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Poet's Corner.

☞ Our readers, who are fond of a stirring piece of poetry, will thank us for publishing the following, which is found in a London paper.

The Voice of the Exile.

On a red sword her ill-knit bulk up propping,
The anarch Force I saw;
Across her knees was laid a Knout blood dropping,
Beneath her feet was Law.

Each with his heel upon a nation's forehead,
Her armed guards stood around,
Nations—that, stripp'd of all wherein they gloried,
Were lying gagged and bound.

Then, Italy, still lovely through her anguish,
Bled, but disdained to weep;
Her cheeks were sunk and white, like theirs who languish
For years in dungeons deep.

Germany, with her kind features made for loving,
Now written, sharp and sour,
Lay, ever and anon her large limbs moving,
Half conscious of their power.

Passionate Poland her childish hand was clenching,
While her full Eastern eye,
With fires of hats perennial and unbleaching,
Glared upward to the sky.

And Erin, with her robe of Emerald trailing,
Her harp strings snapt in twain;
With strained eyes sends forth her sad bewailing,
To friends across the main.

And like a war-spent soldier, faint and breathless,
Hungary, prostrate there,
Lay, seeming wounded to the death; but deathless
Was her defiant stare.

At first, the seat where anarch Force was sitting,
Seemed set in living stone,
And all those mail-clad guards, supporters fitting
For such a firm based throne.

But lo! the clamps which chain to base did fasten
Were almost eat away;
And the blood dropping from the knout did hasten
A change of rock to clay.

And those huge guards, whose firm and even treading
Seemed proof 'gainst overthrow,
On foothold wet with gore of their own shedding,
Slipped, swaying to and fro.

Then she and they, with jubilant acclamations,
Their song of triumph sung—
An impious *Te Deum* o'er the nations
That 'neath their feet were flung.

But all at once that song did check and waver,
Then stopped with sudden jar,
As voice came, low first, but swelling ever—
A voice heard from afar.

Singing like a caged bird, in spite of chains,
And calumny and wrong—
Singing like one who, looking from the plains,
Sees morning strike along,

The mountain-tops, and tells how with the day
The sunlight will descend,
And chase the mists that choke the valley gray,
Muffling it end to end.

Anon, from hope rising into defiance,
It spoke with trumpet tone,
Calling mankind to holiest alliance
'Gainst brute Force on her throne.

And, though in a strange tongue with wondrous power
That deep voice filled the land,
Till anarch Force upon her throne did cower,
Her sword shook in her hand;

And her huge guards were sudden terror-stricken,
With dull brows ashy white;
While those down-trodden nations seem to quicken
With new-awakened might,

Thrilled by the power that in their half numbered members
Aroused the pulse of men,
Like the seer's word that kindled life's dead embers
In the dry bones again.

OUR COUNTRY.—In 1792, the corner stone of our present Capitol at Washington, was laid. At that time General Washington, in whose honor the new seat of Government was named, officiated. Fifty years afterwards, viz: on the 4th of July, 1851, the corner stone of an extension of the building was laid; and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods.

Then we had fifteen States, now we have thirty-one.

Then our whole population was three millions, now it is twenty-three.

Then Boston had eighteen thousand people, now it has one hundred and thirty-six thousand.

Philadelphia had forty-two thousand, now it has four hundred and nine thousand.

New-York had thirty-three thousand, now it has five hundred and fifteen thousand.

Then our imports were thirty-one million, now they are one hundred and seventy-eight million.

The area of our territory was then eight hundred thousand square miles, it is now three million three hundred thousand.

Then we had no railroad, now we have three thousand five hundred miles of it.

Then we had two hundred post offices now we have twenty-one thousand.

Our revenue from postage then was one hundred thousand dollars, now it is five millions!

These are only a few facts going to show the rapid growth of our country: and what we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of its prosperity, is to love, fear and obey the God of our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride, contention and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and a just sense of obligation to those that shall come after us.

Selected Tale.

From the Evening Bulletin.

HARRIET BEVERLY.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JOS. S. COBB—AUTHOR OF "THE CREOLE."

(CONCLUDED.)

