

we number the tears that seemed to burn the eyes from which they fell, the sighs, the bitter groans that seemed to rend the heart whence they were uttered! Shall we watch her as she bows herself in bitter anguish above the coffin lid, while her whole frame is shaken with the convulsive throes of a mighty grief? Shall we note the strange wandering of the mind, which comes to us all in the midst of some fierce anguish—that vividness of perception which impresses so deeply upon the memory the most trivial thing which meets our fearful gaze? Shall we mark her glance wandering over the apartment consecrated to the dead—sitting on the antique chair where he was wont to sit—now looking down upon the traces worn by his footsteps in the thick carpet—now gazing with agonizing earnestness upon the Bible, still lying on his desk—the best book he ever read, and on whose pages his head was found resting when the stroke of death fell upon him? But no! there is a species of sacrifice in such intrusion. The concentrated agony of a strong heart; the anguish which circles a long life into an hour, was there witnessed by an Omniscient eye alone. Let us not, even in fancy, invade the sanctuary of a human soul.

The allotted hour passed away, and the watchful attendant was heard at the door. A moment's delay, and then the strange lady, veiled and veiled as closely as before, came forth and desired to be conducted to the presence of the bereaved sister. When alone with her, the visitor unveiled her face, and Julia in the midst of her absorbing grief, was struck with astonishment when she discovered in the person who had strangely intruded a lady well known to her, whom, in earlier days, she had frequently met in the gay circles of society.

"You are surprised, madam," said the lady, while her trembling voice and quivering frame showed that the storm of emotion had not yet passed away: "you are surprised at my presence in the house of mourning, but there are times when the senseless restraints of form and ceremony must be cast aside. Oh! Heaven! that I should have lived till now, gray-haired with anguish more than with years, ere I could be brought to believe this truth! Tell me, Miss L., did you ever hear your brother speak of Gertrude Van—?"

"Never, madam," said the visitor.

"Yet we have frequently met in society, and nothing ever induced him to speak of me as something more than a mere worldly acquaintance?"

"Until this moment, I never suspected any thing beyond."

"Then look on me, and wonder that a creature so worn and withered by time and sorrow could ever have possessed charms to win such a heart as his! He loved me passionately, but I was proud, weakly, and wickedly proud. A foolish quarrel arose between us, he left me in anger, and I would not summon him back. Let I awaited his return, for I knew his tenderness would lead him to conciliate the pride he had wounded; but there were those who suspected our hidden attachment, and sought to destroy it; malicious tongues were set in motion, and the first cause of grievance was forgotten in the heavier offences which each made to commit against each other. He went abroad without attempting to see me; I hated my anguish deep within my heart, and appeared in society the gayest of the gay."

"I have said that I was proud, but I have not told you that my family were poor, striving to keep up ancient dignity with limited means, and by petty subterfuges. I was galled by the pressure of little wants, met on every side by small annoyances, compelled to maintain presence in despite of a narrow income, and in the face of jealous and richer rivals, while my heart seemed frozen within me by the cold neglect of him whom I really loved. I fancied myself dead to all true affection, and when my hand was sought by a man of wealth and respectability, I obeyed the wishes of my friends and became a wife. I fancied that I could perform my duties without the strong bond of reciprocal tenderness, and I knew my husband had not the perceptions which could lead him to look beneath the calm surface of external life. A few months after my marriage I learned that Horace had succeeded, so the estate which had originally existed between our families was removed. My anguish of mind then led me to understand my true position. I had now learned, when too late, that my future must be an acted falsehood. My husband was kind, indulgent, and as considerate as he knew how to be, but he had no power to fathom the depths of my nature. I lived on amid the cold glitter of wealth and luxury, without giving out one single emanation from my true self."

"Oh, madam, yours has been a lot of quiet happiness. Passions have not darkened over your waves of thought—wild and tumultuous emotions have not stirred the quiet waters of affection. You have been suffered to minister to the comfort of one whom you loved with the pure tenderness of a sister—you have watched his every look, and anticipated every wish ere his lips could fashion it into words. You have lived for another, not for yourself, yet you have you escaped the anguish which ever awaits her who gives her own soul to the keeping of another. Can you not picture to yourself who has watched year after year over the withering of her own heart? To the children, the most favored of my children, prospered and happy—and their children now gather round me to the joy of their young life. But one bitter consciousness has poisoned every spring of enjoyment. For

thirty years have I hidden this deep sorrow in my bosom; for thirty years have I played the liar to my own soul until I have waxed gray and ghastly, and withered with grief, even more than with the decrepitude of age.

