

## POEM.

### THE ROBBER'S CALL.

'Twas knight's in his hall, the dead in his hall,  
And the queen in her royal bed;  
Their slumbers are deep, but no curtains sleep  
Must pillow the robber's head.

The yoman may snore, when his toil is o'er  
And the watcher may nod o'er the corse;  
But the robber must rise, under starless skies,  
And saddle his trusty horse.

His pistols braced to his sturdy waist,  
He springs on his trusty steed—  
Away! away! the world is the prey  
Of the bold in thought and deed!

## THE REPERTORY.

### MARRIAGE, THE ORPHAN, OR THE FORCE OF PRINCIPLE.

BY A LADY.

A funeral procession passed slowly up Tremont street, and entered the venerable burial place attached to the Stone Chapel. There were deposited the remains of Mrs. Lawrence, and with them the pecuniary dependence of two orphan daughters.

Mrs. Lawrence, until a year previous to her death, had lived in the greatest opulence; but unfortunately, her husband became surety for a friend to a large amount, which he was obliged to redeem. This, added to many other losses, left him a comparatively small pittance for himself and family. This blow was too great for him. What! give up his fine residence, his splendid furniture and carriage, and come down to the vulgar method of living? No! he could not—he would not—and the grief occasioned by this change in his fortunes soon caused his death.

His wife bore her trials with Christian-like fortitude. With the small life annuity which she possessed, she found an agreeable home in the family of a distant relative. She devoted her time to the improvement of her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, and in watching the unfolding beauties of her little rosebud, as she fondly termed Maria.

The struggle of a noble soul, contending against affliction, is often too great for its frail tenement. With Mrs. Lawrence, the chord which had been too tightly strung, snapped suddenly assunder, its ethereal tones still thrilling the hearts of its auditors.

The family with whom Mrs. Lawrence resided kindly offered to take charge of Elizabeth, (now nine years of age) and bestow on her a good education. But Maria—who would supply the place of another father? No one seemed inclined to take care of a child two years old. How ephemeral the friends of the present day!—They flutter around the glare and splendour of wealth, and bask in its sunshine; but extinguish its blazonry, and where are they? Like the insects they personate, they fly to some illumination, and are seen no more.

Accordingly, none offered to supply the place of mother to Maria, until Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who had been befriended by Mrs. Lawrence in her days of prosperity, and were distantly related, came forward. They resided about 30 miles from Boston.

"It will be a poor place for a gentleman's darter," said Mrs. Harris; "but perhaps when she gets bigger, some of her Boston relations will make a lady of her."

Maria was happy at her new home.—A ride in the wagon was as agreeable as in a carriage. Aunt Hannah's turnover and little cake on baking day, pleased her as well as the rich confectionary her mamma used to give her. The checked linen frock in summer, the red and blue worsted in winter, was quite as comfortable as the satin and merino to which she had been accustomed, and though she said "stick! stick! Aunt Hannah," when the coarse woollen stockings were put on her delicate little feet, she soon forgot it, in looking at the boys as they coasted down the steep hill at the back of Aunt Harris's house.

In childhood the country seems peculiarly adapted to the unfolding capacities. The youthful exuberance of spirits has free scope. All nature, activity, appears to coincide with the expanding mind better than the confined limits of a city.

Maria's growth was remarkably forward. She pursued her studies at the district school from books furnished by her sister Elizabeth, who regularly made a long visit at Aunt Hannah's in the summer season, and imparted all the knowledge her sister's mind could receive. These visits proved of great benefit to Maria, who though acquainted with a city life, was an excellent little girl and readily distinguished from any child in the village.

No change occurred in Maria's situation

until the summer in which she completed her eleventh year. During the recess of her school one fine afternoon in August, a splendid summer vehicle leisurely passed the school house. The children with one accord dropped their profound courtesies, when a joyful cry of "Sister Elizabeth!" caused the carriage to stop. A gentleman alighted and enquired for Miss Lawrence. Maria ran hastily forward, and in a few moments was seated by her sister.

After the mutual interchange of affection between the sisters, Elizabeth introduced to Maria, Mr. Arthur Ellingwood as her brother. Maria's surprise at first overcame her natural politeness, but soon recovering herself, she greeted him with her sweetest smiles, and imprinted a kiss on his cheek, which was warmly reciprocated.

"O, sister, why did you not come before? My roses all bloomed and faded, without your having one; my strawberry bed was loaded with the finest fruit, but they all decayed; I would not touch them till you came. Then I picked and picked the whortleberries till I was tired. I don't know how many times I have gathered fresh bushes and flowers to adorn your favorite little chamber, but it was all in vain. Aunt Hannah had a letter the other day from Boston, but would not tell me the contents."