And then the decks and ringing of the Vulture, but a single moment before so profoundly quiet, became suddenly alive with an hundred human beings; sails were hastily set and unfurled, and as if some magic had been connected with the discharge of that solitary gun, the stately vessel was seen dropping swiftly down the stream. Before she had gotten fairly under way, another heavy gun sounded, and the shot were distinctly heard tearing through her spars and masts.

'God of heaven they are firing on the Vulture from the shore,' hastily exclaimed the young officer, starting frantically from his feet. 'Harriet, Harriet, I fear your forebodings were but too just.'

These words had scarcely escaped from his lips, before hasty footsteps were heard sounding heavily along the corridor, the door was precipitately opened, and two men rushed into the room. The tallest of these, walking rapidly towards the lovers, thrust a small piece of paper into the hands of the *British* officer with haste and agitation.

'Oh, my God you are lost, you are lost—you are in the hands of Gen. Arnold himself,' screamed Harriet as her eye lighted on his countenance, 'Oh, how could you be so cruel?' she said again, as she fainted away in the arms of her cousin, Joshua Smith, who had accompanied Arnold into the room.

'Sir, I have no time to lose,' said Arnold addressing the British officer, 'there is a pass with my seal and signature. The vulture is fired on by some of my command, and you cannot reach her now. Smith has my orders to provide you the means and safely conduct you through the American lines. You have all the papers necessary for our transactions. I advise you to place them in your boots, between your sock and your foot; and look you—if mischance *should* befall you, mind and not call names; if you should, no one can rescue you, and you involve us all; now farewell, and God speed you.'

A short time afterwards the sound of hoofs ringing along the high way, which led to King's ferry, told that the arch traitor was off, and that he had deserted his victim, at a time when the storm was about to overtake and crush him. Smith and the young officer having gently laid their precious burden, now entirely insensible on the sofa, and called in her maid, left the room to consider on what means of escape and safety were at hand. But the heart of Andre was sad and desponding, and he already felt that the finger of fate had marked him.

PART III.

By dawn of day the cannonading had ceased, and the Vulture was seen, with sails furled, once more at anchor, off Sing-Sing, and beyond the reach of the battery, which had been so suddenly opened on her above.

When Harriet awoke again to consciousness, she found herself in her bed, and her faithful waiting woman seated by its side.—The sun shone brightly in at the windows, and the landscape without, looked as calm and beautiful beneath the effulgence of its genial rays, as though all else was as bright and cheerful.

But within there were hearts closed with gloom, in melancholy contrast with the brightness around; sick with the anguish of hope suspended—and chilled with reflections and fears which shut out all sympathy with smiling nature. Thus Harriet felt, as with the aid of her servant, she feebly walked to behold the cheerful scene from the window, and to cool her fevered cheeks with the refreshing breeze of the morning. Thus too felt her unfortunate lover, as from his hiding place in the same house, he turned his eyes towards the waters of the Hudson, and saw far away the tall masts of the noble vessel, which now was beyond his reach. The broad banner which still floated from her deck, brought to mind many a lively vision of that distant clime of which it was the proud emblem, and where were gathered all the associations of his boyhood's years, when life sparkled with the buoyancy of unclouded hope, and misfortune was never thought of. But reality suggested another picture now, whose dark outlines were impenetrable to thought or sight, yet none the less appalling. This was the morning of the 22d of September, the last which ever dawned with hope to Andre.

——Two days afterward as Harriet again sat by the same window, anxiously revolving the mysterious incidents of which she had been the witness, and poising her fears between the safety of her lover, and the welfare of the American cause, which she felt was in jeopardy; she casually witnessed another incident which filled her with the wildest hope, and threw her into the most distressing agitation.

Midway of the vast river which stretched out before her, she described a small canoe or long boat, vigorously rowed by several stout oarsmen, and steering its course direct to the position of the British sloop below. A solitary white flag was seen floating from the stern, and beneath its folds could be distinctly seen the figure of a man closely muffled in a great coat, with his broad hat pulled closely down over the eyes. These circumstances, the corresponding dress with that in which she had last seen her lover,—all, tended to persuade her that this was Andre making his escape. She gazed with the intensity of wild despair, as the boat shot rapidly down the stream, but when at length she observed it to pull up under the bows of the Vulture, her heart leaped with irrepressible joy; she now breathed freely, and trusted to God and to Washington to save America, if America was in danger.

