

## Poetry.

## SPRING.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

And see where surly Winter passes off,  
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;  
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;  
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,  
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.  
As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,  
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Oblisks the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets  
Deform the day delishtless; so that scarce  
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulfed,  
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore  
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.  
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,  
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more  
The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold,  
But, full of life and vivifying soul,  
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,  
Pleecy, and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.  
North fly the tepid airs; and unconfined  
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.  
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives  
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers  
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough  
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.  
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke  
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.  
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share  
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,  
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.  
While through the neighboring fields the sower stalks,  
With measured step, and liberal throws the grain  
Into the faithful bosom of the ground,  
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

## Select Tale.

## HANDSOME GUSSY,

## OR, THE BISHOP AND HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

In a city in the south of France, which we will not name at present, there lived a few years ago a bishop, a kind, amiable, old man, severe to himself, indulgent to others, so good and charitable that everybody loved him. His house was a model of propriety and hospitality. It was managed by an old housekeeper, Madame Pichard. In a bachelor's establishment the supreme authority is always exercised by a lady. Madame Pichard was the very model of housekeepers, and everything went on admirably, under her administration. Her only source of trouble was her husband, a drunken old man, who, at the time of our story, was carried off by a dropsy, produced by his excesses. A few days after his death, the bishop went up to his housekeeper's apartment to pay her a visit of condolence.

"Well, my dear madam," began his lordship, "I have called to endeavour to console you in your afflictions. You must not grieve too deeply. We are all mortal you know, and sooner or later, we come to the end of our earthly pilgrimage. Your husband's is now ended; it would have been better if he had not spent so much of it in drinking, but still the mercy of Heaven has no bounds."

"Your lordship is very good, but, to say the truth, I was not thinking of my husband at all; I will not deceive you."

"Really!" answered the bishop.

"Your lordship knows that my husband was a drunkard, that he used to beat me, and sell my clothes to buy liquor with; for my own part, I was only sorry that he lived so long."

This was a kind of funeral oration for which the bishop was hardly prepared, and it was with no little astonishment that he replied—

"This is not a very christian frame of mind, I'm afraid; did you not love your husband?"

"Your lordship would not ask me that question if you knew how I came to be married."

"You must tell me all about it," said the bishop, with the curiosity of age.

"And your lordship does not know anything about my Augustus," continued the housekeeper in a melancholy tone.

"Your Augustus, Madame Pichard? Pray explain."

"I was born at Boulogne, if it please your lordship. At fifteen, they called me the village beauty, and I suppose, when eighteen, I was not much uglier; but, excuse me, sir," said the old lady, drawing back her chair, "I'm going to tell you a love story, and I shall tire you."

"Go on," repeated the dignitary, "we are both of us old now, and can talk about such nonsense without any danger."

"There lived in the village a young man, tall, finely formed, with blue eyes and curly hair; I think I can see him now; we girls used to pull caps for him; he was what our parents called a wild young man; his name was Augustus, and we all called him 'handsome Gussy.' He soon singled me out, and when father went to Paris, and mother was out of the way, he was always at my side. When one gets to be an old woman, and has a great grown-up girl to take care of, one rails at lovers, but still that was the happiest day of my life; I remember it as if it were yesterday. I was proud of my Gussy, who was our village beau, and he soon quitted all the other girls to pay his court to me. All this sounds very strange to your lordship, no doubt. My father and mother would never have agreed to my marrying so wild a young fellow as he was; they forbade him the house, but we used to meet often in secret. He would prow around all day only to get a single look of me, and then, oh how proud and happy I was! One day my father had gone to the city with a load, and I slipped out to try to see Augustus for a moment; we had not seen each other for a fortnight! I met him in the high-road. If your lordship knew what a delight it is to meet one's lover, when one is just eighteen, and has been parted from him for a fortnight, you would comprehend how one feels. I forgot father, mother, everything. We stood under a tree by the roadside, looking into each other's eyes; we were so happy that we did not even speak. A cart came along, it was my father's; he saw us, sprung out, and began to beat me for having met Augustus against his orders. I am certain that if he had attacked Augustus himself he would not have resisted, but the poor fellow could not see me suffer; he attacked my father, and they fought desperately. My father caught up a stone and split open Augustus' head; he, on the other hand dealt the old man such a blow as laid him senseless."

"Oh run, run, run, Augustus," said I, "if the police should catch you, you are lost."

