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Poetical.

THE DYING CHILD'S "GOOD NIGHT."

In Bath, Maine, a child of Dr. Shaw, two years of age, died, after a sickness of six hours, from eating cobalt, prepared for flies. When her eyes began to grow dim with death, she fancied it was night and she was going to sleep, and she died with her customary "good night, mamma! good night, mamma!" many times repeated, on her trembling lips.

In the casement's cooling breeze,
The happy mother sat at rest;
A little child stood on her knees,
Gazing towards the glowing West,
Her eyes grew large and very bright,
As the great Sun went out of sight,
And when she found her pretty star,
She cried with joy—"Good night, mamma!

The solemn Night had flung its shade
Around the cradle where she lay;
And when she saw the brightness fade,
Her little hands forgot their play;
She felt her quiet hour was near,
And whispered—while there fell a tear,
Watching the crimson clouds afar—
Good night, mamma! Good night, mamma!

She heard the sparrows sing at morn,
And climbed her chair to watch them well,
And see the mist rise off the corn,
The bee come out of the opening bell.
But on her cot she lies again,
And a leaden cloud is on her brain,
The noon grows dark as evenings are;
Trustful, she breathes, "Good night, mamma!"

The Angel Death stood by, and smiled,
His shadow rested on her eyes;
He'd come to lead the wondering child
Up the long pathway, through the skies.
Her purple lips are moving still,
Tho' almost sealed in silence chill;
And murmuring, as they stand ajar,
"Good night, mamma! Good night, mamma!"

From Graham's Magazine.

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Two dark-haired maids, at shut of day,
Sat, where a river rolled away,
With calm sad brows and raven hair.
And one was pale, and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,
Bring forest blooms of name unknown,
Bring building sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier and Love the Child.

Move softly, fondly, while ye weep,
Fit ways, that death may seem like sleep,
And lay his hands, in sign of rest,
His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
Where altar flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue birds in the inlets of spring,
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Wait near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts his loosened bow,
The silken band that oft around
His waggish eyes in mirth he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The patter of his little feet,
His sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet.

And graver looks serene and high,
The light of heaven in that young eye;
All these shall haunt us, till the heart
Shall ache—and ache—and tears shall start.

The bow, the hand, shall fall to dust;
The shining arrows waste with rust,
But he whom now, from sight of men,
We hide in earth, shall live again.

Shall break these clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien and clearer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand,
With those who wait at God's right hand.

Miscellaneous.

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

A Wallachian Legend.

Nearly three centuries ago, an extensive portion of that part of the country which lies on the Wallachian banks of the Danube, belonged to Demetri C——, a powerful Boyard, descended from one of the Greek princes, who had been driven from Constantinople at the fall of the Lower Empire. He was wealthy, generous, and magnificent, the father of a promising son, (who at the period to which this history relates was eighteen years old,) and the husband of the most beautiful woman in the country, Helen C—— was looked upon as the happiest and most envied of her sex; and she might have justified the general belief, for nature had endowed her with mental powers no less remarkable than her personal perfections, had it not unfortunately happened that, amidst the countless roses with which her path in life had been strewn, one sharp thorn had lurked and pierced her to the heart, rendering her, in the intolerable anguish which it occasioned, regardless of the many other blessings that had been showered upon her. In a word, she was of a suspicious and jealous disposition; passionately attached to her husband, and to all appearance adored by him. She, nevertheless, lived in constant distrust of him, which his character and manners were too well calculated to justify, for his general admiration of beauty was a matter of notoriety. And although from a knowledge of his wife's disposition, he had taken such precaution in his intercourse towards her, that she had never yet been able to detect him in a love intrigue, she nevertheless felt so persuaded that he was constantly involved in such pursuits, that she became a prey to vague jealousy, which embittered every hour of her existence.

At last her suspicions appeared to have found an object on which to settle. Among her female attendants, was a young and pretty Transylvanian, named Anastatia, whose superior education had rendered her a favorite with her lady. All at once, the former became neglectful of her duties, absent in mind and inattentive to the wishes of her mistress; when reprimanded by her, she betrayed insolence and temper. Helen threatened to dismiss her from her service. The prince opposed such a measure, and in proportion as the displeasure of his wife was evinced towards the delinquent, the voice and manner of her husband softened in her favor.

