

## Literature, &amp;c.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From Sartain's Magazine.

## A LAY OF THE SPRING.

Oh, joy of Spring!  
I hear the young leaves whispering;  
I feel the sweet wind lightly stir  
Beauty from out her sepulchre.  
She riseth in her saintly light,  
She riseth like another morn;  
And human hearts behold her dawn,  
And newly thrill, and gladly sing,  
Thou art a living joy, O Spring.

O songs of Spring!  
The voice of every living thing;  
The carol that the poet brook  
Is writing in the meadow's book;  
The songs that birds, devoid of art,  
Are sending through the forest's heart;  
Of waters sweet, and mountain's wild;  
Songs of the dreamer and the child;  
With one accord they sweetly sing,  
Thou art a harmony, O Spring.

O, love of Spring!  
Love waketh in her wakening;  
Love beameth in her tender sky;  
Love trembleth in her breezy sigh;  
Love grieveth in her few sweet tears;  
Love smiles when her first flower appears;  
Love gloweth on her blushing hills,  
And Love along her valley thrills;  
And tender greenwood voices sing,  
Thou art a fount of love, O Spring.

O, life of Spring!  
She cometh on immortal wing;  
The woods hath felt her kindling breath,  
And wakens from its wintry breath;  
She speaks to all who taste her bliss,  
There is another life than this,  
A truer life—O man, awake,  
And thine immortal birthright take;  
Through heaven and earth the echoes ring,  
Awake to thine eternal Spring.

From Sartain's Union Magazine.

## THE JUDGE'S STORY.

BY CHAMPION BISSELL.

It was remarked, that at the last town meeting, Jepson had remained entirely sober all day, and had made one or two brief remarks that were unusually well-timed and acceptable. Certain of our knowing old men had been even heard to say, that stranger things had happened, than that Nat Jepson should one day go to the Assembly.—And consequently it was without the least hesitation, that I prepared for a long hunting tramp with Nat, when, one fine morning in November, he crossed over to my father's, and proposed that we should go up to the Adirondack after moose. We set out in the afternoon, after taking a hearty dinner at the new house. I recollect that, just as we were starting, his wife, under pretext of giving him her last injunction, accompanied by one more parting kiss, took occasion to abstract a sizable bottle of the 'best,' which he had deposited in a capacious pocket of his hunting-coat. Of course I said nothing, and when Nat found out the friendly theft, we were some miles away.

'Well, well, Dick,' said he, 'women will be silly sometimes, and I can't blame my wife for being like the rest of them.'

We took the cart-path leading over Nat's bridge, which had now been standing about two years. As usual we stopped to examine it, and give our opinion as to the workmanship of the various parts. You will remember that the Boreas just here flows with great swiftness, and with a narrowed current, between two high walls of rock, the summits of which are as smooth as if they had been graded by a level. This spot had been chosen for the bridge, because the river here was less broad than for many miles above or below, but the gulf was still too wide for unsupported beams, and with much labour, a massive wooden pier had been joined to the bridge on which the framework rested securely. The pier itself was constructed of the most solid materials, and was of immense weight, for the current would have swept away a light fabric in an instant. It extended entirely across the bridge, and was fastened so firmly, that separation from the upper framework was impossible. The framework however was light,—simply a couple of beams, planked and cleated. The whole had stood safely during several severe freshets, and no one doubted that it would stand through many more.

'I don't see,' said Nat to me, after we had given all parts of the structure a thorough scrutiny, 'why that bridge shouldn't last more years than you or I. These beams,—see how firmly they lie on the rocks; and look you, the pier hasn't started an inch.' And leaning over the side, he pointed again to the close and well-adjusted fastenings of the timbers, and to the steadiness of the pier, unshaken by the deep swift water, which swept by on either side. 'We must put on an ice-breaker this winter,' he continued; 'it should have been done before. Come let's be off.'

A mile or two beyond, we suddenly came upon a new clearing, and a half finished log house, at which a couple of sturdy fellows were busily working. They hailed us for news, and of course we stopped to have a

talk with them. We found they had recently moved from the eastward and had purchased an extensive tract, on which they projected great improvements. We remained over night with them, and when, by the big fire, they brought out the jug to drink success to our expedition, I could not blame Nat or myself for joining them, since I thought it could do us no possible harm.—Next morning they insisted that Nat should take a full bottle with him, and as I could not well repeat his wife's stratagem, I was fain to let him do as he pleased.

