

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges, change ;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a burial corse."

This for the body,—for time and sense. The soul  
looks beyond, and its language is,—

"Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die."

E. BROOKS.

#### EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We take great pleasure in presenting the first two parts of this beautiful poem to our readers. It is from the pen of Mrs. SEBA SMITH, of New-York, a lady of great literary merits. Some of the touches in the "*Sinless Child*," are exquisite; and such as any bard of any land might be proud to give. We hope soon to have the satisfaction of announcing that the services of Mrs. SMITH have been procured as a regular contributor to our pages. The remaining parts—five—of the *Sinless Child*, will appear in our next. It is an exquisite little gem indeed.

### THE SINLESS CHILD.

A POEM, IN SEVEN PARTS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

#### INSCRIPTION.

Sweet Eva! shall I send thee forth,  
To other hearts to speak?  
With all thy timidness and love,  
Companionship to seek?  
Will any love thy abstract ways?  
Thy too unearthly tone?  
Oh! heed it not, but come to me,  
For thou art all mine own.

Thou art my spirit's cherished dream,  
Its pure ideal birth;  
And thou hast nestled in my heart,  
With love that's not of earth.  
Alas! for I have failed, methinks,  
To paint thee as thou art;  
That wild, enchanting grace of thine,  
That lingers round thy heart.

With thee I've wandered, cherished one,  
At twilight's dreamy hour,  
To learn the language of the bird,  
The mystery of the flower—  
And gloomy must that sorrow be,  
That thou could'st not dispel,  
As thoughtfully we loitered on  
By stream or sheltered dell.

Yet go! I may not say farewell,  
For thou wilt not forsake—  
Thou'lt linger, Eva, wilt thou not,  
All hallowed thoughts to wake?  
Then go; and speak to kindred hearts  
In purity and truth;  
And win the spirit back again,  
To Love, and Peace, and Youth.

#### INTRODUCTION TO PART I.

Eva, a simple cottage maiden, given to the world in the widowhood of one parent, and the angelic existence of the

other, like a bud developed amid the sad sweet sunshine of autumn, when its sister-flowers are all sleeping, is found from her birth to be as meek and gentle as are those pale flowers that look imploringly upon us, blooming as they do apart from the season destined for their existence, and when those that should hold tender companionship with them have ceased to be. She is gifted with the power of interpreting much of the beautiful mysteries of our earth. The delicate pencilling found upon the petals of the flowers, she finds full of gentle wisdom, as well as beauty. The song of the bird is not merely the gushing forth of a nature too full of blessedness to be silent, but she finds it responsive to the great harp of the universe, whose every tone is wisdom and goodness. The humblest plant, the simplest insect, is each alive with truth. More than this, she beholds a divine agency in all things, carrying on the great purposes of love and wisdom by the aid of innumerable happy spirits, each delighting in the part assigned it. She sees the world not merely with mortal eyes, but looks within to the pure internal life, of which the outward is but a type. Her mother, endowed with ordinary perceptions, fails to understand the pure spiritual character of her daughter, but feels daily the truthfulness and purity of her life. The neighbors too feel that Eva is unlike her sex only in greater truth and elevation.

#### PART I.

Whilom ago, in lowly life,  
Young Eva lived and smiled,  
A fair-haired girl, of wondrous truth,  
And blameless from a child.  
Gentle she was, and full of love,  
With voice exceeding sweet,  
And eyes of dove-like tenderness,  
Where smiles and sadness meet.

No Father's lip her brow had kissed,  
Or breathed for her a prayer;  
The widowed breast on which she slept  
Was full of doubt and care:  
And oft was Eva's little head  
Heaved by her mother's sigh—  
And oft the widow shrunk in fear  
From her sweet baby's eye;

For she would leave the flowing milk  
To look within her face,  
With something of reproachfulness,  
As well as infant grace—  
A trembling lip, an earnest eye,  
Half smiling, half in tears—  
As she would seek to comprehend  
The secret of her fears.

Her ways were gentle while a babe—  
With calm and tranquil eye,  
That turned instinctively to seek  
The blueness of the sky.  
A holy smile was on her lip  
Whenever sleep was there—  
She slept, as sleeps the blossom, hushed  
Amid the silent air.

And ere she left with tottling steps  
The low-roofed cottage door,  
The beetle and the cricket loved  
The young child on the floor—  
And every insect dwelt secure  
Where little Eva played;  
And piped for her its blitheest song  
When she in greenwood strayed;

With wing of gauze and mailed coat  
They gathered round her feet,  
Rejoiced as are all gladsome things  
A truthful soul to greet.  
They taught her infant lips to sing  
With them a hymn of praise—  
The song that in the woods is heard  
Through the long summer days.

And every where the child was heard  
With snatches of wild songs,  
That marked her feet along the vale  
Or hill-side, fleet and strong.  
She knew the haunts of every bird—  
Where bloomed the sheltered flower;  
So sheltered that the searching frost  
Might scarcely find its bower.

No loneliness did Eva know,  
Though playmates she had none;  
Such sweet companionship was hers,  
She could not be alone;  
For everything in earth or sky  
Caressed the little child,  
The joyous bird upon the wing—  
The blossom in the wild:

Much dwelt she on the green hill-side,  
And under forest tree;  
Beside the running, bab'ling brook,  
Where lithe were trouts in glee—  
She saw them dart, like stringed gems,  
With many a curve and leap—  
And learned that peace and love alone  
A gladsome heart may keep.

The opening bud, that lightly swung  
Upon the dewy air,  
Moved in its very gladsomeness  
Beneath angelic care;  
For pearly fingers gently ope'd  
Each curved and painted leaf,  
And where the canker-worm had been  
Looked on with angel-grief.

She loved all simple flowers that sprung  
In grove or sun-lit dell,  
And of each streak and varied hue,  
A meaning deep would tell—  
For her a language was impressed  
On every leaf that grew,  
And lines revealing brighter worlds  
That angel fingers drew.

Each tiny leaf became a scroll  
Inscribed with holy truth—  
A lesson that around the heart  
Should keep the dew of youth;  
Bright missals from angelic throngs  
In every by-way left—  
How were the earth of glory shorn,  
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine height;  
The fissured rock they press;  
The desert wild, with heat and sand,  
Shares too their blessedness—  
And wheresoe'er the weary heart  
Turns in its dim despair,  
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks  
Inviting it to prayer.

The widow's Cot was rude and low—  
The sloping roof, moss-grown;

And it would seem its quietude  
To every bird were known—  
The winding vine its tendrils wove  
Round roof and oaken door,  
And by the flickering light, the leaves  
Were painted on the floor.

No noxious reptiles ever came  
Within this lowly Cot—  
The good and beautiful alone  
Delighted in the spot.  
The very winds were hushed to peace  
Within the quiet dell,  
Or murmured through the glancing leaves  
Like breathings of a shell.

The gay bird sang from sheltering tree,  
Bright blossoms clustered round—  
And one small brook came dancing by  
With its sweet tinkling sound—  
It stained the far-off meadow green—  
It leaped a rocky dell—  
Then resting by the cottage door,  
In liquid music fell.