This was more than sufficient to fire the suspicions of the princess. Eager to ascertain the reality of that which she dreaded, and resolved to rush upon knowledge that would break her heart, she forgot her dignity so far as to play the eaves-dropper and spy over her attendant—for some time without any result. One day, however, when the young girl had been sent for by her, and had neglected to attend the summons, Helena treacherously crept up a back way to her menial's chamber or room door, and noiselessly stationing herself outside of it, listened to what was passing within. A murmur of voices in the room convinced her that Anastatia was not alone, and almost immediately that of the suspected damsel broke upon her ear in accents the purport of which could not be mistaken.

"Leave me," she said, "for Heaven's sake, leave me! If my mistress were to know of your being here, I should be lost forever! Already she suspects, and watches me; and I live in daily terror of her discovering a love which would draw on me her eternal enmity! Go, prince—go, Demetri! This evening, as soon as it is dark, I will contrive to steal out to the fountain in the sycamore grove—meet me there at eight—your pretext of absenting yourself from home will prevent the princess from suspecting that we—"

Here the voice became fainter, as the person speaking moved towards an opposite door; the footsteps of a man were plainly to be distinguished moving in the same direction. Helena could hear nothing more—she strained her eyes to the crevice of the door at which she was stationed, but saw nothing. Her heart, overflowing with tumultuous passion, she was for a moment tempted to burst open the door, and confound the guilty one who had presumed to rival her in her husband's love, but listening again, she felt assured that the room was empty, and a moment's reflection showed her that by a few hour's delay, she might render her vengeance more signal and complete. She therefore returned in the same stealthy manner to her apartment, shut herself up, and took measures accordingly.

Her determination was to prevent the possibility of Anastatia quitting the house, and then to disguise herself in the dress of a serving damsel, and to personate her perfidious attendant at the rendezvous, in the sycamore grove, which she had heard arranged by her. These meditations were interrupted by a message from the Prince, apprising her that he should be absent from home the remainder of the day, and should probably not return till late at night; and, this message, all additional proof of the calculating treachery which her faithless husband scrupled not to exercise towards her, was the last drop that overflowed the cup. The exasperation of her enraged feelings knew no bounds; and she remained in solitude in her apartment, that no member of her family might notice her agitation.

An hour before sunset, Anastatia was summoned to her lady's presence, and received an order to remain near her, and finish some embroidery with which she herself had been occupied. Not daring to disobey, and hoping to finish her task before the hour of her appointment with her lover had arrived, the young girl sat down to her work with unwonted alacrity. The room in which they were was an upper chamber, and formed the last of a spacious suite, having no entrance but through the apartments that preceded it. Not long after Anastatia was seated at her embroidery frame, the princess arose, and quitted the room, locked the door of it, and leaving her attendant a close prisoner there, with no possibility of egress until she herself should release her, she proceeded to Anastatia's chamber, where she selected a suit of her clothes, hastened to disguise herself in them, and throwing a veil over her head, quitted the house, and directed her steps towards the trysting place.

It was late in the autumn; the days were shortening visibly; the evenings were cold and gloomy, night closed in immediately after sunset, and there was no moon to illumine the chill, dark sky. Helena was the first to arrive at the place of rendezvous; and, under the influence of never slumbering suspicion, she fancied, when she found herself there alone, that her scheming had been discovered, and that her husband would defeat her plan of vengeance, by not appearing, but a few moments sufficed to undeceive her. A quick, light step approached. What eagerness was in that tread, and how indignantly did her heart throb, as she listened to it. The obscurity was so complete, that she could not discern even the outline of the person who drew near, but the perfume of ambergris, with which her husband's hair and garments were always impregnated, floated upon the air; and a low, counterfeited voice, breathed forth the words—"Hist, Anastatia! Are you there, love?" directed her towards him.

