



LITERATURE.

PRESENTIMENTS.

Dark boding shadows, auguries of ill,
Unwelcome visitants, though duly bidden;
Drear omens, conjured by my own sad will,
Grief's ministers most real when darkest bidden;
Words cannot name the images ye bear,
And feeble language leaves your voice unspoken;
And sober reason calls you things of air,
Night's truthless phantoms, by clear daylight broken!

Yet not unreal the burden ye have pressed,
Dull weighing on the heart inly groaning,
When the pent pangs of anguish unconfessed
To silent night entrust their stifled moaning—
When painful memories kindle fresh remorse
For shame and sorrow past—not self-forgiven;
When hope despairs, and faith hath scarce the force
To pierce the gloom and keep her hold of heaven.

Ah, fools! that search the mysteries of man,
Body, soul, spirit, fearfully combining;—
Only when trusting to a wiser plan
Joy is not sin, and sorrow not repining.
Hence, dark presentiments! no more I'll heed
Your subtle bodings of the uncertain morrow;
Let good or ill betide—help comes with need;
Sufficient to the day its own appointed sorrow!

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

ANNIE GREY.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

SHE was a winsome girl. Never was one more so.—Her home was in the opening of a gorge of the mountain where the ravine spreads out into a valley, not very wide, watered by the stream that dashed wildly over the rocks a little farther up. The broad, low cottage of the widow Grey (as I will call her, by your leave, although I need not say I use a fictitious name) was concealed from view in the day time by a dense mass of trees and shrubbery, except on one side where the lawn sloped down to the bank of the creek. Here were usually moored two or three little skiffs which might easily be forced up the rapids quite into the mountain gorge, and which were often seen bearing Annie and her brother down the current, returning from some expedition on the hills. Had you passed along the road which crossed the mouth of the ravine below the cottage, you would not have suspected that a house was in the thicket above you, unless it had been in the evening, and you saw the gleam of the light, or paused, as I often have paused, to let your horse drink at the edge of the broad creek; and then perhaps you might have heard a song floating out of the dark wood, and if you rode on till midnight it would linger in your ears, and you would fancy you had heard a spirit.

That man must have a hard heart that did not love Annie Grey. She was the impersonation of loveliness. I never could describe a face or form. I do not remember friends by their features, and I have not the remotest idea of the color of their eyes or hair, in nine cases out of ten. But I do remember her with distinct memory. She was tall, that is, rather above the medium height, and slender, but gracefully and beautifully shaped. Every motion was natural and unaffected, and her footstep was as light as her heart—and that had not a heaviness. Sweet Annie Grey! The music of her laughter rings from out the loneliness years like the melodious carol of a bird in the arches of a ruined temple! Her eye was dark; quick as sunshine in its changes, and full of unspoken poetry. You might read all manner of beautiful fancies and holy thoughts there. But I linger too long on this description of her.—Her brother was a fine fellow, a year or two older than she, and one of the merriest boys in all the country. He loved his sister too, and, as I have before remarked, love has a reflecting force which makes the lover lovely.

I am completely lost in a whirlwind of memories now that I return to those days and scenes. There were a thousand incidents of my early life that are brought vividly before me the moment I recall the old cottage in the glen and its beloved inmates. How startlingly does the trite remark, that "we live in a changing world," recur to our thoughts every day. In fact it cannot become trite. The very stars that we worship as changeless, sometimes fall, and the eyes that we worship with more of devotion than the stars, grow dim, and the hearts that we fancy as immutable change mournfully! There is nothing immutable but God. It is the attribute of Deity, which includes all others, and to which mortals do homage because they cannot comprehend it.

A score of years has removed the cottage from the earth, and its inhabitants, having separated here, have met again up yonder! One by one, their lips murmuring hymns and prayers, and their white hands folded together, the friends of my younger days have passed away and but few remain of all that company.

Annie Grey died thus. One glorious summer evening, when the moon was in its full, she and Ned had been

strolling up the mountain side, and coming down together had nearly reached their boat as twilight gathered around them. Loth to return from the forest, she bade Ned push the little skiff almost under the fall, and standing on a rock in the very middle of the water, she shook her tiny fist at the cataract, and held a mock conversation with it.

Returning myself from a day's shooting on the mountains, I saw her on the pedestal before I was seen, and throwing myself down on the ground, watched her with admiring eyes. Undine herself was not more beautiful. She talked to the water as to an old familiar friend, and in truth if there be spirits and ouphes they must have loved her. Her voice was clearer than that of the stream, and when she laughed as she at length did, at some odd reply, she imagined the fall to make, the old arches of the forest and the ravine gave back a musical echo, so that I started to my feet and listened to it as to the voice of faeries indeed.