Upon its breast white lilies slept,  
Of pure and wax-like hue,  
And brilliant flowers upon its marge  
Luxuriantly grew.  
They were of rare and changeless birth,  
Nor needed toil nor care;  
And many marvelled earth could yield  
Aught so exceeding fair.

Young Eva said, all noisome weeds  
Would pass from earth away,  
When virtue in the human heart  
Held its predestined way—  
Exalted thoughts were ever here—  
Some deemed them strange and wild;  
And hence in all the hamlets round,  
Her name of SINLESS CHILD.

Her mother said that Eva's lips  
Had never falsehood known;  
No angry word had ever marred  
The music of their tone.  
And truth spake out in every line  
Of her pure tranquil face,  
Where Love and Peace, twin-dwelling pair,  
Had found a resting place.

She felt the freedom and the light  
The pure in heart may know—  
Whose blessed privilege it is  
To walk with God below;  
To understand the hidden things  
That others may not see—  
To feel a life within the heart,  
And love and mystery.

#### INTRODUCTION TO PART II.

The widow, accustomed to forms, and content with the faith in which she has been reared, a faith which is habitual rather than earnest and soul-requiring, leaves Eva to learn the wants and tendencies of the soul, by observing the harmony and beauty of the external world. Even from infancy she seems to have penetrated the spiritual through the material; to have beheld the heavenly, not through a glass darkly, but face to face, by means of that singleness and truth, that look within the veil. To the pure in heart alone is the promise, "They shall see God."

## PART II.

Untiring all the weary day  
 The widow toiled with care,  
 And scarcely cleared her furrowed brow  
 When came the hour of prayer—  
 The voices, that on every side  
 The prisoned soul call forth,  
 And bid it in its freedom walk,  
 Rejoicing in the earth;

Fall idly on a deafened ear,  
 A heart untaught to thrill  
 When music gusheth from the bird  
 Or from the crystal rill—  
 That moves unheeding by the flower  
 With its ministry of love,  
 That weeps not in the moonlight pale  
 Nor silent stars above.

Alas! that round the human soul  
 The cords of earth should bind,  
 That they should bind in darkness down  
 The light discerning mind—  
 That all its freshness, freedom, gone,  
 Its destiny, forgot,  
 It should in gloomy discontent  
 Bewail its bitter lot.

But Eva while she turned the wheel,  
 Or toiled in homely guise,  
 With buoyant heart was all abroad,  
 Beneath the pleasant skies;  
 And sang all day from joy of heart,  
 For joy that in her dwelt,  
 That unconfined the soul went forth—  
 Such blessedness she felt.

All lowly and familiar things  
 In earth, or air, or sky,  
 A lesson brought to Eva's mind  
 Of import deep and high:  
 She learned, from blossom in the wild,  
 From bird upon the wing,  
 From silence and the midnight stars,  
 Truth dwelt in every thing.

The careless winds that round her played  
 Brought voices to her ear,  
 But Eva, pure in thought and soul,  
 Dreamed never once of fear—  
 The whispered words of angel lips  
 She heard in forest wild,  
 And many a holy spell they wrought,  
 About the Sinless Child.

And much she loved the forest walk,  
 Where round the shadows fell,  
 The solitude of mountain height,  
 Or green and lovely dell—  
 The brook dispensing verdure round,  
 And singing on its way;  
 Now coyly hid in fringe of green,  
 Now sparkling in its play.

She early marked the butterfly,  
 That gay mysterious thing,  
 That, bursting from its prison-house  
 Appeared on golden wing—  
 It had no voice to speak delight,  
 Yet on the flowret's breast,  
 She saw it mute and motionless,  
 In long, long rapture rest.

She said, that while the little shroud  
 Beneath the casement hung,  
 A kindly spirit lingered near,  
 As lightly there it swung;  
 That music sweet and low was heard  
 To hail its perfect life—  
 And Eva felt that insect strange  
 With wondrous truth was rife.

It crawled no more a sluggish thing  
 Upon the noisome earth;  
 A brief, brief sleep, and then she saw  
 A new and radiant birth—  
 And thus she learned without a doubt,  
 That man from death would rise  
 As did the butterfly on wings,  
 To claim its native skies.

The rainbow, bending o'er the storm,  
 A beauteous language told;  
 For angels, twined with loving arms,  
 She plainly might behold—  
 And in their glorious robes they bent  
 To earth in wondrous love,  
 As they would lure the human soul  
 To brighter things above.

The bird would leave the rocking branch  
 Upon her hand to sing,  
 And upward turn its fearless eye  
 And plume its glossy wing—  
 And Eva listened to its song,  
 Till all the sense concealed  
 In that deep gushing forth of joy,  
 Became to her revealed.

And when the bird would build its nest,  
 A spirit from above  
 Directed all the pretty work,  
 And filled its heart with love.  
 And she within the nest would peep  
 Its colored eggs to see,  
 But never touch the pretty thing,  
 For a thoughtful child was she.

Much Eva loved the twilight hour,  
 When shadows gather round,  
 And softer sings the little bird,  
 And insect from the ground—  
 She felt that this within the heart  
 Must be the hour of prayer,  
 For earth in its deep quietude  
 Did own its Maker there.

The still moon in the saffron sky  
 Hung out her silver thread,  
 And the bannered clouds in gorgeous folds  
 A mantle round her spread.  
 The gentle stars came smiling out  
 Upon the brilliant sky,  
 That looked a meet and glorious dome,  
 For worship pure and high;

And Eva lingered, though the gloom  
 Had deepened into shade;  
 And many thought that spirits came  
 To teach the Sinless Maid;  
 For oft her mother sought the child  
 Amid the forest glade,  
 And marvelled that in darksome glen,  
 So tranquilly she stayed.

For every jagged limb to her  
 A shadowy semblance hath,

Of spectres and distorted shapes,  
That frown upon her path  
And mock her with their hideous eyes :  
For when the soul is blind  
To freedom, truth, and inward light,  
Vague fears debase the mind.

But Eva, like a dreamer waked,  
Looked off upon the hill,  
And murmured words of strange, sweet sound,  
As if there lingered still  
Ethereal forms with whom she talked,  
Unseen by all beside ;  
And she, with earnest looks, besought  
The vision to abide.

Oh Mother ! Mother ! do not speak,  
Or all will pass away—  
The spirits leave the green-hill side,  
Where light the breezes play—  
They sport no more by ringing brook,  
With flowrets dreaming by ;  
Nor float upon the fleecy cloud  
That steals along the sky.

It grieves me much they never will  
A human look abide,  
But veil themselves in silver mist  
By vale or mountain side.

I feel their presence round me still,  
Though none to sight appear ;  
I feel the motion of their wings,  
Their whispered language hear.

With silvery robe, and wings outspread,  
They passed me even now ;  
And gems and starry diadems,  
Decked every radiant brow.

Intent were each on some kind work  
Of pity or of love,  
Dispensing from their healing wings  
The blessings from above ;

For angels fold their wings of love  
Round hearts surcharged with woe,  
And fan with balmy wing the eye  
Whence tears of sorrow flow :  
And bear, in golden censers up,  
That sacred thing, a tear ;  
By which is registered the griefs,  
Hearts may have suffered here.

