Poetry.

TWENTY-TWO.

I'm twenty-two—I'm twenty-two—
They gaily give me joy,
As if I should be glad to hear
That I was less a boy.
They do not know how carelessly
Their words have given pain,
To one whose heart would leap to be
A happy boy again.

I had a light and careless heart
When this brief year began,
And then I pray'd that I might be
A grave and happy man.
The world was like a blessed dream,
Of joyous coming years—
I did not know its manliness
Was but to wake in tears.

A change has on my spirit come,
I am forever sad;
The light has all departed now
My early feelings had;
I us'd to love the morning grey,
The twilight's quiet deep,
But now like shadows on the sea,
Upon my thoughts they creep.

And love was like a holy star,
When this brief year was young,
And my whole worship of the sky
On one sweet ray was flung;
But worldly things have come between,
And shut it from my sight,
And though the star shines purely yet,
I mourn its hidden light.

And fame! I bent to it the knee,
And bow'd to it my brow,
And it is like a coal upon
My living spirit now—
But when I pray'd for burning fire
To touch the soul I bow'd,
I did not know the lightning flash
Would come in such a cloud.

Ye give me joy! Is it because
Another year has fled?—
That I am farther from my youth,
And nearer to the dead?—
Is it because my cares have come?—
My happy boyhood o'er?—
Because the visions I have lov'd
Will visit me no more!

Oh, tell me not that ye are glad!
I cannot smile it back;
I've found no flower, and seen no light
On manhood's weary track.
My love is deep—ambition deep—
And heart and mind well on—
But love is fainting by the way,
And fame consumes ere won.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From the Amulet.

The Story of Edwin, the Exile of Deira.

By C. S. HALL.

The outline of the following story is to be found in the Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede, and in the works of various other British historians.

Edwin, the rightful king of Deira, had been, from his childhood, a fugitive and an outcast from his throne and his country. Year after year, he had wandered with the few friends that neither want nor danger could rend from him, seeking safety and protection in every British kingdom but his own. The influence of his sister's husband—the usurper of his hereditary rights—was universally felt and acknowledged; and whoever was bold enough to afford him even a temporary shelter, found a powerful enemy in his kinsman Adelfrid, who, having dispossessed him of his crown, sought by every means to deprive him of his life.

His wanderings—for he was often a dweller in the woods and on the mountains—the hardships he had encountered; the perpetual watchings by which alone he preserved his life; the warlike habits he had acquired, by the frequent skirmishes of his party with the hirelings of his enemy, as well as the various bands of freebooters that infested the country,—had made him careless of danger, hardy of frame, intelligent, energetic and brave; while his occasional residence in the courts of many British monarchs, and the knowledge of his royal birth, and high claims, had given to his manners a degree of refinement, and to his mind a consciousness of superiority, which at once spoke the descendant of a race of kings. His fine form, his gentle demeanour, and his misfortunes had gained him many friends: the tyrant by whom he had been deposed, therefore, felt and knew him to be dangerous.

Alarmed at the exaggerated accounts which at times reached him, of the prowess of the young Prince, and dreading the influence of his name and of his cause, Adelfrid denounced the bitterest threats of vengeance against any who protected him; and for a long period the fugitive had only met with powerless friends or enemies who sought, under the garb of friendship, to betray him. At length he was induced to seek an asylum at the court of Redwald, the Uffinga of East Anglia.

Into this State, Christianity had been recently introduced; but it had to struggle with the darkness of paganism, and was strenuously opposed by the people, whose ideas of glory, and whose warlike habits were so much at variance with the mild principles which the missionaries from Rome and Britain then taught. The Uffinga, however, was so far convinced of their excellence, as to foster their growth; and, although he set up a Christian altar in a temple dedicated to the deities of his country, and mingled prayers to the living God, with sacrifices to idols under the same roof,—even by this act he enabled his subjects to draw comparisons and to form conclusions. The light of our blessed religion was therefore, gradually, but surely, spreading over the kingdom of East Anglia.

Edwin was welcomed with sincerity by Uffinga to the East Anglian court; a pledge of safety was given him; apartments were assigned him in the palace; and the prince was happy in receiving a home from his wretched and dangerous wanderings.

