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From Blackwood's Magazine for June. TO MY BABE.—By DELTA.

There is no sound upon the night— As, by the shaded lamp, I trace My babe, in infant beauty bright. The changes of thy sleeping face.

Hallowed forever be the hour To us, throughout all time to come, Which gave us thee—a living flower— To bless and beautify our home.

Thy presence is a charm, which wakes A new creation to my sight; Gives life another look, and makes The withered green, the faded bright.

Pure as a lily of the brook, Heaven's signet on thy forehead lies, And heaven is read in every look, My daughter, of thy soft blue eyes.

In sleep thy little spirit seems To some bright realm to wander back, And seraphs, mingling with thy dreams, Allure thee to their shining track.

Already like a vernal flower I see thee opening to the light, And day by day, and hour by hour, Becoming more divinely bright.

Yet in my gladness stirs a sigh, Even for the blessings of thy birth, Knowing how sins and sorrows try Mankind, and darken o'er the earth!

Ah, little dost thou ween, my child, The dangers of the way before, How rocks to every path are piled, Which few unharmed can clamber o'er.

Sweet bud of beauty! how oft wilt thou Endure the bitter tempest writh, Shall thy blue eyes be dimmed—thy brow Indented by the cares of life?

If years are spared to thee—alas! It may be—ah! it must be so; For all that live and breathe—the glass Which must be quaffed, is drugged with woe.

Yet ah! if prayers could ought avail, So calm thy skies of life should be, That thou shouldst glide beneath the sail Of virtue on a stormless sea!

And ever on thy thoughts, my child, The sacred truth should be impressed— Grief clouds the soul in sin beguiled, Who neth best, God loves best.

Across thy path, Religion's star Should ever shed its healing ray, To lead thee from this world's vain jar, To scenes of peace and purer day.

Shun vice—the breath of her abode Is poisoned, though with roses strewn, And cling to Virtue, though the road Be thorny—boldly travel on!

For thee I ask not riches—thou Wert wealthy with a spotless name; I ask not beauty—for thy brow Is fair as my desires could claim.

Be kind a spirit loathing guile, Kind, independent, pure and free; Be like thy mother,—and thou wilt Be all my soul desires to see!

From the N. Y. Craftsman.

THE MAIL—THE POST OFFICE.

In those two national conveniences are centred as many hopes and fears, anxieties and regrets, sorrows and joys to the components of a community, as minds and hearts are various, or as circumstances and fortunes are susceptible of vicissitudes. The first is the courier that bears in its charge the tidings of the various that dispenses to the anxious multitude, the fulfillment or disappointment of their hopes; that crushes or elevates their sensibilities; or involves in still more heart-sickening vagueness and suspense, the long looked for elucidation of doubt and mysteries. Who does not at the distant sound of the mail-bugle, become hushed, and bless the messenger-breeze that bears along the winged tidings of the faint strains of the trumpet, when the anxious soul as if harrowed up by the thunders or paths of eloquence? Who does not, while impatiently waiting the opening contents, feel his nerves twitch, his heart beat, and his whole soul absorbed and excited in the progressing development of letters, papers, sealed packages, &c. &c. And who does not when the negative nod is given in reply to his inquiries for letters, feel the dull reflux of disappointed expectations settling on his heart and chilling his fervent sympathies.

It is well worth while of the observant, in search of variety and amusement, to stand and watch the goers and comers, at our Post Office, and mark the varied characteristics of the multitude, as their expectations are realized or disappointed. To watch the feverish flush of hope, and the pale revulsion of despair as they rise and roll backward upon the countenance. A single hour of observation, will unfold to the eye, more of human passion, and human sensibility than an age of casual observation in the ordinary scenes of life. For occasional moments passed within the Post Office arch have been amply compensated.

The internally anxious, but placid faced politician came here, to receive despatches, the import of which was to extend to still wider dimensions, or burst the bubble of his little bright hopes, at once. He received with a greedy gaze, the parcel directed to his name, and gazed with anxious scrutiny at the various inscriptions, if possible to identify the hand writing before the seals were burst. The varied hues of gratified or disappointed solicitude, could be traced over the lines of his countenance, as the contents coincided or were at variance to his views and expectations. The smile of exultation, and scowl of displeasure, succeeded each other by turns until the packages

had severally received a glance, when they were re-folded, and the same quiet suavity of aspect returned, and he commenced greeting his by-standing fellows, with the well directed shafts of affected civility and politeness.