All holy things they upward bear,  
Of bleeding hearts the sigh,  
The groan wrung out by penitence,  
Bowed down with burning eye.

That proof of thought when first the babe  
Smiles to the lip that smiled ;  
And the first warm prayer that upward steals  
From the heart of the little child.

I would, dear Mother, thou could'st see  
Within this darksome veil,  
That hides the spirit-land from thee,  
And makes our sunlight pale—  
The toil of earth, its doubt and care,  
Would trifles seem to thee ;  
Repose would rest upon thy soul,  
And holy mystery.

Thou would'st behold protecting care  
To shield thee on thy way—  
And ministers to guard thy feet,  
Least erring, they should stray.

And order, sympathy and love,  
Would open to thine eye,

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From simplest creatures of the earth  
To seraphs throned on high.

E'en now I marked a radiant throng,  
On pinions sailing by,  
To soothe with hope the trembling heart,  
And cheer the dying eye ;  
They smiling passed the lesser sprites,  
Each on his work intent ;  
And love, and holy joy, I saw  
In every face were bleat.

The meek-eyed violets smiling bowed—  
For angels sported by—  
Rolling in balls the fragrant dew  
To scent the evening sky.

They kissed the rose in love and mirth,  
And its petals fairer grew—  
A shower of pearly dust they brought,  
And over the lily threw.

A host flew over the mowing field,  
And they were showering down  
The little drops on the tender grass,  
Like diamonds o'er it thrown ;  
They gem'd each leaf and quivering spear  
With pearls of liquid dew,  
And bathed the stately forest tree,  
Till its robe was fresh and new.

I saw a meek-eyed angel curve  
The tulip's painted cup,  
And bless with one soft kiss the urn :  
Then fold its petals up.

Another rocked the young bird's nest  
As high on a branch it hung.  
And the tinkling dew-drops rattled down  
Where the old dry leaf was flung.

Each and all, as its task is done,  
Soars up with a joyous eye,  
Bearing aloft some treasured gift—  
An offering to God on high.

They bear the breath of the odorous flower,  
The sound of the pearly shell ;  
And thus they add to the holy joys  
Of the home where spirits dwell.

## OUR NAVY.

### JUDGE ABEL P. UPSHUR AND HIS REPORT.\*

There has never been a time, since the war, when public attention was more steadfastly fixed, than it now is, upon the Navy. Indeed, the maritime relations of the country were never more commanding than they are at present. Every one who has reflected at all upon the subject, now admits, that the Navy is the rightful protector of these relations in peace, their best defender in war, and the main bulwark of this nation both in peace and in war.

The inflated bubble of credit and speculation, which was blown to bursting in 1837, has been pricked ; and with it, has disappeared that wild spirit of extravagance, which rioted in Bank Parlours,

\* Report of the Secretary of the Navy. Dec. 4, 1841. Second Session, 27th Congress. House of Representatives, Doc. No. 2.

trust of instructing their beloved children—aye, and ever afterwards, as long as the parental voice has any influence on their hearts or understandings. Let this be faithfully done by all; and many of you here present may yet live to see our good old mother Virginia rise, as it were, from the grave of her fallen fortunes, and once more resume that exalted rank which she formerly held, with so much true glory and honor to herself, and such real, substantial, lasting good to every portion of our beloved country.

As for the old man who is now about to bid you farewell, it will suffice for him, if he may enjoy, before he sinks into his grave, even the slightest glimpse or foretaste of the countless blessings which a sound and efficient system of popular education, founded on religion, will insure to his dear native State, and will continue to insure to each succeeding generation of her children, until time shall be no more.

## THE SINLESS CHILD.

### A POEM, IN SEVEN PARTS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

#### PART III.

The grace of the soul is sure to impart expressiveness and beauty to the face. It must beam through its external veil; and daily, as the material becomes subordinate to the spiritual, will its transparency increase. Eva was lovely, for the spirit of love folded its wings upon her breast. All nature administered to her beauty; and angelic teachings revealed whence came the power that winneth all hearts. The mother is aware of the spell resting upon her daughter, or rather that which seemed a spell to her, but which in truth was nothing more than fidelity to the rights of the soul, obedience to the voice uttered in that holy of holies. Unable to comprehend the truthfulness of her character, she almost recoils from its gentle revealments. Alas! that to assimilate to the good and the beautiful should debar us from human sympathy. Eva walked in an atmosphere of light, and images of surpassing sweetness were ever presented to her eye. The dark and distorted shapes that haunt the vision of the unenlightened and the erring, dared not approach her. She wept over the blindness of her mother, and tenderly revealed to her the great truths pressed upon her own mind, and the freedom and the light in which the soul might be preserved. She blamed not the errors into which weak humanity is prone to be betrayed, but deplored that it should thus blind its own spiritual vision, thus impress dark and ineffaceable characters upon the soul; thus sink, where it should soar.

As years passed on, no wonder, each  
An inward grace revealed;  
For where the soul is peace and love,  
It may not be concealed.  
They stamp a beauty on the brow,  
A softness on the face,  
And give to every wavy line  
A tenderness and grace.

Long golden hair in many curls  
Waved o'er young Eva's brow;  
Imparted depth to her soft eye,  
And pressed her neck of snow:  
Her cheek was pale with lofty thought,  
And calm her maiden air;  
And all who heard her birdlike voice,  
Felt harmony was there.

And winning were her household ways,  
Her step was prompt and light,  
To save her mother's weary tread  
Till came the welcome night;  
And though the toil might useless be,  
The housewife's busy skill,  
Enough for Eva that it bore  
Inscribed a mother's will;

For humble things exalted grow  
By sentiment impressed;  
The love that bathes the way-worn feet,  
Or leans upon the breast.  
For love, whate'er its offering be,  
Lives in a hallowed air,  
And holy hearts before its shrine,  
Alone may worship there.

Young Eva's cheek was lily pale,  
Her look was scarce of earth,  
And doubtfully the mother spoke,  
Who gave to Eva birth—  
"O Eva, leave thy thoughtful ways,  
And dance and sing, my child;  
For thy pallid cheek is tinged with blue—  
Thy words are strange and wild.

Thy father died, a widow left,  
An orphan birth was thine,  
I longed to see thy baby eyes  
Look upward into mine.  
I hoped upon thy infant face,  
Thy father's look to see—  
But Eva, Eva, sadly strange  
Are all thy ways to me.

E'en when a child, thy look did hold  
Communion with the sky,  
Too tranquil are thy maiden ways;  
The glances of thine eye  
Are such as make me turn away,  
E'en with a shuddering dread,  
As if my very soul might be  
By thy pure spirit read."

Slow swelled a tear from Eva's lid,—  
She kissed her mother's cheek—  
She answered with an earnest look,  
And accents low and meek:—  
"Dear mother, why should mortals seek  
Emotions to conceal?  
As if to be revealed were worse  
Than inwardly to feel.

The human eye I may not fear—  
It is the light within,  
That traces on the growing soul  
All thought, and every sin.  
That mystic book, the human soul,  
Where every trace remains,—  
The record of all thoughts and deeds—  
The record of all stains.