She was still laboring under this excitement, when the winding tones of a bugle rang thro' the dell around, and then died away in faint, melodious echoes on the broad bosom of the Hudson. She turned her eyes in the direction from which the sound came, and a troop of eight or ten horsemen in the gay uniform of Washington's guard, were seen dashing up the avenue at a brisk gallop. As they rode into the yard a handsome young officer, who was in command of the squad, gracefully waved his sword in saluting her, and then hastily dismounting from his charger, was soon by her side in the little boudoir.

'Why, how is this, Harrie?' he exclaimed, as the girl rose to receive him, 'your bright eyes sparkle like jewels of the first water, and yet you dim their lustre with tears.'

'They are tears of joy, not of sorrow, dear William, though the latter has been nearer my heart for many days.'

'Indeed; and are you clearing up just when the storm is blackening, and years of toil are about to be nullified by an act of the basest treachery?'

'Oh heavens, you terrify me,' gasped Harriet. 'Explain what you mean, my dear cousin.'

'Why have you not heard?' he asked.—'Well, Gen. Arnold has deserted to the British, after first trying to betray West Point, and a spy has been arrested within our lines.'

'A spy arrested;' screamed Harriet, almost to faint. 'Do you know who that spy is?—His name, William—his name?'

'By heavens, Harrie, you look as though you would go wild either with joy or terror! What can it avail you to know *the name* of such a guilty offender! But to satisfy you, I will tell you that he is called John Anderson in the despatches I am conveying to General Greene.'

'And is this *John Anderson*, the *only* person of that description who has been arrested or detected?'

'The only one, I believe, that is even suspected. He had all the papers, besides a pass from Arnold, and I know not if any other even passed the American lines.'

'And who was he,' again asked Harriet in a quick tone, 'that escaped but now, under a white flag to the Vulture?'

'Ah, did you witness that shrewd manœuvre? Why that was the traitor General himself.'

'Oh, Willie, Willie—my dearest cousin—have you *seen* this John Anderson—oh, say have you seen him *yourself*, and did you *know* him?'

'No, dear girl, I have not seen him. He is yet at North Castle.'

'Then heaven protect us, for I fear *he* is lost,' said the frantic girl, as she sank senseless and swooning to the floor.

'God of heaven, Harriet, what can you mean!' exclaimed William Heathcote, as he stooped to raise her. 'Hand me water, girl, she has fainted.'

At the moment that he was placing the fair being before him once more on that bed, which to her was indeed the bed of sorrow, Capt. Heathcote was surprised by the entrance of a servant in the livery of the Robinson family, covered with dust and mud, and who handed him a note, without fold or superscription, which read as follows:

'William—my dear William, we are undone—Gen. Washington is here—the person you told me of who was arrested below, under the name of Anderson, has discovered himself to Washington—and, oh my dear William, he has avowed himself as Andre. I have not seen him—they are taking him to Tappan—and he is escorted by a strong guard—they say that he is calm, but despairs—I have no heart to say more—conceal this from poor Harriet, for she would not survive it.' CLARA.

The perusal of this note affected the young officer to an extent which had well nigh at the instant, deprived him of self-possession, and after examining the servant who had borne it to him more particularly, he left Harriet to the charge of her maid, and departed on his errand as bearer of despatches from head-quarters to Tappan.

PART IV.

In approaching the melancholy catastrophe which every reader of American history must know is connected with the time of which we are writing, the stern convictors of policy, which induced and demanded its fulfilment, required to be doubly fortified by investigation, to avert the current of sympathy which mingles forcibly with the stream of imperious justice, and dwells around the memory of this victim to a traitor's baseness. After all, the act must find its sanction more in the iron rules of policy and example, which govern belligerent nations, than in the strict letter of the law. An impartial judge would be bound to hold that the invitation of an officer holding a commission from the American Congress, and entrusted with a most important command—that the entrance within the American lines being involuntary and under a guarantee of safety in the form of a free pass—that his having made no discovery of himself, but was merely an agent deputed to receive certain papers, and that his having protested against being forced to occupy a position which might subject him to the suspicion of being a spy—that all these, even clear and strong grounds of acquittal from the charge alleged against him. Having the chief command in the district, Arnold most unquestionably had a full right to grant passes. The validity of this pass could not be questioned, only because it afterwards appeared that he meditated and had projected treason, nor could Andre have been expected to raise the question. If the pass was granted by a competent authority under the law, then it should have secured his life at least. But the rigor of military regulations requires that policy shall not always be governed by the strict letter of law, and in this view the sentence of Andre may be justified. Results were looked to and example was necessary.