She stretched forth her hand with a whispered "Yes," and grasped something which she recognized as the embroidered kaiten worn by the heads of the princely house of C——. In the next moment, the arms of the impatient lover were thrown around her, and she was drawn towards him in a passionate embrace. Transported to fury by the tender endearment, which she knew was not intended for herself, but for an unworthy rival, and breathing only the deadliest vengeance for her wrongs, the outraged wife thrust her hands into her bosom, drew thence a poignard, and, raising it on high, plunged it into the faithless heart that beat against her own. The blow was dealt with such unerring aim that the victim could only utter an indistinct cry, and, relaxing the grasp with which he held her so closely embraced, fell heavily to the ground. Helena drew her breath, and listened for a moment; a gurgling noise in the throat of the murdered man was all that she could distinguish. Then followed a death-like silence. Terror and remorse suddenly overcame her for the deed; which, in a moment of frenzied excitement, she had perpetrated, and, turning hastily from the fatal spot, she rushed toward her home.

The first object that met her eyes as she entered the house, was her HUSBAND! There he stood, unharmed, surrounded by his attendants, and in his riding dress, just as he had alighted from his horse, and a tranquil smile upon his lips, as he inquired whether the princess was in her apartment.

"You here!" she shrieked, running up to him.—"I have not killed you, then? Oh! thank Heaven, I have not killed you!" and she fell gasping at his feet.

"The princess!" ejaculated her husband, bewildered at the sight of her disguise, and her violent emotion, and raising her from the ground, "What means this phrensy, and why are you so strangely disguised?"

But she answered him not. With her distended eyes wildly fixed upon him, she passed her hands repeatedly over his bosom, and muttered to herself—"No poignard, no wound! And yet I struck him there; and felt his hot blood gush forth upon my hand. And see!" she continued, shuddering, "there it is," and holding up her hand as she spoke, the crimson drops that stained it, attested the truth of some fearful deed being connected with her mysterious self-accusation."

"Helena, dearest love," said the Boyard, in soothing accents. "Something has terrified you; but you are safe now—I am here to protect you. Tell me, what is the meaning of this agitation? what is the meaning of this blood?"

"You—Anastatia!—the sycamore grove!" she uttered, in broken cries. "Were you not there? now—just now, to meet her?"

The prince shook his head in silent consternation.

"Whom have I murdered, then?" burst from the lips of the unhappy woman, with a thrilling shriek; and starting from her husband's support, she fled, with the speed of a maniac, toward the fatal spot from which she had recently returned.

The Prince and his attendants followed her—some of them bringing lighted torches, but such was the speed which the frenzied state of her feelings lent to her movements, that they only overtook her at the moment of her reaching the fountain. There she suddenly stopped, as though rooted to the spot, and, shuddering, pointed to the ground. The prince advanced hastily to her side; his attendants followed, and, raising their torches, discovered, at the margin of the fountain, the body of a man extended on his back, and weltering in his blood. The ghastly face was turned upwards, and as the glare of the torches fell upon it, an exclamation of horror fell from the lips of all present, and Helena, leaning forward, recognized her victim, with a thrill of agony which caused all the blood to thrill in her veins, and her pulses to stand still. At that one glance, the whole truth flashed upon her with terrible clearness, until she comprehended, when too late, the fatal error into which her blind and mistaken suspicions had plunged her. There lay her soul—her only child—her beloved Demetri!—bathed in the blood that welled forth from the death-wound which her murderous hand had inflicted! He it was, then, whose boyish passion had been reciprocated by her young attendant; he it was for whom Anastatia had devised the love meeting, which had that morning changed her own jealous fears into dreadful certainties. He it was, oh God! upon whom her imaginary wrongs had just been so barbarously avenged! The similarity of name and of dress had deceived her. Why had she not thought of this before? Why? Does suspicion ever pause to reason or reflect? Is not jealousy blind as love (whose dark shadow it is said to be?) All this passed through her mind, with the rapidity of lightning, as that one awful glance revealed to her the extent of her crime. No words escaped her lips; but, as if struck by a thunderbolt, she fell heavily forward, and lay prostrate, and to all appearance lifeless, by the side of the beloved son whose life had fallen a sacrifice to the rash and ungovernable suspicions of the jealous wife.

The first use that Helena made of her returning faculties was to cast herself at the feet of her husband, and make a full confession of the feelings which had driven her to commit so desperate a deed, imploring death at his hands, in expiation of her crime. But death, which would have terminated her earthly torments, was a boon which the exasperated husband was resolved not to grant her.

