

## Poetry.

## THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stuck,  
Was the brightest thing and neatest;  
Its hands though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chime still rang the sweetest;  
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,  
Yet they lived though nations alter'd;  
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,  
When the voice of friendship faltered;  
Tick! tick! it said—quick, quick to bed!  
For ten I've given warning;  
Up, up, and go—or else, you know,  
You'll ne'er rise soon in the morning!

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling;  
And blessed the time with a merry chime,  
The wintry hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock  
As it called at daybreak boldly,  
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,  
And the early air blew coldly;  
Tick! tick! it said—quick out of bed!  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth,  
Unless you're up soon in the morning!

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,  
And the old friends lost forever!  
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone  
That warmer beat and stronger;  
Its hands still move—though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
Tick! tick! it said to the churchyard bed,  
The grave hath given warning;  
Then up and rise, and look to the skies,  
And prepare for a heavenly morning!

## Literary Selections.

## THE BRIDE OF THE WRECK.

"I was a lonely sort of a bachelor, and had never yet known what young men style 'the passion.' Of passion I had enough, as my old man yonder can tell you. I broke his head twice, and his arm once, in fits of it, but he has always seemed to love me all the better, and he clings to me now very much as two pieces of the same ship cling together when drifting at sea. We are the sole survivors of a thousand wrecks; and of the gallant company that sailed with us two years ago, no other is left afloat. I had been a sailor from boyhood, and when I was twenty-five, I may safely say no man was more fit to command a vessel among the mariners of England. And at this time my uncle died and left me his fortune.—I had never seen him, and hardly knew of his existence, but I had now speaking evidence of the fact that he existed, and equally good proof that he existed no longer. I was young, strong in limb, and I think stout in heart, and I was possessed of a rental of some thousands per annum. What bar was there to my enjoyment of the goods of life? No bar indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of enjoyment. I was a sailor in every sense. My education was tolerable, and I had some books, but my tastes were nautical, and I pined on shore. You will easily understand then why it was that I built a yacht and spent most of my time on her. She was a fine craft, suited to my taste in every respect and I remember with a sigh now, the happy days I have spent in the Foam. I used to read considerably in my cabin, and occasionally, indeed weekly, invited parties of gentlemen to cruise with me. But the foot of a lady had never been on the deck of my boat, and I began to have an old bachelor's pride in that fact.—Yet, I confess to you, a secret longing for some sort of affection different from any I had heretofore known, and a restlessness when men talked of beautiful women in my presence.

"One summer evening I was at the old hall in which my uncle had died, and was entirely alone. Toward sunset I was surprised, while over my book, by the entrance of a gentleman, hastily announced, and giving indications of no little excitement.

"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremonious entrance. My horses have run away with my carriage, and dashed it to pieces near your park-gate. My father was badly injured, and my sister is now watching him. I have taken the liberty to ask your permission to bring him to your residence."

"Of course, my consent was instantly given, and my own carriage instantly dispatched to the park-gates.

"Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of fortune residing about forty miles from me; and his father, an invalid, fifty years or more of age was

on his way, in company with his son, to that son's house, there to die and be buried. They were strangers to me, but I made them welcome to my house, as if it were their own, and insisted on their so using it.

"Miss Sinclair was the first woman who had crossed my door-stone since I had been the possessor of the hall. And well might she have been loved by better men than I. She was very small and very beautiful—of the size of Venus which all men worship as the perfection of womanly beauty, but having a soft blue eye, strangely shaded by jet black brows. Her face presented the contrast of purity of whiteness in the complexion, set off by raven hair, and yet that hair, hanging in clustering curls unbound by comb or fillet, and the whole face lit up with an expression of gentle trust, complete confidence either in all around her, or else in her own indomitable determination.—for Mary Sinclair had a mind of her own—and a far-seeing one too. She was eighteen then.

"Her father died in my house, and I attended the solemn procession that bore his remains over hill and valley, to the old church in which his ancestors were laid. Once after that I called on the family, and then avoided them. I cannot tell you what was the cause of the aversion I had to entering that house, or approaching the influence of that matchless girl. I believe that I feared the magic of her beauty, and was impressed with my own unworthiness to love or be loved by her. I knew her associates were of the noble, the educated, the refined, and that I was none of these. What then could I expect but misery, if I yielded to the charm of that exquisite beauty, or the graces which I knew were in her soul!

