

OH, GIVE ME BACK MY RUSSET GOWN.

Oh, give me back my russet gown,
My cottage by the valley side;
There's nothing in this wilful town
Save gilded pomp, and painted pride:
Oh, give me back my garden chair,
My morning walk, my song-bird's call;
For Nature's self is present there—
And heaven's dear light is over all!

These crowded streets are not for me,
I seek in vain the clear blue sky:
I long the mountain paths to see—
The green woods waving broad and high
I long to hear the Sabbath bells
Come chiming with the river's flow;
To feel the holy joy that dwells
Afar from fashion's tinsel show!

Give—give me back my russet gown—
And take these bright pearls from my view;
And smooth these auburn tresses down
As once a mother's hand would do!
Give—give me back my own dear bow,
And bid me far from pomp remain;
And I will love—will bless the hour—
When Nature's home again is mine!

COME INTO THE GARDEN.

Come into the garden Maude,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maude,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blow.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate,
The red rose cries, "she is near, she is near,"
And the white rose weeps, "she is late;"
The Larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth on an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

[Written for the Deseret News.]

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN OLD REPORTER.

News gatherers are ever on the alert, the smallest circumstance leads to the investigation, and ultimately to the production of an article worth a shilling, or eighteen pence, if the incident, accident, or misdemeanor be ridiculous, heart-rending, or cruel; and made attractive by the writer's imagination in placing his report before the public, embellished with something of the romance. Without this natural requisition, the poor caterer would often have to go to bed supperless; as a plain truthful narration would not be admitted into the columns of *The Dwarf*. There is therefore, no circumstance more cheering than a murder, robbery, fraud, drowning, fire, riot, or any other calamity to the watchful news-monger.

In fact, he is like the sexton, who complains of dull times, when the people are not dying off as fast as he can dig their graves. It is wonderful, however, to see how little an affair will be productive of a lengthy detail in the mind of a conceptive genius, living by this precarious business. Mr. Jinks, an Editor, would not look at an article, got up in what he called the see-saw style. He often gave the report of a murder, or robbery, to an insignificant fellow by the name of Bellows to dress up the affair, for which he received more for his labor than the actual correspondent, who had his report from the parties concerned.

Bellows had been for some years sub-editor for Mr. Lawless, conductor of *The Belfast Reformer*, and had gained considerable notoriety in exposing what he called public abuse, such as arraignment of the authorities, upbraiding ecclesiastics, and showing in glaring light the frauds, and invasion of government, on the rights and liberties of the Irish people.

Bellows being discharged from his situation in consequence of drunkenness, emigrated to Scotland, where luckily he got employment in *The Semi-Weekly Mail*, as master of all works. Here he would have been successful but for his love of the ardent. Bellows would have his spree out, which often lasted for a week at one time, and although he left the office dressed in gentlemanly attire, would not, when found, have any garment on him fit to cover his nakedness. Led home to his sanctum in this dilemma, where he was locked up in an attic, with writing apparatus; and a bottle of whisky, he could earn two sovereigns per day; in rewriting reports of public dinners, revising sermons, and embellishing local transactions, and incidents, reported to *The Dwarf* by their employed hands.

Such was Bellows' occupation, and such were the duties required of him, kept up, and nourished, by the inflammatory influence of strong drink, and such might be well termed the spirit and daily practice of a venal press; pandering to the vices of pride, falsehood and misrepresentation, for the paltry pay of an ordinary living.

I well remember, first meeting with Jinks in the Metropolis one cold, frosty morning, in company with the aforesaid imbecile, who

was half naked. He introduced me to Mr. Bellows as another acquisition to our office. 'Now' said he, 'Mr. King, we shall have something original in *The Black Dwarf*, none of your wishy-washy trash, nothing but real genuine eloquence will be the order of the day; something, you know, that will dazzle to blind, "Words that breathe, and thoughts that burn." Mr. Bellows will be henceforth the sun of our system shooting forth his rays, to lead *The Dwarf* into the abodes of the aristocracy and the influential of the commercial world. As for Dauby, my assistant, he is too much a matter of fact man to suit us, too honest you know, doesn't know how to suit our various readers, too plain! that's the fault King, it won't pay, but you are blushing; I make no insinuations, mark me. By the bye, have you finished that tale of the elopement, and colored it up finely, eh?"