By his conciliating manners, his military skill and courage, and his graceful address, he succeeded in gaining the love and esteem of the monarch and his Queen, with that of the chief officers of their court. But his hopes and his prospects were soon again clouded; for, within a short time ambassadors from Deira arrived at the court of the Uffinga, intreating, that as a deadly enemy to king Adelfrid sojourned and dwelt familiarly with all his company, in the kingdom of East Anglia, he might be delivered up to the embassy, or put to death. The message was accompanied by rich gifts of silver and gold, and high offers of service and amity to the Uffinga,—but they prevailed nothing, and were returned. A second time, the ambassadors appeared at the court of Redwald, and brought them bribes still more tempting; and again they were rejected. After a while, the ambassadors arrived a third time, bringing with them still high offers of wealth,—and then they bade the East Anglian monarch decide between gold and the sword of the powerful sovereign of Deira and Bernicia.

Edwin, gazing from the lattice of his apartment, beheld the ambassadors from his enemy enter the court-yard of his host—he lingered, in full confidence that they would be dismissed as they came. The hours passed heavily, and still the messengers continued in the audience room of the king,—for he hesitated to return an answer which he dreaded would be his destruction, and after a contest with honour and generosity, his fears yielded;—he knew the power and the savage nature of Adelfrid, and he retained his ambassadors until he had formed the resolution, either to deliver up or to put to death the exiled and persecuted Prince.

Edwin was sitting in his chamber, sadly musing on the uncertainty of his fate, which left him so utterly at the will and mercy of others, and dreading the effect of the prolonged stay of his enemies,—when, at night fall, a dear friend, an East Anglian erle, entered and stood before him with a melancholy countnance.

"Well, Oswald," said Edwin, "what is my fate?—Will your sovereign be my protector, or must I be again a wanderer among the wilds, where the wolf and the deer will be my companions by night and by day?"

Oswald made no answer.

"Your looks bode ill tidings," continued Edwin; "but I have borne adversity too long to be corrupted by the sunshine that has gladdened my heart even in your happy court. Speak out, as a brave man should to one who is no coward."

"The king is terrified by the *threats* of the tyrant whose *bribes* he rejected with scorn."

"Then bid him farewell for me—and the blessing of the Gods of his country and of mine be with him. Would he had more spirit or more strength.—But bid him farewell for me."

"Nay, nay, Prince," said Oswald; "listen to me. The tyrant threatens destruction on our country, till not a breathing soul be left, nor one stone above another within its boundaries—unless—unless—unless—the Uffinga deliver you up to his rage,—or—or—destroy you himself within these very walls."

The resolute and bold countenance of Edwin changed, and its colourless expression spoke only of despair, as he faintly exclaimed "& your king promised this?"

"To this he hath pledged himself."

Edwin seated himself on the ground, covered his face with his hands, and appeared in bitter and hopeless agony;—but still it was the agony of a *man*. After a pause of a few minutes, he raised his head, and said—

"Is it for this, then, that I have for eighteen long years, since my kingly father died, been an outcast and a wanderer—enduring difficulties that men might shudder but to name, and dangers that sicken but to think upon?—to perish now, when life hath most promise, and death most terror! Must I go down to the dust with no other fame than that of having chased the wolf from his forest lair, and driven the eagle from her mountain nest? must I *die*?"

"Not so, Prince of Deira," said Oswald, "not so,—a noble steed is at the gate, and your trusty friends are with them—before morning, you will be far, far from our kingdom, where the Uffinga and your vile kinsman will as vainly seek you, as when of old the blood-hounds of the tyrant sought you in wood and upon hill."

Edwin pressed his hand to his brow, & bent his head till it touched his bosom; while from the tremulous motion of his lips, it was evident that some struggle was passing within. He continued in this attitude for a few moments, while his friend stood gazing upon him with anxiety and impatience, for he knew that a trivial delay might render his exertions fruitless, and seal the death-doom of the man he regarded with more than brotherly affection.

