

Original Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE SHOEMAKER.

A Shoemaker, gloomy and pale,
While night around him hung,
Was telling his sorrowful tale,
And this was the song he sung:
Work! Work! Work!
With hammer, and peg, and stitch,
But live like a slave, while many a knave,
Is happy, contented, and rich.

Stitch, and hammer, and peg,
From morn till the setting of sun,
At bottom, and upper, and leg;
Oh! when will the work be done.
Thump! Thump! Thump!
By the light of a penny dip,
As it faintly falls on the dingy wall
In the gloomy attic I sit.

Stitch, and hammer, and peg,
Till the shadows of evening fall.
Stitch, and hammer, and peg,
Or get no supper at all.
Snuff! Snuff! Snuff!
For the light is feeble and dim.
Let mirth abound, and the song go round;
And pleasure be full to the brim.

Polish, and ball, and tree,
That his lordship may go to the play,
Where others as well as he,
Are thoughtless, giddy, and gay.
Dance! Dance! Dance!
While love, with laughing eyes,
Looks unabashed at the cur'd moustache,
As through the waltz she flies.

Morning, and noon, and night,
To me it is all the same,
Tis folly to think of respite:
'Tis something we never can claim.
Dig! Dig! Dig!
'Till the midnight chime is done;
Then, faint and oppressed, we hurry to rest,
But are sure to be up with the sun.

Sew, and hammer, and peg—
Or peg, and hammer, and sew;
Or make up your minds to beg,
And unto the workhouse go.
Rough! Rough! Rough!
As a path of stone and gravel;
There's nothing more sure than the laboring poor
Find Jordan hard to travel.

Thread, and bristles, and wax;
Hammer, and crank, and screws;
Sparibole, pinners, and tacks,—
Are just the things we use.
Pull! Pull! Pull!
Till the cords your fingers tear,
And the worn out frame is tortured with pain—
The eyes with a blood-red glare.

Up with the early light—
Up with the morning dawn,
And work till the gloom of night
Around my attic fall,
Dull! Dull! Dull!
The hours pass bravely on,
While sorrow and pain is all we gain;
Oh! when will the work be done.

By why should I complain,
Since fortune has proved unkind;
A rest doth yet remain—
A rest for body and mind.

Peace! Peace! Peace!
When the storms of life is past,
My thread is spun, my seam is done,
For death has stole my last.

Fredericton.

C. B. LINCOLN.

Select Tale.

HOW WOMEN LOVE.

"Yes, she was beautiful. I tell you, Philip, if Lucifer had fallen for love of such a daughter of man, the angels that shared his glory would have envied his debasement. She was royally beautiful. Every look was a gleam of starlight, every smile a ray out of heaven. Oh yes! it's all well enough for you Philip Phillips, to sit there smiling at my fancies, and you may keep on calling me extravagant, and all that sort of thing, but I tell you that Clara Milbank was an escaped angel out of the land of light."

It was a winter night in the up country. My friend, Stephen Wilson, had sent me a most urgent invitation to come up to the old hall and pass a quiet Christmas with him, and I had accordingly accepted it for the sake of the quiet. I knew that no one would disturb us here, and the day after I arrived, a snow storm set in, and it blew and snowed, and snowed and blew, until there was no fence, and scarcely a barn left visible around the house. The morning after the storm cleared off, we held a council and decided to forbid the brooking of the avenue road for a week, and it was a clear case that no visitors could approach through that mile of snow, varying from two to ten feet in

depth from the house to the gate. It was a barrier between us and the outer world all sufficient, and we sat down in the library to our books and talk, and thoughts, with much of content and satisfaction.

It was the evening before Christmas. Christmas Eve, hallowed by thousands of memories other than those of the birth-night, in every human heart. I say human, for that heart is not of the same mould, nay, is scarcely of the same clay with mine, which fails to thrill with emotion in the memories of Christmas Eve. I have lain at night in the starlight of Bethlehem, have heard the sons of God singing their everlasting song of joy upon the plains whereon the shepherds watched, but I did not feel in the night time at the city of David much greater emotion (though it may have been more sacred) than I have felt each Christmas Eve in home-land in my own old house, when I have called around me visions of the companions of other Christmas times in long-gone years, who have passed to the assembly of those that look with undimmed eyes on the Child of Mary.

We sat in front of a blazing fire, and on the table between us stood the golden Ivorne and the last few sparkling drops of a bottle of Peray. Dinner was removed but a few moments ago, and Stephen, having left his wine to praise itself, had commenced a conversation which I, not without design, had led on to the point at which I have commenced this narration.