We were unusually successful in our pursuit, and at the same time, met with a great deal of bad weather, in which we were obliged to lay by in our cabins. But as we had never before found game so plentiful, we gradually pushed on farther and farther, till we had left what we now call Mount Marcy, out of sight, and had penetrated into the very centre of the Raquette district. We fell in with numerous parties of Indians, who supplied us bountifully with liquor, which they had brought from the settlements on the St. Lawrence. Nat drank deeply, as if to make up for his long abstinence, and I was not backward in setting him an example; so that what with our success, and bad weather, and frolics with the Indians, it was fully six weeks before we again set our eyes on the log house of the new settlers, near the Boreas.

Right glad were we to see the house, for our march during the previous three or four days had been one of little pleasure. There had been, a week before, a fall of snow, the like of which we rarely see, and it had not lain long before the wind veered round to the south, and a warm, drizzly rain set in, producing a thaw so rapid that the forest became little else than a vast marsh. This unusually warm weather was in its turn succeeded by a day of intense cold, at the close of which we found ourselves emerging painfully from the woods behind the settlers' cabin, almost famished with hunger, and chilled to the very bone by the freezing wind, which we felt with tenfold sensitiveness by reason of the mild days immediately preceding.—Indeed, so bitter was the frost, that our clothes, thoroughly soaked by the rain, were frozen, and hung stiffly around our limbs.—The trees dripping with melted snow, became walled in solid ice and the hard and glossy surface of the snow under our feet rendered walking unspeakably difficult.

You might think that our first impulse would have been to throw ourselves down by the cabin fire, rid ourselves of our burdens and clothes, and, having satisfied our hunger, roll ourselves between blankets as soon as possible. This would have been natural and wise, but from our toilsome march and long absence, both Nat and myself were perfectly wild with impatience to reach home. My companion loudly urged against the friendly settlers, who attempted to dissuade us from setting out, that there would be a bright moon, that the distance was a mere nothing, and waxing impetuous over the whiskey, of which he partook in frightfully large quantities, vowed nothing should stop him. I was very far from keeping him back, for my eagerness to see home was as keen as his. The pail of spirit, hot and strong, flowed freely. The backwoodsmen declared that if we refused to stay, we should not refuse to do justice to their cheer, and fit ourselves for our journey. The liquor told fearfully on our systems, weakened by the exposure and insufficient food of the few previous days.—and when once more we pushed out into the cold fierce wind, and plunged along the slippery and uneven path, we could, at best, only stagger and reel. We had taken so much of the fiery spirit that the cold air failed to sober us. Nat was wholly beside himself. He shouted and screamed in insane mirth, and although at every dozen steps he pitched headlong on the snow, declared he knew what was good for him, and he should always henceforth have enough of it. 'No more of a woman's preaching!' he exclaimed. 'If it hadn't been for the real stuff, we shouldn't have seen our roofs this night! Hurrah for the old Boreas!' he continued, as the roar of the swollen and icy stream came to our ears on the night wind. 'The old Boreas—it would stop us would it! It would keep me from my little Lizzie one night longer would it! Not while Nat Jepson can build bridges. Hallo, here we are!' and he reeled toward the banks. 'Why! what's this! Good God! Dick Mason, what does this mean?'

I started back in horror, and it seemed an age before my whirling brain became sufficiently sober to comprehend the reality and the magnitude of the disaster that had befallen us. The river had risen to an alarming height, and had pushed pier and bridge from their foundations. The pier had been twisted and half engulfed; and partly separated from the beams, it swayed to and fro some twenty feet farther down than it had originally been planted. The end of the bridge nearest us still rested on the rocks, although one of the beams had been raised by the upturning of the pier full six feet in the air.—The other end had fallen from its position, and caught on a slant projection of the opposite rock just at the water's edge. Every moment some large wave loaded with blocks of ice dashed against it with a violence that caused the whole fabric to quiver to its very centre, covering the bridge with spray, which in an instant was changed to ice. So high was the stream, that that end of the bridge which just escaped submersion seemed within reach of the surface of the rocky bank, although ordinarily the top of the pier was fifteen or twenty feet above water-mark. The lower part of the bridge seemed likely, each instant, to be dislodged from its precar-

ious position, for the heavy pier which felt the force of the strongest and deepest part of the current refused to part company.—Had it not been for the extreme care with which pier and beams had been fastened together, the former might have been carried away, and the latter left undisturbed; but as it was, I saw one must go with the other. As soon as I recovered words, I exclaimed, 'that bridge can't be crossed; and if it could be, you know, Nat Jepson, we are not the men to cross it to night. We must go back!'

