

YE COME TO ME.

Extracted from "The Memorial, a Christmas New Year's Offering," published at Boston.

Ye come to me with eyes of light—
Fair creatures of my dreams!
Ye move around me calm and bright,
Like sunset over streams,
Where the last flush of dying day
In liquid lustre glows,
Then passes into night away,
Like rain drops from a rose.

Fair creatures! soft your voices are—
I hear their tender tone;
And all the twilight echoes bear
Their melody alone:
It fills the woods, the rocks, the plain,
With an all-pervading thrill;
And listening to the invisible strain,
The breathless air is still.

All innocent your beauty blows—
'Tis bright and purely fair;
The rose—the young and virgin rose,
Buds forth in sweetness there;
And there are light and laughing eyes,
That have never wept in pain;
Hope beckons you on, as away she flies,
And love, that must all be vain.

Yet stay, fair creatures! I bid you stay,
For with you my dreams are heaven—
Too soon the vision must fade away—
Not forever these joys were given;
Bend o'er me now that winning smile,
That lingering look of light—
Ye fade—O pause,—and charm awhile,
Ere ye vanish away in night.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

"Drive to the church, said the Countess Z** to her coachman as she stepped to the carriage. It was the eve of All Saints, and the pious Amelia wished to unburden her mind by confession. 'A young and amiable woman united to a husband who was the choice of her own heart—adored by him—already the happy mother of a charming boy—soon to produce the second pledge of nuptial love; gratefully plucking every flower which joy scattered on her path; willingly fulfilling every duty of a faithful mother; what can such a woman have to confess? With a heart devoid of guile, and a conscience without a blemish, why does she visit the chair of absolution? What will she reply to the priest, if he require more than the universal declaration, I am a miserable sinner?' Thus spoke Gustavus count Z** to himself, as he was standing at a window, and heard his Amelia's direction. Drive to the church.'—'Shall I privately follow her?' continued he in his soliloquy; 'shall I conceal myself in a corner of the church, and hear the avowal of my beloved sinner? Is this curiosity?—No!—Is it jealousy? Pshaw.—Well, what is it then? A joke and nothing more. I am her husband, and surely have as good a right to know her little secrets as father Anselmo. I shall rally her, she will be surprised—I shall laugh—and there the matter will end.' He went. It was not far to the church.—He crept into it under the twilight, and approached as near to the confessional chair as was possible without being detected. He listened attentively. Amelia spoke rather loud. Here is the fragment of her confession, of which her unfortunate husband lost not a word—

"Yes, reverend father, the youth's person was handsome. For more than six months he has remained several hours in my bed chamber; while I was at supper with my husband, he escaped my husband unperceived, through a private door. I wish you to keep this concealed, as it might be the means of dismissing this young gentleman."

Oh, all ye husbands! whoever of you is in possession of a beautiful wife, whom he loves with the whole fulness of his heart, in whose arms he carelessly reposes, let him fancy himself in the situation of the listening count. His first motion was with his hand upon his sword, but the idea of profaning the Almighty's temple and defiling his floors with blood, deterred him. He left the church, to him the grave of his repose, arrived without knowing how, at his own house, and demanded horses. A light post chaise was prepared. The count left a note for his wife, in which he very laconically informed her, that business of importance obliged him to visit one of his estates, threw himself into the carriage, and fled from the place.

Amelia returned from the temple with that cheerfulness so peculiar to pious simplicity, when it believes to have liquidated all accounts with heaven.—Her husband's note surprised her much; he had never before quitted her in so unaccountable a way—without a par-

ting kiss—without having thought of the journey two hours before.

These reflections made the gentle Amelia uneasy. She summoned the steward, and asked whether he had spoken to the count before his departure. The Steward replied he had seen him but not spoken to him.

'Not spoken to him!' exclaimed Amelia. 'No orders! no direction! I mean with regard to the household?' 'None whatever,' answered he. 'That is strange,' said Amelia. 'Aye, strange indeed my lady,' returned the Steward. 'I have known his lordship ever since he was born, I have often carried him in my arms, but I never saw him as he was to-day.—Twenty times I had the honor of waiting on him; but there I stood and he never looked at me.—Once or twice I took the liberty of coughing, but all in vain. His lordship did nothing but bite his nails, and all the while looked as red as my good old master, his father of blessed memory, when he had swallowed five bottles of wine after dinner. At last his lordship threw himself into the chaise, without so much as just saying good bye Thomas, as he was before always pleased to do, when he left home.—Inexplicable! murmured Amelia. Undoubtedly some very unpleasant accident has torn him from my arms! Far, very far, was she from suspecting the real cause.