"Oh, weep not for him whose blessed spirit now looks down upon my agony and my remorse. Weep not for the sainted dead, but pray that peace may come to her who has worn out her life in secret and bitter yearning—to one who hides within a time-worn heart the clinging curse of blighted affection."

Horace L.—had lived and died a skeptic to woman's faith. A single blow had paralyzed one portion of his noble nature, and destroyed forever "the strong necessity of loving," while the lady of his love, though offending against her own heart, and wearing upon her brow the painted mask of falsehood, yet cherished truth within the secret sanctuary of her soul, and atoned for the sin of her youth by a life-long martyrdom, compared with which the faggot and the flame are but a pastime.

Alas! gentle reader, we live in a degenerate age. We hear much of the earnest, substantial, massive character of our forefathers, and it may be doubted whether the strength of sentiment, here depicted, has survived the hardy virtues which we know are almost obsolete. Remember that we have not been dealing with the puny fantasies of modern times, but with true love a hundred years ago!

From Arthur's Magazine.

TRUTH AND INTEGRITY.

Who will believe it?—Sterling truth—
And firm integrity,
Are golden props to active youth,
And make him truly free:
With these he cannot grovel long—
He is erect, and firm, and strong.
Forth with me—step he goes
To battle on through life—
And grappling with malignant foes,
He conquers in the strife.
No barrier is too high for him—
Strong is his soul and stout his limb.
The world may look—admire or hate—
Of censure or approval
It cannot bless, or seal his fate,
And so he scorns its love.
Within his breast—the power is there,
To lead him on above despair—
His aim is high—no low desire
Prompts him to choose the right;
His acts pass through detraction's fire
Unscathed—without a blight:
He cannot suffer—for within
There is no curse from practised sin.
'Tis Truth, that burns upon his brow—
The index of the soul—
Before which might and talents bow—
As one born to control!
'Tis Truth that makes him in all eyes
A prodigy—born of the skies.
Believe—ye who in life's career
No chilling blasts have seen—
And let integrity appear,
With Truth, meek and serene,
Where'er ye go—whate'er ye do,
And over earth ye'll triumph too.

From Arthur's Magazine.

MUSIC FOR THE HEAD.

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

Painting and sculpture, oratory, dancing, and writing, whether in prose or verse, as well as music, all require certain natural gifts, which are essential in any of these arts; and so do the various branches of mechanics. Yet it is not necessary to become an artist, in order to appreciate the works of art; nor is it essential to be a mechanic to appreciate the full value of mechanical inventions. If we study harmony, we shall find at once a power within us, to awaken sympathy with any thing which is the result of harmony. The more the mind acquires in this respect, the greater its ability to discover sources of enjoyment; and the more exquisite its pleasure when such sources have been discovered.

There are very few human beings so constituted, but they find pleasure in music. If there be those who do not,

"Let no such man be trusted!"

And why? He has no perception of the beauty of moral consistency. He cannot sympathize with the harmony of the gender feelings of the heart. He owns no vibrating soul to answer the inspirations of our better natures. He is ignorant of the difference between "a concord of sweet sounds" and a discord, and therefore must be himself a discord of the human family. He owns no responsive spirit to the promptings of our high virtues, and is likely therefore, to lack principle.

This may sound harsh, but I believe it to be true. It is not necessary to be able to play, sing, or write music; no! nor even to know anything of music itself as a science, to escape this ban. The heart must be alive to sweet sounds, must respond to harmony, and all is well. It is all that is required for a beginning. In this respect, music should be cultivated by

every one; the minister, the physician, the mechanic, the lawyer, and the daily laborer. A love for it leads us to places where music may be heard, and thus secures the mind from indulging in pleasures, not innocent in themselves. The habit of listening to music softens the feelings; makes us familiar with gentle impulses, which always tends to allay the violent passions of our nature; it guides us to a sense of mildness, which smooths the path of every day toil, and soothes the mind in affliction. Music has saved the soul of the murderer, and has hushed the anger of the domestic circle. It is used as a suitable means of worship when we address the Almighty, who is harmony and love. It is the means used to stir the heart of the wearied soldier, and to win the heart of the blushing maiden. It strains in us to merry dances, and call forth the tear of grief in the hour of affliction. If it be useful in nothing else, but in awakening the milder sensations of the heart, then, for this alone should it be cherished, cultivated, and impressed upon our minds even from infancy.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CHILDHOOD.

