

Literature.

MY MOTHER IS GROWING-OLD.

BY A. B. MOORE.

My mother dear is growing old. Her raven locks are fading white, And death to her will soon unfold A lovely land of heavenly light.

Alas! she is now bowed with age; Her trembling form will soon decay, And death her spirit will uncage, To dwell in an eternal day.

Old age has dim'd her sparkling eye, And worn deep furrows on her brow; Too soon, fond mother, thou wilt die, For death is stealing on thee now.

My mother dear is growing old, Her limping sands will soon be run; Her fragile form will soon be cold— Her mortal life will soon be done.

No more she'll walk with youthful pride, The blooming fields and verdant grove, Or muse along some lone wood side, Or list to nature's song of love.

Yes, thou art growing old dear mother, The morning sun too soon will set;— And soon the grave thy form will cover, And thou the scenes of earth forget.

What though we part, we'll meet again, In a better world than this, Where, free from sorrow, sin and pain, We hope to dwell in happiness.

If aught in life thy child hath done To cause one pang, or hope destroy, Wilt thou forgive, ere death shall come, Wilt thou forgive thine erring boy!

And when thy fleeting life is past, Which God's earth to thee hast given, Oh, may'st thou find a home at last, In the "Sainted Courts of Heaven!"

A FRENCH WILL CASE.

"Is she dead, then?" "Yes, madame," replied a little gentleman in a brown coat and the short breeches.

"And her will?" "Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."

"Shall we inherit anything?" "It must be supposed so; we have claims?"

"Who is this wretched personage who intrudes herself here?" "Oh, she," replied the little man sneeringly, "she won't have much in the will; she is sister to the deceased."

"What! that Anne, who wedded in 1812, a man of nothing—an officer?" "Precisely so."

"She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here, before a respectable family."

"The more so, as sister Egrie, of noble birth had never forgiven her for that mesalliance."

Anne moved at this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was pale; her eyes were filled with tears, and her face was furrowed by care with precocious wrinkles.

"What do you come here for?" said Madame de Villebois, with great laughtiness, who a moment before had been interrogating the little man who inherited with her.

"Madame," the poor lady replied, with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I came solely to see M. Dubois, my sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me at her last hour."

"What! do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; the disgrace of a great house—you, who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte?"

"Madame, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and what is better, an honest man," observed Anne.

At this moment a venerable personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.

"Cease," he said, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has forgiven her. Anne loved a generous, brave and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than poverty and the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as I knew him—I, his old friend—Anne would now be happy and respected."

"But why is this woman here?" said the notary gravely "I myself requested her to be here."

M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will. "I, being sound in mind and heart, Egrie de Demfremog, retired as a border in the Convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus dictate the following wishes at the expression of my formal desire and principal clause of my testament."

"After my decease, there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's besides jewelry, clothes and furniture, as also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs."

"In the Convent, where I have been residing, will be found my book 'Heures de la Vierge,' a holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of emigration. I desire that these three objects be divided into three lots."

"The first lot, two hundred thousand francs in money."

"The second lot, the chateau, furniture, and jewels."

"The third lot, my book, Heures de la Vierge."

"I have pardoned my sister Anne the griefs she caused us, and I would have comforted her sorrows, if I had known sooner, of her return to France. I comprise her in my will."

"Madame de Villebois, my much beloved cousin, shall have the first choice."

"M. Vetry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice."

"Anne will take the remaining lot."

"Ah! ah!" said Vetry, "sister Egrie was a good one; that is clever on her part."

"Anne will only have the prayer-book," exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud. The notary interrupted her jocularity.

"Madame," said he "which lot do you choose?"

"The two hundred thousand francs in money."

"Have you quite made up your mind?" "Perfectly so."

"Madame you are rich, and Anne has nothing, could you not leave this and take the book of prayers, which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lot?"

"You must be joking, M. Dubois," exclaimed Madame de Villebois; you must really be dull not to see the intention of sister Egrie in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw full well that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne who had the last choice."

"And what do you conclude from that?" inquired the notary.

"I conclude that she intends to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only help that she had to expect in this world."

As she finished these words, Made de V. made a definite selection of the ready money for her share.

Mr. Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels as his lot.

"Monsieur Vetry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, even suppose it has been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire as you are, to give at least, a portion of your share to Anne, who is in want."

"Thanks for your kind advice, dear sir," replied Vetry; "the mansion is situated on the very confines of my woods, and suits admirably, all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of sister Egrie they are reminiscences which one ought never to part with."

"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Anne, here is the prayer book which remains to you."

Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy with blue eyes, took her sister's old prayer book and making her son kiss it after her, said:

"Hector, kiss this book, which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well, had she known you.—When you have learned to read you will pray to heaven to make you wise and good as father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother."

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears; notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.

The child embraced the book with boyish fervor, and opening it afterwards, exclaimed:

"O, mamma," he said, "what pretty picture!"

"Indeed!" said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.

"Yes. The good virgin, in a red dress, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. But why, mamma, has silk paper been put upon these pictures?"

"So that they might not be injured, my dear."

"But, mamma, why are there ten silk papers to each engraving?"

The mother looked and uttered a sudden shriek. She fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who, addressing those present, said:

"Leave her alone, it won't be much; people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one addressing Hector, give me that prayer-book; you will tear the engraving."

The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest the notary took in her. A month afterwards they met Anne and her son exceedingly well yet not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a barouche. This led them to make inquiries, and they ascertained that Madame Anne had recently purchased a hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and that she was giving a first rate education to her son. The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. Vetry hastened to call upon the notary for explanations. The good Dubois was working at his desk.

"Perhaps you are disturbing me?" said the arrogant old lady.

"No matter; I was in the act of settling a purchase in the State funds for Madame Anne."

"What!" exclaimed Vetry, "purchasing house and furniture as she still money to invest?"

"Undoubtedly so."

"But where did the money come from?" "Where?" did you not see?"

"When?" "When she shrieked at seeing what the prayer book contained which she inherited."

"We observed nothing."

"O, I thought you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. "The prayer book contained sixty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Vetry, thunder-struck.

"If I had only known it!" shouted Madame de Villebois.

"You had the choice," added the notary, and I, myself, urged you to take the prayer book, but you refused."

"But who could have expected to find a fortune in a breviary?"

The two baffled egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.

Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue Lafitte, on a summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflection of waxen lights.

A lady who has joined the two fair hands of her son, a fair child of six years of age, in prayer before an old book of "Heures de la Vierge," and for which a cross of gold has been made.

"Pray for my child," said the mother.

"And for who else?" inquired the child.

"For your father, your dear father who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you."

"Must I pray to the Saint, my patron?" "Yes, my little friend; but do not forget a saint who watches us from heaven, and who smiles upon us from above the clouds."

"What is the name of that saint, mamma dear?"

The mother then, watering the child's head with her tears, answered:

"Her name is—sister Egrie."

THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON TRADE.—Meantime, the first excitement is wearing off, and men begin to turn one eye at least to business, to consider what articles of merchandise will be likely to rise or to fall, and to act on their impressions.

Under this influence the purchases and sales of the past week have been quite large, especially in the limited list of Southern productions of which we are likely to be deprived of the usual supply by the blockade—such as naval stores, rice, &c., and lucky holders have realized handsome profits. Trade with the West, too, promises better things than have been realized of late; as the surplus productions of the Western States find their way to market, exchanges will become equalized, remittances as easily made, and orders sent forward.

Our foreign trade is still in the most favorable condition—large exports against small exports—an increasing balance in our favor, and the gold current still running on our shores, giving us daily additional strength in the real raw material—Money—while the cotton States—having nothing to export or to sell—are daily growing weaker. Men enough may be had anywhere, but they can not long be kept together unless they are fed and paid.

A dull summer—duller than usual—may be anticipated, but before the fall trade comes on it will be found that the predicted transfer of commerce to Southern ports, which was to build them up at our expense, has nothing to rest upon—that the grass crop will be in Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans, instead of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.—Boston Journal.

A NEW KIND OF ENTERPRISE.—Messrs. W. E. Baker & Co., of New York, have been engaged in making a survey of St. John and Kings with a view to the publication of an elaborate topographical Map of these Counties. Mr. Baker has submitted for our inspection finished copies of his maps of parishes and districts in the State of Maine, as also rough drafts of the towns of St. Andrews and St. Stephen, now in hand. These maps will show all the brooks, churches, stores, roads, lanes, hills, and farms, and the names of land owners, besides giving a variety of other statistics which we should all be pleased to have at hand. Accompanying the map of this City there will be a general Directory, which is at present much required. We hope Mr. Baker's enterprise will be rewarded with success. The maps, we are informed, will be ready in about six months.—News

The English Journals are much amused at the bloodless character of the first engagement at Fort Sumter. The Saturday Review says:

We had heard of iron faced forts and of Dahlgren guns and of the Niagara frigate and of many other stupendous efforts of military and naval skill, and we had thought, in our simplicity, that if ever the Americans took to fighting, then, indeed, we should what we should see. The strife begins after such preparation. All the new forts armed with all the new guns, blaze away for thirty hours. Each side is filled with admiration of the skill and heroism of the other. At last Fort Sumter has to shut up. The kind and chivalrous assailants approach to offer aid and bran. "How many are killed?" "None."

