



From the Southern Literary Messenger.

The following beautiful reply to the stanzas of Mr. Wilde, published in the first number of the Messenger, is attributed to Mrs. Buckley, the wife a distinguished citizen of Baltimore, a lady whose fine taste and poetic capacity are most happily displayed in these touching lines. The answer is a very perfect counterpart of Mr. Wilde's stanzas, and if we were called on to decide upon their relative merits we do not know which of the two would most demand our admiration.

ANSWER,

TO "MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE."  
The dews of night may fall from Heaven,  
Upon the wither'd rose's bed,  
And tears of fond regret be given,  
To mourn the virtues of the dead:  
Yet morning's sun the dews will dry,  
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,  
Affection's pangs had lull'd to sleep,  
And even love forget to weep.

The tree may mourn its fallen leaf,  
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,  
And friends may leave the sigh of grief,  
O'er those who sleep within the tomb:  
Yet soon will spring anew the flowers,  
And time will bring more smiling hours;  
In friendship's heart all grief will die,  
And even love forget to sigh.

The sea may on the desert shore  
Lament each wreck that bears away;  
The lonely heart its grief may pour  
O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay;  
Yet when all trace is lost and gone,  
The waves dance bright and gaily on:  
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,  
And even love forgets to mourn.

From the New York Mirror.

The Tables Turned—A Tale of Leap Year.  
BY A YOUTH ABOUT TOWN.

Reader, did you ever, in your boyish days, (for I assume, on my own responsibility, the fact that you were once young,) when your utmost literary felicity was the possession of a few leaves, by courtesy called a book, and filled with pictures arrayed in colors, far surpassing in brilliancy the bungling attempts of Dame Nature; did you ever, while in the halcyon state of existence, meet with a little work, representing the world turned upside down—fishes angling for men, (alas, for poor Izack Walton!) horses drawn by their former drivers, (alas for our omnibus Jehus!) and divers other such ingenious devices? If you are so very fortunate as to have seen this prodigy of genius, then, and then only can you form any conception of the state of anarchy now existing in the masculine-feminine world.

The sun was brightly beaming, on the second day of the new-year, upon two fair damsels, who had ascended almost at the same instant, the step of a young bachelor's lodgings in Broadway. The bell was rung, and while they are waiting its response, I will honor you, my reader, with an introduction to them; so that, should one of them chance to loose her footing, you may be at liberty to pick her up. When I saw that the damsels were fair, I spoke metaphorically only; for though Miss Dorothea Bridget Beaumont was fair as the white of your eye, *ma belle* reader, and was blessed with locks as rosy as your cheek—our other heroine, Miss Emeline Julia Adelgitha Stubbs, reminded you rather of the dark, downy blush on the peach, which tells how rich the soil of sweetness dwells within. For my own part I must confess a lurking preference for Miss Emeline Julia Adelgitha Stubbs; especially as the odious last fragment of her name may be easily changed—of course supposing the lady to be willing.

By this time the door must be open, so we will allow Pompey to usher the ladies into the drawing room, and then to call his master, who is in his study. Our heroines, when left alone together, gazed on each other with eyes full of ire, each instinctively divining the purpose of the other. Looks were followed by words: and these might (I write with the fear of the fair sex before my eyes) have been succeeded by deeds, had not the Fates interposed in the form of the beloved Thomas Smith, (I like to distinguish my heroes by name, as well as by character, from the common herd of mankind) upon whose entrance the aroused waves of passion subsided to a dead calm, and the mountainous sea of their anger became as flat and as plain as themselves.

"Well, ladies," cried Thomas Smith, after the usual salutations, "to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?"  
Miss Stubbs blushed, and Miss Beaumont sentimentally cast down her eyes, and applied her *evainigrette* to the protuberance just below them.

"Ah!" sighed Miss Dorothea, "have you forg'ton that it is leap year?" with another sigh. "You know our privilege," with a smile. "You must be sensible of your attractions," with a fond look, called,

in vulgar parlance, a sheep's eye, a very appropriate term on the present occasion. "You will forgive my apparent forwardness," with an attempt at a blush, "and attribute it to the overflowing of my heart toward you, my dear Thomas," with a sigh, a blush, and some symptoms of a tear.

"I am aware, Mr. Smith," said Miss Emeline, in her turn, "that I am overstepping the limits which custom has prescribed to my sex, but I disdain such narrow prejudices. I have long loved you, hopelessly, but constantly. While you have lavished your attentions on those who valued them not, I have hoarded up the most trifling word which you have chanced to bestow upon me, and brooded over it in secret, as the miser over his treasure. I need not now recall my alternate fears and hopes; the ecstasy into which a kind look of yours has often thrown me, or the bitter despondency into which I have sunk, when carelessly noticed by you. May you never feel the agonies which I have suffered! I now cast the bigoted fetters of prudery, and obeying only the dictates of my heart, I avow my ardent, despairing love."