"The very counterpart of her yourself, sweet Elizabeth," said Arthur, "artless and unsophisticated."

The conversation was interrupted by their arrival at Mr. Harris, and the greetings of Aunt Harris were long and fond.

"You've got a sweet critter for your wife, Mr. Ellingwood," said she, "so clever and obliging. And so your going to carry off my Maria?"

"Oh! I'm going to Boston! I'm going to Boston—am I sister? am I brother?"—said she, as in ecstasy she danced round and round the apartments; but, observing the sober countenance of Aunt Hannah, she said in a subdued tone, "I hate to leave you my dear Aunt, could you go with us I should be happy."

Maria's dress was arranged as speedily as possible. Mrs. Ellingwood, anticipating the difficulty of procuring suitable clothing in the country, had made her purchases before leaving city. If Maria looked pretty in her rustic garb, she was certainly beautiful in a modern and fashionable dress. Her friends gazed on her in admiration, and for the first time, in her life, she felt a touch of vanity. Elizabeth noticed it.

"I think," said she, turning to Mrs. Harris, "Maria must carry one dress of your manufacture with her. If the change in her circumstances proves too great for her young mind, a reference to this may prove beneficial."

"Thank you for the hint, dear sister," said Maria, "a dress will not be necessary to remind me of my kind friends, and the happy days I've passed here. Yet I should be happy to have one."

"Ah! dear child," said Mrs. Harris, "you know nothing what kind of a place you're going to. I've been to Boston twice in my life, and I was so confused I didn't know what to do. Like as not you'd be ashamed of me, if I should go to see you."

"O never! dear Aunt, ashamed of my earliest friend!"

The time of departure at length arrived. Maria was delighted with the novelty of her situation. She combined such brilliant wit and good sense, (a case of rare occurrence by the way,) and her remarks drew many a smile from her kind brother and sister. To provide for Maria was a favorite project with them. As soon as practicable after marriage, they had conducted her to her new abode. She was placed under the care of private tutors until sufficiently advanced to enter school on an equal footing with other young ladies of her age, whom she rapidly outstripped in the solid and ornamental branches.

The sun strove in vain to pierce the murky atmosphere of the city; the lone pavement echoed the footfall of some solitary pedestrian; the occasional clatter of window shutters, and the rattling of bakers' and milkmen's carts; the lazy smoke curling sluggishly from the towering chimneys; indicated the inhabitants would soon arise from their slumbers, and pursue their daily avocations.

Ere the city had assumed the appearance of life and activity, a covered wagon drove to the door of Mr. Ellingwood and the fee-

ble tinkle of the bell brought a servant to the door.

"Is Mr. Ellingwood at home?"

"Home! yes—but won't be up this hour. You can come to the kitchen fire and warm, if you will wait till he is up!"

"Well, I'll get my wife first. Won't you help me out of the wagon with this ere bag and trunk?"

The servant started! but thinking something had been ordered from the country, assented.

"There wife, you go into the house.—This man will show you a fire, while I put Betty up in some stable."

The woman remained in the entry a long time before the servant made his appearance; then with a scornful glance he asked "what she wanted?"

"Want! I want to see Mrs. Ellingwood, or Maria. I'm cold in the bargain, and want to go to a fire."

"Yes'm," said the servant, rather more respectfully; and opening a door discovered Maria at a table covered with drawing materials. Maria ran heartily forward.

"Why, Aunt Hannah, how do you?—When did you arrive?"

"O dear me, I'm so tired and chilled, I don't know what to do. We started long enough before daylight this morning."

Maria rang the bell, and ordered tea with accompaniments.

"I believe you never drink coffee, aunt, breakfast for the family will not be ready this long time; I rise very early to improve in drawing."

"Early! why I've had my breakfast, and cleared it all away, 'fore sunrise, all this winter."

"Should you not like to go up stairs now?" said Maria, when Mrs. Harris had dispatched her breakfast.

"Lud a mercy! how many stairs have you got all carpeted too! why, it seems as if I could pick them are roses off and smell on 'em. Pray Maria, what are them black men holding them chains for?"

"They are bronze images, Aunt, and placed in niches to receive them.—Lamps are placed in those chaises, and they are used to light the entry and staircase."

Maria tapped gently at her sister's door and announced Mrs. Harris.

"You arrived early," said Mrs. Ellingwood, after the usual salutations.

