

Poetry.

WELCOME THE SHOWERS.

BY THE LATE REV. SAMUEL ELDER.
 'Tis a day of clouds and gushing rain,
 I heard it plash on my window-pane,
 Before the dim and watery light,
 Just vanished—no more—the stubborn night.
 But welcome the showers!—they gladden the earth,
 And bid her rejoice in the coming birth.
 That hastens to crown her with motherly honour,
 While the vernal bloom is fresh upon her.
 Welcome the showers! they come to bless
 The fruitful plain, and the wilderness.
 To crown with verdure the mountain brow,
 While they drop on the cultured vale below;
 To brighten the hues of the rock-grown moss,
 While they bid the poplar its light leaves toss.
 Wherever the germ of life is sown,
 In the moist dripping cave, or the deep ravine,
 In criss, or chick, or mountain scar,
 There shall the showers their blessing pour.
 Quickening and warming, and swelling the seed
 Till the bud and the leaf from its cell is freed;
 Filling the air with the music of leaves
 And incense of flowers, which Heaven receives.
 And welcome the showers, and welcome the cloud,
 And welcome the wind in its misty shroud,
 And the patter of myriad drops on the roof,
 And the rushing of waters that sound aloud.
 When the sun looks forth on the earth again,
 How shall we bless the dashing rain!
 For the freshness and beauty and purity shed
 O'er valley and forest and mountain head,
 For the life that shall spring in the light of his beam,
 For the glory immanent the earth with its gleam.

The Mother's Funeral.

Reader, has it ever been your lot to be summoned unexpectedly from the din and bustle of the city, away to the quiet and stillness of the country, to attend the funeral of one you loved? Such has been mine.

The telegraph brought the startling intelligence. The message was brief, but fearfully significant. "MOTHER DEAD—FUNERAL COME." Ah! "come?" said I. Certainly, who would not go to perform this last office to a mother?

I obeyed the summons. In the darkness of the early morning I was seated in the cars, leaving behind me the noise and rattle of the wicked city, the confusion and hurry of business, the tumult of courts, and the excitement of politics. Before the sun had reached his meridian, I was being carried rapidly through the quiet, but to me, mournful valleys of Vermont, for thither it was that I was going to attend my mother's funeral. It was a cloudless day in November. The seared leaf had fallen from the tree. The forests were disrobed, in token of approaching winter. Nature put on the appearance of silence and sadness, and her appearance was in full harmony with my feelings.

I passed through towns and villages where I had lived in youth, around whose hills and brooks I had sported, and where in years long since, I had gone with my parents to the house of prayer, and where, too, I had heard my mother pray, as few women could pray. But now how changed. The houses of worship were gone; the school-houses, where I had been taught, had disappeared; the companions of my boyhood had removed, and the friends of my father and mother, had nearly all entered on their long sleep.

I shall not soon forget that melancholy ride through Vermont. Early evening brought me to the place of my destination. I left the cars, and cast my eyes in a moment to the house where death had entered her late home, but found only one-third her numerous and scattered family present. All looked sad, but resigned. For her, we had no cause of mourning, for our mother had cherished a hope clear, strong and imperishable.

I chose not to look at her in the evening. I desired the light of day to gaze on her face. In the morning, and in the stillness of a country Sabbath, I stood by her coffin. I gazed in sorrow on her face. Her countenance was serene and peaceful. The look of anguish which pain had at times impressed on her brow, had disappeared at her death. She had fallen quietly and sweetly to rest. So calm was her look, so smiling her appearance, that it brought her fresh to my recollection as I had seen her forty years ago, when sharing in the joys of glorious revival meetings. Devotion now, as then, was visible in her countenance. I gazed, but tears dimmed my sight. My heart was full to bursting. My mother was dead. I should never again hear her voice. Her prayers, her exhortations, her singing would never greet me more. Oh! how her life, her teachings, her example, her entreaties, passed in review before me, as I looked on her dead face.

My mother had been for fifty-five years, an earnest, constant, working Christian. Her husband was a devoted pioneer Baptist minister in Vermont; was a warmhearted, successful pastor; had baptized some seven or eight hundred candidates, but had ceased from his earthly labors twenty-two years before her. In all his successful labors, my mother had shared.