A crowd was gathering round us, gazing at the dilapidation of ruin in the person of Bellows, when I bid them good-bye, and hastened to the office with my copy for to-morrow's issue.

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

THE WIDOW CURED;

OR, MORE THAN THE DOCTOR AT FAULT.

It was in the year—but no matter, I have the most treacherous memory imaginable for dates, when Quarz was at Berlin—yon, of course, know who Quarz was—if you do not I'll tell you. He was the celebrated musical composer and musician at the court of Frederick the Great, and, by the way, taught him the flute. Quarz was the pupil of the famous counterpointist, Gasparini; Quarz, in short, was the man who, as he was leaving the orchestra one night, heard a ball whistle in his ear, ticketed for him by a Spanish Ambassador, who was in love with a certain marchioness. I can assure you the aim was a good one, and the maestro might well bob his head and wink his eyes.

At the time of which I was speaking before I got into these parenthesis, Quarz was forty-one; tall and well made in his person, and of a noble and characteristic countenance, which joined to talent whose superiority no one could dispute, gave him free access to all societies, and caused him to be well received everywhere. He was, among others, particularly intimate with one Schindler, a friend of his youth, who had followed the same studies—almost with the same success—what a blessing was such a friend! In this house, after the fatigues and adulation that every coming day brought with it, Quarz passed his evenings. At Schindler's he sought for a balm to the wounds of envy and jealousy, fortified his mind against the caprices of the great, and, above all, from Schindler he was sure to meet with a tribute to his genius, and praises that came from his heart.

But death laid his cold and pitiless hand on Schindler, and with his terrible scythe cut that knot, which only he could sever.

No record of the time remains to tell us whether Madame Schindler "lamented him sore." There are some sorrows over which we are forced to throw a veil. Perhaps she did, perhaps she did not, shed a tear—perhaps a flood of tears. Habit and long intimacy are mighty and powerful things.

Yet, though Schindler was no more, Quarz still continued his visits; whether from long custom, or particular affection for his lost friend, does not appear, and the young widow continued to receive him with accustomed welcome.

For a considerable time no particular occurrence happened to interrupt their interviews, the motive of which seemed to be a mutual consolation. It is only by looking closely, and examining events with attention, that we can discover any diminution of their affections for poor Schindler, but by degrees he faded from their memory. They now and then spoke of him, it is true, but less and less till at last they ceased to speak of him at all. Schindler was allowed to slumber peacefully in a case of wood, was quietly inurned, requiescat in pace.

For myself, I can perfectly understand all this. I can see no necessity for remaining inconsolable, at an irreparable loss, and can conceive no folly greater than his or hers had they doomed themselves to eternal regrets.

Whilst the lamp burns, if ever so feebly, nourish the flame by all means; but when once it is extinguished, it is waste of time and common sense to trim or supply it with oil. There is an old French song that runs thus:—

"Quand en est mort c'est pour long temps."

Thus, as I said, Madame Schindler had given up weeping, and as every one should have some occupation or other, she bethought herself of getting a new husband in lieu of the old. The idea was not a bad one. Is it not so? With this view she employed herself in repairing the disorder of her toilette—in smiling on her visitors—in coquetting with them a little. And who can blame her? If you know mankind as well as I do, you must be aware that these things, much as we despise them, go a great way in the world. Depend on it, that if a woman is simple in her manners, and plain in her dress, and without what most people term affectation or coquetry, no one will take the trouble of looking at her twice.

Madame Schindler's house underwent a similar metamorphosis to her own. The venetians, that had for a whole year been carefully closed, began to let in the day, and were draped with more care and elegance than ever. The very furniture seemed to assume a new life. Her doors opened almost of themselves to her former friends of new acquaintances,

fances, and more than one guest at a time took his seat at her dinner-table.

Quarz was, as may be supposed, always welcome; and he had this advantage, that come when he might she was at home to him. Nothing less could be expected from so old a friend, and no one could possibly find fault with her for that, you will allow.