He obeyed and fled, and I have never seen him since. My father soon came to, and gave me a most dreadful beating. He determined to marry me off, and easily found a man who was willing to take me without any affection, in consideration of a handsome dowry. When I was tired of being beaten every night and morning, I became Madame Pichard. I never loved my husband; he knew that my father used to beat me, and he followed his example. We wandered over the whole of France in great want and misery for the most part, till your lordship's kindness gave us support. That is my story."

"And what became of handsome Gussy?"

"He thought he had killed my father, and left the village. He was a lad of courage, no doubt he enlisted; perhaps he is now a colonel, general, or count, who knows! unless he was killed in battle. But I cannot believe that he is dead. I have been looking for him these forty years; I expect every moment to hear him knock at the door, and see him come in with his graceful figure, his mild blue eyes, and waving locks."

"So then you suppose, my good lady, that your Gussy is just the same now that he was then?"

"So I fancy, please your lordship."

"Why, that is folly; your Augustus has grown old like other men; by this time his face must be wrinkled, his head bald, and his figure bent double. If you were to see him now you would not know him."

"Oh! that's impossible! I can't believe that he's so changed, at any rate I would know him among a thousand. Put him in the middle of an army, and I'll lay my life I'll recognize him at the very first."

"You are mistaken, madam; you dwell in fancy on the youth of twenty, not on the old man of sixty-five, and Augustus himself, if he were to see you, would not know you. To prove this to you—we have both of us lived six months in my house without either of us ever suspecting that the other was—"

"What? what does your lordship mean?" asked the old woman anxiously.

"To undeceive you, Margaret—I am your Augustus."

Madame Pichard sprung up from her chair, and held up both hands, she could not believe him.

"Oh! dear, is your lordship handsome Gussy?"

"Certainly."

"The handsomest young fellow in the village."

"Yes, Margaret, forty-five years ago."

"Was it you that I used to meet down in our garden?"

"Alas, yes, Margaret."

"Was it you, your lordship—I mean, Augustus—I mean your lordship—that my father hit with a stone?"

The dignitary took off his skull cap, and showed a distinct scar on his shaven crown.

"I can tell you all in a very few words. When I thought I killed your father, I fled across the frontier. I took refuge in a convent; the good fathers gave me an education; I wanted to go back to France to claim your hand, when I heard of your marriage. I determined to take orders; abandoned the idle pursuits of my youth, and devoted myself to study and prayer. I returned to France, I preached some thirty years, when I was nominated to the See I now occupy. You must stay with me, Margaret; we are both so old and so changed now, that there is no danger in the remembrance of the past. You see now that your fancy was fed by a mere illusion; the object of your first love was before your eyes, yet you did not know him, nor he you. Nothing is lasting in this world, my child, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Madame Pichard continued to be the very model of a careful housekeeper. The servants stood in awe of her, and believed that she was crazy, for they often heard her mutter to herself when she thought she was alone—

"Oh dear! his lordship my handsome Gussy. Oh dear! oh dear!"

## Miscellaneous.

## WONDERS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The application of the wondrous resources of electricity and magnetism to the instantaneous transmission of intelligence between distant places is, perhaps, the most astonishing example of the power of man on this earth that the world has ever witnessed. To annihilate space, and render a subtle current a medium of communicating thought, is an achievement which elevates him as an intellectual being, and endows him with a god-like attribute; and it needs good philosophy to keep in due check the feelings of self-sufficiency and vanity which may naturally arise in contemplating what he has accomplished. But what are the powers of man in presence of the hurricane or the earthquake? We are not, however, about to write a sermon, but to speak of the development of electric agency as a medium of intelligence on a grander scale than, until very lately, had been conceived. The time is not far distant when the newspaper at our breakfast-table will acquaint us with any event of moment which has occurred on the previous night at New York, Calcutta or Sidney. The submarine cable, within whose coil are enclosed the electric wires, will surely be put round the globe; and, while reposing in the depths of the sea, they will be incessantly and instantaneously transmitting the wants and wishes of men who are separated from each other by vast oceans and continents.

The submarine cable has hitherto been tried only for short distances—between England and France, England and Holland, and across the Channel from England to Ireland. By this time next year it will be stretched across the Atlantic, and the two great people which speak the language of England will be nearer to each other for the purpose of mutual communication by messages than the inhabitants of London who live at its opposite extremes. At the Cutlers' Feast, at Sheffield, the Hon. Mr. Dallas, the American minister at the British Court, stated with confidence that this great artery of thought and sympathy would be laid down between England and America within the period above mentioned, and, in concluding his speech, he expressed a wish that it was now in operation, and why?