Dear mother! in ourselves is hid  
The holy spirit-land,  
And thought, the flaming cherub, stands  
With its recording hand.  
We feel the pang when that dread sword  
Inscribes the hidden sin,  
And turneth every where to guard  
The paradise within."

"Nay, Eva, leave these solemn words,  
Fit for a churchman's tongue,

And let me see thee deck thy hair,  
A maiden blithe and young.  
When others win admiring eyes,  
And looks that speak of love,  
Why dost thou stand in thoughtful guise?  
So cold and tranquil move?

Thy beauty sure should win for thee  
Full many a lover's sigh,  
But on thy brow there is no pride,  
Nor in thy placid eye.  
Dear Eva! learn to look and love,  
And claim a lover's prayer,  
Thou art too cold for one so young,  
So gentle and so fair."

"Nay, mother! I must be alone,  
With no companion here,  
None, none to joy when I am glad,  
With me to shed a tear;  
For who would clasp a maiden's hand  
In grot or sheltering grove,  
If one unearthly gift should bar  
All sympathy and love!  
Such gift is mine, the gift of thought,  
Whence all will shrink away—  
E'en thou from thy poor child dost turn,  
With doubting and dismay.  
And who shall love, and who shall trust,  
Since she who gave me birth,  
Knows not the child that prattled once  
Beside her lonely hearth?

I would I were, for thy dear sake,  
What thou would'st have me be;  
Thou dost not comprehend the bliss  
That's given unto me;  
That union of the thought and soul  
With all that's good and bright,  
The blessedness of earth and sky,  
The growing truth and light.

That reading of all hidden thought—  
All mystery of life—  
Its many hopes, its many fears,  
Its sorrow and its strife.  
A spirit to behold in all,  
To guide, admonish, cheer—  
Forever in all time and place,  
To feel an angel near."

"Dear Eva! lean upon my breast,  
And let me press thy hand,  
That I may hear thee talk awhile  
Of thy own spirit-land.  
And yet I would the pleasant sun  
Here shining in the sky,  
The blithe birds singing through the air,  
And busy life, were by.

For when in converse, like to this,  
Thy low, sweet voice I hear,  
Strange shudderings o'er my senses creep,  
Like touch of spirits near—  
And fearful grow familiar things,  
In silence and the night—  
The cricket piping in the hearth,  
Half fills me with affright.

I hear the old trees creak and sway,  
And shiver in the blast;  
I hear the wailing of the wind,  
As if the dead swept past.

Dear Eva! 'tis a world of gloom,  
The grave is dark and drear,  
We scarce begin to taste of life  
Ere death is standing near."

Then Eva kissed her mother's cheek,  
And look'd with saddened smile  
Upon her terror-stricken face,  
And talked with her the while—  
And Oh! her face was pale and sweet,  
Though deep, deep thought was there,  
And sadly calm her low-toned voice  
For one so young and fair.

"Nay mother, everywhere is hid  
A beauty and delight—  
The shadow lies upon the heart—  
The gloom upon the sight—  
Send but the spirit on its way  
Communion high to hold,  
And bursting from the earth and sky,  
A glory we behold.

And did we but our primal state  
Of purity retain,  
We might as in our Eden days,  
With angels walk again.  
And memories strange of other times  
Would break upon the mind,  
The linkings, that the present join  
To what is left behind.

The little child in its first state  
A holy impress bears—  
The signet mark by heaven affixed  
Upon his forehead wears—  
And nought that impress can efface,  
Save his own wilful sin,  
Which first begins to draw the veil  
That shuts the spirit in.

And one by one its lights decay,  
Its visions tend to earth,  
Till all those holy forms have fled  
That gathered round his birth;  
Or dim and faintly may they come  
Like memories of a dream—  
Or come to blanch his cheek with fear,  
So shadow-like they seem.

And thus all doubtfully he lives  
Amid his gloomy fears,  
And feels within his inmost soul,  
Earth is a vale of tears:  
And scarce his darkened thoughts may trace  
The mystery within;  
For darkly gleams the spirit forth  
When shadowed o'er by sin.

Unrobed, majestic, should the soul  
Before its God appear,  
Undim'd the image He affix'd,  
Unknowing doubt or fear—  
And open converse should he hold,  
With meek and trusting brow;  
Such as man was in Paradise  
He may be even now.

But when the deathless soul is sunk  
To depths of guilt and woe,  
It then a dark communion holds  
With spirits from below."  
And Eva shuddered as she told  
How every heaven-born trace

Of goodness in the human soul  
Might wickedness efface.

Alas! unknowing what he doth,  
A judgment-seat man rears,  
A stern tribunal throned within,  
Before which he appears;  
And conscience, minister of wrath,  
Approves him or condemns,  
He knoweth not the fearful risk,  
Who inward light contemns.

"O veil thy face, pure child of God,"  
With solemn tone she said,  
"And judge not thou, but lowly weep,  
That virtue should be dead.  
Weep thou with prayer and holy fear,  
That o'er thy brother's soul,  
Effacing life, and light and love,  
Polluting waves should roll.

Weep for the fettered slave of sense,  
For passion's minion weep—  
For him who nurturcth the worm,  
In death that may not sleep;  
And tears of blood, if it may be,  
For him, who plunged in guilt,  
Perils his own and victim's soul,  
When human blood is spilt.

For him no glory may abide  
In earth or tranquil sky—  
Fearful to him the human face,  
The searching human eye.  
A light beams on him everywhere;  
Revealing in its ray,  
An erring, terror-stricken soul,  
Launched from its orb away.

Turn where he will, all day he meets  
That cold and leaden stare;  
His victim pale, and bathed in blood,  
Is with him everywhere;  
He sees that shape upon the cloud,  
It glares from up the brook—  
The mist upon the mountain side,  
Assumes that fearful look.

He sees, in every simple flower,  
Those dying eyes gleam out;  
And starts to hear that dying groan,  
Amid some merry shout.  
The phantom comes to chill the warmth  
Of every sunlight ray,  
He feels it slowly glide along,  
Where forest shadows play.

And when the solemn night comes down,  
With silence dark and drear,  
His curdling blood and crawling hair  
Attest the victim near.  
With hideous dreams and terrors wild,  
His brain from sleep is kept—  
For on his pillow, side by side,  
That gory form hath slept."

"O Eva, Eva, say no more,  
For I am filled with fear;  
Dim shadows move along the wall;  
Dost thou not see them here?—  
Dost thou not mark the gleams of light,  
The shadowy forms move by?"  
"Yes, mother, beautiful to see!  
And they are always nigh.

Oh, would the veil for thee were raised  
That hides the spirit-land—  
For we are spirits draped in flesh,  
Communing with that band;  
And it were weariness to me,  
Were only human eyes  
To meet my own with tenderness,  
In earth or pleasant skies."