"Yes, yes. You know I am bright and early. My husband has a lot of apples and sauce to sell; we thought if they would sell here, 'twould pay for carting, so we concluded to kill two birds with one stone and come together. 'Tis 18 years, Mrs. Ellingwood, since I was here. You want bigger than my Lucy, who'll be five next June. I s'pose there are a great many new things to be seen; and Maria, I s'pose you know all the way about."

The blood tinged Maria's neck and face; she exchanged glances with her sister, but made no other remarks than "I shall be very happy to make Aunt Harris pass the time agreeably."

"Yes, yes, I know you would—my husband thought like enough you would be ashamed of us, but I told him you was dreadfully altered then, for you went all around our town last summer, and called on all our old acquaintance."

"Ah!" thought Maria, "I shall have to survey that dress of my childhood many times this week. Mrs. Harris little thinks of the difference between our city and her native village."

"What a nice baby you've got Mrs. Ellingwood. Pooty crew, what has Aunt got for it, dear," said Mrs. Harris, extracting a huge nut cake from her reticule.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Ellingwood, "we do not allow it to eat solid food—she is only eight months old."

"La! I always fed my babes at three months sartin. I forgot to tell you I brought you a keg of June butter; 'tis as yellow as your marigolds used to be Maria."

"Just like yourself Aunt Hannah, always making presents," said Mrs. Ellingwood.

Mrs. Harris declined going down to breakfast. She could amuse herself nicely by looking out of the window, she said.

Mrs. Ellingwood and Maria were placed in a sad dilemma. Maria was now seventeen, and in conjunction with her sister, had issued cards of invitation for a large party the ensuing Thursday. To recall them was impossible; to get rid of their warm-hearted though uncounted visitors, was equally impossible. What could be done? Her remarks would attract much attention, and the stamp of having a heard of acquaint-

ance. Mr. Ellingwood would be mortified—Henry Williams, who had solicited Maria's hand in vain, would exult—and one dearer to Maria than all others, would be present to see, and perhaps hear them.

There was ample time to arrange Mrs. Harris' dress; and if Maria could delicately intimate the impropriety of any remarks, all would perhaps pass off well in the crowd. Mrs. Harris, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Ellingwood and Maria, walked from one apartment to the other, and made absurd remarks on all she saw; offering to wash up the dishes or any thing in the world that would help; and when entreated to sit down would say; "marcy no! I'm so used to stirrin about, I should keep jumping up to look out."

The eventful evening for the party arrived.

The company a most beautiful assemblage, met in rooms splendidly furnished and brilliantly lighted. All passed off well for a time, and Mrs. Ellingwood and Maria were inwardly congratulating themselves, when Mr. Harris, finding his quid troublesome, and seeing no convenience for depositing it, (the room being heated by a furnace,) rose and walked to a window filled with rare exotics. Here he espied a porcupine with its hyacinth just peeping forth, (then an object of much curiosity) which served his purpose nicely. It would have passed off unnoticed had not Mrs. Harris exclaimed—

"Why Joseph, Maria wont thank you for spitting her flowers all over."

"Only spit on that green thing filled with rushes," said Mr. Harris.

The buzz ceased. There tones of voice so discordant, produced a deathlike silence. Mrs. Ellingwood preserved her equanimity, and by the timely aid of friends, the company was restored to its wonted tone, when Mrs. Harris suddenly jumped up and said, "Mrs. Ellingwood, shan't I blow out some of these lamps? I reckon its a pity to waste so much ile."

Mrs. Ellingwood had refreshments announced immediately, and led the way to her refectory. This movement spared her the mortification of observing the general titter which prevailed. Mr. and Mrs. Harris not being acquainted with the rules of precedence, made their way as fast as possible, and tho' Maria endeavored to keep them back, they seemed the more anxious "to see what was going on," as they said, to the manifest discomfiture of satin and gauze.

To gaze at the table was excusable: loaded with every delicacy of the season, sparkling with the richest plate, and cut glass, which reflected back the numerous lights, till all seemed lost in brilliancy, an assemblage of youth and beauty fashionably dressed, and in the gayest spirits imaginable; the delicious strains of music which ever and anon burst on the ears, would rivet the attention of those long accustomed to such scenes; as for Mr. and Mrs. Harris good souls, they thought themselves in a fairy land, and did not dare to speak, till Maria presented Mrs. Harris with an ice, which caused her to ejaculate.

"Why, Maria, child, havint you got over your old trick of eating frozen milk? dont you remember how you used to sly into the dairy to get it to eat?—'Tis the worst thing in the world for the cholic."