"How many on your side?" "None." Major Anderson, who had expressed his hope of meeting General Beauregard's staff in a better world, is able to thank Providence for keeping him and his friendly enemies in this.

The great Eastern is loading at New York with grain and flour for Liverpool, and will depart on the 25 instant.

United States.

Nothing of special interest from South to-day reinforcements are pouring into Fort Monroe. General Lee, commander of the Virginia Rebels has been ordered to Norfolk.

SECOND DESPATCH.

A small armed Federal Coast guard Vessel was attacked at mouth Potomac by an armed schooner manned by 100 Rebels. After brief engagement rebel Vessel drew off. The Federal force lost three killed and forty wounded. It is reported that the rebel force in Virginia is intended to carry theatre of war into Pennsylvania.

New York May 22.

Government has seized all telegraph dispatches in northern offices covering some months back, in New York the number of dispatches seized is nearly 200,000 is intimated extensive traitorous correspondence discovered.

Dispatches from Washington indicate speedy offensive operations by Federal Government on Virginia, but no general movement farther south until after extreme hot weather.

South advices say Fort Pickens is daily threatened with attack.

Dispatches by the Persia state that agent of rebel Government have explored Europe in vain for arms, ammunitions and money to be had in exchange for their bonds.

Boston, May 23rd.

Dispatches from Washington cause excitement during last night.

Seven to 10 thousand Federal troops advanced into Virginia by different routes.

One detachment took possession of Alexandria, the rebels retreating and keeping up smart fire out without range.

Col. Ellsworth of the New York Zouave Regiment was shot dead by a concealed rebel while in act of pulling down secession flag in Alabama. His death caused intense feeling throughout the Country.

Detachment took possession of Arlington Heights, a portion of Washington and Alexandria railroad, and Potomac aqueduct.

Georgetown.—The assassin of Ellsworth was caught and killed.

Pitched battle expected at Norfolk. Prince Alfred will be in St. John Thursday next.

Boston May, 25th.

Arlington Heights, Alexandria, and the hill of the Potomac for ten or 15 miles below Washington, are occupied by Federal troops.

We have rumors of fighting in vicinity Harpers Ferry, but nothing definite known.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad been seized by Federal troops.

Western Virginia has voted almost unanimously against secession. Eastern probably largely for secession, but few returns received.

Colonel Ellsworth's remains will reach New York tomorrow morning.

Fire Department and military take part in obsequies.

Federal troops under arms now number 250,000, rebels assert their force 150,000.

London Morning News of Tuesday states American spirits of turpentine underwent a raise of £17 per ton since Friday; Friday price was 36s. a cwt.; yesterday, 52s. 6d. was asked.

Times city article says the present course of American events far from being calculated to embarrass London money market, is likely to have a directly opposite result.

Times recognizes supreme importance of the struggle in the United States, and says the subjects on which questions will be put to tomorrow in Parliament will assume gigantic proportions in the eyes of the country.

During the late Windsor Steeple chase, the riding of a young gentleman, Mr. Land, upon a Saverlake, was the subject of universal admiration; his bridle-rein snapped before they had run half a mile, and caused the horse to swerve suddenly and lose a deal of ground. His clever rider steered him by the whip, rode him over every fence, and finished in the second place, amidst loud cheers from the crowd and clapping of hands in the stand.

A stormy meeting of the Bristol hairdressers was held lately, for the purpose of considering the Sunday shaving question. In the course of discussion, a Mr. Davidge exclaimed, "If it is wicked to shave or to be shaved on a Sunday, many churchmen are guilty of wickedness. I have shaved the Bishop of Bath and Wells on a Sunday morning, and do you think I will be dictated to by you?"

FAMILY QUARRELS.—During the Presidential campaign in 1856, the Republican candidate John C. Fremont, found his father-in-law (Colonel Benton) the bitterest political opponent he had to contend with. In the civil war now raging in the United States, President Lincoln's brother-in-law, David H. Todd, of Kentucky, has accepted an appointment as first lieutenant in the Confederate army, to fight against the laws and the country of which his relative is head.

The Emperor of Russia has given £5,000 for the establishment of a permanent observatory on Mount Ararat, near Tiflis.