"Is there a letter for me?" said a little girl who, apparently had been sent by her mother to receive the long expected epistles.

"No letters for me," replied the clerk. "They never will come," rejoined she, gathering over her shoulders the negligently adjusted shawl, as she descended the step and returned to report to her family the blank intelligence.

"Has the eastern Mail arrived?" inquired a bustling man of business, who was waiting for intelligence relative to the price of pot or pearl ashes, the rise or fall of wheat and flour, and the general prospects of trade, before he could fully adventure upon the half formed speculation.

"It will be in, in a few minutes," replied the clerk. With this answer the satisfied man turned on his heels and departed.

"That is d—d strange too," muttered the Esq., ejaculated a gaunt, frizzed starvelin of an exquisite.

"Who sir?" said the clerk. "Horatio Tristram Tighthead Esq. sir."

"Nothing for Mr. Tighthead, sir."

"That is d—d strange too," muttered the Esq., fingering and adjusting the projecting corners of his dicky, and left the arch.

"Is the mail in from the west," asked a man with both hands quietly reposed within his pockets, and who seemed to have no other motives for the inquiry than to ask questions.

"No mail from the west yet, Sir."

"Will you look for letters directed to Miss Lucretia?" said a delicate voice with music enough in it to have elicited a reply from the epistles themselves had there been any.

"There is nothing for Miss Lucretia," answered the respectful clerk. A tremor of anxiety slightly shook the frame of the fair creature, and she turned away with a sigh.

"The negative was given, her appearance indicated a high incredulity as to the correctness of the answer. The flush of anticipation forsook her cheek, and with a marble countenance she continued gazing through the aperture, for the delivery of letters, as if the place could not be left, without the expected package, until the till announcing the arrival of the great mail from the east, fell, extinguished the last glimmer of hope, arising from under the swollen bottom and trembling step she walked down the hall into the street.

A pause now succeeded, while the contents of the mail were being arranged for delivery, and the fast gathering and impatiently watching groups, testified to the importance attached to the intelligence of which it might be the bearer. Those who would, took a stand in front of their respective boxes, to be the first holders of whatever was superscribed to them; thus they stood mute, &c. musing, and their portion, banishing personal anxiety, discussed the politics of the day; the light that would be thrown upon Mr. Spencer's and Gov. Throop's controversy; the prospect of the working men, the affairs of the regency, and the progress of anti-masonry.

Among the throng, there was one, who, in the hour of his return, his spirit had so often been subjected to the damps of disappointment that the halo which enrobed the features of the many, had entirely forsaken his countenance, and apparently he came now from the force of habit, rather than from a hope of receiving the long expected despatch.

He held no communion with those around him. His features were pale, and a settled sadness brooded upon his motionless lines as he stood statue like, unobscured and unconscious of the bustle and presence of the throng.

No sigh, nor anxious look proceeded from his bosom or flashed athwart his long face, for he had grieved over his loneliness, and the repeated crush of hopes, until the acuteness of his spirit's sorrow was broken, and through his bosom had become heedless, reckless, and hopeless. His bosom cherished no anticipation, but he stood with an unbelieving wish, that those friends who, in the more happy and prosperous days of his existence, when his now distant home smiled upon him and pleasure threw her golden blandishments and allurements over past scenes of life, had so often pledged their fidelity, might not forget him utterly, but send one solitary token of friendship along, one line, to say that he was not banished from all memory, and that the world had not become so much of a wilderness as the fainting throbs of his heart prompted him to believe.

When the till rose and the crowd gathered around to receive the contents of the mail, he did not rush with them, but stood aloof, with arms folded across his breast, and a downward gaze, as if unwilling to retard the receipt of happiness to others, and yet not wishing to be a witness of joys in which he could have no partnership. The crowd came and went, deposited and received despatches. The business man and the speculator were favored with prompt advices, from their several correspondents, and hastened to close their bargains and engagements. Horatio Tristram Tighthead, Esq. once more made his appearance, and with ungloved hands received the letter sheet, and departed. The little girl returned, and ran home with infantile glee and alacrity to exhibit her success and give joy to her family. Innumerable applications were made—the successful were voluptuous in their joy, and the unsuccessful went their way, some with downcast looks, others with a half affected and half felt indifference.