The case of Nathan Hale may elicit more sympathy from American hearts, and humanity may revolt at the brutal details connected with his execution—but there is not the same array of extenuating facts connected with it. Hale embarked as a spy and fully counted the cost before he started. Andre went as an agent, was involved in the predicament under invitation from an American officer, and had orders not to enter an enemy's lines or to change his clothes.

There is then some difference, but humanity must ever weep over the fate of both, for both nobly gave their lives in the honest endeavor to serve their countries.

But policy demanded the sacrifice of Andre's life and he was doomed to die. On the morning of the second of October he turned his eyes to behold for the last time the gorgeous rising of that sun whose decline he was never again to see. Throughout the scene of his trial he had demeaned himself with the frankness and dignity of a brave and noble soldier, concealing nothing which could extenuate his guilt, and disclosing more than a just sense of prudence, or a proper regard for his safety, could sanction. His greatest solicitude was to vindicate his fame from unworthy imputations, and to relieve his memory from ignominy. It seems to be beyond a doubt that his own unwary confessions sealed his fate.

The time appointed for the execution was noon of the day newly dawned. The sun had lifted its head from beneath the eastern horizon, and the smooth surface of the broad Hudson shone with the bright reflection; whilst its genial rays falling on the surrounding landscape, imparted a glow of life and cheerfulness which seemed to mock the victim as he looked forth from his gloomy prison. The merry jingle of the market carts as they rattled through the streets, the lowing of cattle as they sought the neighboring rivulets, the rolling of the drums as they sounded the assembly beat, all, gave token of that animation and vivacity which no longer abode within his heart, and of which he was soon to take his farewell forever.

The house in which Washington at that time held his head-quarters was a neat and tasteful dwelling, situated in the edge of the village of Tappan, and fitted up in a style becoming the wealth and habits of the commander-in-chief of the American armies. About a week previous to the day last mentioned, Lady Washington had arrived in camp on her annual visit to her illustrious husband, whose duties did not allow him ever to leave the scene of action.

On the morning in question, after having breakfasted with the general and the officers of his family, she had sought a retired sitting room, arranged for her exclusive use, and where she received such visiters as she chose to see privately. At this period, Lady Washington had passed the prime of woman's bloom, though distinctive traces of the eminent beauty for which she had been so remarkable in her earlier life, and which has become so familiar to thousands of her admiring countrymen from the circulation of engravings taken from the famous picture of Woolaston, were still clearly discernable. Her presence never failed to enliven the dull monotony and ceaseless fatigues of camp life, and the recurrence of these annual visits which she kept up during the whole progress of the war, afforded hardly less pleasure to the officers of the army than to the general-in-chief himself.

During her stay in camp, the parties and levees at head-quarters were frequent and agreeable, and as she never came until the season for active operations had passed, the neighboring gentry with their wives and daughters flocked in with eagerness to tender their compliments to the accomplished lady of the American hero. On such occasions, Lady Washington was wont to display with remarkable grace, the charms of that courtesy and affability, for which she was so universally distinguished, and which has been the theme of all writers and historians who have favored us with recollections or incidents of her life. But these traits, however much to be envied and patterned after, were eclipsed by others of benevolence and humanity, which shone with a more radiant lustre, inasmuch as they were more actively beneficial in relieving distress, and cheering the gloom of despondency with the light of hope. And it was this last, which was generally known and universally admired, which gave rise to a scene which we must now endeavor to describe.

The Commander-in-chief with his suite had just passed from the house, when a coach and four drove up before the gate, and a young woman alighted. Having been met and received at the door by a servant, she asked for Lady Washington, and was immediately conducted to her presence. On entering the room and encountering the mild and dignified looks of the lady, the girl sank down in the chair by the door, overpowered with an emotion of grief which her fortitude could no longer repress.