Meanwhile the count pursued his journey day and night. 'Twas night with his soul, not a gleam of hope there cast its transient twilight. On the evening of the third day he reached the bounds of his estate. An ancient castle of the ninth century, furnished with turrets, moats, drawbridges, and palisades, just caught the last beam of the sun, and cast a long shadow on the flowery meadow.

It was the first time that the young count had visited this the remotest of his estates, since he inherited them from his father. A steward, an old gardener and his wife were the only inhabitants of the castle. All three harbored not the most distant expectation of a visit from their young master. They surrounded him with every demonstration of joy, and welcomed him with a hearty good will, but he scarce even saw them; his eyes were dark and gloomy; he threw himself upon the sofa, and desired to be left alone.

The whole village was in motion. The oldest boors dressed themselves in their Sunday clothes, and plodded towards the castle, while the bailiff on the road studied a complimentary harangue, which he proposed to address to his lordship. At the gates of the castle, however, they were informed that the count was fatigued after the journey, and could not be seen by any body. The good people returned sorrowfully home. The late lord was never so high with us, said one to the other. 'Whenever he came here to hunt and shoot, he always received us, and said—'Good day my lads! How goes your corn on? How are your cattle? God bless your old soul!'

Early on the following morning count Z** examined the castle, searched into the lowest cellar. At the end of a lonely gallery, through which he heard the echo of his every step, he stumbled against an iron door which guarded the entrance to one of the four turrets at the corners of the castle roof. The door was opened, a loathsome stench of long confined air burst through the chasm. He entered, found the naked walls, and some mouldered straw. For the first time the count's mouth was distended to a smile, but it was a grim diabolical smile. He silently quitted the turret, and despatched the servant who accompanied him with a note to the countess. In the mean time, by his command, a table, a wooden chair, and a bundle of fresh straw, were carried into the turret.

Amelia received with rapture the tidings of her beloved lord, whose embrace her beating heart too long missed. With a beautiful bloom of fervent desire upon her cheek, she opened the note and read—

"The bearer thereof has orders to bring you to me."

Great was Amelia's astonishment at the dry laconic style of her husband, yet made she not a moment's hesitation to accompany the messenger.—The journey was extremely difficult to a lady in Amelia's condition; but she, with the impatience of affection, forgot her delicate situation, scarce allowed herself a few hours sleep at night, and on the fourth evening arrived safe at the castle.

Her husband awaited her within the walls of the dreadful turret, seated on the wooden chair, and ruminating on his misery. Amelia flew to embrace him—with his clenched fists he felled her to the earth.—'Heavens! what

means this?' cried the unfortunate countess, and crept upon the straw. The count spurned her from him: 'Monster,' roared he in a tone of the most dreadful fury, 'thou art unmasked. Here, here shalt thou end a life of which I have not courage to deprive thee.'

With these words he forsook the wretched countess, and locked the door. Left to reflect in solitude upon her misery and innocence; doomed, with the purest conscience, to the cruellest of punishments, Amelia sunk upon her knees, and prayed to that Being, who reads in our hearts, as in an open book, to tear from the eyes of her husband, her still much loved husband, the bandage woven by malignant calumny. The night crow shrieked during her prayer, and the ear of inexorable fate seemed deaf to the sighs of suffering innocence.

On the noon of the succeeding day, bread and water were administered to her through a hole. She salted the bread with her tears and her heart almost broke with melancholy. She had begged that she might be allowed writing materials, but they had been denied. By chance she found in her pocket a little blue silk and a needle. She washed her handkerchief, and sewed upon it these words: 'I AM INNOCENT! SAVE ME AND OUR CHILD.'

She sent the handkerchief to her husband. The deluded wretch tore and returned it. A burning tear fell from Amelia's eye upon it.

When the period approached, at which she was to be delivered, the old gardener's wife was admitted to her and Amelia, writhing upon the straw, gave birth to a daughter. The first cry of this child, the first sound which she heard within these dreadful walls, for two long months, alleviated her sorrow. She pressed the little cherub to her fond maternal heart, and commended it to the Almighty. She gazed at it, thought she saw it smile, and forgot her misfortunes. But alas! scarce had she gained in some degree her strength, when the gardener's wife tore the infant from her arms, and locked the prison. 'O God!' exclaimed poor Amelia, 'leave at least my child.' She fell to the earth in a swoon, and when she awoke prayed to Heaven for death.

Her inexorable husband would not even see the child. He sent it to the wife of a boor, and quitted Amelia two weeks after her delivery; the count returned to the city, and the wretched victim remained a prey to consuming misery for more than three years.

It was at this time that Baron T. her brother, a major in the Brunswick service, returned from America. He loved his sister sincerely and Z** had been the friend of his early years. He therefore, as soon as possible after his return, obtained leave of absence for a few months and hastened to embrace his relations. Accustomed to see his brother's house the seat of pleasure; accustomed there to find an entertaining circle of both sexes drawn together by the count's affability and hospitality; he was not a little surprised to perceive the door shut, which formerly was ever open.—He imagined, however, it might be caused by some little excursion of pleasure. He knocked at the door; a miserable Swiss opened it. 'Is your master at home?' 'Yes,' replied the porter. 'At home is he!' said the Baron. 'Well, so much the better.'