When the call of the last one had been answered, the stranger raised his eyes and advanced slowly to the aperture. There appeared an unwillingness even in this—his desire seemed to be not to learn if there were letters for him, but if there were none. Letters he knew he ought to have, but he dreaded to cherish a hope that there were any, when he felt that a repetition of disappointment only awaited him. A slight convulsion was observed in his frame as his eyes became fastened upon the shining designating the box, where letters directed to him and similar names were placed. It had been empty for several days, but now two fold-d sheets were there, which no owners had claimed. A deeper hectic of hope and fear played upon his pallid features as he bent a more earnest gaze at the parcel within—but still he remained silent. The excited glimmer which had found a place within his bosom, was contending with the settled chill of despair. It was the banishment of this last spark, which had arisen in his breast, that he dreaded; he was willing that it should remain there; and feared the consequence of its annihilation. At length he attempted to speak; but his voice was choked—the hectic upon his cheek ran backwards and changed to a

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[From the Philadelphia Casket.] THE FUGITIVE—A TALE.

BY L. WILMER.

"Ye madmen, hold! Who quench the fires of your pernicious rage With purple torrents issuing from your veins." SHAKESPEARE.

There are few things more destructive to our peace and happiness in this world, than frequent fits of violent and uncontrollable anger. For besides the present uneasiness occasioned by the inordinate indulgence of this passion, it often gives occasion for more repugnance, and perhaps is succeeded by the most poignant regret.

A few years ago there appeared in the city of New York a young man who excited no ordinary degree of attention. He was, in all likelihood, a native of this country, but of what particular section he had come was an impenetrable mystery. On his arrival he was a perfect stranger in the city, but he had subsequently formed much acquaintance in the gay circles of society, and among the literary amateurs, to whom his classical attainments always rendered him an acceptable companion.

He passed by the name of Moreton, but if any person were so inquisitive as to wish to become acquainted with his family history, his place of nativity, or the circumstances of his former life, the inquiry was immediately checked by the most haughty reserve, and sometimes by visible resentment. These peculiarities, for a time, passed with little observation, as Moreton appeared to be wealthy, and his conduct, which was uniformly upright and honorable, forbade the suspicion that he had been guilty of any unworthy action, much less of any crime that might affix a stigma on his character.

Among the families he had been accustomed to visit was that of Mr. Selby, a gentleman of great respectability, who had formerly been engaged in mercantile pursuits, but having acquired a large fortune, he had retired from business, and taken up his residence in a beautiful villa about two miles from the city. His dwelling was adorned with all the rural decorations that wealth could purchase, or a refined and even romantic taste could suggest. But the chief ornament was his daughter, Clarissa, whose beauty was a universal theme of admiration, and whose worth (a rare circumstance in such cases) was proportioned to her beauty.

There appeared to be a congeniality between the minds of Clarissa and Moreton, and in that case, conversational intercourse only necessary to create a mutual attachment. This opportunity was not wanting, and the attachment followed of course. Oh, how important before they suffer their affections to be engaged by the assiduous and insinuating manners of their admirers! Clarissa did not want discretion, but her character was too young, and too susceptible of love to be the best of advisers. The progress of love is a rapid one, like the advance of a consumption, sure, and imperceptible. It was thus in the present case, before the parties became aware of their situation, they were deeply involved in that tender regard for each other, which, with minds of real sensibility, is not frequently evanescent. Moreton and Clarissa seemed entranced in the delicious anticipations of their future happiness, but a downward gaze, as if unwilling to retard the receipt of happiness to others, and yet not wishing to be a witness of joys in which he could have no partnership. The crowd came and went, deposited and received despatches. The business man and the speculator were favored with prompt advices, from their several correspondents, and hastened to close their bargains and engagements. Horatio Tristram Tighthead, Esq. once more made his appearance, and with ungloved hands received the letter sheet, and departed. The little girl returned, and ran home with infantile glee and alacrity to exhibit her success and give joy to her family. Innumerable applications were made—the successful were voluptuous in their joy, and the unsuccessful went their way, some with downcast looks, others with a half affected and half felt indifference.

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believe that he would give it. It was my belief also that his reserve was occasioned by some painful circumstances in his former life, but I never suspected him of any thing criminal. When next we met, however, if he refused to account for his extraordinary behavior, he shall see me no more."