The funeral followed. It was not a city funeral, where a few gather at the house, relatives meet, near a prayer, and a few carriages follow to Greenwood, and all is over. My mother's funeral was at the church. The other meetings were suspended. The church was filled. The minister preached appropriately. The plain, simple, impressive singing of the country choir, sent home the instructive words of Doctor Watts. All was characterized with simplicity and impressiveness.

Then came the last look of friends—"Friends!" did I say? Yes, kind and sympathizing friends, but not the friends of her early days. Now and then a gray-haired man or woman looked into the coffin, and dropped a tear. The funeral was in the town where my father was the first settled minister. But his Deacons were dead, the older members gone. The four ministers who laid hands on him forty-four years before at his ordination, were all sleeping in their graves. Indeed, my poor mother, for years, had felt she was one stone, come down from another generation. She was like the solitary oak stripped of all the surrounding foliage that once grew by its side.

I too must take my last look. Oh, with what yearnings and emotions did I take that look! There was the mother that bore me, that watched over me, that taught me, that prayed for me. I was looking at her for the last time. That face so often covered with tears for me, was now to be covered forever from my vision. I remembered her last words to me, when two months before I had bid her good-bye—"My son," said she, with her face wet with tears, "I am looking on you for the last time. I shall never see you again. Be faithful to God. Stand for

the right." Plead for the poor and the oppressed.

Ah! thought I, as I stood by her coffin. "All this, poor mother, will I try to do, and may your prayers be answered to that end." My heart was too full for utterance as I was about turning away. Her calm face was covered by the glass. I could not kiss her lips, now so cold and motionless. I put my card over her face, inscribing thereon the sentiments of my heart: "Farewell to the mother that bore me. In heaven may we meet."

We followed her to the grave. She was buried on a beautiful hill, overlooking the village, the falls and the river. A cluster of young pines marks the graveyard at a distance. We laid her down, her face looking eastward, waiting for the morning of the resurrection. There we left her, and as I walked away from the ground, I said, "Sleep on, kind mother. Though lost to sight, thou art not forgotten. Jesus will call for thee in time. Rest thee, yet a little: One, at least, will remember thee."

Early next morning I was seated in the cars, and far back as I could look, I strove to catch a last glance of the green pines that shaded my mother's grave.

The Gamblers Alarmed.

The following narrative—a true one—describes a scene, that actually took place not many years since in a country village in the State of Maine.

One evening in December, 1834, a number of townsmen had assembled at the store of Mr. Putnam to talk over "matters and things," smoke, drink, and in short to do anything to "kill time."

Three hours had thus passed away. They had laughed, and talked, and drank, and chatted, and had a good time generally; so that about the usual hour of shutting up shop each of the party felt particularly first-rate.

"Come," said Charles Hatch—one of the company—"let's have a liquor, and then have a game of high-low Jack!"

"So I say," exclaimed another "who's got the cards?"

"Fetch on your keards," drawled out a third, his eyes half closed, through the effect of the liquor he had drunk.

After drinking all around, an old pine table was drawn up before the fire-place where burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs, which would snap and crackle—throwing large live coals out upon the hearth.

All drew up round the table, seating themselves on whatever came handiest. Four of them had rolled up to the table some kegs, from which their weight were supposed to contain nails.

"Now," said Hatch, "how shall we play—every one for himself?"

"No, have partners," growled one man.

"No, hang'd if I'll play so," shouted the former; bringing his fist down upon the table knocking one candle out of the stick, and another upon the floor.

"Come, come, said Hatch," no quarrelling, all who say to have partners stand up."

Three arose.

"Now all who say each for himself, stand up."

The remaining four immediately got up.

"Well as I don't want to be on the opposite side, I'll play," answered Barclay somewhat cooled down.

Mr. Putnam was not in the store that evening, and the clerk who was busy behind the counter had taken very little notice of the proceedings. About half-past ten Mr. Putnam thought he would step over to the store and see that everything was safe. As he went in he walked up to the fire. When within a few steps of where the men were sitting, he started back in horror. Before him sat seven men half crazy with drink and the excitement of playing cards. There they were within a few feet of the fire just described, and four of them seated on kegs of powder.

Barclay—who was a very heavy man—had pressed in the head of the keg on which he sat, bursting the top hoop, and pressing the powder out through the chinks. By the continued motion of their feet, the powder had become spread about the floor, and now covered a space of two feet all around them.