'Calm yourself, my dear child,' said Lady Washington in a tone of the kindest sympathy, 'and tell me what causes you thus to weep; assure yourself, that if I can dry your tears it will afford me the sincerest pleasure and gratification.'

'Heaven bless you sweet lady, for your kind words,' sobbed the weeping girl. 'I come on an errand of sorrow, to solicit the mercy of your influence, for with you is connected the last gleam of hope.'

'Alas! my child,' said the tender hearted lady; 'I fear that I already divine your errand, and am prepared to weep with you. You are the daughter of our honored friend Col. Beverly, and the betrothed of the unfortunate young man who is to suffer at noon?'

'No, dear lady, no, I am not the miserable being you surmise, though I know not that she can suffer more than I do. I am her cousin, Clara Robinson—the friend of the unfortunate Andre, and not his betrothed. But I come in the name of that heart-broken girl to implore the influence of your intercession, to save her lover from an ignominious death.—His life we have despaired of.'

Lady Washington approached the weeping suppliant, and pressing her fondly to her maternal bosom, bedewed her head with tears which now flowed as freely as her own.

'Where is this poor girl, my dear?' she asked.

'At the house of our relative, Joshua Smith, where she has been staying for several weeks,' answered Clara.

'And is she acquainted with his doom?'

'Yes, lady, but she is so nearly bereft of reason that she is scarcely conscious of anything that is passing around her. She has been in this state since she received a letter from Sir Henry Clinton, who, by acquainting her with the facts, hoped to obtain her father's influence in commuting the mode of punishment which is so revolting to our unfortunate friend.'

'Has Col. Beverly interfered for this purpose, Miss Clara?'

'Oh yes, my dear madam, ardently and imploringly; but he was told that such could not be entertained, as it might imply a doubt in the mind of the general-in-chief as to the justice of poor Andre's sentence.'

'Alas, my poor girl, if such be the state of the case, I fear my feeble influence can avail you nothing! The general will not listen to my entreaties when his convictions of duty to his country are once settled.'

'And is the noble Washington so stern?' asked Clara in a tone of the deepest melancholy.

'Ah, child, you little know his heart if you imagine he is stern. No one is so sensitive to the voice of humanity, but when his sense of duty has become once fixed, he has rarely been known to undergo a change.'

'Then must Harriet die too, for she can never survive such a shock,' exclaimed the girl as she fell weeping at the feet of Lady Washington. 'Oh, Lady, our last and fondest hope is gone.'

'Say not so, my dear girl,' answered Lady Washington, 'We are told that there is a Being whose province it is to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Put your hope and trust in Him, and in your distress He will comfort you.'

'Ah, dear madam,' said Clara, 'you, whose heart is so strengthened by the faith of the Christian—you know not how difficult it is under some circumstances to look from earth to heaven, and to yield with resignation all that ministers to our happiness here, for the shadowy hope of a more lasting comfort hereafter. Oh sweet Lady, if I have said aught that may seem to you incoherent—do pardon something to that frantic grief which almost distracts me.' Oh, my God, so young to bid adieu to life and love—so soon, too, after his doom has been pronounced—and in a manner so horrid. Lord, pity and help us; for all hope on earth is vanished?'

'My dear child it grieves me deeply to behold your distress, and I pray God to hear your prayer,' replied the lady, whose feeling heart was now deeply touched; 'has your unfortunate friend addressed the general-in-chief on this subject?'

'Not that I have heard,' was the answer.

'Well, then, my dear girl,' said Lady Washington, willing to assuage, even temporarily, the torrent of grief which so affected the girl, 'I will promise you that if such a request is made, I will use what influence I may possess with the general, in his favor. With what success, God, and his own just disposition, which ever leans to the side of mercy, must determine.'

'Thank you, oh, thank you, dear madam,' said Clara, once more rising to her feet, 'I will go to the prison and and inform a friend who is now with him. It will at least extract something from the poignancy of his reflections to know that your heart weeps for his situation.'

Lady Washington was too thoroughly touched with feelings of warm sympathy to say more in answer, and she assisted the weeping girl to where her coach awaited her; and when the mourner had gone, she sought the solitude of her chamber that she might indulge that sorrow which now oppressed her feeling and sensitive disposition, and had taken root in the tenderest and least guarded spot of her affectionate heart.