"Come, come, Edwin," he exclaimed, "look forth towards the sky, and see how its darkness favours you;—haste, haste."

Edwin started from his posture of deep thought, folded his arms, advanced his right foot, which he planted firmly on the ground, raised his head, and looked like one whose proud glance might well win a kingdom.

"No, Oswald," he answered hastily, "I will not fly like a craven: and if I must die, it is better that I fall by king Redwald's mandate, than by the hand of a base serf, or the yet baser hireling of a bloody tyrant,—and where indeed should I fly,"—he continued, as his his voice fell, and as he altered his position to one less bold but more thoughtful—where should I fly now—I, who have so long wandered through this isle of Britain, herding among savage beasts, or men with more cruelty and less courage—shunned like one who brought with him a pestilence, or sheltered only till convenience could send the leper forth? Or whom I seek shelter, when the dread of my vile kinsman chills even the heart of your good and mighty king? no Oswald—the blessings of a poor, homeless, wretched Prince be with you.—But I go not forth."

"You will at least find protection where you have so often found it," said Oswald: "the mountains and the forests where you have so often dwelt will be your refuge; and men are not there to slight or betray you."

"Oswald," answered Edwin, "you little know what for so many years I have suffered and felt. By night and by day to be exposed to open foes, or to secret treachery,—to feel famine in its keenest sense, by seeing my few faithful followers endure it patiently for me,—to behold the wolves gather round the tree, in which I rested, and to dread sleep lest I might fall from the branches and be their prey; to endure the storm and the lightning, houseless; to know that my native land groaned under the sway of an oppressor; and waking or dreaming, to fancy that his dagger was at my heart. These are no common terrors; and I shrink from again encountering them, though I shrink not from death. What think you was my support under them?—*Hope*, Oswald, *Hope*—the companion of all my wanderings was Hope, which I can no longer cherish. No, I will not wander hence."

"But think," replied his friend, "life is dear to all, and must be more dear to you,—who have a kingdom, the kingdom of your forefathers, to struggle for."

"Oswald, urge me no more—besides" —said Edwin, as his countenance brightened, and the colour returned to his cheek,—"the Uffinga hath my pledge that I do not leave his court,—he has been my friend, and by doubting him and breaking my promise, I should only blacken the name of one whose only crime has heretofore been his misfortune. Oswald, I go not hence."

Still the young erle continued to press upon the Prince the policy and the necessity of at once leaving the court, and trusting to flight for safety. When he saw that all his arguments were vain;

"Well, then," said he, "I go to glean farther intelligence of the Uffinga's intentions. Alas! I know that they are fixed—sadly and shamefully fixed: but nevertheless, I go. Meet me, Prince Edwin, at midnight, near the ancient and hallowed oak, whose branches shadow the outer palace gate. There is no watch set. From that gate you will find easy passage. Well, well," he continued, as Edwin shook his head, "meet me there, whatever be your determination; and I leave you to reflect."

Oswald departed and the unhappy prince was left alone. He paced his dreary chamber for nearly two hours, reflecting on his now almost certain fate. But his resolution remained unchanged; he was determined that no consideration should induce him to forfeit the pledge he had given to his royal host; he felt that the certainty of death was preferable to the daily and hourly anticipation of it; and he knew that if Redwald were unable or unwilling to protect him, he had no hope but that of passing a miserable existence among the woods and the wilds, surrounded on all sides by dangers which must sooner or later be his destruction. It wanted but an hour of midnight, when he wrapt his mantle round him, and went forth. The night was dark and stormy. He walked beneath the shadows of the ancient tree, whose branches spread over a vast extent of ground, and whose topmost boughs were lost in the dark clouds, and seated himself on the large stone at the base of its trunk, to wait the coming of his friend.