"Woman," said he, "you shall live to die a thousand deaths every day. You shall live to curse the day on which you were born. You shall live to expiate, in lingering torments of mind, the misery you have inflicted on me."

And, inflexible in his determination, he caused his unfortunate wife to be conveyed to the Rock of Babake, where, in a rudely constructed stone chamber, she was condemned to drag out her miserable existence, without being suffered to exchange a word with any human being, and with no companionship save her own wretched thoughts. Her senses failed under her severe punishment; but madness, instead of bringing oblivion to her woes, seemed to have imparted new activity to her faculties of suffering.—Every evening, as darkness came over the earth, the poor maniac fancied herself again an actor in the dreadful scene which had stained her soul with the foul guilt of murder, and the frenzied shrieks she uttered were heard from afar, waking the echoes of that dreary solitude, until daylight brought with it a temporary cessation of her agonies, in the calm of exhaustion.

One day, at last, when the attendant, who daily brought her supplies of food, entered her prison, she had disappeared. Every part of the Rock was searched, but no vestige of her was to be found, nor could any trace be discovered to account for her mysterious evanishment.

ROMANCE OF THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER.

One of the most prominent heroes of popular gossip along the Prussian frontier of Russia is, at this moment, a smuggler, Krotinus by name, of whom romantic stories are told, that might make another chapter in Robin Hood. As a boy he was famous for great physical strength and agility, and an irresistible tendency to devilry in general. Upon the death of his father, he repaired to a nobleman to whom he was distantly related, but who, alarmed at Krotinus's peculiarities, persuaded him to enlist.—Our hero enlisted, but escaped—returned to his master—was sent off again—escaped to another master—was enlisted by him—and betaking himself to the first again, frightened him into giving one hundred and fifty roubles—upon which capital our hero established himself on the frontier as a smuggler.

In this new career he achieved such signal success that a band of seventy similarly disposed gentlemen, among whom he named lieutenants, united themselves under his lead, and so demeaned themselves that they became general favorites with the peasantry. But the Court of St. Petersburgh recognized no such irregular heroism, and set a price of one thousand silver roubles upon the head of Krotinus. The peasants, however, took no pains to earn the sum, and he remained still at large.

A story tells that in the course of last summer, he buried himself deep and far in the interior of Russia. No one heard of him, no one saw him; but in the beginning of September, wasted and weary with fever and ague, he came with one attendant to the Prussian frontier, both of course well armed. After a half hour's march, Krotinus reeled with fatigue and suffering, and sought refuge and rest in a so called drying-house of the forest, which his companion had ascertained was empty. Krotinus threw himself down to sleep, while, with loaded musket, his faithful friend stood sentinel before the door. But the inspector of a neighboring Russian estate chanced to pass the drying house, and in his official capacity was naturally struck by the appearance of an armed sentinel, who had unfortunately fallen asleep. He looked about for assistance, and succeeded in capturing Krotinus and his friend without a battle. But the appearance of the young smuggler, his flashing eye, his short stature, his long beard, and face pale with sickness, suggested the suspicion that there was something unusual behind all this, and at the same time a peasant coming up, recognized him as Krotinus. He was removed under a numerous escort to Tanroggen, and was thence on the way, strongly fettered, to St. Petersburgh, when he was rescued near Georgenburg by a band of eighteen of his most devoted followers.

WHAT WE CALL GOOD SENSE.—What we call good sense in the conduct of life, consists chiefly in that temper of mind that enables its possessor to view at all times, with perfect coolness and accuracy all the various circumstances of his situation, so that each of them may produce its due impression on him, without any exaggeration arising from his own peculiar habits. But to a man of ill regulated imagination, external circumstances only serve as hints to excite his thoughts, and the conduct he pursues has in general far less reference to his real situation, than to some imaginary one, in which he conceives himself to be placed; in consequence of which, while he appears to himself to be acting with the most perfect wisdom and consistency, he may frequently exhibit to others all the appearances of folly.