#### PART IV.

The widow, awe-struck at the revelations of her daughter, is desirous to learn more; for it is the nature of the soul to search into its own mysteries: however dim may be its spiritual perception, it still earnestly seeks to look into the deep and the hidden. The light is within itself, and it becomes more and more clear at every step of its progress, in search of the true and the beautiful. The widow, hardly discerning this light, which is to grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day, calls for the material lights that minister to the external eye; that thus she may be hid from those other lights that delight the vision of her child. Eva tells of that mystic book—the human soul—upon which, thoughts, shaped into deeds, whether externally or only in its own secret chambers, inscribes a character that must be eternal. But it is not every character that is thus clearly defined as good or evil. Few indeed seize upon thought, and bring its properties palpably before them. Impressions come and go with a sort of lethargic indifference, leaving no definite lines behind, but only a moral haziness. The widow recollects the story of old Richard, and Eva supplies portions unknown to her mother, and enlarges upon the power of conscience, that fearful judge placed by the Infinite within the soul, with the two-fold power of decision, and punishment.

"Then trim the lights, my strange, strange child,  
And let the faggots glow;  
For more of these mysterious things  
I fear, yet long, to know.  
I glory in thy lofty thought,  
Thy beauty and thy worth,  
But, Eva, I should love thee more,  
Did'st thou seem more like earth."

A pang her words poor Eva gave,  
And tears were in her eye—  
She kissed her mother's anxious brow,  
And answered with a sigh:—  
"Alas! I may not hope on earth  
Companionship to find,  
Alone must be the pure in heart,  
Alone the great in mind.

We toil for earth, its shadowy veil  
Envelops soul and thought,  
And hides that discipline and life,  
Within our being wrought.  
We chain the thought, we shroud the soul,  
And backward turn our glance,  
When onward should its vision be,  
And upward its advance.

I may not scorn the spirit's rights,  
For I have seen it rise,  
All written o'er with thought, thought, thought—  
As with a thousand eyes—  
The records dark of other years,  
All uneffaced remain;  
Unchecked desire, forgotten long,  
With its eternal stain.

Recorded thoughts, recorded deeds,  
Its character attest—  
No garment hides the startling truth,  
Nor screens the naked breast.  
The thought, fore-shaping evil deeds,  
The spirit may not hide—  
It stands amid that searching light,  
Which sin may not abide.

And never may the spirit turn  
From that effulgent ray,  
It lives forever in the glare  
Of an eternal day;  
Lives in that penetrating light,  
A kindred glow to raise,  
Or every withering sin to trace  
Within its searching blaze.

Few, few the shapely temple rear,  
For God's abiding place—  
That mystic temple, where no sound  
Within the hallowed space  
Reveals the skill of builder's hand—  
Yet with a silent care  
That holy temple riseth up,  
And God is dwelling there.

Then never weep when the infant lies  
In its small grave to rest,  
With the scented flowerets springing up  
From out its baby breast;  
A pure, pure soul to earth was given,  
Yet may not thus remain;  
Rejoice that it is rendered back,  
Without a single stain.

Bright cherubs bear the babe away  
With many a fond embrace,  
And beauty, all unknown to earth,  
Upon its features trace.  
They teach it knowledge from the fount,  
And holy truth and love;  
The songs of praise the infant learns,  
As angels sing above."

The widow rose, and on the blaze  
The crackling faggots threw—  
And then to her maternal breast  
Her gentle daughter drew.  
"Dear Eva! when old Richard died,  
In madness fierce and wild,  
Why did he in his phrenzy rave  
About a murdered child!

He died in beggary and rags,  
Friendless and grey, and old;  
Yet he was once a thriving man,  
Light-hearted, too, I'm told.  
Dark deeds were whispered years ago,  
But nothing came to light;  
He seemed the victim of a spell,  
That nothing would go right.

His young wife died, and her last words  
Were breathed to him alone,  
But 'twas a piteous sound to hear  
Her faint, heart-rending moan.  
Some thought, in dreams he had divulged  
A secret hidden crime,  
Which she concealed with breaking heart,  
Unto her dying time.

From that day forth he never smiled;  
Morose and silent grown,

He wandered unfrequented ways,  
A moody man and lone.  
The schoolboy shuddered in the wood,  
When he old Richard passed,  
And hurried on, while fearful looks  
He o'er his shoulder cast.

And nought could lure him from his mood,  
Save his own trusting child,  
Who climb'd the silent father's neck,  
And kissed his cheek and smiled.  
That gentle boy, unlike a child,  
Companions never sought—  
Content to share his father's crust,  
His father's gloomy lot.

With weary foot and tattered robe,  
Beside him, day by day,  
He roamed the forest and the hill,  
And o'er the rough highway;  
And he would prattle all the time  
Of things to childhood sweet;  
Of singing bird, of lovely flower,  
That sprang beneath their feet.

Sometimes he chid the moody man,  
With childhood's fond appeal:—  
'Dear father, talk to me awhile—  
How very lone I feel!  
My mother used to smile so sad,  
And talk and kiss my cheek,  
And sing to me such pretty songs;  
So low and gently speak.'

Then Richard took him in his arms  
With passionate embrace,  
And with an aching tenderness  
He gazed upon his face;—  
Tears rushed unto his glazed eyes,  
He murmured soft and wild,  
And kissed with more than woman's love,  
The fond but frightened child.

He died, that worn and weary boy;  
And those that saw him die,  
Said, on his father's rigid brow,  
Was fixed his fading eye.  
His little stiffening hand was laid  
Within poor Richard's grasp;—  
And when he stooped for one last kiss,  
He took his dying gasp.

It crazed his brain, poor Richard rose  
A maniac fierce and wild,  
Who mouthed, and muttered every where,  
About a murdered child."  
"And well he might," young Eva said,  
"For conscience, day by day,  
Commenced that retribution here,  
That filled him with dismay.

Unwedded, but a mother grown,  
Poor Lucy pressed her child,  
With blushing cheek and drooping lid,  
And lip that never smiled.  
Their wants were few; but Richard's purse  
Must buy them daily bread,  
And fain would Lucy have been laid  
In silence with the dead.

For want, and scorn, and blighted fame  
Had done the work of years,  
And oft she knelt in lowly prayer  
In penitence and tears—



That undesired child of shame,  
Brought comfort to her heart,  
A childlike smile to her pale lip,  
By its sweet baby art.

And yet, as years their passage told,  
Faint shadows slowly crept  
Upon the blighted maiden's mind,  
That oft she knelt and wept  
Unknowing why, her wavy form  
So thin and reed-like grew,  
And so appealing her blue eyes,  
They tears from others drew.

Years passed away, and, Lucy's child  
A noble stripling grown;  
A daring boy with chestnut hair,  
And eyes of changing brown,  
Had won the love of every heart,  
So gentle was his air—  
All felt, whate'er might be his birth,  
A stainless heart was there.

The boy was missing, none could tell  
Where last he had been seen;—  
They searched the river many a day,  
And every forest screen—  
But never more his filial voice  
Poor Lucy's heart might cheer;  
Pale in her grief, and dull with woe,  
She never shed a tear.

And every day, whate'er the sky,  
With head upon her knees,  
And hair neglected, streaming out  
Upon the passing breeze,  
She sat beneath a slender tree  
That near the river grew,  
And on the stream its pendent limbs  
Their penciled shadows threw.