"Really, ladies," said Mr. Smith, "I should be very happy to oblige either of you or both, but unfortunately you are a day too late for I was married last night!"

A flood of tears relieved Miss Emeline, and a fit of hysterics Miss Dorothea. Just at this crisis, Pompey entered with an elongated visage, and whispered—  
"Massa! massa! three more ladies at the door, come a courting!"

"Surely," sighed the half-distracted Thomas, as he rushed out of the room, "surely it must have been a leap-year that forced Copper to exclaim—  
"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Selected for the Beacon.  
VEGETABLE HIEROGLYPHICS.  
LILAC.—FIRST SENSATIONS OF LOVE.

The lilac has been consecrated to the first sensation of love, because nothing is more delightful than the approach of spring, of which this flower is the messenger. The freshness of its verdure, the flexibility of its branches, the abundance of its blossom—their beauty, so short, so transient—their color, so tender and varied—all recall those emotions which embellish beauty and give grace to youth.

No painter has ever been able to blend colors soft enough or fresh enough to portray the velvet delicacy and sweetness of those light tints on the forehead of youth. Van Spaendonck himself, unrivalled in flower-painting, let fall his pencil before a bunch of lilac. The graduation of color, from the purple bud to the open flower, is the least attraction of those charming masses, around which light plays and loses itself in a thousand shapes; all of which, blending in the same tint, form that harmony which makes the painter despair.

What a re-union of perfume, of freshness, of grace, of delicacy, of detail, and of a whole!  
There seems no sufficient reason alleged from either nature or mythology, why the almond-tree should represent fickleness; but the fact connected with its blossoms may be new to some, although they have often seen it; and it is prettily told.

THE ALMOND TREE.—FICKLENESS.  
An emblem of fickleness, the almond-tree is the first to answer the call of spring. Nothing has a more lovely effect than this tree, when it appears in the first days of March, covered with flowers in the midst of trees still unclad. The latter frosts often destroy the precocious germ of its fruit; but, by a singular effect, the flowers, far from being injured, appear to have gained fresh brilliancy. An avenue of almond-trees, quite white in the evening, struck with the frost in the night, will appear rose color the next morning, and will preserve this new dress for more than a month, and only relinquish it for the green foliage.

Sometimes the origin of the emblem is traced to a story, sometimes to an anecdote. Here are two of the latter.  
SCARLET GERANIUM.—FOLLY.  
The Baroness de Stael was always angry if an untalented man was introduced to her. A friend one day hazarded presenting to her a young Swiss officer of captivating appearance. The lady, deceived by his good looks, exerted herself, and said a thousand flattering things to the new comer, whom she thought at first struck dumb with surprise and admiration: however, as he listened for an hour without opening his mouth, she began to mistrust his silence, and asked him such pointed questions that he was obliged to answer. Alas! the poor man could only utter nonsense. Madame de Stael, piqued at having thrown away her trouble and her wit, turned towards her friend and said: "In good truth, sir, you

resemble my gardener, who thought he should gratify me by bringing a geranium; but I must tell you that I sent back his flower, requesting that I might never see it again." Why, then?" asked the young man, quite aghast. "Sir, you must know, the geranium is a flower well dressed in scarlet; it pleases our eyes, but when we gently press it, we can only extract an insipid scent." Saying these words she arose, leaving the cheeks of the young fool as red as his coat, or as the flower to which he had just been compared.

A WHITE AND RED ROSE.

The poet Bonncfous, sent the object of his affection two roses, one white and the other of the most brilliant carnation; the white to represent the paleness of his countenance, and the carnation the warmth of his heart.

A FANCY.

Every thing is to be gained from good company. "One day," says the poet Sadi, "I saw a rose tree surrounded by a tuft of grass. What, I exclaimed, has this plant done, that we find it the companion of roses! and I was going to uproot the turf, when it humbly said: "Spare me; I am no rose it is true, but by my scent, you may know at least I have lived among roses."

THE CHESNUT.—LUXURY.

For two centuries this tree has inhabited our climate, but does not yet deign to mix its proud head with the other trees of our forests; it loves to embellish parks, to adorn chateaus, and to shade the dwellings of kings. Standing alone, nothing can equal the elegance of its pyramidal form, the beauty of its foliage, and the richness of its flowers, which give it the appearance of an immense lustre covered with crystals.