THE POTATO TRIBE.—They tell a laughable story of the late Indian sub-agent at Fort Snelling, and an excellent officer, to this effect—that when the Major first met the Indians at Fort Snelling, he introduced himself to their acquaintance as follows: "Tell them, Mr. Prescott, (interpretor,) that I am their father—that I am Major Murphy, the Big Potatoe." Mr. Prescott accordingly said to the Indians, "This is your father, *Mendo Tonka*," (*big potater.*) The Indians grunted out an admiring *ugh!* and shook the Major very cordially by the hand. When Major McLean, Murphy's successor, was introduced to the Indians, Mr. Prescott was not instructed to inform the Indians what McLean's name was, but they, taking it for granted that he too must be one of the Potatoe family, sent to supply their necessities, called him, probably with reference to his personal contrast to Major Murphy, their "father, *Mendo Christian*," (small potatoe)—and the Sioux, in Dakota, now uniformly call him "the Small Potatoe."

There are two things which, united, constitute the value of any acquisition, its difficulty and its utility. But the bulk of mankind, with Bayes in the Rehearsal, like what will astonish, rather than what will improve. Dazzled by the difficulty, they examine not the utility; and he that benefits them by some mode which they can comprehend, is not so sure of their applause, as the political juggler, who merely surprises them, they know not how.

ANECDOTE OF VAN DYCK.—Van Dyck was the pupil of Reubens, and being fond of a joke, was in the habit of indulging himself sometimes at the expense of his master. One day when Reubens had finished painting for the day, he left his slippers, as usual, by the side of his easel, on the floor. Van Dyck, when he entered the studio, noticed the slippers, and, taking advantage of his master's absence, removed them and substituted an exact fac simile in the shape of a painting! On the return of Reubens, he endeavored to push his pedal extremities into the slippers; but what was his surprise on finding the slippers were not! He could hardly credit his own senses, till he stooped over and examined more closely the beautiful substitute of his pupil. His admiration of the pupil's skill was only equalled by the joy of Van Dyck.—*Traveller.*

Music of Nature in Norway.

Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together, along these deep sea valleys, there is rarely a silence. The ear is kept awake by thousands of voices. In the summer there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks, and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its eyrie, and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds which inhabit the isles; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes until they become a din as loud as that of a city. Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day. Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests, wakes the music as it goes. The stiff, spiny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strains of a musical instrument; so that every breath of the night-wind in a Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps, and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes, the whole night through. This music of course ceases, when each tree become laden with snow; but yet there is a sound in the midst of the longest winter night. There is a rumbling of some avalanche, after a drifting storm, as a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen, when the northern lights are shooting and blazing across the sky. Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook between the rocks on the shore, where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two; wherever there is a platform where a sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path for it to join some road, there is a human habitation, and the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter, and the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people, and they hold their gay meetings in defiance of their Arctic climate, through every season of the year.

GOOD BREEDING.

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Walker in his amusing and instructive publication, "The Original," as affording a fine instance of the value of good breeding or politeness, even in circumstances where it could not be expected to produce any personal advantage:

"An Englishman making the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin, sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from the parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water courses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity which never faileth.' On the regiment being dismissed, the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an aid de camp waiting to request his company to dinner at head quarters. In the evening he was carried to court—at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin, he was invited everywhere; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different states of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstances of birth and fortune, even the most splendid."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—When Sir. Isaac Newton changed his residence, and went to live in Leicester Place, his next door neighbor, a widow lady, was much puzzled by the little she observed of the habits of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house, who she felt certain, was a poor mad gentleman, "because," she continued, "he diverts himself in the oddest way imaginable. Every morning, when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window blinds, he takes his seat before a tub of soapsuds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap bubbles through a common clay pipe, which he intently watches floating about until they burst. "He is doubtless," she added, "now at his favorite amusement, for it is a fine day; do come and look at him."

The gentleman smiled, and they went up stairs, when, after looking through the staircase window into the adjoining court-yard, he turned and said: "My dear madam, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic, is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton, studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap bubble."

TALLEYRAND.—It is said that one of the Bonaparte family—Jerome, as well as we can remember—was one night playing whist at the same table with Talleyrand, and having dropped a crown piece upon the floor, he interrupted the game, and deranged the whole party to search for his money. Not a little provoked by meanness, which he saw excited the ridicule of many persons about, Talleyrand deliberately folded up a bank note which lay on the table before him, and lighting it at the candle begged with much courtesy that he might be permitted to assist in the search.

