

with gladness, for their little throats swelled with wild strains that mingled with the low voices within, and when Anna and Edgar clapped their tiny hands and gazed with their laughing eyes up the leafy retreat, the sweet songsters only answered their many shouts with a louder and gladder strain, and twittered and trembled upon their blooming throats. Oscar and Ether with the happy Nora walked down to the river's brink, and unmoored the little canoe beneath the great rock, and as they sailed gently over the bright waters, and bent their laughing faces to the smooth mirror, they blessed the fate that brought them together and looked with a kind of fondness upon the old tree with its dangling limb, which had been the instrument of so much fear and pleasure. And Mrs. Dunham and her restored sister—they had every thing to say, and their hearts mingled lovingly together as they told of the past—its joys and its sorrows, and looked fondly to the future with trembling, eager hope.

It is many years since these events occurred; and the great wilderness, with the log house of the dark bright maiden and her fair mother have disappeared together; but in the flourishing village which is built upon the spot, and on the shore of the river Ohio, near where the cabin stood, is a large, beautiful mansion. Its owner, Mr. Dunham, with his gentle wife and dark-eyed children, remembers with pride his noble grandfather, over whose grave the grass is still fresh and green, and the meek and loving partner, who sleeps sweetly by his side—even the Indian chieftain's daughter—Nora, the graceful *Fawn*.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BY MRS. MARY ANN GALLAGHER.

A CONTEMPLATION of the wonderful works of Nature, as displayed in the visible creation around us, is an employment both useful and interesting. It affords sources of enjoyment, which are ever at hand, and which to a mind, capable of placing a true estimate upon things, can never become tiresome or insipid, because they increase in interest as pursued, continually affording different objects of investigation, and at every step supplying new objects for wonder and admiration. Contemplations of this nature have a tendency to enlarge the mind, extend the ideas, and elevate the conception, as they will necessarily raise the thought to that Almighty power, which not only planned and originated the vast fabric of the universe, and created every natural object on which the eye can rest, but upholds and sustains all things from the mighty orbs that revolve through illimitable space, down through every grade and kind of existence, to the most lowly plant or humblest insect that is found on the surface of the globe.

The study of Nature under any of her forms is delightful. She places before us such a variety of objects to interest and please, that, however the mind may be constituted, she cannot fail to yield instruction and entertainment to every one who may take pains to inquire into her arrangements, or examine her beauties.

The astronomer, the chemist, the geologist, the botanist, and the naturalist, are alike delighted with their different discoveries and investigations, and to those who seek for the beautiful where can be found in such perfection as in nature! If we glance in imagination over the surface of the earth, and the sky above us, what a variety of charms attract the attention! What can be more beautiful than color? The rich green of the spreading forest, or the more delicate tints of the lovely flower—the splendour of a summer evening's sky, or the exquisite blending of shades in the bow of promise, as it arches in the cloud, confirming the immutability of that word which declared 'That while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease.' What more glorious than the sun, dispersing the mists of the night, and shedding the cheerful light of day over the earth! The smiling landscape, with its light and shade, the limpid stream, the fleecy clouds floating in the azure vault of heaven, are objects of beauty, which must thrill every bosom with pleasurable emotions. What more grand and majestic than night, with her glittering canopy and impressive stillness! The mind is inspired with awe and reverence, as we gaze above, and behold the innumerable stars that gem the brow of night; and when we contemplate their inconceivable distances, and astonishing magnitudes, we are lost in the idea of their immensity!

On every side we behold perfection of design and accomplishment. Beauty and utility, harmony and consistency, prevail throughout! And were it possible in any wise to change the order or general appearance of nature, we cannot suppose that such change would be an improvement, or offer an additional pleasure to the senses. The ear is delighted with the melody of sweet sounds—the eye is charmed with beauty—the smell greeted with fragrance—and a feast is continually provided for the imagination.