Maria comprehended this resolution, and soon after took leave of Miss Selby. For the first time in her life, the latter experienced mental anguish and painful suspense, which is thought by some to be more intolerable than certainty itself. Maria had scarcely been gone half an hour before Moreton entered the apartment.

He perceived that Clarissa had been weeping, and tenderly inquired the cause of her distress. She told him without reserve, and earnestly requested to know whether it was in his power to clear up those suspicions which had arisen concerning his character.

Moreton became agitated in his turn. "Miss Selby," said he, "I have requested you to excuse me on this point; can you imagine no circumstances wherein such concealments would be desirable, without the supposition of a crime? But tell me, why are you so anxious to preserve this mysterious silence? I will unravel all I will make them acknowledge their error."

"The persons who suggested these suspicions," said Clarissa, "are my friends, and have been prompted by their solicitude for my welfare. To convince us of our error, you must remove the causes which gave rise to our erroneous impressions. In short, Mr. Moreton, however painful a separation may be to my own feelings, I will not desert you while you preserve this mysterious silence."

This conversation continued for some considerable time; Moreton used every argument and entreaty to induce Clarissa to give up the inquiry—but she was not to be moved from her purpose, and her pertinacity almost drove him to frenzy. At length, starting from his seat, he exclaimed—"Miss Selby, I have done; your object is gained—it is my unhappy desire that pursues me, and I find it vain to contend with that enemy. I will unveil all my mystery, and then we must part forever. Oh, Clarissa, did I ever expect to utter these words!—part—and forever; but it is unavoidable. I feel an irresistible impulse in my mind which drives me to make my confession. Know then that my real name is * * * and that I am a murderer."

At these words Clarissa clasped her hands in agony; all color forsook her face, and she scarcely heard the voice, or understood the language of Moreton, as he continued—"Yes, Clarissa, I am a murderer, and the murderer of my friend—the brave, generous and talented George Reynolds. We were born in the same village; educated in the same college; were even descended from the same ancestors; but all this could not prevent me from shedding his blood. One day at a tavern a quarrel arose between us from some trifling origin, and a challenge was the consequence. We met at the first fire, my ball entered his heart, and I left him dead on the field. The laws of our state are severe against duelling, and I was obliged to fly to avoid the disgrace of imprisonment. But I can never escape the innate torments of a guilty conscience."

I look forward with complacency to the hour that shall release me from the horrors of remorse. Clarissa, farewell; you shall see me no more. This evening I will embark on the vessel where I may find something congenial to the storms and tempests of my mind."

Saying, he rushed from the house—and Clarissa rolled away, and Clarissa became the wife of an amiable and respectable gentleman, a merchant of New-York. The recollections of her former suitor, however, were not entirely obliterated; she thought of him with mingled emotions of pity and horror. One day, discovered in the account of a shipwreck, she discovered in the list of those that had perished, the name of Henry Moreton. She had endeavored to persuade herself that all affection for this object had been eradicated from her bosom; but a shower of tears now convinced her that she was not altogether indifferent, and that the "first love" of woman is not often entirely removed by subsequent impressions, nor destroyed by the frown of adversity.

From the Casket.

THE ROMAN OF 1140.

—They never fail who die In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;

Their heads may sicken in the sun; their limbs Be strung to city gates and castle walls— But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years Elapse, and others share as dark a doom, They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts

Which answer all others, and conduct The world at last to freedom—

Once more in thy region, remember me then!

BYRON.

The illustrious poet from whom we have made these extracts, calls Cola di Rienzi, the last of Romans. Rienzi possessed some of the qualities of the Romans of the old time—something of the lofty spirit and determined energy of the days of the Republic—something of the Brutus whom he partially imitated. He was weak, vain, inconsistent, and unstable. His ardent eloquence, stimulated by the murder of a brother, roused the people to a sense of their wrongs and a perception of their strength. His active enterprise placed him at their head, gave success to his bold attempts, and invested him with supreme dominion.

Now was the time for him to show the firmness—the strength of his character. But urged forward too rapidly by the gales of fortune, he played the part of one whose intellect had become disordered, from a contemplation of the magnitude that surrounded him and of which he felt himself the possessor; from lending a willing ear to the corrupting voice of adulation he hailed the victorious leader, from behold the aristocratic tyrant of the land crouching beneath his feet, and no more ridiculous fondness for display and pageantry, than the son of a poor and uneducated washerwoman.

