

POETRY.

From the Harrising Reporter.
GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

In the name and by the grace
Of him, who yields the golden mace,
To all the friends of toleration,
I, Joseph, send this Proclamation,
Whigs, Anties, Democrats, and all,
Have closed the doors of Congress Hall,
And homeward gone, with laggard faces,
To gain a respite from their toils,
Or squatted down at wat'ring places,
To drown all thought of Banks and broils.
Thus broken up, unhorsed, disband'd,
It falls on me to take the ring,
To cuff the hydra single handed,
To beat him down and clip his sting.
Come then my worthies, "see the mark,"
And whilst we speak let no dog bark.
Last night whilst sitting rather late,
Just cooling off the cares of state,
Which keep me since this hot month sot in,
In a muck of constant sweating,
My trusty Samuel, faithful blackman,
Vaehed in dear little S*****n,
Who fresh from "town" had come express,
To tell me, e'er a printer's guess
Could spread the news both far and wide,
The hobby I could mount and ride;
He said the banks in grave convention,
Resolved to end their long suspension,
That they had fix'd upon a day,
To claim their rags and specie pay;
The news would make the folks uproarious,
Therefore the chance for me was glorious,
To make my "ministration" father
This long expected stop—or rather
To make the country gulls believe
The Banks, old Joe, could ne'er deceive,
And that the people's interest, I
Kept close at heart and in my eye,
That I should instantly command them
To pay their notes, or I'd disband them.
"The plan's a good one, don't you see it?"
"I take, dear Spucky, and so be it."
So now ye banks both far and near,
Off hats, draw nigh, my mandate hear,
I now command you as you hold
Your lives, your charters or your gold,
To pay, since you've resolved to do it,
Plank out your specie and stick to it,
Not a murmur, mind I tell you,
Pay your notes or I'll compel you;
There is a sword hangs o'er your heads,
And by my *Thad.* I'll cut the threads
That keep it up, and let it fall
To leave you headless one and all;
And you infernal lawless cheats,
Who send out shinnies, in whole sheets,
Redeem your trash, no longer sin it,
I tell you poney up or skin it;
I who send this proclamation,
Full worthy of a kingly nation,
Again I warn ye ere I stop,
Not to let this matter drop,
When you last year the people brav'd,
D'e mind how I your bacon saved,
If then for you I was so bold,
You'll let me now against you scold,
Particularly, when I tell you
To do what your own views compel you,
This consummation brought about
Its cause of glory who can doubt!
The sight to view will be presented
Of banks redeeming all contented,
Shipplasters banished from the land
All the work of my right hand.
What wisdom surely this denotes,
For then illegal Treasury notes
Will be the only trash esteemed
Worth taking that is not redeemed,
No matter if I'm plainly told
In every mart they'll bring the gold,
'Tis well enough to gull the ninnies!
And call them still the "only shinnies."
Now, in my eye, the man's a fool,
Who don't "lie low" "keep dark" "keep cool,"
For in the natural course of things,
Our evils all will find their wings,
And all tongues speak in commendation,
Of such a Governor's proclamation,
And now my printers do not pause,
Nor let this hang back like the laws,
But print and publish, fold and send it
To those for whom 'tis all intended,
And that before the lodge's minions,
Can scatter their adverse opinions,
For ten to one if they don't try
To give my influence the lie,
And say the banks would all presume,
Their specie payments to resume,
Without waiting silly elves,
To let me supersede themselves.
Given by hand, this day and date,
Under the mammoth seal of State;
On General Porter turn the furrows,
By the Governor, TOMMY BURROWES.

"And what's a life! A weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.
And what's an age! the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day,
Wears its green plush, and is to-morrow—
hay."

The man who takes no papers,
Or taking, pays not when they're read
Would sell his corn to buy a "horn,"
And live on borrowed bread."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WIDOW CURED;

OR, MORE THAN THE DOCTOR AT FAULT.
It was in the year 18—, but no matter, I
have the most treacherous memory imagin-
able for dates; which Quarz was at Ber-
lin,—you, of course, know who Quarz
was,—if you do not, I'll tell you. He was
the celebrated musical composer and musi-
cian at the court of Frederick the Great,
and, by the way, taught him the flute.
Quarz was the pupil of the famous counter-
pointist, Gasparini; Quarz, in short, was
the man who, as he was leaving the orchest-
ra one night, heard a ball whistle in his ear
tacked for him by the Spanish Ambassador,
who was in love with a certain marchioness.
I can assure you the aim was a good one,
and the maestro might well bob his head,
and wink his eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Madame Schindler's house underwent a
similar metamorphosis to her own. The
venetians that had for a whole year been
carefully closed, began to let in the day,
and were dispersed, with more care and el-

egance than ever. The very furniture
seemed to assume a new life. Her doors
opened almost of themselves to her former
friends or new acquaintances, and more
than one guest at a time took his seat at her
dinner table.