'No—no!' gasped my companion; but it must be crossed, though. Look, d'ye see, the beams are safe; but if they should be carried off before morning, we shouldn't get over in a month. D—n it,' he cried, 'we must go across; let me come!' and suddenly seizing the uppermost beam, he began to scramble along the banks. I grasped him and forcibly pulled him again to the bank.

'Nat Jepson,' I said slowly and with effort, for my senses were so bewildered that it was hard for me to talk rationally, even in the face of the eminent danger, 'Nat Jepson if you will venture on that bridge you shall throw down your load, and you shall let me go first.'

'Go I will,' replied he, doggedly, 'suit the rest as you like.'

'Very well, then, if you won't listen to reason, do as you see me do,' I exclaimed, as I began to work my way slowly along the upper beam.

Our progress was comparatively easy, so long as the beams and planks were dry, but as soon as we came to that portion which was iced over by the flood and spray, I found that it would be impossible for us to proceed as we had set out. Looking beneath, I observed that a smaller beam, which had been fastened over the planks as a cleat, afforded a tolerably good foothold, being raised several inches above the surface of the bridge. As my hands were quite unable to support me longer on the icy ridge, to which I had been obliged to cling, I let myself slide down, spreading out my arms wide upon the planks, and feeling cautiously with my feet for the small beam. As soon as I touched it, I helped my companion down, and bidding him follow my example, groped slowly along with my breast flat to the planks, and inserting my fingers firmly into whatever crevices had been left by the ice. Occasionally the ice upon the beam at our feet, would break away, and several times I seemed in imminent peril of following it. We had, however, got safely two-thirds of the way across, when a large mass, which my own weight must have cracked, broke through beneath Jepson's feet, and he slid heavily into the stream. I was down in an instant, and wedging my hand in a crevice, had just time to seize him by the arm,—for the rest of him was under the bridge. How long a time it was before his head emerged, I can't say,—it seemed an eternity, for the poor fellow was already too much exhausted to help himself, and my whole strength was barely sufficient to keep him from being swept away.—At last his other hand grasped the beam, and gradually his face rose to a level with the water,—but oh! what a face to look upon!—The moon had just risen, and its cold rays slanting across the current, lit up, with terrible distinctness, every feature of that fearful scene in which we were the sole actors, revealing to my gaze, a countenance so full of horror, of wild and deadly fear, mingled with the vacant stare of intoxication, that to this hour I shudder to think of it.

I must have put forth the most intense efforts, for several times I almost succeeded in raising the drowning man, who, after each struggle, fell back more and more exhausted. Neither of us uttered a word; as often as I attempted to speak, I choked and gasped, but no sound came. 'Once more!' I tried to scream, as I saw a huge mass of ice bearing down upon us,—but in vain; my voice died in my throat. With a force against which a dozen men would have struggled in vain, it struck the unhappy man full in the back, and drove him beneath the bridge.—There was a frantic clutch at my arm for a second,—then I was suddenly freed. I knew all was over, and a strange, sickening sensation came upon me,—the effect of a fear, which, in the struggle, I had no time to experience.

How I gained the opposite bank, God only knows. But I gained it, and looking, with strained eyes, upon the stream, ran wildly down the banks. Vain search! The river, that night, would have swept away an army. In vain did I examine every projecting log, and dripping bough; the drowned man had been carried by them all. At the great fall, two or three miles below, I paused, breathless, and exhausted, and sorrowfully confessed to myself that I could do no more.

I do not know, resumed the Judge, after a moment's pause, that I need say any thing more. I broke the news, that night, to his father and mother, and a terrible task it was. His poor wife heard of her desolation soon enough,—I hadn't the heart to be first in acquainting her with it. And now do you wonder that I haven't tasted spirit since?

There was no reply. The farmer had set down his glass untasted; the storekeeper must have forgotten that he held one, for while he leaned intently forward, its contents were running in crooked streams across the floor. The red-eyed man was dozing soundly. The Judge rose and sighed. It has ceased storming, I see, I may as well be setting off. As we wished him good night at the door, through which the night air entered clear and sharp, I said,

You have had, sir, at least one attentive listener.