Poor Maria! she was thunderstruck. A general smile run through the apartment, save where some benevolent countenance manifested the utmost pity for Maria. At length she came forward.

"I deem it due to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, to state, that to them I was indebted for a home in my childhood. When thrown an orphan on the wide world for protection, they kindly nourished me like an own child, and though to you, dear brother, laying her hand on his arm, I am under obligations for my present advantages, for an introduction into the refinements of life, to the flowery paths of literature; and the mysteries of science; though you have opened a new world to my view, my gratitude to each of you is unbounded, and equally strong. Yes! the reminiscences of my childhood are amongst the most pleasing of my recollections, and memory binds them still closer. when beholding the heartlessness of many friendships since contracted."

Admiration filled the hearts of all present. They despised their own littleness, and even gazed with pleasure upon the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who looked extremely bewildered at finding themselves thus publicly noticed.

Why did Maurice Stanwood gaze so fondly at Maria that evening, as she glided about imparting happiness to all around her? Why did he listen so intently as she accompanied the piano with her clear, musical voice? Why did he linger by her side, till the last carriage rolled from the door, and then reluctantly took his departure? He had long been secretly attached to Maria, but having frequently declared he would ascertain the disposition of his intended wife previous to marriage, he had delayed his proposals, "though the powerful artillery of the eye, and the thousand nameless signs in love's progress, had expressed as much, nay, even more, than words could possibly have done."

Mr. and Mrs. Harris remained a week in the city, and were delighted with Maria's attentions, who showed them every thing of note in the city, from the State house to the menagerie. They returned home loaded with present for their little ones, and an invitation to make them an annual visit.

In the course of a few months Maurice Stanwood and Maria were united. They made a visit every summer to Uncle Joseph and Aunt Hannah, to whom Maurice declared himself indebted in part for his sweet wife; justly remarking that the seeds of benevolence and ingeniousness sown in her breast, would not have vegetated so luxuriantly in the city atmosphere.

Maria still preserves the dress worn in childhood, and when tempted to cherish affectation and pride, finds a check in viewing this talisman. She takes great pleasure in improving and training the manners of the Harisses, one of whom she keeps constantly with her.

## FASHION.

The origin of it.—It is stated in the N. Hampshire Gazette, that the present fashion of wearing long hair over the ears originated with a state prison dandy who took that mode of concealing from the public, the fact that his ears had been cropped. We think it very likely, and we think it our duty to extend the information for the benefit of the beaux, who pride themselves upon the near resemblance to a poodle. Whiskers, mustachios and imperials are all very well in their way—for those who have a particular partiality for the "dress circle" in a congregation of bears—but, no other genius than one fostered within the four walls of a penitentiary could ever have obtained so good an insight to the mysteries of hideousness, as the inventor of modern ear locks; and he must have taken the hint from some absent minded kitchen wench who had pinned her scrubbing cloth on to her head, instead of a pair of false curls, brought of Jacland or somebody else, for a ball.—N. Y. Gazette.

Fashion is fashion, and we seldom grumble at its vagaries, for as strange as may be its devices, they soon become familiar if not agreeable. Fierce fashions create a sensation of awe—ruffianly fashions have at least something vigorous and startling in the idea—droll fashions make us laugh, and eccentric fashions, such as buttoning waistcoats awry, have a tendency to *strabismus* or quizzical squinting in the beholder—but this dog's-ear-ear method of wearing the hair is a broken hearted, I-would-if-I-could, jail-bird looking affair, which has no savor of redemption about it: The wearer gives himself a species of expression between half hanged, and half drowned, which is actually pitiable. Comment us to the Brutus cut, to the flowing locks of the profligate cavalier, or to the utilitarian crop of the round head—any thing but curveless, spiritless candle-wicks which seem to cry aloud for tallow.—Sat. News.

A bit of a wag on board of the steamboat from Norfolk, being not a little disquieted in his slumbers by some fellow lodgers who seemed to dispute his claim to the berth, called out, "Hallo, Steward!"

"What, massa?"

"Bring me the way bill."

"What for, massa?"

"I want to see if these bed-bugs put down their names [for this berth before I did—if not, I want 'em turned out."

Qualifications for Matrimony.—No woman ought to be permitted to enter upon the duties of connubiality without being able to make a shirt, mend a coat, knit a stocking, bake a loaf of bread, roast a joint of meat, broil a steak, make a pudding, and manufacture frocks, and et ceteras for little responsibilities.