

Original Poetry.

Written for the Sentinel.

WINTER'S COMING.

Winter's coming! winter's coming!
Hark! his tempest voice I hear;
Now the north winds, fiercely blowing,
Shout, The king of storms is near!

Winter's coming! winter's coming!
O! how many forms have fled!
Those who, late with life o'erflowing,
Now are silent, cold and dead.

Winter's coming! winter's coming!
And his reign may be severe;
Now his first work he is doing,
Soon his stern face shall appear.

Winter's coming! winter's coming!
What a season it may be!
Freezing, drifting, sleeting, snowing,
With a wild intensity.

Winter's coming! winter's coming!
Well the poor may dread the sound;
For no food for them is growing,
All is desolate around.

Winter's coming! winter's coming!
Let the rich their gifts bestow,
And seek through Christ a home in heaven,
Where winter's storms can never blow.

Woodstock, Oct. 2, 1855.

S. F. C.

Written for the Sentinel.

SONNET.

Had Heaven designed that man should ne'er be blest,
But live on earth afflicted and forlorn;
With all the various ills of life oppress,
His heart with sorrow's keenest anguish torn;
With nought to cheer him in this dreary way,
Nothing to mitigate that tiresome gloom,—
No hope—no happiness—no peace—no ray
Of light to guide our passage to the tomb;—
Had Heaven designed that this should be our lot,
And this green earth a fruitless, barren wild,
He would have fixed some less congenial spot,
Where true content and pleasure never smiled;—
Had Heaven designed us misery through life,
He ne'er had blest man with a faithful wife.

C. B. LINCOLN.

Select Tale.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

GRANDFATHER'S DARLING.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

There lived many years ago, in a pretty country town, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, a family, consisting of old Farmer Campbell, his daughter, son-in-law, and two grand-children.—The farmer owned a pleasant, substantial house, several acres of ground, and a small, very small sum of money in the county bank.

His son-in-law, Roger Harris, was a carpenter by trade, and, being an industrious, pains-taking man, supported his wife and infant son in comfort, leaving often a little sum to place beside the farmer's in the bank.

There was another member of the farmer's household, the daughter of his eldest son. She was an orphan, her father having died just one month before her birth; and her heart-broken mother followed soon after, leaving little Bessie to her grandfather's and aunt Rachel's care. Very tenderly was the little one brought up; and, previous to the aunt's wedding, she was the sole object of care and interest to the old man and the pretty young girl, who supplied a mother's place to her.

But, at the time my story opens, Roger and little Eddy occupied the first place in Rachel's heart, and, although still kind and loving to the little girl, she found less time to attend to her than before her marriage. Bessie's dress showed the change; her fair hair, which it had once been Rachel's pride to curl and decorate, was now suffered to hang loose, except on great occasions, or when Bessie's own untutored fingers arranged it. Her shoes and dresses were often too large or too small; and, but for an innate love of purity and neatness, which made her careful of her own appearance, Bessie would have presented a dismal contrast to the pretty, neat little girl who had been pet and plaything for seven or eight years in her grandfather's household.

Bessie felt the change, but did not resent it.—She was of a meek, loving disposition, grateful for the kindness showered upon her, and willing to make allowances for aunt's increased cares; besides, she was still grandfather's darling, his pet and companion. No; Roger, not even Rachel's baby, could come into Bessie's place in grandfather's heart. She was the orphan child of his noble son, and there was no sacrifice too great for him to make to the little one. His love was

not pernicious; and yet, no fault was suffered to pass unpunished. She was early taught to read and write, sew, and perform many household tasks; and grandfather's great delight was to increase her stock of knowledge, by telling many anecdotes or stories of distant lands, or great and good men, as he and his darling sat out the pleasant evenings together.

The first time I ever saw Bessie Campbell, was after I had been riding in the vicinity of Farmer Campbell's house. It was just after sunset, and I was much fatigued after my long ride. Seeing a farm-house on the road, with the door standing most invitingly open, I proposed to my companion to alight and rest. Fastening our horses to a post, we took the path from the gate to the door. The scene within was so characteristic of home comfort that we paused a moment, doubtful whether to disturb the group before us. A pretty looking young woman was seated at a table, feeding a baby; and, in the room beyond, a man was engaged in some carpenter's work; but the group that attracted my attention, consisted of an old man and a little girl. He was seated, a book in his hand, hearing her spelling lesson; and, from time to time, caressing his little pupil, who, with her little hand clasped, her eyes raised, and her whole soul intent on her task, was repeating the words.