The matron left her busy toil,  
And called the child from play,  
And gifts for that lone mourner there  
She sent with him away.  
The boy with nuts and fruit returned,  
He sought in forest deep,  
A portion of his little store  
Would for poor Lucy keep.

That tree with wonder, all beheld,  
Its growth was strange and rare;  
The wintry winds, that wailing passed,  
Scarce left its branches bare,  
And round its roots a verdant spot  
Knew neither change nor blight,  
And so poor Lucy's resting place  
Was always green and bright.

Some said its bole more rapid grew  
From Lucy's bleeding heart,  
For, sighs from out the heart, 'tis said,  
A drop of blood will start.\*

\* It is a common belief amongst the vulgar, that a sigh always forces a drop of blood from the heart, and many curious stories are told to that effect; as, for instance: a man wishing to be rid of his wife, in order to marry one more seductive, promised her the gift of six new dresses, and sundry other articles of female finery, provided she would sigh three times every morning before breakfast, for three months. She complied, and before the time had expired, was in her grave. Many others of a like import might be recorded.

It was an instinct deep and high  
That led that mother there,  
And that tall tree aspiring grew,  
By more than dew or air.

The winds were hushed, the little bird  
Scarce gave a nestling sound,  
The warm air slept along the hill,  
The blossoms drooped around;  
The shrill-toned insect scarcely stirred  
The dry and crisped leaf—  
The laborer laid his sickle down  
Beside the bending sheaf.

A dark, portentous cloud is seen  
To mount the eastern sky,  
The deep-toned thunder rolling on,  
Proclaims the tempest nigh.  
And now it breaks with deafening crash,  
And lightnings livid glow;  
The torrents leap from mountain crags  
And wildly dash below.

Behold the tree! its strength is bowed,  
A shattered mass it lies.  
What brings old Richard to the spot,  
With wild and blood-shot eyes?  
Poor Lucy's form is lifeless there,  
And yet he turns away,  
To where a heap of mouldering bones  
Beneath the strong roots lay.

Why takes he up, with shrivelled hands,  
The riven root and stone,  
And spreads them with a trembling haste  
Upon each damp, grey bone?  
It may not be, the whirlwind's rage  
Again hath left them bare—  
Earth hides no more the horrid truth,  
A murdered child lies there.

Of wife, and child, and friends bereft—  
And all that inward light,  
Which calmly guides the white-haired man,  
Who listens to the right;  
Old Richard laid him down to die,  
Himself his only foe,—  
His wronged nature groaning out  
Its weight of inward woe."

#### PART V.

The storm is raging without the dwelling of the widow, but all is tranquil within. Eva hath gone forth in spiritual vision, and beheld the cruelty engendered by wealth and luxury—the cruelty of a selfish and unsympathizing heart. She relates what she has seen to her mother. Certain qualities of the heart are of such a nature, that, when in excess, they shape themselves into appropriate forms, and thus haunt the vision. The injurer is always fearful of the injured. No wrong is ever done with a sense of security; far less wrong to the innocent and unoffending. The little child is a mystery of gentleness and love, while it is preserved in its own atmosphere; and it is a fearful thing to turn its young heart to bitterness; to infuse sorrow and fear, where the elements should be only joy and faith.

The loud winds rattled at the door—  
The shutters creaked and shook,  
While Eva, by the cottage hearth,  
Sat with abstracted look.  
With every gust, the big rain-drops  
Upon the casement beat,—

How doubly, on a night like this,  
Are home and comfort sweet !

The maiden slowly raised her eyes,  
And pressed her pallid brow :—  
" Dear mother ! I have been far hence ;  
My sight is absent now,—  
O mother ! 'tis a fearful thing,  
A human heart to wrong—  
To plant a sadness on the lip,  
Where smiles and peace belong.

In selfishness or callous pride,  
The sacred tear to start—  
Or lightest finger dare to press  
Upon the burdened heart.  
And doubly fearful, when a child  
Lifts its imploring eye,  
And deprecates the cruel wrath  
With childhood's pleading cry.

The child is made for smiles and joy,  
Sweet emigrant from heaven—  
The sinless brow and trusting heart,  
To lure us there, were given.  
Then who shall dare its simple faith  
And loving heart to chill—  
Or its meek, upward, beaming eye  
With sorrowing tears to fill !

I look within a gorgeous room—  
A lofty dame behold—  
A lady with forbidding air,  
And forehead, high and cold—  
I hear an infant's plaintive voice,  
For grief hath brought it fears—  
None soothe it with a kind caress,  
Nor wipe away its tears.

His sister hears with pitying heart  
Her brother's wailing cry,  
And to the stately matron turns  
Her earnest, tearful eye.  
" O mother, chilling is the air,  
And fearful is the night—  
Dear brother fears to be alone—  
I'll bring him to the light.

On our dead mother hear him call ;  
I hear him weeping say,  
Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek,  
And wipe his tears away.  
Red grew the lady's brow with rage,  
And yet she feels a strife,  
Of anger and of terror too,  
At thought of that dead wife.

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,  
The watch-dog howls with fear—  
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall :  
What form is gliding near ?  
No latch is raised, no step is heard,  
But a phantom glides within,—  
A sheeted spectre from the dead,  
With a cold and leaden skin.

What boots it that no other eye  
Beheld the shade appear !  
The guilty lady's guilty soul  
Beheld it plain and clear,—  
It slowly glides within the room,  
And sadly looks around—  
And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek,  
With lips that gave no sound.

Then softly on the lady's arm  
She laid a death-cold hand—  
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh  
Like to a burning brand.  
And gliding on with noiseless foot,  
O'er winding stair and hall,  
She nears the chamber where is heard  
Her infant's trembling call.

She smoothed the pillow where he lay,  
She warmly tucked the bed—  
She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls  
That clustered round his head.  
The child, caressed, unknowing fear,  
Hath nestled him to rest ;  
The mother folds her wings beside—  
The mother from the blest.

Fast by the eternal throne of God  
Celestial beings stand,—  
Beings, who guide the little child  
With kind and loving hand—  
And woe to him who dares to turn  
The infant foot aside,—  
Or shroud the light that ever should  
Within his soul abide."

## PART VI.

It is the noon of summer, and the noonday of Eva's earthly existence. She hath held communion with all that is great and beautiful in nature, till it hath become a part of her being ; till her spirit hath acquired strength and maturity, and been reared to a beautiful and harmonious temple, in which the true and the good delight to dwell. Then cometh the mystery of womanhood ; its gentle going forth of the affections seeking for that holiest of companion ship, a kindred spirit, responding to all its finer essences, and yet lifting it above itself. Eva had listened to this voice of her woman's nature ; and sweet visions had visited her pillow. Unknown to the external vision, there was one ever present to the soul ; and when he erred, she had felt a lowly sorrow that, while it still more perfected her own nature, went forth to swell likewise the amount of good in the great universe of God. At length Albert Linne, a gay youth, whose errors are those of an ardent and inexperienced nature, rather than of an assenting will, meets Eva sleeping under the canopy of the great woods, and he is at once awed by the purity that enshrouds her. He is lifted to the contemplation of the good—to a sense of the wants of his better nature. Eva awakes and recognizes the spirit that forever and ever is to be one with hers ; that is to complete that mystic marriage, known in the Paradise of God ; that marriage of soul with soul, that demandeth no external right. Eva the pure minded, the lofty in thought, and great in soul, recoiled not from the errors of him who was to be made mete for the kingdom of Heaven, through her gentle agency ; for the mission of the good and the lovely, is not to the good, but to the sinful. The mission of woman, is to the erring of man.

