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POETRY.

"We bring a garland of poetic flowers,
And blossoms from the Muse's bowers."

[Written for the Democrat.]

SONG TO SPRING.

BY L. BYRON CHAWORTH.

O! who is that who treads so light,
Whose footsteps make the meadows bright,
Who comes with budding leaves and flowers
To deck the fields and dress the bowers.
I hear the feathered warblers sing,
And echoing woods and valleys ring,
O! welcome, welcome, Spring.

O! who is that brings joy and mirth.
Who spreads a carpet o'er the earth,
Who paints the woods and meadows green
Where many colored birds are seen.
I hear the feathered warblers sing,
And echoing woods and valleys ring,
O! welcome, welcome, springs.

O! who is that all decked in smiles,
With breath so sweet from southern isles,
Who gilds the hill-top with her light,
And scatters flowers in her flight.
I hear the feathered warblers sing,
And echoing woods and valleys, ring,
O! welcome, welcome, Spring.

Yes! this is spring so gay and sweet,
Who bounds along with tripping feet,
She come o'er land, she comes o'er sea
With steps so blithe and song so free.
I hear the feathered warblers sing.
And echoing woods and valleys ring,
O! welcome, welcome, Spring.

ORIGINAL TALE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

PURGATORY.

BY L. BYRON CHAWORTH.

LATE one evening in the month of November, a young man might have been seen, wending his way, towards the Montalt Cemetery, near the city of R———. He was a fine looking man, apparently about twenty-five years of age. He entered the little gate leading to the city of the dead, and approached a fresh made mound. After depositing a bunch of flowers on the grave, he knelt beside it and offered up an earnest prayer, for the soul of her whose form lay cold beneath.

When he had finished his prayer, he seated himself at the head of the grave in deep study. How dark and mysterious thought he is the future; I am exceeding troubled about the welfare of the soul of my sweet Helen. I have heard of a place called Purgatory, would to God I knew if there really was such a place.

"Trouble not thy mind young man, with thoughts of the poor souls in Purgatory," said a voice at his side.

On rising up the young man, who we shall call, Eugene Harcourt, recognized the person standing near him, as the HERMIT OF THE ROCK. Eugene was surprised at the appearance of the strange being before him, but much was his surprize heightened at hearing the hermit read his thoughts.

"You have truly divined my thoughts" said Eugene;" I was thinking of the dreadful punishment of souls in Purgatory."

"Trouble not thy mind my son, their punishment is only for a time and then they will be released."

"But how can we know it is only for a time; and where is that awful region of torment."

"You should not wish to unveil the future, your spirit is too enquiring young man."

"I would unveil the future," said Eugene "I would go to Purgatory to see for myself." You he continued "have great renown for Magic and Astrology, know you aught of that dreadful place."

"And what if I did," replied the hermit.

"I would visit Purgatory, to see whether some dear friend of mine was not there; perhaps my own sweet Helen," if you can tell me how my desire may be accomplished."

"And do you really wish to visit that awful place."

"I do," replied Eugene.

"Then come to my cell to-morrow mid-night and you shall learn this mystery; but think well of it young man for it is a frightful undertaking."

Eugene turned to speak again, but the hermit had vanished in the surrounding darkness.

Young Harcourt soon returned to his silent cottage which seemed more lonelly than the grave yard he had just left, since the death of his beautiful wife.

The HERMIT OF THE ROCK as he was called, was said to possess the great art of penetrating the future and revealing the secrets of the past. His name was never pronounced even by the children but with awe and respect. It was said that having experienced some great misfortune he had retired from the gay world and devoted himself to the study of Magic and Astrology. His dwelling was a cave at the foot of a cliff known as the Rock; few persons had ever visited his habitation and those who were bold enough to do so, always related on their return confused accounts of hideous specteres whose fiend forms filled their hearts with awe and dread.

The night was utterly dark and silent: the black clouds hung so low that you could almost feel their oppression. Eugene was sitting alone in his cottage watching the hands of the time piece over the fireboard, until they should point to the hour in which he was to know the fate of his loved Helen.

When the clock at last struck eleven Eugene drew on his cloak and left the cottage for the Hermits Cave; his path lay by the Cemetry and he entered to offer up his accustomed prayer; after which he continued his way.

Presently he entered the dark forest, and as he advanced through the dense thickets of bramble and briar that surrounded the habitations of this mysteous man, he could not help feeling a superstitious awe creep over him.