## SOMETHING THAT NEVER DIES.

ARCHITECTS die but their buildings live; the very works that they are the instruments of raising, seem to have an immeasurable existence when compared with themselves. Walk into Westminster Abbey; attentively survey the beauty of its architecture; notice that lofty roof, and those noble columns, and that fretted scroll, and gaze upon the tablets that surround these walls—placed there to the memory of men of literature and of genius, of a former age—and then reflect that those columns and that roof stood there ages before the date of the oldest tablet, and bid fair to stand for centuries yet to come, when generation after generation, whose deeds shall form subject matter for the future pages of our national history, shall have passed away.

Look again at the case of sculptures. Why, Dr. Layard is digging up sculptures in Nineveh now, on which it is not at all improbable that the prophet Jonah gazed, when he went to deliver his message there. Some sculptures exist in Europe, the admiration of generation after generation for two thousand years.

But, least we should think too much of ourselves, let us contrast the works of God in material creation, with the works of man.

The cedar of Lebanon still flourishes, though the temple of Solomon which took some of its most beautiful timbers from the grove, has since passed away, and the Jews have been wanderers these eighteen hundred years.

Mount Zion still stands though the mosque of the Mahometan desecrates its summit. The pyramids of Egypt—some of the most ancient, and perhaps some of the most wonderful monuments of human skill—crumble and decay, through time and the elements; but the Nile flows at their base, in the same calm and unruffled flow as it did hundreds of years ago when the children of Israel were in captivity in Egypt.

Sculptures and ecclesiastical antiquities may be destroyed, but the sea is the same in its majesty, in calm or in storm, in its ebb or its flow, as when Cæsar bore his banner into Britain, and by the power of his legions added another colony to Rome.

Job and his three friends have long since departed, but the stars on which they gazed continue to shine. We feel as they felt, the sweet influence of the Pleiades; we gaze, as they gazed, on the band of Orion; but two thousand years have passed away since the patience and the end of Job vindicated the righteousness of God.

But if these things show the littleness of man, there is one thing in which he is superior to all creation:—in thought, in feeling and in affection. Let human thought once find utterance, let it be clothed in human language, and nothing can destroy its power; it shall last in its influence forever. Let it be printed, and published and circulated, and, if it has been read and studied, you may buy up every book, burn every copy, erase its name from the catalogue of every library, but you cannot destroy its influence.

How often has a single expression changed a young man's conduct for life. How often has the quotation of a promise of scripture brightened the countenance, and cheered the heart of the afflicted; while the word uttered by envy, and repeated in malice, has proved the seed of all uncharitableness.

In the one case, the power of language is like the breaking forth of the beautiful morning, dispersing the clouds of depression, and making the very tears of affliction glisten like dew-drops in the sunlight of creation; but in the other it is like the power of the electric fluid, scathing and blasting, and withering the pride of the forest.

But if the words of men have influence upon society and life has the word of God, these words written down for us treasured up in the blessed Bible for our instruction and admiration, upon whom the ends of the world have come.

Everything seems perishable in this world but thought—thought clothed in human language. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

## IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.

"It is impossible!" said some one when Peter the Great determined on a voyage of discovery; and the cold and uninhabited region over which he reigned, furnished nothing but some larch trees to construct his vessels. But though the iron, the cordage, the sails, and all that was necessary, except the provisions for victualling them, were to be carried through the immense deserts of Siberia, down rivers of difficult navigation, and along roads almost impassable, the thing was done; for the command of the sovereign and the perseverance of the people, surmounted every obstacle.

"It is impossible!" said some, as soon as they heard of a scheme of Oberlin's. To rescue his parishioners from a half savage state, he determined to open a communication with the high road to Strasbourg, so that the productions of the Ban de la Roche might find a market. Having assembled the people, he proposed that they should blast the rocks, and convey a sufficient quantity of enormous masses to construct a wall for a road, about a mile and a half in length, along the banks of the river Bruche, and build a bridge across it. The peasants were astonished at his proposition, and pronounced it impracticable; and every one excused himself on the ground of private business. He, however, reasoned with them, and added the offer of his own example. No sooner had he pronounced these words, than, with a pickaxe on his shoulder, he proceeded to the spot, while the astonish-