In the palace of his host, to which his attention was naturally drawn, all was silent as the grave; behind him was the outer gate, unguarded by a single sentinel; as he looked towards it, he saw, by the light of a solitary star, the extended plain, and thought he could distinguish the sounds of familiar voices. He knew that his sworn friends were within a short distance, that escape was easy, that pursuit was impossible until he was far beyond its reach, and he was strongly tempted to fly from his doubtful friends and certain enemies; once more to trust his safety to the forests and the mountains. The wind passing through the tree, bearing down its branches that rose again with a low moaning sound, and shaking from their leaves the heavy drops of rain; the silence and the gloom that pervaded all around; and, above all, the uncertainty of his fate, made a momentary dread come over him, which was increased when he recollected the various legendary tales that superstition had connected with the spot. The old tree had been consecrated by the ancient Druids, and was still considered as an object of veneration. It was believed, that around its base, the parted priests were permitted to assemble, and to repeat their sacrifices. And few could pass it, even in the day-light, without pausing to pay some tribute of respect to those whom they imagined its guardians. Edwin was brave, and he had too often confronted danger in many forms to dread it under any; but the new belief that had found its way into Redwald's court, where it had to struggle with the horrors and the bitterest opposition of paganism, had left his mind in that uncertain state—that "halting between two opinions," which made him now shudder when reflection was forced upon him. He rose and paced round the tree, glancing occasionally through the gate over the wide plain on which he knew was freedom, and endeavouring to recollect the few observations he had heard from the strangers who had brought those new doctrines into Britain.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS.

If I have failed to prove that the pursuits of agriculture may be as lucrative as other employments, it will be an easier taks to vindicate their pleasures and their importance. I need not dwell on that retirement, one of the purest enjoyments of this life, and the best preparation for the future, on those healthful occupations, on that calmness of mind, on that high spirit of manliness and independence, which naturally belong to that condition.—These are attractions which must have deep roots in the human heart, since they have in all times fascinated at once the imagination, and won the judgment of men. But I may be allowed to say, that, in this nation, agriculture is probably destined to attain its highest honors, and that the country life of America ought to possess peculiar attractions.—The pure and splendid institutions of this people have embodied the brightest dreams of those high spirits, who, in other times and in other lands, have lamented or struggled against oppression; they have realized the fine conceptions which speculative men have imagined, which wise men have planned, or brave men vainly perished in attempting to establish. Their influence in reclaiming the lost dignity of man, and inspiring the loftiest feelings of personal independence, may be traced in every condition of our citizens; but, as all objects are most distinct by insulation, their effects are peculiarly obvious in the country.

The American farmer is the exclusive, absolute, uncontrolled proprietor of the soil.—His tenure is not from government. The government derives its power from him. There is above him nothing but God and the laws; no hereditary authority usurping the distinctions of personal genius; no established church spreading its dark shadow between him and heaven. His frugal government neither desires nor dares to oppress the soil; and the altars of religion are supported only by the voluntary offerings of sincere piety. His pursuits, which no perversion can render injurious to any, are directed to the common benefit of all. In multiplying the bounties of Providence in the improvement and embellishment of the soil, in the care of the inferior animals committed to his charge, he will find an ever varying and interesting employment, dignified by the union of the liberal studies, enlivened by the exercise of a simple and generous hospitality. His character assumes a loftier interest by its influence over the public liberty. It may not be foretold to what dangers this country is destined, when its swelling population, its expanding territory its daily complicating interests, shall awake the latent passions of men, and reveal the vulnerable points of our institutions.—But, whenever these perils come, its most steadfast security, its unfailing reliance, will be on that column of landed proprietors—the men of the soil and of the country—standing aloof from the passions which agitate denser communities, well educated, brave and independent, the friends of the government without soliciting its favors, the advocates of the people without descending to flatter their passions; these men, rooted like their own forests, may yet interpose between the factions of the country, to heal, to defend, and to save.

Biddle's Address.

A Newspaper is *a bill of fare*, containing a variety of dishes, suited to the different tastes and appetites of those who sit down to the entertainment.

Politics are *beaf steaks*, palatable to almost every one. Those who prefer them *rare* done choose them from France. Congress and Legislative news are *stuffed meats*. Electioneering is *venison*. Essays, humourous, speculative, moral and divine, are a fine *boiled dish*, where, by a happy commixture in the use of meat and vegetables, a diet is obtained, nutritive, agreeable and healthy. Poetry is *custard*. Marriages are *sweet meats*. Ballads and love-ditties are *plumpuddings*. Anecdotes, conundrums, and epigrams are *spice* and *mustard*. Sometimes there comes along a printer's dun—that is *sourcrout* and *cranberry-tart*.