At that moment Hatch looked up, and seeing Putnam with his face deadly pale gazing into the fire, exclaimed, "Putnam, what ails you?" and at the same time made a motion to rise.

"Gentlemen, do not rise," said Mr. Putnam; "four of you sit on kegs of powder—it is scattered all around you—one movement might send you all to eternity. There are two buckets of water behind the bar. But keep your seats for one minute, and you are saved—move, and you are dead men!"

In an instant every man was perfectly sobered—not a limb moved—each seemed paralyzed.

In less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putnam had poured the water and completely saturated the powder on the floor and extinguished the fire, so that an explosion was impossible. Then, and not till then there was a word spoken. Before these seven men left the store that night they pledged themselves never to taste another glass of liquor or play another game of cards.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe's first day in Rome.

It is not easy to speak of Rome. It is a city so different from all other cities—its grasp on the history of the world is such—its past and its present are both so vast—that one is almost overwhelmed and dizzied with the idea that one is there. One wakes in the morning trying to realize the fact.

The first morning after we were settled in our lodgings, came the question—What shall we see first? We were in favour of a general drive about the city, which should be to us like what a bill of fare is before a banquet and to our party surried on a bright morning with a map of the city before us. We were first amazed at the narrow dirty streets of

modern Rome. We trotted along dirty old streets without sidewalks, and often disgraced as all towns of southern Europe are, by such filth as can scarce come into English or American conception. Only the largest streets of Rome boast the accommodation of a sidewalk, and even these it is too narrow to enable two persons to walk abreast with comfort. A general custom prevails of throwing the refuse of each family into the middle of the street, so that one wends one way among fragments of cabbage, bits of bone, rags, ashes, or other matters of the kind which await the leisure of the daily scavenger. The streets, too, are crooked and confused, affording in most cases no architectural displays or fine points of view. But we found ample enjoyment in the queer, medieval, old-time character of everything we saw. In all other cities of Europe, even in Frankfurt and Cologne, one is pursued by the modern. When one has crossed an ocean to something old and quaint, it is a disappointment to find streets and squares very little differing from those of any other city. In Rome we have the old and quaint to our heart's content.

The great stream of existence, which in England and America roars and raves so loudly, here stands dreamily, lazily, in a still muddy bayou, where civilization seems little to disturb the antiquity. The very jugs and vases that stand outside the groceries are of antique shapes and the shop doors stand open and give you a view of the inside; and the people are lounging about in them, with a quiet air, as if they were working in a dream. We started when we saw any familiar object like a dog or a cat, that was something of every-day modern life, and it looked odd and out of place here. Yet we did see pass kicking her paws quietly at many an open door, and met abundance of just such nondescript curs as pad about our own country villages.

In this strange realm of the past, the Coliseum, with its mossy walls stands as chief. The arenas of Nimes and Arles strike one as beautiful. This is sublime; it seems like a city in itself. You enter it, and modern Rome disappears; you are in another world.

Its mouldering walls are a perfect botanical garden of flowers, plants, and lichens. Each mouth brings out its new hosts of floral treasures and decorations, and a botanist can wander over its arches as over the cliffs of some mountain, exploring for days its treasures.

In the centre of the vast arena, round which rise the four tiers of seats, each with their arches and galleries, one feels like a grain of sand in a desert. Eighty thousand people have been seated here at once. It suggests Paul's magnificent image of a "great cloud" of witnesses. Below are still the galleries, where passed and repassed the gladiators, while wild beasts roared and howled like a subterranean earthquake. Here died the martyrs. There was something sublime as well as fearful in the thought of such a death. It was facing the world visibly. Now, the old building is consecrated as a church to their memory; an iron cross stands in the middle, and around the sides are a series of shrines, where are painted the various scenes of the passion of Jesus. Thus, in name and form at least, the faith of these martyrs triumphs where they died. Palace after palace has been built of stone torn from this Coliseum, and thrifty popes of past ages have tried to turn it into stalls, or markets, or factories. The last thought is the best. Consecrated or unconsecrated, it is itself the grand memorial and church of the martyrs, and may stand still in its grandeur till the day that they shall rise again.