THE TWO SEXES.—When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the way of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected and esteemed; but his ruined heart-broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side of the cold and solitary grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities; they are unknown of Heaven. There is deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

An article in Blackwood's Magazine, on Modern State Trials, contains the following anecdote: M. Fletcher, a Judge in Ireland, in the year 1812, thus addressed an Irish Jury in a trial for murder, occasioned in a duel—"Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I shall do so. Where two people go out to fight a duel, and one of them falls, the law says it is murder. And I tell you by law, it is murder; but, at the same time, a fairer duel I never heard of in the whole course of my life!" The prisoner, was, of course, immediately acquitted.

The poor man, who envies not the rich, who pities his companion of poverty, and can spare something for him that is still poorer, is, in the realms of humanity, a king of kings.

VALUE OF THE UNION.

Hon. H. S. Foote, Senator from Mississipp'i delivered an address, in Philadelphia, on Monday evening, the 6th inst., on the "Value of the American Union." The address abounds with patriotic sentiments, and is a production worthy the reputation of its distinguished author. The following, though a brief extract, will be found worthy an attentive perusal:

Few public questions have ever been discussed with a greater display both of zeal and ability than that momentous question of Union or Disunion.

Indeed, it is so far true that but little remains to be said in relation to it which would prove either new or striking to such an assembly as this. But I feel that I hazard nothing in asserting that all the reasons which have been at different times urged in support of our Federal Union, by the most ingenious of our public writers and speakers, have gained additional strength every year since the foundations of the Government were laid.—Let me, by way of illustration, merely allude to a few of these. Is not the Union as desirable as it could at any time have been, as a safeguard against dangers from *foreign arms* and influence? Is there not still reason to apprehend the most serious mischief from those ferocious wars between the seperate border States which would inevitably spring up and be perpetually prosecuted, were Disunion once to occur? Would there be no danger of domestic insurrection now, either North or South, were the efficient checks at present supplied by a strong central Government to be suddenly and forever withdrawn? Is not the Union as important now as it ever was to our growth and prosperity as a commercial people? Is it not indispensible to the accomplishment of the hope now confidently entertained of our becoming speedily, and remaining permanently, the leading naval power of the world? Is it not as apparent now as it was formerly supposed to be, that the division of the Union into two or more distinct confederacies, and the organization of a seperate National Government in each of them would be productive of enormous pecuniary expenditures beyond what prove amply sufficient for the maintainance of our present system? But besides, it must be evident to the most shallow thinker, that obstacles to the peaceful execution of a scheme of a disunion, however cunningly that scheme may have been projected, or adroitly urged upon our consideration, have sprung up even under the action of the Government itself, since the formation of our Federal Union? Will some of the wild abstractionists of the present day tell us what is to become of our navy, if disunion shall take place? What of the army? How are the public lands to be disposed of? Who is to possess the public forts, arsenals, dockyards, &c. &c.? Who to pay the public debt? Who is to fall heir to the millions now in the national treasury? Is a Northern or a Southern Confederacy to hold ownership of the rich mineral treasures of California, and the valuable fishing privileges along the coast of New England? What power is hereafter to control the navigation of our inland seas and of our majestic rivers? Upon what nice principle of political metaphysics are we to divide between distinct and perhaps conflicting sovereignties that priceless inheritance of national glory which has descended to us from our ancestors as citizens of United America? A thousand other such questions might be propounded, which would be at least as difficult of solution as these. May we not, therefore, venture to repeat the language of him who, more than any other man, was the father of our present Constitution, and say—"Every man who loves peace—every man who loves his country—every man who loves liberty—ought to have it ever before his eyes, that he may cherish in his heart a due attachment to the Union of America and be able to set a due value on the means of preserving it." But, alas! it is notwithstanding true, (with painful reluctance do I confess it,) that there are men to be found both in the North and in the South, of great intellectual power, of the largest scholastic attainments, of extended influence, and of extraordinary energy of character, who have become satisfied and are day and night assiduously endeavoring to satisfy others, that the Union established by our fathers has become a worthless thing—yea, worse than worthless—a thing positively vicious in itself—and containing the seeds of multiplied mischief and degradation hereafter to be realized, unless the work of secession, which has been deliberately projected, shall be presently accomplished. I regret to acknowlege that it is also true that the Republic has been involved in great peril by these men and their unholy machinations. I fear that it is still in danger; indeed, I fear that that danger will not have entirely disappeared for several months to come, and perhaps not until a closer association, and more thorough organization shall have been effected among the friends of the Union, North and South, without regard to the ancient and obsolete party issues which have formerly divided the right-minded men of the country from each other, and which surely are of a character entirely subordinate to the question whether the nation itself shall be subverted, and wild anarchy and confusion bear rule among us. Fanaticism—the accursed lust of power—sectional jealousy—the lawless spirit of faction—contempt of the constituted authorities of the Republic—aversion to social quiet—impiety—immorality—and all the baleful passions which seek their gratification amid scenes of intestine commotion and civil butchery—have been within the last two or three years most unmercilessly let loose upon us; and have indeed raged with so little restraint from any quarter until recently, that we have been actually menaced with the utter destruction of all that we hold most dear, or prize most highly, as a free, civilized, and christian people. Those brotherly ties which once bound together the North and the South, the East and the West, have been threatened with instant disruption, and that majestic ship of State, in which all our hopes as a nation of freemen are embarked, has been seen by us and by the world to rock wildly, and to toss convulsively, amidst the fierce heavings of an ocean which all the winds of Heaven seemed united in decomposing.