"Because, gentlemen," he replied, "I would instantly illustrate its most glorious adaptation to the promotion of good will among men, in distant places, in sending your toast to my compatriots, and giving you, before you rose from this table, a full-hearted American response." The wish will be realized by the time the Cutlers' Company of Sheffield give their next annual entertainment.

In order to show the practical character of the project and the progress which has already been made towards its realization, we need only adduce a few facts. In 1854, an act was passed by the legislature of Newfoundland to incorporate a company under the title of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company. The capital is fixed at £112,500. We will trace the course of the electric line from the new to the old world, beginning at New York. We may observe that in the United States telegraphic science has been carried to great perfection. Messages are transmitted from New York to Mobile, a distance of eighteen hundred miles, without the necessity of being re-written at intermediate stations. The news brought in the morning by a mail steamer from Europe is telegraphed a distance of a thousand miles (by the wires) to the great cotton metropolis of New Orleans; and by the time the New York merchants commence business, the effect produced in the New Orleans market is known in the great commercial metropolis of the Union. Northward the electric

wires run from New York, a distance of sixteen hundred miles, to the banks of the St. Lawrence. The telegraph company to which we have referred took their first step in extending their line to England, by laying a submarine cable, now in full operation, across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Island of Newfoundland, which is a British possession.—St. John's, on the eastern side of this island, is the nearest point of land to the United Kingdom.

About one thousand nine hundred and forty miles of the Atlantic Ocean intervene between St. John's and Valencia, the most western harbor of Ireland, and to stretch an electric cable between the two points is the great problem. It is required to be of the enormous length of nearly three thousand miles, in order to allow for inequalities in the bed of the Atlantic. The survey of the ground has just been completed, and the American Government took so much interest in the enterprise, that it placed a ship at the disposal of the telegraph company. The engineers and surveyors have now an accurate ground plan of the bottom of the sea between Newfoundland and Ireland, which is reported to be highly favorable. Mr. Edward B. Bright, the secretary of the Magnetic Telegraphic Company, has just visited the harbor of Valencia, and its neighborhood, with the view of ascertaining the best point for the terminus of this monster submarine cable. His brother, Mr. Chas. Bright, the engineer of the same company, has also been engaged in a series of experiments, which test in the most satisfactory manner the practicability of obtaining signals through a magnetic circuit of three thousand miles in extent. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, a gentleman of great energy, one of the directors of the American company, is at present in London, with the object of pushing forward the arrangements connected with the project.

The laying down of the cable is the next step, and when that is completed, New York and London, and even New Orleans and London, will be within conversational distance. Two submarine cables have been lost in the Mediterranean while they were being laid down, and special precautions will be employed by the vessels, which will start in the middle of the Atlantic, each carrying half the line, and uncoiling it as they start in opposite directions, the one towards America, and the other towards Ireland.

We heartily wish complete success to an undertaking which will be one of the grandest triumphs of human genius. It is impossible to over-estimate the social, political and commercial results of thus bringing closely together the two greatest and most free people of the world. It will at all times be possible for a Prime Minister of England to ally political excitement in the United States by an immediate declaration of the conciliatory policy of this country. Let us hope that this duty may be reciprocally performed. A generous sentiment uttered in the Capitol at Washington, or in the palace of St. Stephens, Westminster, will reverberate alike on the banks of the Potomac and the Thames almost as soon as the speaker has concluded his address. As to the commercial gain, we believe that the electric cable across the Atlantic will preserve to England her present preponderance in the great monetary and commercial affairs of the world.

There is a difference of about four hours and three quarters between London and New York time. The Stock Exchange in London will have closed, and the last quotations be known at New York by the time business in Wall Street has commenced. An important speech delivered in the English Parliament will be reported in the New York papers of the same evening. A division on some great question may occur when the inhabitants of London are in their first sleep; but the instantaneous news will be circulating in a New York journal while life is flowing at its full tide in the Atlantic city. The "good night" of the New York telegraph clerk, as he goes off duty at midnight, will find his European colleagues at work, with the summer sun already an hour on his journey to the west.

OUR HOME SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL.—Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render the intercourse of home amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be benefited without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower-garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practices, to animate