Having found a narrow path which wound around the cliff, he followed it and at length neared the base of the Rock, the lonely retreat of this strange man. The deep gloom inspired Eugene with profound awe, and prepared ed his mind for credulity.

On approaching the entrance to the cave, the tall pine trees seemed filled with evil spirits and the imagination of Eugene, pictured a thousand phantoms, in their waving branches. At last he arrived at the mouth of the cavern and entered the narrow door; a glimering lamp faintly lighted up the apartment; a small fire of turf burned slowly on the hearth, over which was bent the hermit writing in the ashes with his wand.

"Art thou here young man," said the hermit without raising his eyes from the ashes, "and art still anxious to pursue thy daring purpose."

"I am sir," replied Eugene.

"Thou shalt know all my, son I have consulted thy destiny and have found thee worthy, but you must swear never to reveal aught you may be made acquainted with to night."

The oath was taken but it was one a christian would have shuddered at.—Now follow me said the hermit as he withdrew a painting of Morceau's, which hung against the wall resembling a hidden door which flew open on his uttering a few words in an unknown tongue. The hermit bid Eugene enter, and follow him, the door closing of itself behind them.

This secret room was round and lined with Astrological instruments of every kind. In the centre was erected a furnace from which issued all the light in the chamber. The walls were covered with horrible figures, which in the uncertain light from the furnace seemed actually dancing their demon eyes. Immediately above the furnace hung a large tablet covered with black and barbarous looking characters. From these things Eugene's eyes wandered over the many instruments of Magic and Astrology.

In the mean time the hermit had been busying himself over the furnace—he had filled an empty skull with a red liquid, and was stirring it with his wand. Suddenly checking himself, he said: "I had forgot something, wait here young man," and passing out the way they had entered Eugene was left alone. In a few minutes the hermit returned bearing a paper in his hand, he called Eugene to the furnace. "You must sign this scroll with your blood my son. Eugene would have refused but it was now too late to retreat. Taking the paper from the hermit he attempted to read it; but found it was written in a language he did not understand. Eugene was about returning the paper when the hermit seized his hand and rolling up his sleeve slightly wounded a vein with his Stilletto and catching a few drops of blood on its point he presented it to Eugene who took it and mechanically signed his name with a trembling hand. Immediately a dull heavy sound was heard which jarred the whole apartment.

Folding up the scroll the hermit hid it in his bosom, and again took up the skull. This time he held it over the furnace, a sulphery vapour commenced rising from the skull and filling the apartment.

A sleepy feeling crept over Eugene and he could scarcely keep himself awake, he had almost gone into a doze, when suddenly the apartment was lighted up with a flash ten times more bright than the noon-day's sun, and on opening his eyes Eugene beheld a skeleton standing before him with a bunch of keys in one hand and a large knotted iron club in the other.

The skeleton uttered the word "COME," and seizing the young man's hand, in an instant, all was dark as the grave. Eugene felt himself falling an immense distance towards the centre of the earth, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces. After several minutes had elapsed, he lit as soft as if he had stepped on a bed of down. As soon as they alighted, the skeleton led Eugene along what appeared to be a passage, until at last they came in sight of a large iron door through the cracks of which, a light was shining as if from a fire within.

They continued in silence until they arrived at the door, the skeleton here addressed Eugene, telling him he must not speak while in the next chamber no matter what he might see or hear.—Eugene promised to do as required, and the skeleton applied his key to the door, in a few minutes it turned on its rusty hinges and they were in a large vault. Although it was as light as day the top of the vault was invisible.

As they entered such a sound broke on Eugene's ears, as never, never mortal before was permitted to hear. All around the vault were large iron doors through the cracks of which was creeping long tongues of flame, the prisoners were yelling cursing and crying for water, some were imploring the skeleton that their torments might be ended. Eugene stood petrified with horror until the skeleton grasped his arm and led him around the vault. Eugene now saw that there was written on all the doors, the names of the prisoners within. Names in every language and of every nation on earth met his eyes. As they passed along the unhappy wretches, within called upon the skeleton to let them forth, but he only laughed at their entreaties. Eugene saw the names of many he had known on earth, among them were conspicuous those of many **** and ****, he recognised the name of the Pastor of R—— church, who had died a short time before, and who was now receiving punishment for preaching that which he did not practice. But among all the thousands of names he passed he never saw one of either an *Editor, a Poet or a Printer*, it being generally understood that they enjoy their share of Purgatory while on earth.