[The following extracts are taken from an article in Arthur's Magazine, under the above head.]

Childhood is generally regarded as of too little importance. We seek to know the characters of those with whom we associate, then why should not the turn of a child's mind be heeded by those who have the important duty of directing it as they will? It is the time when man's noblest feelings should be quietly but continually called forth, when we should learn to grow mighty in moral strength. The circumstances which then occur, exert a powerful, although it may be, an imperceptible influence. Through life, the dreams of early days linger unconsciously around us—well would it be, if they always clung to us, with a softening power—if to turn back, were only to remember the mild, yet steadfast eyes, that in us forward in our heedless path.

Affection toward children is never wasted. In after years, it steals upon them, when the cares of life have worn upon the spirit,—when grief has softened it,—from the very depths of our being, there well up, innocent memories, of earlier times, that chasten our hearts, that reprove us for unkind words, spoken heedlessly to some gentle being. With spirits made better and kinder from such remembrances, we go forth into the field of duty, and more earnestly try to quell all that is unwholly within us. Oh! if we could but realize the power that lies in childhood! Its unseen influences wake up in our souls, the angel voices that were well-nigh mute.

Who, that in childhood, has had the fearful eye of a mother, bent for a moment reproachfully upon him, then silently averted, can forget it, when in manhood he enters into the chamber of his own soul, and sits upon its by-gone memories! His bosom steams again to quicken its remorseful throb; the repentant tear springs to his eye, as hastily as if the long past scene were present to him—with a keenness of regretful feeling that amounts almost to agony. He bows himself, and the haughty, careless man of the world, weeps alone over his childish days—over the innocence, the kindness, the love that have fled from him. He thinks of hopes, which his wasted years have blighted; of affections, which his selfishness has interrupted. He resolves, and re-resolves to be a better man;—his proud heart pours itself forth in silence, and in prayer—the hallowed prayer, which a mother had taught his infant lips to murmur. Such feelings, transitory though they be, exert a holy influence. They prevent us from becoming entirely debased. But they are not to be trifled with, and aimed against, as an idle freak of fancy, in a lighter mood, or they bring a weight of guilt, greater than if they had never been awakened. They are wild, sad, yet rich harmonies, which never descend into the thoughts, except the soul has been softened by sorrow, by sympathy, or perhaps only by a sudden tone of affection. It sometimes requires but little, to touch a chord in the heart, the thrill of which, may last for ever.

Who can recall a kind act, done for him when a child, without a feeling of tenderness, without a desire, to be kind himself to others? How many guilty beings have been arrested in an evil course, by having an apparently slight circumstance, recall his purer years! When this is considered, the importance of always feeling kindly and tenderly towards children, seems to be increased. In the sternest reproofs, they should never see passion or petulance—their remembered tenderness will exert all the restraining power it should.

The influences of childhood cannot be what they should, unless a regenerating work is going on in the hearts of those whose office it is to instruct and guide. Children must see, in their parents and teachers, earnest efforts to do right, spite of every obstacle. Otherwise, precepts are of little avail. They must see no shrinking feelings yielded to, when the stern voice of duty speaks. Little matters have more effect upon children, than is generally supposed. Few, very few are the parents who always act a consistent part towards their little ones, in slight matters as well as greater ones. A command is often more rigidly enforced, when it concerns the convenience of parents, than when disobedience would be of comparatively little consequence to them. Every time a child is permitted to do what he knows to be wrong, serious injury is inflicted. Tenderness should not be an excuse to palliate the evil. Many a deadly blow has been aimed at the well-being of a child, by the false tenderness of a kind but mis-judging parent. A wavering father or mother very soon becomes the submissive instrument

of a child's wishes. Doing love is too often repaid with disrespect and contempt. It seems most cruel, yet why is it so? Let such parents recall the childhood of their ungrateful offspring. In their own conduct they read their sentence of misery. With bitterness they may say,

"Oh, that I had not yielded to my child, when reason urged me to be firm, and withstand. Oh, that I had looked up to God, to strengthen my heart against the blind fondness that destroyed my child."

