervened had done their work on them. St. Leon was an old and worn-out man, and Senore had grown a large and handsome matron, with a brow that told of many trials, and hairs which the winters of life had touched early with their snows; but Wessendorf presented them to a small dark-complexioned man, of graceful bearing, and somewhat stern but strikingly fine countenance, dressed with a taste which spared no expense—and that was Monsieur Marzette. He saluted Madame Wessendorf with cordial and habitual but St. Leon thought he looked long and earnestly upon her; and when his own name was pronounced, a strange expression, like that of great pain, passed quickly over his face; but he recovered himself in a moment, and saluted him with great frankness and affability professing to have heard of his well-merited celebrity, and even made room for him beside himself. St. Leon's heart was gratified; for seeing the principal person pay him so much attention, all the rest of the company followed his example, and the old man felt as if the far-past days of his glory were returning once more. But he did not forget to turn so good an opportunity to the advantage of his long-projected volume, and soon found means to introduce the subject, and enter into all its details. Monsieur Marzette listened most graciously; and when St. Leon wound up his discourse by requesting the aid of his influence and name, he said, in an under tone, "Most willingly, my dear Monsieur, but will you have the goodness to remain till the company have retired, for I wish to speak to you in private ?"

St. Leon of course assented; but all that evening he puzzled himself in vain to guess what Marzette could have to say to him of such secrecy; and Marzette himself, though courteous and friendly to all, and especially to him, seemed strangely absent at times; and his looks often wandered, as if unconsciously towards Madame Wessendorf. Never had St. Leon looked so earnestly for the close of the soiree; but it came at last, to his great relief. The company began to depart; and when the greater part of his guests were gone Marzette requested his presence in the library. It was a large and noble apartment; and the two sat there alone, opposite to each other, and silent for some minutes. At length Marzette, fixing his eyes upon St. Leon's face with a sad and a searching look, said, " Monsieur St. Leon, do you remember the 20th of June 1786 ?"

St. Leon mused a moment, but in all the dusty archives of his memory there was no record of the day, and he answered, "Indeed, Monsieur, I cannot say that I recollect anything particular of the date you have mentioned."

" Well," said Marzette, "do you not remember one, with mean attire and awkward manners, who came on that day to ask your opinion of a production on which his hope, nay almost his life depended ? for oh, St. Leon he was young and poor—and I am Joseph Fauquet ?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, it could not have had a more startling effect on St. Leon than this announcement produced. He sat rivetted to his chair, as the whole scene thus recalled passed rapidly before his mental vision; but awkward as his own position now was, all thoughts of the kind were lost in amazement at the transformation wrought by eighteen years.

" Do you remember it now, Monsieur !" said Marzette; but his tone was still calm and sad.

" I do," said St. Leon—who was too much a man of the world not to see the ground on which he stood, when the first shock of his astonishment was over—" I do; and though I cannot believe you to be the same person, of course I do not now expect your patronage;" and he rose with all the composure he could command.

" Stay, Monsieur, stay," said Marzette grasping his hand " my name, my influence, and all in my power are at your service. I had wild thoughts of anger and revenge, which haunted me for years; but I have lived to learn better.—And after all, though the lesson was hard, you did me no wrong. But stay and tell me why you cannot believe that I am indeed the same."

Monsieur de St Leon would have preferred almost any other place to that where he now was, but curiosity and interest both forbade his going, and he resumed his seat, saying, though scarcely conscious of what he said " Because it is impossible to identify a member of the French Academy with one who seemed so poor in mind as well as in purse."

" Such is the world's wisdom," said Marzette, earnestly. " Fop and philosopher, peasant and politician, none can see farther than the mere external trappings or accidedtal position. Man, there was wealth in my early poverty which I can never own again—the full fountain of youth's unfrozen affections, the strength of an unwasted and then unwearied hope, and the faith in this world's good—which has past from me forever. Tell me, what value do you place on these ? Listen: I was one of many in a peasant's family, dwelling in a mountain village of Auvergne; my parents new no other means of life or its comforts than that produced by the labor of their hands; their other children were strong and rosy, fitted to prosper in their narrow sphere, and they were proud of them; but I had been weak and sickly from my childhood, and they had neither love nor hope to waste on one so worthless."

" Surely, then, they were not your parents," said St. Leon, " for parents love their children under all misfortunes."

" Believe it not—believe it not," cried Marzette; " human affections are swayed by human pride or interest, from