The skeleton led Eugene around the vault, pointing with his long fingers at the inscriptions on the doors until at last they reached a place where no flames were seen creeping through the doors.

Eugene suddenly stopped and was horror struck at seeing the inscription:

HELEN DE LAVEGA
ONE THOUSAND YEARS TORMENT.

The skeleton now applied his key to the door and unlocked it that Eugene might go in and see his Helen.

O! what a sight met his eyes as he stood within the door. On one side of the prison the flames were roaring and hissing as if impatient for fuel, on the other side was a table set with every luxury that is pleasing to the palate and amongst other things stood a pitcher of clear cool water. In the middle of the prison was his beloved Helen, chained by the neck to the floor, and just out of reach of the table and water, the flames frequently reached her schorching her fair skin to a crisp "Alas! alas!!" she continued to cry "one thousand years must I remain in this awful place."

On a sudden she saw Eugene and attempted to rush to him, but the length of her chain would not allow her to reach him. She screamed "O! my dear husband is it really you," and opened her arms to clasp him but having reached the end of her chain she fell and rolled into the flames.

Eugene forgetting where he was, his promise and all else, save Helen, sprang forward with a shriek to rescue her from the flames, in an instant the skeleton fled and the flames disappeared, catching up his loved Helen, Eugene reached over to kiss her dewy lips whose sweetness he loved better than aught else. But just as he pressed his lips to hers, a deafening clap of thunder burst over them and she disappeared, leaving Eugene in utter darkness. When he arose Eugene found himself in the Cemetery over Helen's grave, he returned to his cottage and in twenty-four hours Eugene Harcourt, was a corpse.

From the crowd of people at Kean's funeral there was difficulty in getting out of the church. A comedian who had been intimate with him, whispered as he went out, while a tear glistened in his eyes: "This, then, is the end of Kean, poor fellow, *but he drew a crowded house to the last.*"

Our Jeems propounds the following philosophical question: When a traveller is delayed in his journey by frequent obstructions on a railroad, is the misfortune owing to a train of circumstances, or the circumstances of a train?

AGRICULTURAL.

Agricultural Economy.

Do our agriculturists study economy as attentively as they ought to do? I do not mean economy in the ordinary sense—in expenditures, saving every cent they can and stinting supplies. I mean the economy of management.—True economy adapts means to ends, applying no more or less of the one than is necessary for the completion of the other. For example, ten acres of land well prepared and thoroughly tilled will produce five hundred bushels of corn.—The economical farmer, therefore, who intends to produce that amount of corn, will not use twenty acres of poorly prepared and badly tilled land to accomplish it; because the same amount of crop will require more labor on twenty acres in plowing and tilling, however imperfectly performed, than it will on ten acres, however well it shall be tilled and prepared. Again, if a farmer have an hundred loads of manure only, if he study economy, he will rather supply it all to a small piece of land and thus manure it well, than to a large piece and thus manure it very imperfectly; because, in the former case, it will require less labor to produce a given amount of crop, than in the latter. Again, a farmer that has a given amount of manure will apply it in sufficient quantity to as much land only as it will supply with sufficient fertilization, and thus, by annually improving a small piece, at length render the whole fertile. So, also, the owner of a large tract of land will attempt to cultivate only just so much of it as his forces can cultivate thoroughly.—Two farmers, each with the same number of acres and the same amount of labor, shall show very different balance sheets at the end of the year, the one footing up $1000 profits, and the other $500, simply because the one studies economy in the application of means to ends, and the other takes no thought of the matter.

One great fault of many farmers may be found in a peculiar passion for large fields. How much wheat will you put in this fall? 250 acres, 500 acres, &c.—The question should be, how much will you produce this year? and the passion should be for the large yield instead of the large surface seeded. The New England farmers differ from our Middle and Northern State farmers in this. The former study economy in all things.—They cultivate no more land than they can cultivate well. They do not weaken the result of their forces by diffusion, but strengthen them by concentration.