The year rolls round, and ushers in the different seasons at their appointed time, and whether it be Spring with her life-inspiring energy, arousing dormant nature from her repose; or Summer with her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers; or Autumn, clothing the landscape with his robe of varied hues, and in his many-toned winds sighing a requiem over the fallen glories of the departed summer; or Winter with his snows, his northern blasts, and his sweeping tempests—each brings with

its peculiar beauties, and moves on silently, but steadily performing the part assigned it, and forming one feature in the great harmonious whole.

The wisdom of the great Creator is manifest in all His works; nor is His Almighty power less displayed in the more minute, than in the greater productions of His hand. Myriads of creatures exist, which, though so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, are yet perfect in their organization, as it respects the place they occupy in the great field of nature; and although the researches of science may not yet have discovered the uses for which all these exceedingly minute creatures were intended, yet, judging from what has been ascertained, we may readily conclude that all are designed for some use—that nothing has been created in vain. Nor are any of His creatures beneath His notice! The animalcules which find ample space in a single drop of water, and the ephemera that passes through the different stages of its hasty life in one short day, although so humble in comparison with man, (the noblest of His works,) yet, alike with him, share the provisions of their Maker's bounty and His providential care.

A taste for the beauties of nature affords a rational source of enjoyment, and is capable of inspiring the most refined and delightful emotions. In no department are those beauties more strikingly displayed than in the vegetable kingdom. The earth would afford but few attractions, if destitute of her vegetable productions; her verdant carpet—her shady groves—and her almost endless variety of flowers of every hue and form, present a scene of loveliness which must ever charm the eye and delight the heart.

The student of botany roams abroad over the fields; he seeks the deepest recesses of the forest, or climbs the mountain's brow, to obtain the object of his search, and thus tastes a pleasure unknown to the multitude. His mind is interested and entertained, and the mental stimulus, connected with the healthful exercise imparts a lightness and elasticity to his spirits which those engaged in sedentary pursuits can never enjoy.

A love for the charms of nature should be cultivated at all times, but especially in the joyous season of youth. The spirits are then light and buoyant and fitted to chime in harmony with the gay, the beautiful, and the grand things in nature. The mind, unencumbered with the cares or business of life, naturally desires enjoyment, and should be directed to look for it in those pursuits which, while they promote the physical health and vigor, will contribute to the stock of useful knowledge, and at the same time supply the mind with the purest and most delightful species of enjoyment. Besides, if a love for these charms be acquired in youth, it will continue through life; it is one of the few tastes that remain unchanged with the lapse of years; it will recall the associations, and with them something of the freshness of youth, even in age, when most other pleasures, which have engrossed the attention in the earlier years, will have lost their interest.

From the nature, which requires regular exercise to maintain health, it is evident that man was designed for an active life. To obtain the kind of exercise which will prove beneficial, it is necessary that muscular action should be excited and directed by mental impulse. Such studies, then, as botany, geology, and natural history, are the appropriate ones to aid in accomplishing this desirable object; and if the mind in youth can be taught to seek pleasure in any of these studies, the pleasure which will promote health, impart useful, scientific information, united with real enjoyment, and which may serve for amusement and relaxation from the confining duties of after life, it is certainly an object worth attaining. Persons of studious habits, or those engaged in sedentary occupations, too frequently overlook the necessity of exercise; but if an individual has had his attention directed to any of the studies we have been considering he will have an inducement to walk abroad; and while he his bouquet from the wood or margin of the stream, looks at the formation of a rock, examines an insect, or listens to the melody of the birds, his mind is interested, and occupied with the most agreeable reflections, and he returns, invigorated and cheered, with a considerable addition to his previous stock of knowledge.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE VIOLETS OF THE SPRING.

BY MRS. MARY N. McDONALD.

DEAR mother, draw the curtain close,
And shut the light away;
The sun glares in our little room
So terribly to day.
I never felt its heat so much;
Dear mother come and lay
Your hand upon my throbbing head,
And sit awhile beside my bed.