We stood a moment, silent; then the old man, raising his head, perceived us, and, laying aside his book, advanced to welcome us. During the time we were resting, he told us many anecdotes of his pet's brightness, goodness and gentleness, and the little girl won our hearts by her sweet, modest manner, her low voice, pretty looks, and devotion to her grandfather. I often saw the little one after that, and will give her story as I knew it.

For eight years after the time I have chosen for opening this sketch, the family lived happily at the old farm. Then there was a change made. Roger Harris, whose family had increased to five children, two boys and three girls, built a house near his father-in-law's, and took his wife and family to live in it, leaving Bessie and her grandfather alone at the farm. Rachel dreaded the change for her father's sake; but his whole soul was so wrapped up in Bessie, now a lovely girl of sixteen, that he bore the change very well. They were happy together, the old man and the young girl. It was Bessie's turn now to protect and care for the dear old grandfather who had so devotedly loved and guided her in her infancy and childhood.

It was a pleasant spring evening. Farmer Campbell was sleeping in his room, for age had damped his vigour, and a day's work left him very tired and glad to retire to rest early. The household duties were over, and Bessie was standing in the porch. Not alone; by her side stood a young man, one who had seen some two-and-twenty summers, who had sought Bessie, and had won her gentle, loving heart into his own keeping.

"You will leave me, Cyrus?" said Bessie, raising her blue eyes to his face.

"You will accompany me, Bessie?" he answered, drawing her close to his side. "I must go.—My uncle proposed to start me in business if I will join him in California; while here, as you know, I have no prospect of being more than a carpenter's foreman for my lifetime. I have received—thanks to my uncle's care—an education above this, and my ambition is to be a merchant. You love me, Bessie; you have often owned it; and you will go with me."

"You know I cannot, Cyrus. Grandfather could not take this journey at his time of life."

"Why, who ever imagined that you would take your grandfather?" said the young man, in a tone of surprise.

"You would not have me leave him, Cyrus—leave my grandfather, who has given up his life for sixteen years to me—who considered no sacrifice too great to indulge me—who loves me more than life? Cyrus, you would not have me leave him to die alone?"

"He has Rachel, Roger, and his other grand-children."

"Could any of them supply my place? My aunt and uncle have their own cares, and my cousins are too young to take my place. I cannot leave him, Cyrus."

"Not to be with me."

The tone was reproachful, and the large, black eyes, looking into hers, were full of love's pleading eloquence. Bessie's head dropped upon his breast. There was a fearful struggle going on in her heart. Her grandfather, if she left him, would have Rachel and Roger, would be well cared for, perhaps not miss her, the darling of his old age, and constant companion? Who could take her place? who could read by the hour together to him when his eyes failed? who could supply his darling's place? Suppose he should die, and she be far away from him! But, Cyrus—how could she let

him take that long journey—go to a far, distant country alone? Alone! he was young and hopeful. Could he not better bear to be alone than the feeble old man who so loved her!

Boor Bessie! How fiercely love struggled with duty! And Cyrus's encircling arms and low voice, pleading his cause, made her task harder still.

"Cyrus," the voice was low and trembling, and he bent to catch her words, "I love you. I shall always love you; but I can not go."

"Not go! You do not love me. Words are easily said, actions speak more loudly. You do not love me," said Cyrus, passionately, and, pushing her from him, he strode down the steps and from the farm. Bessie stood in the porch, looking after him. Her face was very pale, and her whole form trembled with agitation; her eyes were turned towards him, with a look of love and wishfulness agonizing to see; but no word passed her lips to recall him. She watched him as he walked rapidly down the road; and then turned sadly into the house, and sought her own room, where sinking on her knees, she poured forth her sorrow in prayer.

The next day, without seeing Bessie, or leaving her any word of his purpose, Cyrus Hill left the country town for New York, and in a few weeks, sailed for California. Bessie heard of his departure, and felt that now indeed her life was all her grandfather's.