There is little fear of loving a child too much, or manifesting too much affection, if it be of the right kind. If it be the true, spiritual love, that seeks for ever the soul's best good, through pain, and care, and worn-out feelings, that holy love will struggle on. Heed not the trials that are in the way, the clouds will often break, and the glorious sunlight will stream in from heaven itself upon your own hearts, and those of your children.

From the Columbian Magazine.

SOMETHING ABOUT TREES.

A subject unexhausted may yet be a subject over-treated, and the writer who makes it his theme may easily weary his reader with it, without saying a thousandth part of what is to be said upon it. Thus reasoned we, when some few years by-gone, we enticed the closing one of a series of articles in the Southern Literary Messenger, our "Last Tree Article," and took public leave of a subject that had furnished us with an excuse for frequent *tele-tele* with many readers. We left off our lucubrations while in the midst of their freshness, for fear that they might pall upon the taste of those to whom they were addressed, and gave over writing just when they professed to like us best.

We now propose to seek the vein again and see if it may not be worked a little farther to advantage; being moved thereto by many considerations, the cordial advice of perhaps too partial friends not the least powerful of them all. In doing this, we shall endeavor not to repeat aught of our former speculations, but diligently

To seek fresh fields and pastures new.

For nature has many winding walks in her vast garden, and the visitor may rove eternally there, and fancy himself the while acquainted with the fairest of them all, and yet, ere aware may find himself entangled in labyrinth of beauty his feet had never trod before. Of course, in papers like these, but little pretence to originality can be set up; the merit, if they have any, being that of calling up fresh associations with old and well-known, if not well-remembered facts; our's is the labor of the antiquary, whose humble chisel aspires not to create, but to bring to light, the sculptures of genius.

It is a curious fact that trees have been considered, from the earliest ages of the world, as things to be venerated, and in many lands, through many ages, worshipped. Our own Bryant it was who said, with as much historical truth as fine poetic taste,

The groves were God's first temples.

And who remembers not the ancient people's pilgrimage to Mamre, by Hebron, a custom which, in vogue with the contemporaries of Abraham, was still fresh in the time of Constantine? And did not the great Solomon, before he builded the temple, go yearly to sacrifice in those sylvan retreats, those "high places," the inspiration of whose darkened aisles and lofty intertwining roofs breathed over the cunning designs which made the gorgeous structure to which he gave his name, the world-wonder of ages? And it is written in Genesis that Abraham did "plant a grove in Beer-sheba, and call there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God." And so full of venerable associations, fraught with the power of producing awful and devout impressions, were these dim cathedrals, that we find them at an age somewhat later interdicted as places of worship, as dividing with the Deity the devotion of his chosen people. Moses, Ezekiel, and Hosea, the prophets, forbade such worship as sinful, when "under every green tree, and every thick oak," they "did offer sweet savour to their idols." Yet was not the woody vale of Hinnom defiled in those ancient days, and were not the cedars of Lebanon deemed holy? If there be meaning in the term used by Juvenal, in his sixth Satire, in referring to a Jewish recluse—"magna sacerdos arboris"—it is an illustration to our purpose, for the olive trees did even surround the places of secluded prayer in Palestine. The Master himself went up to Olivet to pray. And something yet remains, both with Christian and with Jew, to show that there is more than the fancy of a passing age in the associations. The last, at Pontecost, decks the synagogue with flowers, and the first, the church with holly and bay at Christmas. And the palm gives the name to a festival in the calendar.

The mythology of Greece and Rome is full of illustrations on this point. The god Sylvan was one of the first and most honored deities of the Pantheon, and his altar, even in Christian Rome are not all cold. There is an ancient observance of a ceremony that dates even thus far back for its origin, among the shepherds of Kheggio at this very day. It was in the woods of Etruria that Numa, the father of Rome, nursed upon the greenness of his infant state, and erected there a temple to faith and peace. Virgil thought not his picture of Elysium perfect until he had added to its flowery banks its shady groves; and to come nearer to our own sympathies, the worship of trees was a feature of genuine and primitive Anglo-Saxonism. Even we, the descendants of such ancestry, are