"A year passed, and I was a very boy in my continual thoughts of her; I persuaded myself a thousand times that I did not love her, and a thousand times determined to prove it by entering her presence. At length I threw myself into the vortex of London society, and was lost in the whirlpool.

"One evening, at a crowded assembly, I was standing near a window in a recess, talking with a lady, when I felt a strange thrill. I cannot describe it to you, but its effect was visible to my companion, who instantly said, "You are unwell, Mr. Stewart, are you not?" "Not at all, madam; why did you think so?" "Your face became suddenly flushed, and your hand trembled so as to shake the curtain."

"It was inexplicable to myself, but I was startled at the announcement of Mr. and Miss Sinclair. I turned, and she was entering on her brother's arm, more beautiful than ever.—How I escaped I do not know, but I did so.

"Thrice afterwards I was warned of her presence in the same mysterious way, till I believed that there was some link between us two, of unknown but powerful character. I have since learned to believe the communion of spirit with spirit, sometimes without material intervention.

"I heard of her frequently now as engaged to marry a Mr. Wall; a man whom I knew well and was ready to honor as worthy of her love. When at length I saw, as I supposed, satisfactory evidence of the truth of the rumor, I left London and met them no more. The same rumor followed me in letters, and yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary Sinclair, until months after I woke to the sense of what a fool I had been. Convinced of this, I went on board my yacht about mid-summer, and for four weeks never set foot on shore.

"One sultry day, when the pitch was frying on deck in the hot sun, we rolled heavily in the Bay of Biscay, and I passed the afternoon under a sail on the larboard quarter-deck. Toward evening I fancied a storm was brewing, and having made all ready for it, smoked on the taff-rail till near mid-night, and then turned in. Will you believe me, I felt that strange thrill through my veins as I lay in my hammock and awoke with it fifteen seconds before the watch on deck called suddenly to the man at the wheel—

"Port,—port your helm! a sail on the lea-bow. Steady! so!"

"I was on deck in an instant, and saw that a stiff breeze was blowing, and a small schooner showing no lights, had crossed our fore-foot

within a pistol shot, and was now bearing up to the north-west. The sky was cloudy and dark, but the breeze was very steady; and I went below again, and after endeavoring vainly to explain the emotion I had felt in any reasonable way, I at length fell asleep, and the rocking of the vessel, as she flew before the wind gave just motion enough to my hammock to lull me into sound slumber. I dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair. I dreamed of her, but it was in unpleasant dreams. I saw her standing on the deck of the Foam, and as I would advance toward her the form of Waller would interpose. I would fancy at times that my arms were around her, and her form was resting against my side, and her head lay on my shoulder; and then, by the strange mutations of dreams, it was not I, but Waller, that was thus holding her; and I was chained to a post, looking at them, and she would kiss him, and again the kiss would seem to be burning on my lips. The morning found me wide awake, reasoning myself out of my fancies. By noon I had enough to do. The ocean was roused. A tempest was out on the sea, and the Foam went before it.

"Night came down gloomily. The very blackness or darkness was on the water as we flew before that terrific blast. I was on deck lashed to the wheel, by which I stood, with a knife within reach to cut the lashing, if necessary. We had but a rag of sail on her, and yet she moved more like a bird than a boat, from wave to wave. Again and again a blue wave went over us, but she came up like a duck, and shook off the water, and dashed on. Now she staggered as a blow was struck on the weather bow, that might have staved a man-of-war, but kept gallantly on; and now she rolled heavily and slowly, but never abated the swift flight toward shore. It was midnight when the wind was highest. The howling of the cordage was demoniacal. Now a scream, now a shriek, now a wail, and now a laugh of mocking madness. On, on we flew. I looked up, and turned quite around the horizon, but could see no sky, no sea no cloud—all was blackness. At that moment I felt again that strange thrill, and at the instant fancied a denser blackness ahead; and the next with a crash and a plunge, the Foam was gone! Down went my gallant boat, and with her another vessel unseen in the black night.—The wheel, to which I had been lashed had broken loose, and gone over with me before she sank. It was heavy and I cut it away; and a seizing a spar, went down in the deep sea above my boat. As I came up to the surface, a hand grasped my coat. I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot through me as I recognized the delicate fingers of a woman. I drew her to me and lashed her to the spar by my side; and so, in the black night, we two alone floated away over the stormy ocean."