A few months after Cyrus had deserted Bessie, Father Campbell was taken very ill. He had been ailing for a long time; but now he was so very ill that a physician was called in, and every thing had to be put aside by his darling, and her whole time spent in nursing him. He was sick for many months. The little sum at the bank was all exhausted. Roger helped as far as he was able; but he had a large family to care for, and could spare but little. Bessie's earnings were very small; for her grandfather required such constant care that but little time could be spared for needle-work; and one by one the articles of furniture, excepting those in her grandfather's room, were sold to meet his wants.

After lingering for nearly fifteen months, the old man died, and Bessie was indeed alone. She looked around for a home. Roger's was open to her; but Bessie knew Roger had his own family to support, and shrank from being a burden to him. A situation as seamstress was offered her in a neighboring village, and she accepted it.

It was a pleasant morning in July that Bessie started for her new home. She had spent the night, the last in the old farm-house, in prayer, and was strengthened for the weary prospect before her.—She has altered since she stood in the porch, that memorable night; her face is very pale—her form thin—and her expression very, very sad. Her deep mourning dress cast a gloom on the sweet face, very painful to see in one so young.

O, in the long days, when bending wearily over her work, how her heart longed for Cyrus! She had forgiven him his unkindness, and remembered only how she loved him; and his face was ever in her eye—his loving words in her ear. How her sad heart longed for him! But she never regretted her decision. She shuddered as she imagined the long illness, and she far away from her grandfather's bedside.

Farmer Campbell had been dead just a year.—Bessie was seated at her window sewing on some plain work for some neighboring farmer's wife.—She was still in mourning, though not so deep as when we last saw her; and her face was still sad and pale, but, with its expression of patient resignation and inward trust, very, very lovely.

She sat sewing with languid fingers, her thoughts far away. She was thinking of Cyrus. Ever, when her fingers were employed and her mind free, memory brought back the loved face and dear voice; and all unkindness was forgotten by the gentle forgiving heart of the wronged one. He had forgotten her? How often had that question been unanswered! And still she longed to know. He was alive, and wrote often; that she knew from his mother; but there came no message to her, only, occasionally, he asked if she was well, and still unmarried. The work dropped from her hands while the beautiful head dropped wearily upon her breast.

"Bessie!"

She started, looked up, and saw a man standing before her. Her heart told her who it was; though the pale face, attenuated form, and sad voice accorded ill with the ruddy bloom, hardy figure, and merry tones. Cyrus Hill had left upon the young girl's memory. He stood a moment, looking into her upraised face, and then spoke.

"Bessie, I have deeply wronged you. I feel that I deserve most bitter punishment; but I come craving forgiveness. In my long absence I have long-

ed, words cannot tell how intensely, to ask your pardon for the false, hasty words I spoke at our parting. Yet I could not write. I felt that I must come and sue myself for forgiveness. I have been very ill; and, as soon as I was strong enough I came home to you. Let me when I return, take with me the pardon I so ill deserve."

Bessie sat still, looking into the face she had loved so well, and struggling to subdue her emotion. As Cyrus finished speaking, she bowed her head, again praying inaudibly for composure.

He mistook the motion and said,

"You turn from me, Bessie; you cannot forgive. I deserve it; but it is very hard to bear. If you could know how your image has been with me constantly since I left you; how, night and day, I have longed for one word from the sweet voice I worship; how bitterly I have repented my injustice, you would—" He ceased, and then exclaimed impetuously, "Bessie, will you not look or speak to me?"

She stood up before him, and with only one word—"Cyrus!"—flung herself, sobbing into his arms.

The long journey and the subsequent agitation, working on a frame already weakened by disease, brought on a relapse; and Cyrus Hill lay for weeks after his interview with Bessie, at the point of death. A young, strong constitution, however, conquered the illness; and he recovered.

In about three months after his arrival, Cyrus sailed again for California; but he did not go alone; there was a young, fair face smiling a farewell from the vessel's deck to friends on shore; and, as it turned to him, grandfather's darling felt amply repaid in the love she knew met her there, for all her former sacrifices.

Miscellaneous.

A SUNRISE.—Much as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present even to the unaided sight scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at 2 o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer night; the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the Zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their Sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together,—but the bright constellations of the West and North remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly grey; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the East began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance,—till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

I do not wonder at the superstitions of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that, in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

CURIOUS DYING SCENES.—According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him to the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's corkscrew and thumb-bottle in his hand. Petronious, who was