

ment, and was soon accompanied by a faint rushing or roaring noise that could not be mistaken. The house was on fire! Already was the smoke beginning to oppress the air, and now the glow of the flames came clearly reflected beneath the door of the apartment in which he was confined. Cries of terror began to mingle with the noise of the conflagration, among which was too terribly distinct those of his wife and children. And yet he could not fly to their relief, nor, strange inability, make himself heard. But the crisis was near at hand. The door suddenly gave way, and the flames rushed in, seizing fiercely and with devouring eagerness upon every thing in the room. Governor Tenderheart was soon surrounded by the raging element, and all chance of escape cut off. The fire was already upon his garments, when with a terrible scream, he sprang from his chair, breaking the bonds that had held him fast, as if they were lighter than gossamer.

Instantly all was changed as by magic. The governor was, indeed, in his study, and standing on the floor. But it was daylight, and every thing around him undisturbed by fire or robber. On glancing out of the window, he perceived, by the position of the sun, that the day was declining.

"And can this be all a dream?" he said, clasping his hands together, and looking around, half fearfully, to see if there were not really attached

to the chair the broken cords with which he had been bound. But there were no indications visible of the imaginary violence that had been done to him.

Still, so distinct were all the incidents of his fearful dream upon his mind, that he pulled the bell with a strong and nervous jerk.

"Has any one been here to see me, since dinner?" he asked of the servant who answered this summons.

"No sir," was the prompt reply.

"Not an old man?"

"No sir."

"Nor an old woman?"

"No sir."

"That will do. You can go, Thomas." And as Governor Tenderheart said this, he sunk down into his great arm-chair, and remained for nearly half an hour lost in a deep reverie.

On the next morning, when the mother of Godfrey Glitner presented herself and her petition, the governor said "No," in a tone and with a manner that at once extinguished hope in the mind of the humble and distressed petitioner.

From that day to this, not a single criminal has been pardoned by Governor Tenderheart. If, for a moment, the kind feelings of his nature begin to influence him, he thinks of Godfrey Glitner and his terrible dream, and becomes as stern and immovable as before.

TO THE PARK FOUNTAIN, NEW YORK.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

The waters of the Croton Aqueduct are brought to the city from a distance of forty miles.

Snowy Fountain, upward gushing,
Like a spirit birth of glee,
From thy cold, dark pathway rushing,
Thus rejoicing to be free.
On my cheek thy spray is falling—
Rock, and dell, and songful bird,
Echoes on each other calling,
In thy melody is heard.

Thou dost owe thy birth, oh! Fountain!
Far away by wood and dale;
Silver streamlets from the mountain,
Steal to thee in lonely vale.
Still amid thy falling water,
Mirrored in thy crystal sheen,
Gleameth flower and meek-eyed daughter,
Left by thee in woodland green.

Home of light and glory leaving,
For a pathway dim and drear,
Struggling, hoping, inly grieving,
Thou rejoicest to be here.

Yet a sorrow mingl'eth ever
With the joy that set thee free,
Thou art falling—Fountain, never
Shall thy hope be given thee.

Thus through darkness, doubt, and sorrow,
Struggling in our pathway on—
Hoping brighter things to-morrow—
Sorrowing when the goal is won.
Thus like thee, do we, oh Fountain!
Half in memory of the past,
Look for gleams like bower and mountain,
Visions bright, too bright to last.

Thus like thee are upward mounting,
Hopes for earth too fair and bright—
Perished hopes the hours are counting
With a promise of delight.
Yet we give them kindly greeting,
Till the heart itself be riven;
Visions fond, and frail, and fleeting,
Bathed like thee in hues of heaven.