Superstition and Atheism.—What, I would ask, are the general effects of superstition and atheism upon the happiness and conduct of mankind? Superstition, it is granted, has many direct sorrows; but atheism has no direct joys. Superstition admits fear, mingled with hope; but atheism, while it excludes hope, affords a very imperfect security against fear.—Superstition is never exposed to the dreary vacuities in the soul, over which atheism is wont to brood in solitude and silence; but atheism is sometimes haunted by forebodings, scarcely less confused, or less unquiet than those by which superstition is annoyed. Superstition stands aghast at the punishment reserved for wicked men in another state; but atheism cannot disprove the *possibility* of such a state of men, accompanied by consciousness and fraught with evils equally dreaded in degree, and even in duration, with those punishments Superstition imposes fresh restraints upon the sensual appetites; but atheism takes away many restraints from those appetites, without throwing equal checks upon those passions, under many circumstances, which may excite them in the minds of votaries. Superstition is eager from a vicious excess of credulity; but atheism is obstinate from an excess of incredulity equally vicious. Superstition is sometimes docile from conscious weakness; but atheism is always haughty from real or supposed strength. Superstition errs and perverts only in consequence of error; but atheism rejects, and, for the most part, disdains to examine after rejection. Superstition catches after appearances; but atheism starts back from realities. Superstition may, in some favorable moment, be awakened to the call of truth; but atheism is generally deaf to the voice of the charmer, 'charm she ever so wisely.' *Parr.*

To our boyhood wise and virtuous education gives that sweet simplicity and innocence, which melts every serious beholder into affection, and relieves even the savage heart with a momentary feeling of honest approbation. In our youth, it inspires us with such a fine sense of decorum, as makes us shrink from folly with scorn, and from vice with loathing; and it animates us, at the same time, with that unwearied activity of mind, which struggles with every difficulty, and triumphs over every danger. Our manhood it distinguishes by that firmness and dignity of thinking which exalts us from one degree of excellence to another; which causes us to start at the smallest deviation from moral rectitude, and impels us to recover from the shock, by the instantaneous and determined exertions of our whole strength. To old age, which is itself the fruit of a well-spent life, it gives a serenity of mind, which the world can neither bestow or take away—a deep and sincere love of virtue, which finds a pure and perpetual reward in the effects it has wrought on the tempers and manners of our friends and children—a comfortable remembrance of habitual well-doing, which alone can endear to us the days that are passed, and will return no more, or enable us to look on the approach of an unknown world, without solicitude and without dismay. *Parr.*

THE HEARTS WE LOVE.

When zephyrs gently die away,
And all is still and clear around,
And evening shadows dimly play
In forms fantastic o'er the ground—
When naught of discord wounds the ear,
How pleasing is it then to rove!
And, oh! how rapturous to hear
The converse of the hearts we love.

When in the world's cold path we meet,
With bosoms, selfish and confin'd,
And seek in vain that kindly heat,
Which warms the pure, the feeling mind!
Oh, then, how gladly do we turn
From hearts like these, and fondly prove,
That feeling, truth, and honor burn,
And centre in the hearts we love.

And when this world, its smiles, its tears,
And all its visions fade away—
When the pure soul to other spheres,
To brighter worlds, directs its way;
When the last beam that lights the eye
Is turned on realms of bliss above—
How sweet, how soothing then to die,
Reclining on the hearts we love.

"It is impossible not to feel respect towards the smallest institution in which learning is communicated, much more towards its ancient and great repositories. All sources of instruction are among the best earthly things. He must possess more than the *odium theologicum*—more than the blindness of polemical bitterness and stupidity, who does not admit this—who does not venerate the humblest instrument of mental culture. The very horn-book of the school-dame, that first impresses on the callous mind the symbols of knowledge, is as worthy of respect as the sceptre of the monarch. It is the key to all that can command and good men worship."

In age to wish for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again.