There is much want of economy also and much loss in not closely attending to times and seasons. We continually hear farmers complaining that they have not yet got their land prepared for fall seeding, and now the weather will not admit of its preparation; one has not finished planting his corn yet; another had not secured his harvest before the rain set in and it is begining to sprout. As a general rule, there is a time and a season for everything to be done on a farm, and those who are late in anything must expect to suffer the consequences. To study the economy of times and seasons, is as much a part of the science of agriculture as is the proper adaptation of means to ends; and both are necessary to success in any mechanical employment. Many of our farmers seem to sleep all winter, wake up in the summer, late or early, as it happens, and go to work when the spirit moves them, without system or forethought, go ahead as chance may lead through the summer, and in the fall grumble at the failure of their crops from unfavorable seasons.—If any one takes this to himself, let him—I mean it for him.—*Cor. Albany Cultivator.*

The Flower Garden.

Trim out the surplus and decaying wood of the Rose bushes; dig around the roots and fill in with some rich vegetable mold. The beauty and perfection of the rose cannot be fully appreciated, unless grown in good soil. Plant rose cuttings—they strike root readily in sand. Separate the roots of vines and transplant. Creepers should now be thinned out, and propagated be layers or cuttings. Flowering trees may yet be planted.—Plant Dahlias, Gladiolus and Lilies.—Amaryllis may yet be planted. All buds like a sandy soil best. Chinese Peonies may yet be planted out. Pinks may be seperated and re planted. Annual and Biennial Flower Seeds, may be put in this month. There is too little attention paid this branch of Floraculture. A few cents will purchase seed of some of the annuals, more beautiful than the gaudy Dahlia. For instance, the Double China Hollyhock can hold its head with any of its proud cousins of the green house; and there is scarcely in the green house list anything to compare with the Phlox Drummondi, and then the Asters, and the Pinks, and the Poppies, as beautiful as Tulips, Balsamines, Touch-me-nots, sweet Peas and Lupines, and hundreds of others, which only need the fostering care of woman to open their glittering petals and throw out their sweet perfume; Annual flower seeds have been supposed difficult to vegetate, but it is owing to their being planted too deep; plant them shallow, and if the weather proves dry, water them freely until they vegetate. We never saw the Cypress Vine or Morning Glory trailing up the humble abode of Poverty, but our heart yearned towards its inmates, for we knew there was kindness and virtue there. Fashion may keep its green house, but the humblest lady in the land may vie with its perfumes and its colors in the simple annuals of her garden. Mothers teach your children to love flowers. By so doing you give them a well spring of pleasure, and associate your memory with all that is bright and beautiful in nature.—*Soil of the South.*

How Pat "Did" his Rich Neighbor.

Not long since, in one of our interior towns, a green specimen of the Emerald Isle made his appearance, with a large family—ten children and a wife—very poor withal. Pat, after cogitating for some time, hit upon a novel plan of "raising the wind," which we will endeavor to develope, for the benefit of any one who may be placed in similar circumstances.

He proceeded to the house of the wealthiest man in town, (who, by the way, was a tight-fisted old coger, and had often passed by the miserable hut where our hero and his family stayed, and knew they were suffering from cold and hunger, yet never offered to relieve Pat, or his children, who were crying for bread,) one cold morning in December, and, ringing at the door, inquired for Mr. R———, who soon made his appearance. Pat, with a knowing look, requested of him the loan of a sum of money sufficient to get a letter from the post office, sent to him from the "ould country," and, as he said, containing something valuable. Old Skinflint, for the first time in his life, was generous, and gave away sixpence; receiving which, our Irish friend "went on his way, rejoicing."

The next morning, early, Pat returned, and was received with a cold nod, and "How d'ye do Pat;" and with a smile, (such a smile as only a roguish Irishman can give,) drew an omnious-looking document from his pocket, which he said he received from *ould Ireland* in the letter, and requested Old Skinflint to examine it. Upon inspection, it proved to be a paper, purporting to be "the last will and testament" of a wealthy uncle of Pat's, "bequeathing to his nephew, Mr. Patrick ———, the sum of £250,000."

Mr. R———, all at once, discovered that our Irish friend was a remarkably good looking man, and, throwing off his usual severity of manner, extended his hand, and congratulated him on his good fortune, at the same time, remarking—

"I understand, Mr. ———, that you are not in very good circumstances, at present. I have been thinking, for some time past, that I would call down to your house, and see how your family were, and render assistance, if necessary. It is a pity that so good looking a man as you should live in that old shell of a house you now occupy. I have a fine house, vacant just now, which you shall move in to-day."