"Tis the summer prime, when the noiseless air  
In perfumed chalice lies,  
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum  
Beneath the sleeping skies :  
When the brook is low, and the ripples bright,  
As down the stream they go ;  
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,  
And dark and wet below.

The tree that stood where the soil is thin,  
And the bursting rocks appear,

Hath a dry and rusty colored bark,  
And its leaves are curled and sear.  
But the dog-wood and the hazel bush,  
Have clustered round the brook—  
Their roots have stricken deep beneath,  
And they have a verdant look.

To the juicy leaf the grasshopper clings,  
And he gnaws it like a file—  
The naked stalks are withering by,  
Where he has been erewhile.  
The cricket hops on the glistening rock,  
Or pipes in the faded moss—  
From the forest shade the voice is heard  
Of the locust shrill and hoarse.

The widow donn'd her russet robe,  
Her cap of snowy hue,  
And o'er her staid maternal form  
A sober mantle threw;  
And she, while fresh the morning light,  
Hath gone to pass the day,  
And ease an ailing neighbor's pain  
Across the meadow way.

Young Eva closed the cottage door;  
And wooed by bird and flower,  
She loitered on beneath the wood,  
Till came the noon-tide hour.  
The sloping bank is cool and green,  
Beside the tinkling rill;  
The cloud that slumbers in the sky,  
Is painted on the hill.

The angels poised their purple wings  
O'er blossom, brook and dell,  
And loitered in the quiet nook  
As if they loved it well.  
Young Eva laid one snowy arm  
Upon a violet bank,  
And pillow'd there her downy cheek  
While she to slumber sank.

A smile is on her gentle lip,  
For she the angels saw,  
And felt their wings a covert make  
As round her head they draw.  
A maiden's sleep, how pure it is!  
The soul's inwrought repose—  
It enters to its chamber in,  
Then onward stronger goes.

A huntsman's whistle, and anon  
The dogs come fawning round—  
And now they raise the pendent ear,  
And crouch along the ground.  
The hunter leapt the shrunken brook,  
The dogs hold back with awe,  
For they upon the violet bank  
The slumbering maiden saw.

A reckless youth was Albert Linne,  
With licensed oath and jest,  
Who little cared for woman's fame,  
Or peaceful maiden's rest.  
Light things to him, were broken vows—  
The blush, the sigh, the tear;  
What hinders he should steal a kiss.  
From sleeping damsel here?

He looks, yet stays his eager foot;  
For, on that spotless brow,  
And that closed lid, a something rests  
He never saw till now;

He gazes, yet he shrinks with awe  
From that fair wondrous face,  
Those limbs so quietly disposed,  
With more than maiden grace.

He seats himself upon the bank  
And turns his face away—  
And Albert Linne, the hair-brained youth,  
Wished in his heart to pray.  
But thronging came his former life,  
What once he called delight—  
The goblet, oath, and stolen joy,  
How palled they on the sight.

He looked within his very soul,  
Its hidden chamber saw,  
Inscribed with records dark and deep  
Of many a broken law.  
No more he thinks of maiden fair,  
No more of ravished kiss—  
Forgets he that pure sleeper nigh  
Hath brought his thoughts to this.

Now Eva opes her childlike eyes  
And lifts her tranquil head,  
And Albert, like a guilty thing,  
Had from her presence fled.  
But Eva held her kindly hand  
And bade him stay awhile;—  
He dared not look upon her eyes,  
He only marked her smile;

And that, so pure and winning beamed,  
So calm and holy too,  
That o'er his troubled thoughts at once  
A quiet charm it threw.  
Light thoughts, light words were all forgot—  
He breathed a holier air—  
He felt the power of womanhood—  
Its purity was there.

And soft beneath their silken fringe  
Beamed Eva's dovelike eyes—  
In hue and softness made to hold  
Communion with the skies.  
Her gentle voice a part did seem,  
Of air, and brook, and bird—  
And Albert listened, as if he  
Such music only heard.

O Eva! thou the pure in heart,  
Why falls thy trembling voice?  
A blush is on thy maiden cheek,  
And yet thine eyes rejoice.  
Another glory wakes for thee  
Where'er thine eyes may rest;  
And deeper, holier thoughts arise  
Within thy peaceful breast.

Thine eyelids droop in tenderness,  
New smiles thy lips combine,  
For thou dost feel another soul  
Is blending into thine.  
Thou upward raises thy meek eyes,  
And it is sweet to thee;  
To feel the weakness of thy sex,  
Is more than majesty.

To feel thy shrinking nature claim  
The stronger arm and brow—  
Thy weapons, smiles, and tears, and prayers,  
And blushes such as now.  
A woman, gentle Eva thou,  
Thy lot were incomplete,

Did not all sympathies of soul  
Within thy being meet.

Those deep dark eyes, that open brow,  
That proud and manly air,  
How have they mingled with thy dreams  
And with thine earnest prayer!  
And how hast thou, all timidly,  
Cast down thy maiden eye,  
When visions have revealed to thee  
That figure standing nigh!

Two spirits launched companionless,  
A kindred essence sought—  
And one in all its wanderings  
Of such as Eva thought.  
The good, the beautiful, the true,  
Should nestle in his heart—  
Should lure him by her gentle voice,  
To choose the better part.

Her trusting hand, young Eva laid  
In that of Albert Linne,  
And for one trembling moment turned  
Her gentle thoughts within.  
Deep tenderness was in the glance  
That rested on his face,  
As if her woman-heart had found  
Its own abiding place.

And when she turned her to depart  
Her voice more liquid fell—  
“Dear youth, thy thoughts and mine are one,  
When I have said farewell!  
Our souls must mingle evermore;—  
Thy thoughts of love and me,  
Will, as a light, thy footsteps guide  
To life and mystery.”

And then she bent her timid eyes,  
And as beside she knelt,  
The pressure of her sinless lips  
Upon his brow he felt.  
Low, heart-breathed words she uttered then:  
For him she breathed a prayer;—  
He turned to look upon her face,—  
The maiden was not there.

#### PART VII.

Eva hath fulfilled her destiny. Material things can no further minister to the growth of her spirit. That waking of the soul to its own deep mysteries—its oneness with another, has been accomplished. A human soul is perfected. Sorrow and pain—hope, with its kin-spirit fear, are not for the sinless. She hath walked in an atmosphere of light, and her faith hath looked within the veil. The true woman, with woman's love and gentleness, and trust and childlike simplicity, yet with all her noble aspirations and spiritual discernments, she hath known them all without sin, and sorrow may not visit such. She ceased to be present—she passed away like the petal that hath dropped from the rose—like the last sweet note of the singing-bird, or the dying close of the wind harp. Eva is the lost pleiad in the sky of womanhood. Has her spirit ceased to be upon the earth? Does it not still brood over our woman hearts?—and doth not her voice blend ever with the sweet voices of Nature? Eva, mine own, my beautiful, I may not say farewell.