Last night I scarcely slept a all,
My head was aching so,
Oh, how I wish 'twas winter time,
That I might rise and go
Out by the door-steps, stealthily,
To bathe in the snow.
I called you but you did not hear,
You were so weary, mother dear.

How long it seemed to watch the hours—
They crept so slowly by—

I heard them from the steeples toll,

And oh, how wearily,

How wearily I counted them,

Wishing they would but fly,

And the gray dawning I might see,

When you would rise and come to me.

And yet I had some pleasant thoughts;

I fancied, that I lay

Beside the spring, at our old home,

And heard its waters play,

And bathed my hot hands in the flood,

And held them in the spray;

And plucked the lilies from its brink,

And wove a leafy cup to drink.

Do you remember all the flowers,

The many flowers that grew

Beside that little silvery stream?

The violets, white and blue

That were so fresh and beautiful

At morning 'mid the dew!

Dear mother shall we ever go

Again to where those violets blow?

I long so often for a breath

Of that sweet mountain air,

I seem to feel it fan my cheek

And frolic with my hair.

I am so weary of the town,

And it is summer there!

Mother, you shake your head and sigh,

And there's a tear drop in your eye.

You cannot go, for you must work

All day, to buy us bread.

Could we but live at our old home

On fruits and herbs instead?

I think you would not sigh so much,

Nor press your aching head.

The very breeze would cure your pain,

And you might learn to smile again.

But if we may not, must not go,

Dear mother will you try,

Some day, a pot of Summer flowers

For your sick child to buy?

And place it on the window seat

Where it may meet my eye.

And I will fancy that they grow

Among the violets fresh and blue.

And mother, there is yet a wish

I've thought upon for hours.

If I should die, oh, bury me

Among the grass and flowers!

Among the violets by the spring,

Where fall the softest showers.

Where the cool winds go wandering by,

There, dearest mother, let me lie.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

AN UNWELCOME SERENADER.

THE remarkably quiet and peaceable citizens residing in a certain portion of Baronne street, were awakened from their slumbers a few nights since, and from the enjoyment of divers and sundry dreams of Elysian fields, murderous attacks, storms at sea, tumbling down long flights of stairs, or of vain and repeated efforts to accomplish some desired object (varying in character, of course, according to the amount of supper they had eaten and the state of their digestive organs)—by a certain melodious sounds in the street. Some fancied they heard the wild and gushing melody of an Aeolian harp—others, the discontented mutterings of some unhappy granter, who, like a penny-a-liner after a hard day's work had abandoned his pen in disgust. The sounds approached, and soon a not unmusical voice—somewhat thickened and husky from the effects of the dew—chaunted out—

'To ladies' eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten,
You airy bowers, you airy bowers,
The countless eyes that brighten,
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find love there, boy,
So drink them all—so drink them all!

At this precise juncture, when the singer's voice reverberated in the drum of some nervous gentleman's ear, a window was heard to open suddenly, and a loud crash, as of broken crockery, followed.

'Halloa, old gentleman!' said the singer, 'you came very near my head then. I wish you would be a little more particular when—when you shower your favors upon public singers. I say, ain't you a mem—mem—member of the temperance society?—you must be a president of some society. I don't mind a little cold water myself, but I like it in small doses—and never take it pitcher and all.'

'Hail Columbia, happy land,
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band!

'Who's that making all that 'ere noise down there?' said a querulous voice from a second-story window.

'What was that last inter—interrogatory you were pleased to propound?' said the musical amateur.

'Who's making all that noise there?' repeated the voice.

'If you mean to characterize my vocal execution as a noise, sir, then, sir, allow me to observe sir, that it is *me* that is making all that noise, as you are so facetious as to denominate it.'

'Well, you'd much better go home than be disturbing people at this time of night,' retorted the voice, as the window was slammed down.

'If he don't go soon, I'll call the watch,' said the first voice, following his neighbor's example.