Evil Thought.

A girl, young and beautiful, stood on the brow of a hill; with saddened gaze she looked on the deep valley and rooted hut, she called home. Far as her eye could reach, stretched verdant meadows, waving cornfields and turretted halls; all bore the impress of peace and plenty, all but that little spot, that alone seemed desolate, devoid of beauty, yet that spot, since earliest childhood, had been her dwelling place.

She pressed her quivering hands on her burning brow, on which was written sorrow and despair: poverty, and her handmaid care, had already darkened her young life. Bitter murmurs burst from her lips as the wearisome path of life loomed before her.

'Why should all things rest but I? The dainty rippling streams croop lazily down the mountain side; the sultry breeze even, disdains to play with the idle grass; the gaudy butterflies are holding a feast in the wild cherry tree. O! it is glorious to possess riches, to dwell in yon beautiful grounds, and forever listen to the sweet songs of birds, as arrayed in costliest robes, crowned with perfumed wreaths, my earlier dreams imagined. Why should others be more blest than I? Am I less fair? Yet I must toil and starve.' She cast her eyes towards a wreathing smoke that rose quite near, and as the iris-tinted mist rolled away, she saw an ancient mansion never noticed before; and from its portaled entrance a man came forth; he was young in manhood's prime, of noble countenance, yet its beauty was marred by a shade of sadness, or it might be discontent, that rested upon it.

With a quickened step he neared the maiden; her heart fluttered with a strange joy, as though it sprang to meet him, as with smiling lips he bowed before her.

"Why so sad, fair one? I have come in obedience to thy wishes, to bear thee hence to yon hall; as its mistress, neither care nor sorrow shall assail thee."

As he thus spoke, she thought of her starving mother, her features writhed with pain.—'Give me bread, my mother dies.'

'Not with hunger; thy mother is aged;—Death has crept near, and Time beckons him to enter; think not of her, a life of pleasure is before thee. I will adorn thy beauty with jewels; thy bright womanhood shall be spent amid courts, where all shall offer homage to thy surpassing loveliness; all that comprises the happiness of earth shall be thine.'

The maiden's head was proudly erect as with stately mien she gave her hand to her princely wooer; her fears, her mother's love, the home of her childhood, all were forgotten. The proud aspirations of youth about to be gratified, who now should stay her steps. A moment, then came rushing o'er her soul the memories of other days, when as an infant nursed at that gentle mother's breast, now her only comfort in sad widowhood; how she had taught her to bow her knee to the great God to ask His protecting care through the dark night; and when poverty and prosecution had driven them to that lonely cot, and humble, trusting prayer had still been, 'Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done.' To that dear mother she was the only tie to earth. Would not God terribly punish such desertion, such ingratitude?

'Nay, believe not that,' said he who still clasped her hands, replying to her unuttered thoughts, 'the good I offer thee thou mayest enjoy through an infinity of endless ages. I will show thee a careless life, surrounded by all the dazzling, beautiful things of earth, crowned as 'twill be with love, is worth more than ever thy prayers asked of heaven.'

Then the maiden knew him who stood beside her, and felt that her envious feelings had given him power over her. With a cry, 'get thee hence, tempter,' she sprang from his encircling grasp, and lo! she had been sleeping on that gentle hill, and the ancient mansion, and the bright temper were but the creation of an evil thought. She retraced her steps down the flowered declivity, towards her lowly home. As she entered the shaded doorway, and looked on the humble board spread with frugal fare, she was told the lady of the castle had heard of their distress, and sent the present supply with a future promise of further assistance, her very heart wept for thankfulness as she bent her knee in grateful prayer to God, the father of the fatherless.—*Mentor.*

☞ A buck, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed:

'Make them cover the calf.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed the astounded snob, surveying his customer from head to foot, 'I have not leather enough.'

☞ A late writer says the quickest way to reduce pounds into shillings, is to multiply your pleasures with billiards and divide your desires between fat horses and chicken dinners.

Miscellaneous.

From Dickens' Household Words.

Never Despair.