'Twas night—bright beamed the silver moon,  
And all the stars were out;  
The widow heard within the dell  
Sweet voices all about.

The loitering winds were made to sound  
Her sinless daughter's name,  
While to the roof a rare toned-bird  
With wondrous music came.

And long it sat upon the roof  
And poured its mellow song,  
That rose upon the stilly air,  
And swelled the vales along.  
It was no earthly thing she deemed,  
That, in the clear moonlight,  
Sat on the lowy cottage roof,  
And charmed the ear of night.\*

The sun is up, the flowrets raise  
Their folded leaves from rest;  
The bird is singing in the branch  
Hard by its dewy nest.  
The spider's thread, from twig to twig,  
Is glittering in the light—  
With dew-drops has the web been hung  
Through all the starry night.

Why tarries Eva long in bed,  
For she is wont to be  
The first to greet the early bird,  
The waking bud to see?  
Why stoops her mother o'er the couch  
With half suppressed breath,  
And lifts the deep-fringed eyelid up?—  
That frozen orb is death.

Why raises she the small pale hand,  
And holds it to the light?  
There is no clear transparent hue  
To meet her dizzy sight.  
She holds the mirror to her lips  
To catch the moistened air:—  
The widowed mother stands alone  
With her dead daughter there.

And yet so placid is the face,  
So sweet its lingering smile,  
That one might deem the sleep to be  
The maiden's playful wile.  
No pain the quiet limbs had racked,  
No sorrow dimm'd the brow—  
So tranquil had the life gone forth,  
She seemed but slumbering now.

They laid her down beside the brook  
Upon the sloping hill,

\* We are indebted to the Aborigines for this beautiful superstition. The Indian believes that if the wekolis or whippoorwill alights upon the roof of his cabin and sings its sweet plaintive song, it portends death to one of its inmates. The omen is almost universally regarded in New-England. The author recollects once hearing an elderly lady relate with singular pathos an incident of the kind. She was blest with a son of rare endowments and great piety. In the absence of his father he was wont to minister at the family altar; and unlike the stern practices of the Pilgrims, from whose stock he was lineally descended, he prostrated himself in prayer in the lowliest humility. It was touching to hear his clear low voice, and see his spiritual face while kneeling at this holy duty.

One quiet moonlight night while thus engaged, the mother's heart sank within her to hear the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill blending with the voice of prayer. It sat upon the roof and continued its song long after the devotions had ceased. The tears rushed to her eyes, and she embraced her son in a transport of grief. She felt it must be ominous. In one week he was borne away, and the daisies grew, and the birds sang over his grave.

And that strange bird with its rare note,  
Is singing o'er her still.

The sunlight warmer loves to rest  
Upon the heaving mound,  
And those unearthly blossoms spring,  
Uncultured from the ground.

There Albert Linne, an altered man,  
Oft bowed in lowly prayer,  
And pondered o'er those mystic words  
Which Eva uttered there.

That pure compassion, angel-like,  
Which touched her soul when he,  
A guilty and heart-stricken man,  
Would from her presence flee.

Her sinless lips from earthly love,  
So tranquil and so free;  
And that low fervent prayer for him,  
She breathed on bended knee.  
As Eva's words and spirit sank  
More deeply in his heart,  
Young Albert Linne went forth to act  
The better human part.

Nor yet alone did Albert strive;—  
For, blending with his own,  
In every voice of prayer or praise  
Was heard young Eva's tone.  
He felt her lips upon his brow,  
Her angel form beside;  
And nestling nearest to his heart,  
Was she, THE SPIRIT-BRIDE.

The Sinless Child, with mission high,  
Awhile to earth was given,  
To show us that our world should be  
The vestibule of Heaven.  
Did we but in the holy light  
Of truth and goodness rise,  
We might communion hold with God  
And spirits from the skies.

### THE 'WHISKER' ORDER.

Beards, the nearer that they tend  
To the earth, become more reverend:  
As cannons shoot the longer stretches,  
The lower you let down their breeches.—*Butler.*

To T. W. WHITE, Esq.

*Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.*

SIR,—A history of the various transformations, to which the human hair has been subjected by the capricious edicts of fashion, would compose a very amusing book; nor would the kindred subject of beards be less fruitful of interest to the curious antiquary. This venerable appendage has, indeed, been the sport of some singular revolutions. A world of learning might be displayed in tracing its "decline and fall"—its origin, its progress—the numberless persecutions it has endured from the prejudices and the tyranny of man—its temporary obscurity for nearly a century past—and its wonderful resuscitation at the present time, when it has sprouted forth with a vigor augmented by the severe pruning, to which it has been so long unjustly exposed. I have not opportunity to explore a field

so varied and extensive; nor, to confess the truth, is my erudition (as the learned Dominie Sampson would say) adequate to the arduous task; but the arbitrary attempt, which, I understand, was lately made by a high dignitary of our land, to curtail and cripple this ancient ornament of the human face, by consigning one moiety of its spreading honors to the tender mercies of the razor, induces me, in default of an abler advocate, to stand forth in its defence, and to vindicate its present dimensions by an appeal to the uniform practice of former ages, through every successive phasis of society.

A certain clergyman, not indeed the most enlightened of his calling, having been sworn to testify in a court of justice, premised the delivery of his evidence with the following formal exordium. "I shall," said he, as if he were about to analyze a text, "divide my testimony into three heads: in the first place, I shall not pretend to repeat the exact words of the parties; in the second place, I shall endeavor to come as near them as I can; and third and lastly, I shall be lengthy."

Now, like this methodical divine, I am a great friend to logical order and arrangement; and I shall, therefore, consider the subject proposed, historically, analytically and politically; politics being, now-a-days, a condiment as essential to give pungency in the productions of the literary caterer, as pepper and salt, are to impart a relish to the *chef-d'œuvres* of cookery. Indeed, such, I believe is the condition of the public palate from over-doses of this agreeable stimulant, that

Its relish grown callous almost to disease,  
Who peppers the highest is surlest to please.

I shall not, at present, disclose the extent, to which I mean to carry the principle contained in the third branch of our worthy clergyman's testimony; but I shall imitate in this respect, the policy of other prudent hucksters, who cautiously conceal an approaching glut of the market, lest they impair the value of their own wares. It were, indeed, impossible to foresee into what vagaries imagination may be seduced on a theme so fruitful in sportive fancies, or what collateral disquisitions may become necessary to illustrate the main subject of inquiry. To impose a limit on my speculations were to surrender the freedom, so essential to the unfettered exercise of the faculties—to put gyes upon the mind—to convert its elastic bound, its natural and graceful curvettings, into the "forced gait of a shuffling nag."

I cannot conceive a "more lame and impotent conclusion" than the *finale* of an orator trammelled by the famous one hour rule—compelled to "check his thunder in mid volley," by the chilling announcement that the brief hour has expired—struck down "with his arm aloft, extended like eternal Jove when guilt brings down the thunder"—his lips suddenly sealed up with the shout of victory