About two hundred years previous to the resurrection of Rienzi, a purer and a nobler spirit appeared among the degenerate children of the Roman republicans, who for a time revived the pristine pride of freedom, and kindled the expiring embers of Roman valor into an avenging flame. This man, like the great founder of the reformation, was of the peasant order; and the lowly ecclesiastic claimed with all the boldness and the zeal of

conscious truth against the usurpations, the arrogance, and the perulations of the priesthood. The fame of Arnold, of Brescia, has not been preserved and extended as it ought; and we hear but little of one who had more of the old Roman in him than any of his countrymen since the death of Cicero, and who was far above Rienzi in mental greatness, and in moral worth. Some parts of his career assimilate very nearly to that of Rienzi, before the latter degraded himself by his extravagancies, and would, perhaps, afford as good a subject for the pen of an able dramatic writer; such an one, for instance, as Miss Mitford. Though, keep more faithful, and not sacrifice consistency to effect quite so much as she has done in "Rienzi." But, indeed, there would not be the same inducement; there would not be the same necessity, in order to preserve the dignity of the principal character. Arnold of Brescia had none of the weaknesses of Rienzi about him, to reduce him to "the vulgar level of the great."

His career might make an excellent foundation for a tragedy, or romance. It might be wrought up by a skilful hand into a piece of thrilling interest. The materials are ample.

There is a degree of grandeur about his schemes; a lofty and dignified intrepidity in his conduct, that takes captive the imagination and the feelings. We admire his ambition, we glory in his efforts, we rejoice in his success, we mourn over his fate, and our indignation rises at the cowardice and perfidy of the precious boon of freedom, the attempt of which yielded up their benefactor to the vengeance of his enemies; though we feel a secret pride and exultation of heart at the undiminished bravery with which he resisted to the last, and the unshrinking firmness with which he met his terrific death, when he found it to be inevitable. What can be better calculated to call into action the noblest impulses of our nature, than the struggle of a mighty mind after the precious boon of freedom, the attempt of which yielded up their benefactor to the vengeance of his enemies; though we feel a secret pride and exultation of heart at the undiminished bravery with which he resisted to the last, and the unshrinking firmness with which he met his terrific death, when he found it to be inevitable. What can be better calculated to call into action the noblest impulses of our nature, than the struggle of a mighty mind after the precious boon of freedom, the attempt of which yielded up their benefactor to the vengeance of his enemies; though we feel a secret pride and exultation of heart at the undiminished bravery with which he resisted to the last, and the unshrinking firmness with which he met his terrific death, when he found it to be inevitable. What can be better calculated to call into action the noblest impulses of our nature, than the struggle of a mighty mind after the precious boon of freedom, the attempt of which yielded up their benefactor to the vengeance of his enemies; though we feel a secret pride and exultation of heart at the undiminished bravery with which he resisted to the last, and the unshrinking firmness with which he met his terrific death, when he found it to be inevitable. What can be better calculated to call into action the noblest impulses of our nature, than the struggle of a mighty mind after the precious boon of freedom, the attempt of which yielded up their benefactor to the vengeance of his enemies; though we feel a secret pride and exultation of heart at the undiminished bravery with which he resisted to the last, and the unshrinking firmness with which he met his terrific death, when he found it to be inevitable. What can be better calculated to call into action the noblest impulses of our nature, than the struggle of a mighty mind after the precious boon of freedom, the attempt of which yielded up their benefactor to the vengeance of his enemies; though we feel a secret pride and exultation of heart at the undiminished bravery with which he resisted to the last, and the unshrinking firmness with which he met his terrific death, when he found it to be inevitable. What can be better calculated to call into action the noblest impulses of our nature, than the struggle of a mighty mind after the precious boon of freedom, the attempt of which yielded up their benefactor to the vengeance of his enemies; though we feel a secret pride and exultation of heart at the undiminished bravery with which he resisted to the last, and the unshrinking firmness with which he met his terrific death, when he found it to be inevitable. What can be better calculated to call into action the noblest impulses of our nature, than the struggle of a mighty mind after the precious boon of freedom, the attempt of which yielded up their benefactor to the vengeance of his enemies; though we feel a secret pride and exultation of heart at the undiminished bravery with which he resisted to the last, and the unshrinking firmness with which he met his terrific death, when he found it to be inevitable. What can be better