But a cry of half-terror and half-laughter startled me, and springing down the bank, I saw her a single instant as she disappeared in the water. Her footing had proved insecure, and she slipped from the rock into the embrace of the stream she loved.

It was the work of an instant to spring out to her, and swim but a few strokes to the shore, and she was not a particle frightened by the occurrence—on the contrary, the woods rang with her uncontrollable laughter as soon as she was on the shore.

I walked in that same forest two years ago, and heard again the music of that ringing laughter through the long halls of time; made scarcely more melodious by its passage through the corridors of years.

Placing her in the boat and taking the oars from Ned, I soon delivered them safely at the cottage and bade them good night. The next day Annie had a raging fever and was delirious for ten days, I saw her several times, but she did not recognize me, albeit I was a near relative, and had known her from her birth. There was one voice that she recognized, and one face that she looked up to with longing love. It was the face of Phil R., who had won her pure young heart. But I will not intrude on the sacred memory of that love which is the property of but few now living. Phil is dead, too. On the tenth day of her sickness she slept heavily, and awoke in her right mind. But, alas for the dear ones around her, it was but too evident she was near to heaven. Her eye was clear and full of joy as if she had been, as I doubt not she had, with angels.

Old Mr. Thompson, the clergyman who had baptized us all, and had buried our fathers, and had loved us faithfully from the days of our first lisping, stood by her bed, and she smiled joyfully as she saw him.

"Ah, Mr. Thompson, I used to wonder whether I should die with you all around me, and this is just exactly as I wished it. It seems strange, too, that I am dying. I don't exactly believe it yet. Phil, am I dying?"

"God forbid, Annie."

"Ah! that tone, Phil. You mean to say God only can save me, for all hope of man is gone. Don't grieve, though, don't grieve. Why, it isn't hard to die. I love the dear earth well enough to stay here—and the flowers and birds and the brooks, and the old seat down by the bank of the stream; but I don't feel so very sorrowful to leave them as I used to think I would. And I do love mother and Ned, and Mr. Thompson, and—and—and you, Phil!" and here her voice, which had been low but cheerful, suddenly trembled, and she was silent.

At length she continued in a renewed tone of cheerfulness: "Phil—go sometimes and sit on the old seat down there by the stream, and put your arm along the back of it and look up—and if you don't feel my kiss it will be because angel's kisses can't be felt; for if God will let me I'll come there, and take the seat which I have so often sat in and lay my head on your shoulder. Mr. Thompson I'm going to heaven, at last, in advance of you. I started a long way behind but I shall be there first, after all."

The good old man to whom this part of her sentence was addressed, sobbed aloud; but at length recovering composure, he knelt at the side of her bed, and his long white locks fell over the counterpane as he commenced a prayer of earnestness. I stood still at the foot of the bed, and watched the face of our angel girl. As he spoke of heaven her eye lighted, and as he begged God to spare her to us yet a little longer, I saw her hand steal along until it reached Phil's head, and her tiny fingers were among his thick locks of hair, and the next moment her hand was in his, and he rose, and sitting by her side, gazed into her face with unutterable love; and as the sublime words of hope escaped from the lips of the clergyman, I saw hers move, as if to say—"Kiss me, Phil," and he stooped down to her, and with her arm around his neck, and that last loving kiss upon her lips, she went forth by the unknown path that all must tread.

But she went not forth feebly nor alone.

Strong in her simple faith, and leaning confidently on her Saviour, she, who was fairest of our children here, has long ago become, I cannot doubt, one of the fairest of God's children there.

Peace be with her. On her grave violets bloom, and I have seen children, who have wandered over the hills in search of flowers all day long in vain, refuse to pluck those which bloomed holly over all that was earthly of Annie Grey. Peace be with her! In that sunny land whereof I dream in summer, Sabbath morning dreams, I trust one day to meet her. There the voice that was low and plaintive as the night wind here, has renewed its tones in thrilling melody. There it is the last sound of sorrowful discord is hushed, for as she left us those sounds died away, faintly, scarce heard, then gone forever! and she did not hear them when she came back, as she did at times to keep the trust with Phil. She heard them no sounds but the beatings of his heart.

One summer morning, ten years afterwards, she called him suddenly, and his spirit sprang forth at the call. The bonds of earth were broken. None know whereof he died.