Accordingly, Pat's family were removed, with their goods and chattels, and comfortably quartered in one of R——'s nice houses. R——— furnished him with money to carry on the necessary business in procuring the legacy set forth in the will, and the means to support his family through the most part of a long, cold winter. One day, Pat wanted two hundred dollars, which, he said would be the last he should require, as he would receive his money by the next steamer.

The next morning, when R——— arose and went to take his accustomed walk, he had the satisfaction of perceiving that Pat had left with all his family and furniture, (purchased for him by R———) and the two hundred dollars.—On entering the house, he observed the will, very nicely folded, lying on the hearth, and, picking up and opening it, found a note, in which Pat thanked him very kindly for his assistance, and promised to call and see him, if he ever came that way.—*True Flag.*

Some wag asks the editor of the Boston *Carpet Bag*, whether under the "Maine Law," a man is allowed to wear his arm in a sling, to make merry over the London *Punch*, to sell soap in bars, to communicate with the rapping spirits, to administer "a drop of comfort" to a suffering friend, to punch his neighbor's head, to purchase corned beef, to tap his enemy's claret, to eat rum cherries, or to beat the spirit-stirring drum?

The girls in Northampton, Massachusetts, have been sending a bachelor editor boquets of tansy and wormwood.—He says he don't care; he had rather smell them than matrimony.

WIT & HUMOR.

"MIRTH is the medicine of life;
It cures its ills, it calms its strife;
It softly smooths the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there."

A countryman having been to see the "Greek Slave," was asked his opinion of the exhibition. "Well, dang it!" said he, "it's pretty sartain that where she was raised, *cotton was almightly scarce*!"

A country fellow went to London to see King George the Fourth. Returning home, the neighbors asked him if the sight answered his expectation.—"Rat it! no," he cried, "I never was so disappointed in my life; why do you know, now, his arms are just like the arms of common men, and I wish I may die, if I hav'nt always been told that one was a lion, and t'other a unicorn."

A country clergyman was asked for the use of his pulpit for a young divine. He replied, "I really do not know how to refuse; but if the young man should preach better than I do, my people will be dissatisfied with me afterwards, and should he preach worse, he's not fit to preach at all."

Doctor Beeswax is a nervous, fidgetty sort of a man. Ere he had been married a month the idea crept into his brain that his first born would prove a boy, and that he would live to be a Catholic priest. Strange to say, the little Beeswax came into the world with a *cross* distinctly marked between his shoulder blades!

"I present my bill in *dew* time," as the early bird said to the worm.

Betsey, in the play of "The World's a Mask," says she can no more stand all the kissing in the family, than she can all the washing.

"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going, for it's time honest men were at home." "Well, yes,' was the answer, "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on that account.'

Nothing is more odious than the face which smiles abroad, but flashes fury amidst the caresses of a tender wife and children.

Dr. Beman, of Troy, remarked in a sermon lately, that if Franklin tamed the lightning, Professor Morse taught it the English language.

Never purchase love or friendship by gifts; when thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you stop payments.

Ambition is a kind of dropsy, the more a man drinks the more he covets.

How many ships did Kossuth come over in? Do you give it up? He came in two—a steam-ship, and in friend-ship. And he left one ship behind, to wit: *hard-ship.*

An Irishman complained of his physician that he kept so stuffing him with drugs, that he was *sick* for a week after he was *quite well.*

A young, and rather "fast" gentleman, once married a lady old enough to be his grandmother, because he owed her a debt of $50 for board. He found it an awful dear bargain in the end.

"Thank God for his infinite mercy!" exclaimed Deacon Tebbets, when told that it was his neighbor's barn that had been burnt—and not his own.

Why was Gen. Washington the oldest warrior that ever existed? Because it is generally admitted that he was "*first in war*," (besides being "first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen").

An Enlishman on the Third avenue has affixed the following notice to his new building: "This Ouse 2 Lett, Hinquir Necks Doar."

"Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father? Because he is a *little Bigger!*"

An English lady once observed that there was no place at court so difficult to hold as that of a *Maid of Honor.*

A Frenchman delicately defined a white lie to be "valking about de troot."

Why is a man's coat larger when he pulls it out of a carpet-bag? Because he finds it *in-creases.*

Many animals inhabitant *distant* countries, are valuable on account of *fur.*

How did the whale that swallowed Jonah obey a divine law? Jonah "was a stranger and he took him in."

A flock of sheep, when it is composed of all "wethers," may be said to resemble our mate.

☞ Marry the man you love, girls but love none but those who work.

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