Friend of pomp and riches, it covers with flowers the green turf which it protects, loads the atmosphere with perfume, and offers to luxury a delightful shade; but it bestows on the poor only useless timber and bitter fruit—sometimes granting him the pittance of fuel from its dried leaves.

Naturalists and physicians have given to this child of India a thousand good qualities which it does not possess. Thus this tree, like the rich man on whom it lavishes its charms, finds flatterers, does a little good in spite of itself, and astonishes the vulgar by a useless display.

Here is something analogous to the fall season.

WITHERED LEAVES.—SORROW.—MELANCHOLY.

Winter approaches: the trees have lost their verdure, after being deprived of their fruits—the retiring sun tints the foliage with deep or melancholy shades the poplar resembles discolored gold—the acacia folds up its light seed-vessels, no more to be aroused by the sun—the long tresses of the birch float in the air, already deprived of ornament—and the pine, destined to preserve its green pyramid, proudly balances it in the breeze. The oak is immovable; it resists the efforts of the wind to despoil its lofty head: but the king of the forest will yield to spring, its leaves reddened by winter. We might imagine all the trees affected by different passions; one, lowly bending, as if rendering homage to that tree which the tempest cannot shake; the other, appearing as if it would embrace its companion, the supporter of its weakness; and whilst these mingle their branches together, a third trembles in every leaf, as if surrounded by enemies: respect, friendship, hatred, and anger, pass by turns from one to the other. Thus assailed by every wind, and, as it were, agitated by every passion, we hear their lengthened wailings; like the confused murmurs of an alarmed populace, there is no prevailing voice, but a heavy, deep, and monotonous sound, which fills the soul with vague terror.

We often see clouds of dead leaves falling on the ground, and covering it with a beautiful verdure.

We like to look at the storm, which drives, disperses, agitates, and torments, these sad wrecks of a spring which will return no more.—Spectator.

Written for the Beacon.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,"  
Thought I, as I was jogging along one pleasant morning in the county of —, in this State, on the day after the events of my present narrative had transpired. \* \* \* It was about 2 o'clock, P. M., when I left the house of my hospitable friend, regardless of his frequent proposals that I should remain over night, and the appearance of approaching rain. For the first several miles I met with no one, and from the silence which prevailed around me, and the increased darkening of the sky, I became lost in thought, a melancholy and dreary mist overshadowed my mind, in unison with the dreary appearance without, and in thus ruminating on things passed, scenes of my home,

of my childhood, my thoughts naturally turned, and clung with fondest delight, to the mind's image of her, who had then been my all, and if possible my idol; and being of a somewhat singular disposition, I composed the following lines, which, poor as they are, I nevertheless beg leave to force on the reader, as they proceeded from a bosom fired with all the ardor of youthful hope:

The world may scorn and bid me flee,  
This ruinous passion—love;  
And friends unite in winning strain  
My folly to reprove;  
May warn me, but alas! too late,  
To shun love's rugged ways;  
They little know what passion deep  
My every action sways.  
No, no, though severed from thee now,  
My thoughts are with thee still,  
Though thou mayst look on me with scorn,  
Yet love I must and love I will.  
Nought can persuade me to believe,  
That thou to me art false,  
Nought better prove that thou still lov'st  
As once I know thou didst,  
Than once again to view thy form,  
And gently flowing hair,  
Once more to view thy soft blue eye,  
And read love's language there.  
Till that best pleasure I enjoy,  
I'll fondly dream of thee,  
And none find place in this true heart,  
No, no, not one but thee.

I had scarce finished my youthful effusion, when I was aroused from my reverie by a smart shower, which forced me to put up my pencil and urge on my steed, finding that I had been coming but slowly for the last few hours, and night was approaching. After proceeding a short distance I had the good fortune (as I thought) of meeting a second person, of whom I could inquire the distance to the house I had contemplated stopping at for the night; but on approaching and addressing him, I received nothing in reply but an idiotic grin; I repeated my inquiry, but to no purpose; I then spoke in another language, thinking he might not understand plain English, and however I succeeded in squeezing from out his thinned brain somewhat more intelligible words and gestures, I was far from being satisfied. So after again repeating the interrogation with no better success, and being not at the time in a mood to be fooling, or to be made a fool of, I bade him a good evening, and proceeded onward at a brisk pace, and in not a very good humor, as in addition to the cold, damp, and disagreeably rainy condition of the evening, 'twas now quite late, and no house nearer than several miles; but at length arrived at the long looked for abode, was soon seated beside a comfortable log fire, and my weary companion doubtless snugly provided for.