LADIES WAISTS.—Mrs. Swisshelm, in a savage article against the magazine fashion plate, says:

"We know women now who are dying; dying by their own hands, and piously saying their prayers every day, and for their death the Magazine publishers are accountable at the bar of the Eternal. They are murdering them as truly as ever David slew Uriah by the sword of the Amalkites. No human agency can teach those victims of fashion plate mongers, that the long whale bones sticking down in their sides, the tight strings tied around the small of the back, and weight of skirts dragging on them, are crushing their lives out, and dragging them to their graves. They will not believe they are entailing misery and disease and death upon their children. But yet many of them do not know it, and with all their vaunted love for their offspring, would rather see their little ones suffer ten thousand deaths than that they themselves should fail to look like Promethius in my picture here'—a long eided funnel set on a jug."

There are looking glasses for the face, but none for the mind. That defect must then be supplied by a serious reflection upon one's self.

ODDS and ENDS.

FRENCH SPOILATIONS.—We are gratified to see that, in the United States Senate, on Monday week, the bill providing for the payment of the claims of American citizens for spoliations by the French prior to 1800, have been made the special order of the day for Monday next. We trust that this very long delayed measure of justice may be finally consummated during the present session of Congress.

NATURE is spoken of in the feminine gender, because she is so extravagant in rich carpets, drapery, dress and perfumery.

CON.—Why is a clock the most humble thing in existence? Because it always holds its hands before its face; and however good its works may be, it is always running itself down.

HERRING.—The herring is a delicate fish. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have received no hurt, it gives a squeak and immediately expires; and though it be thrown instantly back into the water, it never recovers. Hence the proverb, "dead as a herring."

NEW YORK.—Ten years ago, there were five of the great capital cities of Europe superior in population to New York, which are now inferior to it,—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, Berlin and Naples.

A LESSON.—A clerk in a mercantile establishment, writes to his friends home, "I have a plaguy easy time of it now-a-days—very little work to do—our *firm dont advertise!*"

TOAST.—During a late dinner given by the Mayor of Colchester, a countryman, with a white smock frock and leather gaiters, entered the room. It was the bailiff of the worthy Mayor. Ralph was invited to take a glass of wine, and on being called for, a toast, caused a roar of laughter by giving, "More wine and less bishops!"

MONEY.—Wealth is the goddess whom all the world worshippeth. There is many a city in our empire, with which, with an eye of apostolic discernment, it may be seen that it is almost wholly given to idolatry. If a man look no higher then his money for his enjoyments, then money is his God.—*Chalmers.*

THE FAMOUS DIAMOND, called the Mountain of Light, will shine at the World's Fair, in London.

THE BLUES.—One-half the melancholy you run against is caused by indolence and feather beds. The best remedy in the world, is a straw bed or mattress, and useful activity.