My friend was a man of fifty, the proprietor of a fine estate, wealthy, and withal a lover of his ease. Having wherewithal to gratify his tastes, he did not think it wrong to pay liberally for pleasure, and hence there were few places in the city or country that could boast as complete furniture as his. A choice library, splendid rooms, horses, dogs, and every means of killing game and time you found at your service here, and among all these appliances we two were not at a loss in helping the progress of the hours. But there had always been a certain something in Wilson's way of speaking when we talked of the past, that led me to fancy there was a history concealed in his memory, that, once told, would throw light on many points in his character which I did not fully understand. It was when he had roused himself, or I had provoked him, to the emphatic declaration with which I have commenced, that I said to him, falling back in my chair, and sipping the Ivorne from a blood-red glass that made it look like blood, "Tell me all about her, Stephen."

He looked into my eyes. They expressed no great anxiety, nor yet any coldness. I feared to frighten him away from the subject by one, and to offend him too much by the other. I lifted the glass to my lips, and eyed him over the ruby rim. He fixed his gaze on me for an instant before he spoke.

"Put down the glass, Philip. Put it down I say, and I will talk to you, but not while you drink that stuff. It is too cold tippie for a December night like this, and there is that in the cellar that would warm the blood in the veins of the first Pharaoh, could we but find his mummy. John—John—bring up the mountain dew."

It came; and, all being ready, he thus began and continued unto the end:

"Clara Milbank was the daughter of the rector of the Parish in which I was born. It was far from here—very far. It was a country place, not unlike this in many respects. The old church stood in a grove near the crossing of three roads, and a hundred yards from it was the farm-house, deep among trees and vines, which was the rectory. In it for many years my father's counsellor, friend, and companion, Henry Milbank, had lived, and from its vine-covered door he had carried out his Clara—the beloved of his younger years, who had slept on his heart for almost a score of winters—had carried her out to a grave in the church-yard under the moaning trees. From his study window he could look to her grave, and there, for ten years, he never failed to sit at the hour of sunset, and look and long for the hour when he too, having been carried out even as she, should be permitted to pass through the church-yard to the upper sanctuary wherein she was now worshipping.

"His daughter was a fair child, at those early years when children first begin to be interesting; and I remember well, when I was a boy of ten and she a girl of six, that I thought her the veriest beauty in all the world. And so she was, with one, and only one exception. She had a cousin, Philip, whose name you have never heard me mention—have never heard mentioned in this world; whose name has never been uttered on the cold winds of earth since—since— But no matter. I know not what impels me to a different course to-night. I feel a strong desire, instead of the reticence I have usually felt, to speak of these things to-night, and I will even yield to it. I do believe that on the surface of this earth now there is no

one living being but myself who remembers the name of that radiant girl that was once so glorious in her young, glad beauty, and is now so utterly forgotten. She was the niece of the Rector, the cousin of Clara; her mother was his sister. Lily Ray was the only rival of her cousin, yet no two persons could be more wholly dissimilar. The one was tall and queenly and grand; the other was slender and exceedingly timid. The one had black and flashing eyes; the other's were blue and gentle. In all respects different, they were nevertheless bound to each other by a love that was more than the love of sisters, and that even surpassed the love of man for woman.

"Philip, I loved Lily Ray. From boyhood I loved her. Not all the magnificent beauty of Clara could win me from her cousin. I dreamed of her all day and all night. I sought opportunities of meeting her. I carried to her all my boy treasures, and with them all the treasures of love my heart could bestow. Who could forget the long rambles in the forest; the seat by the rushing mountain stream; the evenings of summer beauty on the lakes? Or who could wish to forget the long winter evenings when we sat by the blazing hearth and talked or dreamed, or heard the Rector tell stories of his youth, or wove fabrics of air and dream stuff for these years that we now live in so coldly, Philip? These years, how far away they seemed! Those years! how close behind me they now appear!

"Well, I left home. This is a dull story, Philip. Be patient; you shall come to the point at length. I left home for school, and in my vacations twice a year I returned to my house, and met always the glad welcome of my friends at my rectory. My father died during the first year of my college course, and before I graduated I was twenty-one and heir to his large property.

"During the four or five years of my school and college course, I had never for an instant thought of any other future than that which my boyish fancy had pictured when I sat by the rector's fireside on the winter evenings of younger days. And yet, strange as it may seem to you, I had never mentioned to Lily my hopes, nor had I given her any distinct intimation of my love. You wonder at this; so do I. It was not till afterwards that I thought of it myself, and then it was too late—too late. They were both more like sisters to me than like friends. We had studied together many years, & had lived from childhood in constant intimacy, but I never doubted that she knew my love. It seemed so perfectly natural, so much my whole life, that I thought it always evident above all things on my actions and on my lips. It was, therefore, a terrible blow to me when I returned from my last term in college, flushed with no few honors, expecting their congratulations first of all, to learn that Lily was absent from the rectory, and might never return. Such a possibility I had never before thought of—nor had any of them. Her father had so long permitted her to remain in her uncle's family that she had become as much a part of it as Clara herself, and it was like taking away his daughter from the Rector, and her sister from Clara when Mr. Ray made his appearance and said that Lily must go with him to be mistress of his house in the city. In vain she strove, protested, begged. In vain the Rector and Clara implored and demanded. He was a stern, cold man, and he came and went, and with him vanished one of the lights of the rectory, and when I came home it was to the saddest welcome of a stricken house.—For some days after that Clara and I talked and planned what we would do. We would go and storm the city house of Mr. Ray. We would coax Lily to elope with us. We would steal her back and keep her concealed. We would do a hundred things that at length resolved themselves into going together (with the Rector) to the city to see her, and so we all went.