"My companion was senseless—for aught I knew, dead. A thousand emotions passed through my mind in the next five minutes.—Who was my companion on that slight spar?—What was the vessel I had sunk? Was I with only the body of a human being, or was there a spark of life left? and how could I fan it to a flame? Would it not be better to let her sink than float off with me, thus alone to starve or die of thirst or agony?

"I chafed her hands, her forehead, her shoulders. In the dense darkness I could not see a feature of her face, nor tell if she were young or old—scarcely whether white or black. The silence on the sea was fearful. So long as I had been on the deck of my boat, the whistling through the ropes and around the spars had made continual sound; but now I heard nothing but the occasional sprinkling of the spray, the dash of a foam cap, or the heavy sound of the wind pressing on my ears.

"At length she moved her hand feebly in mine. How my heart leaped at that slight evidence that I was not alone in the wild ocean—I redoubled my exertions. I passed one of her arms over my neck to keep it out of the water, while I chafed the other hand with both of mine. I felt the clasp of that arm around my neck tighten, and I bowed my head towards hers. She drew me close to her and laid her cheek against mine. I let it rest there—it might warm hers, and so help to give her life. Then she nestled closely in my bosom, and

whispered, "Thank you." Why did my brain so wildly throb in my head at that whispered sentence? She knew not where she was; that was clear. Her mind was wandering. At that instant the end of the spar struck some heavy object, and we were dashed by a huge wave over it, and to my joy we were left on a floating deck. I cut the lashings from the spar and fastened my companion and myself to the new raft or wreck, I knew not which, and all the time that arm was wound around me as if in death. Now came the low wild wail which precedes the breaking of the storm. The air seemed filled with viewless spirits, mournfully singing and sighing, I never thought of her as anything but a human being. It was that humanity, that dear likeness of life that endeared her to me. I wound my arms around her, and drew her close to my heart, and bowed my head over her, and in the wildest of the moment I pressed my lips to hers in a long, passionate kiss of intense love and agony. That kiss again unlocked the prison of her soul. She gave it back, and murmuring some name of endearment, wound both arms around my neck, and laying her head on my shoulder, with her forehead pressed against my cheek, fell into a calm slumber. That kiss burns on my lips this hour. Half a century of the cold kisses of the world has not sufficed to chill its influence. It thrills me now as then! It was madness with idol-worship of the form God gave us in the image of himself which in that hour I adored as never God! I feel the unearthly joy again to-day, as I remember the clasp of those unknown arms, and the soft pressure of that unknown forehead. I knew not, I cared not, if she were old and haggard, or young and fair. I only knew and rejoiced with joy untold that she was human, mortal, of my own kin by the great Father of our race.

"It was a night of thoughts and emotions, and phantasms that can never be described.—Morning dawned grayly. The first faint gleam of light showed me a driving cloud above my head, it was welcomed with a shudder. I hated light; I wanted to float on, on, over that heaving ocean, with that form clinging to me, and my arms around it, and my lips ever and anon pressed to the passionless lips of the heavy sleeper. I asked no light. It was an intruder on my domain, and would drive her from my embrace. I was mad.

"But as I saw the face of my companion gradually revealed in the dawning light, as my eyes began to make out one by one the features, and at length the terrible truth came slowly burning into my brain, I moaned aloud in agony, "God of heaven, she is dead!" And it was Mary Sinclair.

"But she was not dead.  
"We floated all day long on the sea, and at midnight of the next night I hailed a ship and they took us off. Every man from the Foam and the other vessel was saved with one exception. The other vessel was the Fairy, a schooner-rigged yacht, belonging to a friend of Miss Sinclair, with whom she and her brother and a party of ladies and gentlemen had started three days previously for a week's cruise. I need not tell you how I explained that strange thrill as the schooner crossed our bow the night before the collision, and which I felt again at the moment of the crash, nor what interpretation I gave to the wild tumult of emotions all that long night.

"I married Mary Sinclair, and I buried her thirty years afterward, and I sometimes have the same evidence of her presence now that I used to have when she lived on the same earth with me."

REMEDY FOR CANCER.—Col. Ussery, of the parish of De Soto, informs the editor, of the Caddo Gazette that he fully tested a remedy for this troublesome disease, recommended to him by a Spanish woman, a native of the country. The remedy is this: Take an egg and break it, pour out the white, retaining the yolk in the shell, put in salt and mix with the yolk as long as it will receive it; stir them together until the salve is formed; put a portion of this on a piece of sticking plaster, and apply it to the cancer about twice a day. He has tried the remedy twice in his own family with complete success.

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