'Oh, ho!' laughed the vocalist, 'go to bed, old gentleman—go to bed; you've no ear for music, so don't be exhibiting your thread by listening to what you don't understand.'

'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne!

Should auld—

'Watch! watch!' cried a shrill female voice from the next door above. 'Where in the world is all the watch? I do believe they are eternally a-goin' for they'll never stop when a body wants 'em.'

'They're not stop watches, ma'am,' said the gentleman who had expressed himself so forcibly against forgetting 'auld lang syne,' and acquaintances formed at that period.

'None of your impertinence, you loofer you!' retorted the lady with a shrill voice, protruding her nightcapped head from her window, and looking 'sharps' and 'between' at the amateur. 'I'll soon put a stop to your music.'

'Well, ma'am, you needn't be so pointed in your remarks, or shake your head so violently, coz you might shake of that remarkable fine nightcap you've got on, and disturb them curl-papers, which would be a pity, but—

'Oh take me to your arms, my love, for keen the wind doth blow.

Oh take me to thy arms, my love for bitter is my woe;

(Female head disappears and window closes.)

She hears me not, she cares not, nor will she list to me,

And here I lie in misery beneath the willow tree.

Willow! willow, willow, beneath the willow tree.

'Ha! ha!' said a fresh voice from the balcony of a house from which hung a small piece of shingle with the words, 'Furnished rooms to let!' inscribed thereon. 'Go it, my old boy! While we're young we should be gay,' said a young gentleman in a shirt, appearing upon the aforesaid balcony—I like music!

'Oh how can I be blithe and glad,

Or how can I gang brisk and braw,

When the bonnie lass that I lo'e best,

Is o'er the hills and far awa'—

chaunted forth the modern Apollo.

'Monsier! Monsier!' said a full-faced head, appearing at another window—'Monsieur Amateur, would you be so please as to come some ozer time an' chanter for our satisfaction. We are so much oblige for you sing now, zat we do not know how to express myself, *mats* we do not desire to put a you to too much exertion, an' so you will be please not to sing any more a present. I have one little baby—zat is my wife have one little baby—and he cry var mooze all ze time; he just a now go to sleep, and if he wake a up, zen I shall no go to sleep any more to-night.'

'I'm much obliged to you for your compliments, old fellow, but I'm not singing to oblige you, but to oblige myself, and to oblige that lady in her shirt there—I mean that gentleman in his shirt. And as for your baby, sir, or your wife's baby, d—n the baby! What do you s'pose I care about a dirty-nosed little brat, Sir? Let it cry and be d—d. Spank it, sir! spank it!'

Rap! rap! went a watchman's club at a street corner, and immediately after three windows were heard to open, and three male voices and one female voice cry 'Watch!' in different keys.

'Good night, good night, my dearest,

How fast the moments fly;

'Tis time to part thou hearest,

That hateful watchman's cry.

Past twelve o'clock! Good night!

chaunted the musical genies in a rich voice.

'Watch!' bawled the tenor,

'Watch!' cried the bass voice.

'Watch!' piped the falsetto.

'Washman!' echoed the Frenchman; during which the songster was favouring the company with the second verse of Moore's melody, and the watchman was rapidly approaching the spot.

'What's the row?' pertinently enquired watchman.

'Why,' said the bass voice, 'that ere fellow's a disturbin' of the whole neighbourhood with 'is singin'.'

'That he is,' said the tenor. 'And has been doing it for an hour! A pretty set of watchmen you've got, to be sure.'

'Ef you say anythin' agin the watchman you may tote him off yourself, for I won't,' said the watchman, with commendable *esprit de corps*.

'Oh, do take him away!' cried the tenor—

'I've been sick for a week, and I shan't sleep a wink to night, if he keeps a goin' on in that way.'

'For mercy's sake put him in the calaboose,

watchman,' exclaimed the female in the cotton nightcap.