"She was not at home." So said the servant again, and again, and again, as we repeated our calls at the door. We left our cards and the name of the hotel, but she did not come. We called in the evening and received the same answer. Philip, we were green and simple people, and did not know that this phrase had other meaning than the words expressed.

"But the next day I met her in the street, and she sprang towards me, and then shuddered and looked around her as if she feared that some one saw her.

"Ok, Stephen! where—where are they all?"
"At the—hotel."
"Here in New York."
"Of course. Did you not receive our cards?"
"Your cards?"
"We called four times yesterday."
"Stephen, I am a prisoner—my father is— and here she burst into tears even in the broad street of the city.

"It all came out soon. Her father was a scoundrel who had been glad to be rid of the care of her for the years of her childhood, but when he found that she was a beautiful woman, had thought it worth his while to take her to the city to be mistress of his house, and a greater attraction to call those into his society whom he desired to entrap and fleece.

"But she was too pure for his purposes, and he found that there was no hope of making her useful unless he could reduce her moral character to his own level. I will not believe, I never did believe, that he designed to wrong her, or that he would have consented to debase her to the level of those women who sometimes formed part of the evening company in his house. He had some sense of shame, some reverence for the holiness of her mother left. His idea was not to destroy, only to sully the purity of her character. Not to make her bad, but only to make her look without a shudder on sin. But to accomplish this he must detach her from her former associates and friendships, and, above all, from the old rectory. So he threw every possible obstacle in the way of the reunion of those bonds which he had so rudely severed.

"It happened somewhat curiously that on the same day that I had met Lily in the street I met an old servant who had lived with us from my childhood, and who was discharged with a legacy from my father on his death. I had no knowledge of his whereabouts, but now learned that he was in the employ of Mr. Ray. Having been engaged but a few weeks previously, he had just begun to find out the character of his employer, and was about to discharge his master, when I begged him to serve me by remaining a little longer. I had a plan in my brain for the rescue of the fair girl, which I had not matured in the half-hour since I met her in the street, but which the meeting with David seemed to make perfectly feasible.

"I need not pause to relate to you how the Rector sought and obtained an interview with his unworthy brother-in-law, or how he failed. We were not a sad party, for we were too indignant for that when we returned to the country. All our passions were aroused, and when we reached home we had an excited conversation, in the midst of which, with characteristic impetuosity, I revealed my plan.—Conclusion next week.

Miscellaneous.

THE BACHELOR AND THE LACE VEIL.—A gentleman who had lost a bet with a lady having heard her say that she had lost a lace veil that she had prized very much, thought he would pay his debt and "do the polite thing" by purchasing a new veil of the quality, and presenting it to his fair creditor.

It must be stated, for a proper understanding of what followed, that the gentleman was a bachelor of long standing and a man of little information touching the world of "fancy goods, though a proficient in sugar, cotton, and provision speculations.

He accordingly stepped into a fashionable milliner's establishment and asked to see a lady's veil of fine quality.

"Here is one, Monsieur," said the amiable priestess at the head of the temple.

"How much is it?"

"It is only fifty, sir."

"What! only fifty!" Dear me! I thought these things were exceeding dear. If that is all they cost, I do not wonder at the ladies being fond of wearing such flimsy knick knacks. Only fifty! Show me something better."

The priestess stared. The bachelor remained perfectly cool. Here was a god-send. A man who wanted something better, dearer. More veils—lace ones—were displayed.

"Dis is only sixteen, sir, and dis one seventy five."

"Dear me! only seventy-five! Well that is wonderful to be sure. It is a very pretty article, I see, but can't you show me something better?"

"No sir, dis is the most dear—de plus cher article in de citee."

"You don't say so! Well, well, who would have thought it? These women—they always were a mystery since the days of Adam. Give the change for a dollar—in quarters."

The milliner did so.

"I'll take this one," said the simple-minded bachelor, folding up the seventy-five veil. "Give me a quarter and keep the seventy-five for yourself. Dear me, how cheap."

"I no see the seventy-five, sir—you have not hand them to me," said the milliner.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the bachelor, smiling "there they are on the counter."

"Dis," said the milliner with an astonished look.