The opal-hued and many-perfumed morn
From gloom is born;
From out the sullen depth of ebon night
The stars shed light;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their birth;
From wondrous alchemy of winter-hours
Come summer flowers;
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain;
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of clashing tones afford
The full accord;
Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches truth;
Through efforts, long in vain, prophetic need
Begets the deed:

Nerve then thy soul with direst need to cope;
Life's brightest hope
Lies latent in fate's deadliest lair—
Never despair.

The True Wife—A Soliloquy.

BY M. A. DENISON.

I will set his chair by the hearth, place his slippers before it, make the room look clean and cheerful, trim the lamps to a bright flame, draw up the little table, place thereon some choice books; I will arrange my own dress as tastefully as I am able, and strive to banish the little perplexities of the day from my mind that they may not shadow my brow. I will smooth my hair and try to look as young and merry as when I was a happy bride; I will meet my husband with a smile, so that when he comes home and looks around him and at me, he shall say that his home is the very prettiest, neatest, cheeriest place in the wide world to him, and his wife the best and dearest object in the universe. It is true that I have met with a great many things to-day that will trouble me; manifold are the crosses of every day life; and I have been fretful, and, I fear, quick and angry of speech, and forgotten the resolutions I have so often made; but why should I dwell on them now? They are passed and gone with the ill feelings they may have called up; how foolish to live them over again, for the purpose of showing my husband how much *I* put up with, how much *I* endure; he has his embarrassments, and comes home to forget them. Now I have learned a good lesson from my young friend Mary; she is forever miserable, except when strangers, by their presence, forbid an exhibition of ill-temper. Her forehead already is scarred with frowns—*I'll* not lose my beauty by fretting—every day she is *so tired*, so worried, and when her poor husband comes home at night, she always sits languid and dejected, as if there was not another such a sadly used creature in the world. She tells me she can't help it, but I know better; for when at a party, one would hardly know that she had ever seen a sorrow: her laugh is the loudest, her frolics the wildest; and if she can be pleasant then, she can be pleasant at home. True, she is not very strong—neither am I; but what good does it do the aching head to mourn and cry, and be forever declaiming about ill health? Once complaining is enough, especially if ready sympathy is expressed; if I do not feel well, my husband always says he feels sorry, and I know he is; as he cannot help me, it would only annoy him for the very reason that he cannot, to hear it every five minutes throughout the evening; while he or I might plan some amusement that would divert the suffering from my mind.

If wives would be happy, they must study these little things that seem so insignificant as often to elicit no serious thought for a moment. What than is there now on the face of the earth, (I hope husband don't hear me) but likes to be flattered?—no, I wont exactly say flattered, but attended to, remembered, if you will, that they may see that they are of some importance. And as like begets like, if a woman strives to please her husband by little ceremonies and some pains-taking, he will assuredly reciprocate with the kindest words and the sweetest smiles. Now my husband is a mechanic, and far from rich, to be sure, yet he has his little luxuries for all that; for I like to see him easy and comfortable when at home, so I have made him a dressing-gown—it did not cost much—and I trimmed up the easy chair, and it is emphatically *his* chair; I stole time from my studies, and embroidered a pair of shoes for him, and I delight to see him sitting beside me, as richly attired as a king, in my eyes. Then there is another secret that wives ought to know, and that is, "clearing up" at the right hour. One can't expect with a family to be as prim all the times as if little hands never pulled the tidiest arrangements all to pieces; but when evening draws near, at all hazards should the wife look clean and neat about and around herself. Why, the wealthy old lady Bowers told me that when she was married, she had but one little room, in which were a few chairs, a table, and a high post old-fashioned bedstead. She says she made a cheap "valence" around that, and for want of cellar they were obliged to put their wood underneath it. But for all the little space, she said she kept scrupulously neat; every thing about with the labor of her hands. Washing days—those blue days to the men—she would at dinner time thrust the tubs all under the bed, and let not a vestage of confusion seem apparent; "for," said she, "husband was young and inclined to conviviality; and if I had not made even that mean home agreeable *at all times*, he might have sought other resorts; instead of which, he read instructive works, applied his new-gained knowledge to his business; and the consequence is, he is now worth his thousands, and may be I had some share in their accumulation, too."