One day, in the midst of an animated conversation with her amiable favorite, Madame Schindler all at once burst into tears, complaining of a pain in her side and a violent headache. Quarz was "*aux petits soins*," and did and said all that might have been expected of him in such a case.

Madame Schindler went to bed, and sent for a physician.

Well, you will say, what is there extraordinary in that? Yesterday I had a stitch in my side and a headache, and what can they have to do with your anecdote!

Don't be impatient—much. As you shall hear.

Quarz was seated by her bedside when the doctor entered. He felt her pulse, and his lips expressed, by a slight but significant contraction, that he entertained no very favorable opinion of her symptoms; while Quarz kept his eye constantly fixed on her pale countenance, where the finger of death seemed to have set its fatal seat. He was sad and motionless, and awaited in silence the decrees of Heaven. But the patient had perceived the evil augury of the physician's eye.

"I see," said she, with a feeble voice, "I see, alas! that I am doomed to die. Doctor, I am grateful to you. I had rather know the worst, than flatter myself with a vain delusion."

"Well," said he, "since I must—since all aid of medicine is vain, I leave you, madam." He cast a melancholy look at Quarz, who was now really affected.

The patient expressed a wish to be alone, and Quarz and the doctor retired to an adjoining chamber.

Some minutes afterwards they were again summoned.

"Joachim," said the dying lady, addressing Quarz; "you perceive that I am about to leave you. But before I quit this world—before I take my eternal rest, I have one favor to beg of you—only one—say, will you refuse it on my deathbed?"

You may imagine the reply; Quarz did what you or I would have done in his place. He promised, whatever it might be, to comply with it.

"I hoped it would be so," said the widow, with a voice still feebler; "but dared not rely on it. It is—that before I die, you should make me yours. Call me but your wife. I shall then be the happiest of women, and have nothing further to wish for."

The request was a singular one, but Quarz had promised, and really the engagement bound him to nothing, for, in a few moments, the tie would be broken by the divorce of death.

He therefore consented with a good grace, and sent for a notary public. The deed was drawn up in due form. He signed it. The doctor signed it as a witness. The widow, with a trembling hand, affixed her signature to the paper; and all was over.

But all was not over. "Doctor!" cried Mrs. Quarz, jumping nimbly, and completely dressed, out of bed. "I am not so near the point of death as you imagine, and have every inclination to live long for my husband."

Now look upon the *tableau*. The astonishment of the two witnesses—the notary, wiping his spectacles, thinking his eyes deceived him—the doctor biting his nails at being deceived, as well as the rest. Only think of a doctor being taken in!

Quarz, who was well pleased with the adventure, said smilingly, aside—

"A good actress, *faith!* If I were an author I would write a part for her."

The curtain fell. Madame Schindler was young and pretty, and rich besides.

THE END.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.—We learn from the *New York Times* that the number of foreign immigrants landed at that port between the 1st of January last and the 31st of May, inclusive, is 63,078, of whom 41,283 were from Ireland, 15,343 from Germany, 8,114 from England, 1,186 from Scotland, 214 from Wales, and 1,933 from all other countries; being an increase of 18,396 over the corresponding period of last year. The like ratio of increase during the remainder of the year 1864 will give a total immigration of 214,876 souls, which is an increase of 58,32 over that of 1863, of 138,570 over that of 1862, of 149,347 over that of 1861, of 109,714 over that of 1860, of 135,554 over that of 1859, of 136,287 over that of 1858, and of 31,103 over that of 1857.

It is estimated that the number of emigrants arriving this year at New York, compared to the number arriving in the country at other ports, is considerably greater than formerly, and will not, in all probability, fall short of ninety per cent. of the sum total. The preponderance of male emigration during the present year is also a novel feature. Careful returns which have been made show that for three months, ending on the 1st of April last, two-thirds of the entire immigration was of males. It might be presumed that this fact found an explanation in the heavy bounties offered by the military service in this country, but it has been developed by the investigations which have been instituted in the matter, that barely ten per cent. of the male emigrants have entered the army.

A SHREWD OLD LANDLORD.