In many ruins one is oppressed with sadness; but one walks those mouldering arenas with almost exultation that that reign of disgusting, inconceivable brutality and cruelty is over. Wallflowers and anemones, and rose-tipped daisies grow silently there now: a thousand inconceivable graces and beauties spring and fade quickly there as the seasons go by.—*New York Independent.*

A Monster Blast.

The Hartford *Courant*, of Saturday, states that Messrs. Fitch, Cook & Co. let of the heaviest blast at Quarryville, the day before, ever attempted in the Bolton mountains. They were opening a new quarry for getting out bagging stone, and in order to do so, it was necessary to remove some twenty-five feet in depth of waste rock by blasting. Instead of drilling holes in the rock, the workmen look for an opening or fissure into the mass of rock to be removed, after finding which, they work their way in some thirty feet or more, where they deposit the powder for the blast—in this case, 1,500 pounds.

At 4 o'clock the fuse was lighted, and in a few minutes the explosion took place. The mass of rock upheaved was twenty-five feet in depth, and twenty-five feet wide by fifty feet long. At least 3,000 tons of rock were removed, 1,000 tons being thrown from fifteen to 100 rods distant.

One solid mass of rock, weighing at least fifteen tons, was thrown a distance of thirty rods; fences in the vicinity were completely destroyed, and the tops of trees taken off as clean as if done by the axe. The tops of the apple trees in an orchard near by were taken completely off, presenting a desolate appearance. The public road which runs at the foot of the hill was completely filled: many of the larger rocks, requiring to be blasted before they could be removed.

"The Forget-Me-Not."

"Grandmother," said little Gretchen, "why do you call this beautiful flower, blue as the sky, growing by this brook, 'Forget-me-not'?"

"My child," said the grandmother, "I accompanied once your father, who was going on a long journey, to this brook. He told me when I saw this little flower I must think of him; and so we have always called it the 'Forget-me-not'."

Said happy little Gretchen, "I have neither parents, nor sisters, nor friends, from whom I am parted. I do not know whom I can think of when I see the 'Forget-me-not'."

"I will tell you," said her grandmother, "some one of whom this flower may remind you—him who made it. Every dower in the meadow says, 'Remember God!' Every flower in the garden and the field says to us, of its Creator, 'Forget-me-not!'"

To Our Friends—Terms of The Tribune.

The New-York Daily Tribune contains our Correspondence from all parts of the World; the Letters from our Special Correspondents at Washington, Albany and other important political places; Telegraphic Intelligence from the various sections of the United States, &c., up to the latest possible time before going to press; the News by the Mails from all parts of the World; Letters of Travel in different parts of Europe, Asia and America; Letters descriptive of the various Cities, Villages and Towns in the United States, giving, frequently, interesting statistics and reminiscences of great value; Letters from the People on the various topics of the day; Descriptive Accounts of New and valuable Inventions; Elaborate Reviews of new and important books published in this country and in Europe; Reports of the various Public Meetings in the City of New-York, Brooklyn and Jersey City and other places; &c. of the Local News of New-York, Brooklyn, &c.; Reports of the Doings in the several Courts in New-York, Brooklyn and other places; full and accurate Reports of the New-York Stock, Money, Provision, Cattle and other Markets, as well as the Reports of the Markets, in other places; Shipping Intelligence, &c. The Daily Tribune is published on a sheet (8 pages) of the same size as this, and furnished to subscribers by mail, at \$6 per annum. We think that any person who desires a New-York Daily Paper will find The Tribune contains all the News of the day.

The New-York Semi-Weekly Tribune (published on Tuesday and Friday of each week), containing nearly all the matter published in The Daily Tribune, is sent to Subscribers, by mail, at \$3 per annum; Two Copies for \$5; Five Copies, or over, to one address, \$2 each. There is no investment which pays so large dividends as the sum which procures a good and reliable newspaper, and there is no paper which yields so large amount of money as does The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

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THE FOLLOWING IS THE CERTIFICATE
 To the Editor of the Daily Times.

We deem it due to our neighbors, and to Messrs. Stearns & Marvin in particular, to state that our books and papers were in one of their SAFES, which stood in the fourth story of our store, No. 39, Murray Street, and which with its entire stock of goods was consumed in the fire that broke out on the 10th inst. The safe held through such an intense heat, too much cannot be said in praise of their Safes.

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