He entered: no footman opened the door; no lady's maid tripped forth to meet him: no lap dog barked: no parrot chattered; all was dead as the habitation of a miser. He walked into the count's room, and found him sitting on a sofa, with his eyes rivetted on Amelia's picture which hung opposite him.

Starting, as from an oppressive dream, he staggered towards the baron, burst into his arms in speechless agony, and pressed him with fervour to his heart.—At the same moment a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, for time had converted his rage into melancholy.

'Brother,' exclaimed Baron T. 'what means all this? Your house is no more the same, and you—scarce can I recognize you. Where is that manly bloom which once adorned your cheeks? Those frightful looks forebode some terrible calamity. Where is my sister?' 'Ah!' sighed the count. The Baron started and hastily demanded, 'Is she dead?' 'To me she is dead,' returned Gustavus. 'Explain yourself,' said the brother. 'Alas!' cried he, 'the grave of her honor was the grave of my peace.' Displeasure lowered upon the Baron's forehead. 'Her honor?—Is it possible!—No, it cannot be.'—'Yet thus it is,' cried the unfortunate deluded count. Sobbing, and scarce able to articulate his words he related to the friend of his youth, the brother of his still beloved Amelia, the adventure of that hateful eve of All Saints, his anguish, his fury, and his revenge.

Baron T. stood fixed in gloomy,

speechless meditation, shuddering at the conviction of his sister's infidelity, and in vain seeking any means of vindication. 'Forever cursed then,' cried he at last, 'be the whole hypocritical sex! what look can be the look of innocence, if Amelia's was not? Brother, be a man. Forget a woman unworthy of your love. Let no recollection of a faithless wife intrude upon the joys of youth which beckon to you from every side. You have concealed this affair, you have thereby spared the honor of my family, for which I thank you; and now from this moment Amelia's dead, her name is forever banish from our conversation.'

Baron T.—kept his promise. The name of the countess never fell from his lips; and though a secret sorrow likewise preyed on him; although the wasted form of his once so much loved sister floated in his sight, yet he assumed a cheerful look, and together with his brother, rushed from one vortex of dissipation into another.

One day they happened to be sauntering in an open walk in the city, where noblemen and beggars, and persons of every description promiscuously paraded; suddenly the count espied a priest, pale, emaciated, and supporting himself upon a stick—'Heavens!' cried he, 'see, that is Amelia's confessor.'

Baron T. started, looked fearfully towards him and was silent.—'Come, dear T.' said Gustavus after a pause, 'let us tear the wound once more open. I will address him. I will prove to him that I am well acquainted with every particular. He will not acknowledge any thing but his looks will betray him.'

He seized the baron's arm, and drew him away partly against his will. 'Reverend old man,' commenced the count, 'whence the sorrow which I see betrayed upon your sorrowful cheek? 'It is not sorrow, my lord' answered the priest. 'I stood upon the brink of the grave, but it has pleased the Almighty that I should return to this world. I am better, and by order of my physician, have to day for the first time stepped into the open air.' 'I congratulate you,' said the count. 'Do you know me?'—'Undoubtedly my lord, I have the honor of speaking to the count Z**.'—'True,' replied he, 'you are speaking to the unfortunate count Z. whose misery is to you alone no secret.' 'My lord,' stammered Anselmo, 'pardon me, I do not understand you.' The count cast a look of bitter scorn at him. 'You mean to say you must not understand me. Have you not been surprised that during these three long years you have not seen my wife at the chair of absolution?'—'No, my lord,' returned the priest. 'I have not been surprised. She probably has found a man more worthy of her confidence. It has hurt me, I will not deny, for she is a noble, excellent lady.'—'All in vain, sir,' said Gustavus, 'all in vain; your secrecy is needless. Know that on that hateful eve of All Saints, I myself was concealed in the church, and heard the vile transaction which Amelia confessed to you. I know the lovely youth for six months daily visited our bed chamber; and that each time he escaped while we were at supper. You see, sir, all is known. You have pardoned her in the name of God, but as I hope for pardon from God, I cannot.'

Anselmo raised his hands and eyes towards heaven. 'Almighty providence!' exclaimed he, 'now do I see why thou hast not hearkened to my fervent prayer, that I might depart to the habitations of peace! Oh! my lord, what have you done? Your wife is innocent! You must remember young Wildham, the orphan whom you educated, and for whom you three years since procured an office in the customs. An unlawful amour took place between him and your servant, and their meetings were in your chamber. Her ladyship at length detected them. She dismissed the servant instantly, but concealed the whole from you, because she feared your hasty temper, and wished not to ruin the young man. To me she disclosed the whole transaction, because her scrupulous conscience reproached her with the idea, that the girl, after her dismissal from your service, might be guilty of more irregularities.'