As far as I can, I study the character of every married couple that comes under my observation, and profit by their failings wherever I perceive them. I notice that some wives are exceedingly petulent to their husbands before others; one in particular told me that she put on that appearance, for fear people would say that she was too fond; that she sedulously avoided her husband in company, for it was not fashionable to show attention to one's own. Now I could hardly help holding up my hands in holy horror; for I love my husband better than any body else in the world, and especially when abroad. I think it my duty to notice and please him above all others. I do so on the principle that it is gratifying to me if he conforms to the same practice. Ah! the wife is never displeased when the husband with delicate consideration concedes some little favor, no matter how little, to her, before the world; such things strengthen the holy bond of affection that with long rolling years becomes yet more sacred, more indissoluble, if brightened by such sweet recollections.

Some say that they are not at all suited to each other; that their tempers, tastes, inclinations, habits, are different as light from darkness. Well, I wonder if there ever were two human beings alike? It is foolish, utterly foolish, to expect such a thing? I even think it is better for opposite temperaments to unite. Husband has a quick temper—a "flashy" temper, as it is called; it will blaze up in a second. At first I resented it; but happily had wisdom enough to perceive that he invariably said more than he meant, and if I only held my tongue, he couldn't say as much as he wanted to, little as it might be. Here laid my triumph; I conquered by silence; and thus often saw where I was in fault, and corrected myself, thereby not exciting his passion unwittingly. It cost me some trial at first, but the great result paid me liberally for all. I saw that he was very particular; corrected my careless habits; he was inclined to extravagance; I, by a little judicious taste, fitted up old boxes, and made little fanciful ornaments that pleased his eye and saved his spare money; and I am not sure, after all, but they look as well as more expensive upholstery.—Now I feel assured that these little, thoughtful things are hinges whereon turns our happiness; and I know if every married woman would practice them with a hearty good will, there would be fewer indifferent husbands; for home and wife are the holiest possessions out of heaven—"Especially my home and wife!" exclaims a welcome voice. Ah! I am overheard—I have done soliloquizing.

PLEASURES OF MATERNITY.—I was married for money. That was ten years ago, and they have been years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the the thermometer at 75 degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of at school, which I hate. I like music, and wish to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is one thing which we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word. I have had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they have just quarrelled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his colt-like hand to Mortimer's ribs; while the body, Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been roused by their din to scream in chorus. I have had bad luck as a house keeper, for I never even kept a chambermaid more than three weeks. And as to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting stormily through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thunder-gusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chambermaid bounced out of the room yesterday, flirting her duster and muttering, 'Real old maid, after all!' just because I showed her a table on which I could write 'slut' with my finger in the dust. I never see my plump, happy sisters, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long, doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life.—Yet half of my sex marry as I did—not for love, but for fear! for fear of dying old maids.—*Mrs. E. B. Hall.*

A MAXIM OF WASHINGTON.—'Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience,' was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark! He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illuminated his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanation in his account book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the self-denial which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness.

The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of George Washington, Mount Vernon, was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports—that name being regarded as an ample guarantee of the quantity and quality of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

OPPOSITION TO YOUNG MEN.—Every body knows how common it is for old and middle-aged men to try to keep young men from rising in the world, by sneers at the youthfulness of the aspirants—as in the case of Walpole, whose taunt against Pitt so signally failed to depress the latter, served to 'damn their author to everlasting disgrace.'

No young man of talents, but has had such enemies as these to encounter—men who seem to take a certain fiendish delight in seeking to depress everything like genuine enthusiasm and buoyant ambition of the bright boy, or the brilliant young man. This arises from sheer ignorance of the nature and temperament of genius. When the climber upwards has gained his place among his peers, then it is that these miserable flatterers cringe and fawn as basely as they maligned and ridiculed him; and would fain crowd out of his sight his old friends and staunch adherents. In his green age and budding season the youth of genius craves and requires sympathy. It is with him, especially (and in a measure with all men) an intellectual want as evident as the coarsest necessary element of existence.

☞ O, wondrous age! when want of native charms no longer fills fair woman with alarms; when painted roses 'dorn the sallow face, and cotton stuffing gives her every grace; when piles of gold—her sire's ill-gotted gains, make full atonement for her want of brains; when solid graces wield a blunted dart, while musk and *moonlight* win the lover's heart.

☞ In a man with a "hacking" cough to be reckoned in the advanced "stages" of disease.