Of the company here, and other matters about the house, the reader will please form the best idea possible until next week, when he shall again hear from

A WANDERER.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

You have entered, perhaps, of a moonlight evening, out of the precincts of the living, moving world, to linger and contemplate among the grass grown memorials of those who are gone—  
"The body to its place, the soul to heaven's grace,  
And the rest in God's own time."

An appalling chill shoots through the current of life, at the undisturbed and universal silence of the scene—the stars tranquilly shining on the white marble, and freely illuminating the name, which friendship had carved for the slumberer beneath; here the grass waving in rank luxuriance, as if to hide the triumphs and the trophies of death, and there a human bone unearthed from its timeworn sepulchre, a ghastly visitor to the realms of day; a wooden tablet, making the repose of the humble; a cross, the sign of the believer, and lofty and magnificent memorials over the mortal relics of the wealthy and the great. Ah! who, in such an assemblage as this, can be accounted great! What gold survives the crucible of death.

We can learn nothing from the living which the dead do not teach us. Would beauty be modest and unpretending, let her quit the hall and the festival for a moment, and carry her toilet to the tomb. Would the proud learn humility; the penurious charity; the frivolous seriousness; the bigoted philanthropy; would the scholar ascertain the true objects of knowledge; the man of the world, the true means of happiness here and hereafter; and the ambitious, the true sources of greatness; let him retire awhile from the living and commune with the dead. We must all come to the mournful and silent grave. Our bones must mingle in one common mass. Our affections should travel in the same path, for they must terminate in one fearful issue. Life is full of facilities of virtue and of happiness; and when you would abuse them,

go purify your affections, and humble your pride, and leave your hopes at the tomb of a friend, when the stars are shining upon it like the glorious beams of religion on the mansion of death.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

We are informed there is in the other world, a place prepared for maids and bachelors called Fiddler's Green, where they are condemned for the lack of good fellowship in this world, to dance together to all eternity. One of a party, who had been conversing on this subject, after returning home, had his brain so occupied with it, that in a dream he imagined himself dead, and translated to this scene of incessant fiddling and dancing. After describing his journey to these merry abodes of hopping shades, he says, that on passing the confines, he perceived a female figure advancing with a rambling rapid motion, resembling a hop, skip and jump. He now cast his eyes on his own person, as a genteel spirit would naturally do, at the approach of a female, and for the first time saw, that although he had left his substance in the other world, he was possessed of an airy form precisely similar to the one he had left behind him, and was clad in the ghost of a suit of clothes made after the newest fashion, which he had purchased a few days before his death. As the figure came near she slackened her pace, and struck into a beautiful chase forward, at the same time motioning to him to cross a rivulet, which he no sooner did, than he fell a dancing with increased agility.

He is then conducted, or rather whirled away by his fair companion, to the manager of the green, where he has an opportunity of beholding the congregated celibacy of the place. The grotesque appearance of the various groups particularly amused him—"The Green-robe and the Roman Tog, the Monkish cowl, the Monastic veil, and the blankets and feathers of the Indian, were mixed in ludicrous contrast." The allotment of partners was equally diverting.

"A gentleman in an embroidered suit led off a beggar girl, while a broad shouldered Myneer flouted with an Italian countess. Queen Elizabeth was dancing a jig with a jolly cobbler, a person of great bonhomie, but who failed not to apply the strap when his stately partner moved with less agility than comported with his notion." His attention was then arrested by the appearance of a spare looking gentleman, advancing to the genius of the place in his glee. Poor man! he had no sooner come up to the group of ladies, than a tall, swarthy, lantern-jawed, antiquated virgin, raised her foot as a challenge for him to dance, whereupon they both fell to, and had danced six months when he left them, without any prospect of cessation.

Among all the productions and inventions of human wit, none is more admirable and useful than Writing, by means whereof a man may copy out his very thoughts, utter his mind without opening his mouth, and signify his pleasure at a thousand miles distance; and this by the help of twenty-four letters, by various joining and infinite combinations of which all words that are attainable and imaginable may be framed, and the several ways of joining, altering, and transposing these letters, do amount (as Calvin the Jesuit has taken pains to compute) to 52,636,738,497,964,000 ways, so that all things that are in heaven and earth may be expressed by the help of this wonderful alphabet, which may be comprised in the compass of a farthing.

Three excellent things, and of great utility, are Reading, Conversation, and Reflection. By reading we treat with the dead; by conversation, with the living; and by reflection with ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the mind, and reflection forms the judgment. But of these noble employments of the soul, were we to say which we think the most important, we must confess that reading seems the ground work of the other two, since without reading, contemplation is fruitless, and conversation dull and insipid.

A long life may be passed without finding a friend in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and sincerity. A weak man, however honest, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counsel. Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failing, because they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain, or they are interested and fearful to offend.—Johnson.