As if thunderstruck, tortured, racked by every word which fell from the lips of the confessor, stood count Z**, and trembled in every limb. He recollected that young Wildham had lately married his maid servant, and acknowledged a child of some years old to be his own. The scales fell from his eyes; the mist disappeared; he saw his beloved, suffering, innocent Amelia, and sunk almost senseless against a tree. The baron, almost as violently agitated, stood rooted to the spot, unable to speak. The pious priest immediately gave a signal to a hackney coachman, and conducted the brothers to the count's house.

Scarcely had Gustavus recovered his faculties, when he called aloud for horses. During the few moments employed in preparing them, he ran to and fro howling and wringing his hands. In vain did the baron and Anselmo endeavor to console him; he saw them not.—The horses arrived at the door; he rushed down the steps, threw himself upon one of them, galloped away, without looking behind him, or asking whether his brother would accompany him.

Baron T. followed him. Away they flew over hill and dale, day and night, without resting a moment longer than necessary to change horses. At midnight, after the second day, they knocked at the gate of the castle.

Amelia, stretched on a bed of straw, just started from a terrific dream;—she heard the noise at the gates;—she heard them opened, and again barred. Hark! the footsteps of many persons echoed through the dark and lonesome gallery which led to her prison. Hark! The key clicked in the lock of the iron door; the bolt was pushed aside; the glare of fifty torches dazzled Amelia's eyes.—See! a writhing man lay at her feet—she recognised her husband. Oh! who can describe the raptures of a guiltless soul, whose innocence is at length manifested—of a tender heart, which at once recovers all that is dear to it?

As yet the count was stretched upon the earth sobbing, asking whether she could ever forgive him. She embraced him—and forgave him—attempted to raise him—in vain—he saw her wan disfigured countenance, and buried his face in the dust. Amelia at last knelt by his side, clasped him in her arms with heart felt affection, and mixed her tears with his. Her brother, deeply moved, surveyed, in silence, the affecting scene.

After the storm had subsided, and the three happy people had forsaken the dreary dungeon, Amelia, with tender anxiety, and in a gentle tone said to her husband, 'Where are my children? Are they still alive? It must now be three years since I heard from them.'

In repentant agony the count again fell at her feet, and swore he was undeserving of pardon. The youngest child, a lovely girl, was immediately brought from the boor's wife. Amelia clasped it in her arms; every maternal feeling awoke, and for the first time tinged her pallid cheeks with red.

The next morning shortly before their departure, the count commanded his steward to destroy the odious turret, and level it with the earth. 'No,' said Amelia smiling, and throwing her arms around her husband's neck, 'the turret must remain as it now is, or where should I have any evidence against you? These fallen cheeks will rise again,—these pallid lips will regain their color; these languid eyes will recover their former lustre; but the turret, let the turret remain as it now is—let it be a warning to each traveller who passes on this road, never to condemn his wife on appearances.'

A person residing in Kirkaldy, Ireland, wears a coat made 126 years ago. The man is now 90. It was worn by his father and himself on their wedding day. It still serves the latter for his Sunday coat. It is known that a gentleman aged 90, now lives at Plymouth, Mass. who was graduated Harvard at College 70 years ago, who has the waistcoat worn by him when he received his degree, in good order, which he shows his young friends as a curiosity.

ASTROLOGY.—This occult science was much in vogue, among other errors, a few centuries ago. An astrologer fixing his eyes upon the Duke of Milan, said to him, 'My lord, arrange your affairs, for you have not long to live.'—'How dost thou know this?' asked the Duke. 'By my acquaintance with the stars, answered the astrologer. 'And pray, how long art thou to live?' 'My planet promises me a long life.'—'Well, thou shalt shortly discover that we ought not to trust to the stars.' He ordered him to be hanged instantly.

Salt Springs, which are found in abundance in the western part of these states, are common to all countries. The salt springs of *Franche Compté*, in France, are said to be somewhat remarkable. They are situated in a deep cavern, to which access is easy by a flight of some sixty steps, at the bottom of which the traveller enters upon an arched room, forty feet in length, and thirty-two in width. In a room, leading from this are six salt springs, issuing from the same rock, which, with others, empty into a large basin. The water from this basin, is conveyed in buckets into very large reservoirs, one of which holds 15,000 and three others 25,000 hogsheads. From these it is drawn off into small cisterns for boiling. The water from these springs yields three ounces of salt, for every pound of water. Besides the salt springs there are in the same cave several fresh water springs.