☞Fear God and love the women. By doing thus, you will feel as buoyant as a Phœnix just rising from his ashes, or a girl getting squeezed in a polka.

SOCRATES used to say to his friends that his wife was his greatest blessing, since she was a never-ceasing monitor of patience, from whom he learned so much within his own doors that all the crosses he met with elsewhere were light to him.

DERRYNANE ABBEY, the former home of O'Connell, has been the theatre of a sheriff's sale! The whole of the household goods were sold for a little more than £364! The furniture of the Liberator's own chamber and state bed sold for £3 8s. 6d.

THE DAHLIA was discovered in Mexico, by Humboldt, in 1789, and sent by him to the Botanic Garden at Madrid, where it received its name in honor of the Swedish naturalist, Dahl.

NAPOLEON could write fourteen pages in a minute; unfortunately, however, each page consisted of eight blots and a splatter. Some of his lines to Maria Louisa appear to have been scattered over the paper by the explosion of a bombshell.

A LATE writer says that the skies of Italy are bluer than anything he ever saw, with the exception of Miss Smith's eyes. Miss Smith is the young woman he sits up with.

☞The time to buy a thing is when you really need it, cannot well do without it, can buy to good advantage, make it profitable, and have the money to spare to pay for it.

THE PEN.—In a hand who knows how to use it—the most powerful weapon known. When the golden tints of virtue guide it, how beautiful!—where self-respect gives it a new vigor, how pleasing! Where honor directs it, how respected! Where wit sharpens it, how fatal! When scurrility wields it, how contemptible! 'Tis the weapon of the soul.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Woman's chiefest right is to blow up her husband when she likes, and neglect to darn his stockings when she is angry with him. Can Abby Fulsom ask for more?

WOULDN'T DO IT?—We saw, says the Boston Bee, a drunken man last evening, *trying* to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

ROOSTERS have sometimes been called preachers, owing to the fact that they proclaim *vice* upon the approach of day. What then shall we style the hens? Why, *lay members*, to be sure.

WHY will Barnum and Jenny Lind never quarrel? Because she's always for-*giving*, and he for-*getting*.

THE BELLE.—The Marchioness of Douro, daughter-in-law to the Duke of Wellington, is considered the most beautiful woman at the English Court. The Duchess of Sutherland was at one time the *belle*, but she is now *passe*, being, perhaps, twenty years senior to the young marchioness.

TRUE.—If a man expects to meet with any sympathy now-a-days, he must become a reformed drunkard or a fugitive slave. A decent man might linger out a miserable existence and die of starvation, before he could meet with half the sympathy exhibited for either.

QUEEN VICTORIA had not one penny private fortune when she came to the throne; her father died over head and ears in debt.

FRAUDS.—It has been ascertained that Government is largely defrauded by the use of Postage Stamps. They have been used two or three times over.—Stamped envelopes are proposed to obviate the difficulty.

THE Bishop of London has directed the Archdeacons of London and Middlesex to visit all the churches and chapels in which it is alleged that Romish ceremonies are practised, and to report to him every case in which any ceremonies or forms are used not authorized by the rubic, nor sanctioned by established custom.

☞The London Quarterly Review speaks of our national ensign, as "that fast fowl, the annexing and squinting eagle—with one eye on Cuba, and the other on Quebec."

JENNY LIND.—An eastern member of Congress, in the simplicity of his heart, ventured a remark to the effect, "that Jenny would make a valuable wife; for her husband could be warbled into the sweetest slumbers, and dream of nothing but Paradise."

☞The effect of commerce on politeness is strikingly shown at Constantinople. A century since, Turks used Englishmen for spittoons. They now attend horse races together, and get drunk and sociable out of the same punch bowl!

☞Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and for beauty, though men fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love, like seeing them at work.

☞To make a blackhead pass for a wit, bestow upon him a fortune of ten thousand a year. There is something in the voice of doubloons that commands attention in the best regulated families.

CURIOSITY is, and has been from the creation of the world, a master passion. To awaken it, to gratify it by slight degrees, and yet leave something always in suspense, is to establish the surest hold that can be had, in wrong, on the unthinking portion of mankind.

PRAISE is so pleasing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almost all our actions.