In Maine, a shrewd old landlord, noted for his driving "sharp bargains," and whose object was always to lease his house for a term of years to a responsible tenant, rented a house in Portland last winter to a diminutive Frenchman. After the leases were drawn and duly executed and the tenant moved into his new quarters, upon kindling fire in the house, it was found that the chimney would not "draw," and the building was filled with smoke. The window sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed in through a hundred crevices about the house until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from leakage.

"I have been vat you call 'suck in,' vis zis dam maison," muttered our victim to himself, a week afterward; but *n'importe*, ve sal see vat ve sal see."

Next morning he arose bright and early, and passing down, he encountered the landlord.

"Ah, ah!—*Bon jour Monsieur*," said he, in his happiest manner.

"Good day, sir. How do you like your house?"

"Ah! monsieur—elegant, beautiful, magnificent. *Eh bien*, monsieur, I have but ze one regret!"

"Ah! what is that?"

"Monsieur, I sal live in zat house but tres little year."

"How so?"

"I have find by vot you sal call ze lease, zat you have give me ze house but for tree year, and I ver mooch sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer, if you wish."

"Ah, monsieur, sal be very mooch glad, if I can have zat house so long as I pleas—eh, monsieur?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, sir."

"*Tres bien*, monsieur! I sal walk rite to your office, and you sal give me vot you call ze lease for that maison jes so long as I sal vant ze house. Eh, monsieur?"

"Certainly, sir! You can stay there your lifetime, if you like."

The old lease was destroyed, and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, and the next morning our crafty landlord received the following note, with the money for eight days' rent:

"Monsieur—I have been smoke—I have been drowned—I have been frees to death in ze house zat I hire of you for ze period as I may desire. I have stay in ze dam house jes so long as I please, and ze bearer of zis vill give you ze key! *Bon jour*, monsieur."

A MONKEY IN CHURCH.

There was once an eminent clergyman, by the name of Cassaubon, who kept in his family a tame monkey, of which he was very fond. This animal, which was allowed its liberty, liked to follow the minister when he went out, but on the Sabbath was usually shut up till his owner was out of sight, on his way to church.

But one Sabbath morning, when the clergyman, taking his sermon under his arm, went out, the monkey followed him unobserved, and watching the opportunity while his master was speaking to a gentleman on the steps, ran up at the back of the pulpit, and jumped upon the sounding-board. Here he gravely seated himself, looking round in a knowing manner on the congregation, who were greatly amused at so strange a spectacle. The services proceeded as usual, while the monkey, who evidently enjoyed the sight of so many people, occasionally peeped over the sounding-board, to observe the movements of his master, who was unconscious of his presence. When the sermon commenced, many little forms were convulsed with laughter, which conduct so shocked the good pastor that he thought it his duty to administer a reproof, which he did with considerable action of his hands and arms.

The monkey, who had now become familiar with the scene, imitated every motion, till at last a scarcely suppressed smile appeared upon the countenance of most of the audience. This, occurred, too, in one of the most solemn passages in the discourse, and so horrible did the levity appear to the good minister, that he launched forth into violent rebuke, every word being enforced by great energy of action. All this time the little fellow overhead mimicked every movement with ardor and exactness. The audience, witnessing this apparent competition between the good man and his monkey, could no longer retain the least appearance of composure, and burst into roars of laughter, in the midst of which one of the congregation kindly relieved the horror of the pastor at the irreverence and impiety of his flock, by pointing out the cause of the merriment. Casting his eyes upward, the minister could just discern the animal standing on the end of the sounding-board, and gesturing with all his might, when he found it difficult to control himself, though highly exasperated at the occurrence. He then gave directions to have the monkey removed, and sat down to compose himself, and allow his congregation to recover their equanimity while the order was being obeyed.

—This morning Dr. Darrah of this city, had in his possession a Reese river scorpion which was about five inches in length. He inclosed the venomous animal in a vial, poured in alcohol until the vial was completely filled. The scorpion lived thirty-eight minutes before giving up the ghost, and attempted to take his own life by thrusting its horn in the back of its neck.—[Esmeralda Union.]