In a poor fix.—Mr. Cobden says that Russia has an army on paper without a commissariat, a navy without sailors, and a military chest without a farthing in it.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

WHAT THOU DOEST DO QUICKLY.—Quick, young man, life is short. A great work is before you, and you have no time to lose. If you would succeed in business, work your way to honour, and save your soul, you must work quickly. The sluggard dies. The wheels of time roll over him while he sleeps. Aim high and work hard.—Life is worth the living, death is worth the dying because worth gaining.

Quick, ye men of might, in the road of life! Your life is more than half gone already. You are going down the hill, and the shadows begin to fall around you. If you have ought to do before you die, do it quickly. The morning has fled, mid-day has passed, and the night cometh.

Quick, ye aged men, quick. Once you thought three score years to be endless time, and that they never could pass away. They have come, they have gone—men, what have they left? The days of pleasure have passed, and the days of darkness are here. Have you left any work undone? Have you come to infirmities and trembling and no preparation for death? Ah, quick, ye aged fathers and grey bearded sires. Already the messengers of death are beginning to render their services to bring you to the sepulchres of your father. With the feeble remnant of existence, struggle for heaven. Work, pray, seek while life lasts; mercy waits, and God is gracious.

HARD UP.—A young gentleman quarantined at Panama writes to his friends that his long detention at that interesting place, has not only used up his tancies, but that, for the last four weeks he has been feeding on his wearing apparel. For a day and a half he lived on a flannel shirt and a neck-tie, during which time he drank up two pair of silk stockings and four suspensiers. His hat he converted into a mutton chop, and tried it with a cotton shirt.—He cured himself of the cholera morbus with eight brass buttons, and lodged for over a week in the case belonging to his watch. He shaved himself with a pair of boots and has made over ten gallons of brandy punch out of his dark blue pantaloons. If there ever was a case of hard up" this, we think, is one of them.

A HARD TICKET.—We had a boy in our office—not so green as he was taken to be—who lacked a quarter to gain admittance to the circus whose canvass was spread on Railroad Square. After scratching his cap until it looked red, he returned with a long plank, which the keeper supposing necessary on account of the crowd within, cried out to those thronging the entrance, "Open the way here—give the gents room," showing much solicitude until they were safe in. Having passed the rubicon, their mammoth ticket was carefully thrust beneath the seats, and the boys were soon absorbed in exhibitions of ground and lofty tumbling.—*Nashua Oasis.*

TO REMOVE FRESH INK FROM A CARPET.—As soon as the ink has been spilled, take up as much as you can with a spoon, and then pour on cold water repeatedly, still taking up the liquid with a spoon. Next, rub the place with a little wet oxalic acid or salt of sorrel, and wash it off immediately with cold water.

When a certain lady who had been charmed by his writings, but had never seen his person, wrote to Mari-beau saying how much she longed to see him, and begged that he would describe himself to her, he complied with the wish of the enthusiast, in these brief and self-adulatory terms:—"Figure to yourself a tiger that has had the small pox."

A good story is told of an old millwright, long since gone the way of all flesh, but *whilom*, a citizen of Boston. "Were I a poor man," said he, "I would not stay in Boston."

Said his companion, "What would you do?"

With all the honest simplicity in the world, our millionaire replied.

"I would take three or four thousand dollars, go up into the country, and buy a farm."

A POSER.—An artist who had been employed to construct an angel for the spire of a church in a neighbouring town, finished the work with a good pair of shoes on. Some one took occasion to point out the error to him, and asked, "who ever saw an angel with brogans on?" The artist regarded the work for a moment with an air of mortification, but recovering himself, rejoined, "You may be right, but who ever saw one without?"

It was a pretty saying of a little boy, who, seeing two nestling birds picking at each other, inquired, of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarreling," was the answer. "No," replied the child, that cannot be; they are brothers.

"Charles, do you really love my daughter?" "You know I do, Mrs. Simpkins." "How much do you love her?" "I love her—I love her as hard—as hard as a horse can kick." Mrs. Simpkins was satisfied of the strength of his affection.

Two bucks, who were sitting over a pint of wine, made up for the deficiency of port by the liveliness of their wit. After many jokes had passed, one of them took up a nut, and holding it to his friend, said, "If this nut could speak what would it say?" "Why, it would say give me none of your jaw."

THE BATTLE FOKEN.—Kossuth has ordered the crusade against the invader to be preached in all the churches of Hungary. The population is worked to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. A bloody sword is sent from town to town as to arm the people. It is passed from runner to runner, like the famous torch of Rhodetic Dhu, and produces the same effect.