Quarz was, as may be supposed, always
welcome; and he had this advantage, that
come when he might she was at home to him.

Nothing less could be expected from so
old a friend, and no one could possibly find
fault with her for that, you will allow

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

Madame Schindler went to bed and sent
for a physician.

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

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

Quarz was seated by her bedside when
the doctor entered. He felt her pulse, and
his lips expressed, by a slight, but signifi-
cant contraction, that he entertained no very
favourable opinion of her symptoms: whilst
Quarz kept his eye constantly fixed on her
pale countenance, where the finger of death
seemed to have set its fatal seal. He was
sad and motionless, and awaited in silence
the stern decrees of heaven. But the pa-
tient had perceived the evil augury of the
physician's eye.

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

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

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

Some minutes afterwards, they were
again summoned.

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

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

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

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

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

But all was not over.

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

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

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

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

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

From the Cumberland Presbyterian.
ON THE MARRIAGE STATE.

To Miss——. Knowing that you
are shortly to enter a garden, enclosed, and
that you are at present, a stranger to this
garden, permit an old friend to give you
some account of it. I have travelled every
part and every path; know every produc-
tion of every kind in can possibly yield—
and as my information can do you no harm,
it may do you some good.

You know there is but one way of en-
trance; I need hardly tell you that it is very
gay and glittering, strewed with flow-
ers of every hue and fragrance, with all
that art or imagination can invent: You
may fondly hope the scene of rapture
will never alter, as you will not see the end
of the path—when you enter it. To some
it proves a short one, and to you it may
appear very different in the retrospect.
Here, my dear girl, let me caution you not
to dream of perfect or perpetual bliss; if
you do, experience will show you that it
never existed on earth, save in visions or
visionary heads.

You will meet many productions in this
garden, which are charming to the eye and
pleasant to the taste; but they are not all
so. Let me just remark—that you are car-
rying into this garden one of the most deli-
cious and delicate plants in nature—I mean
good-humor. Don't drop it, or lose it, as
many have done soon after they enter, who
seldom if ever found it again. It is a treas-
ure which nothing can make up to you.

When you get to the end of the first
walk, which lasts about thirty steps, com-
monly called honey-moon path, you will
see the garden open in a vast variety of
views—and here I must caution you against
some productions which are nauseous and
noxious, and even fatal in tendency to the
unwary and ignorant.

There is a low, small plant, which may
be seen in almost every path called indiffer-
ence, though not perceived at the entrance.
You will always know when near this
plant, though you do not see it, by a cer-
tain coldness in the air which surrounds it.
Contrary to all others it thrives in cold, and
dies in warmth. Whenever you perceive
this change your situation as soon as you
can.

In the same path is often found that ugly
yellow flower called Jealousy,—which I
wish you never to look at. Turn from it
as fast as you can for it has the strange
quality of tinging the eye which beholds it
with a stain which it seldom gets rid of.

As you go in, you will meet with many
little crooked paths; but do not go into
them. I advise you as a friend never to
attempt it; for though at the entrance of
each, is written in large letters, "In the
right way," when you get in, nine cases
out of ten, you will find the true name to
be Perverseness, and that you are in the
wrong, and will not acknowledge it; this
often occasions endless dispute here; is a
source of perpetual difference, and some-
times of a final separation in the garden.

Near this spot, you will meet a sturdy
knotty plant, called obstinacy, bearing a
hard bitter fruit, which becomes fatal when
taken in large quantities.—Turn from it,
avoid it as you would the plague.

Just opposite to this grows the lowly
lovely shrub Complacency, which though
not pleasant to the palate, is salutary &
sweet, and produces the most delicious
fruit in the garden. Never be without a
sprig of it in your hand; it will often be
wanted as you go along, if you do not,
you will surely repent the want of it.—

All over the garden you may find a use-
ful plant called Economy. It is of a thriving
quality. Take a good stock of it as
you are going in. It adorns and enriches
at the same time. Many entirely overlook
it, some despise it, and others think they
want it. It is generally forgotten in the
gaiety and hurry in which people enter
that place, but the total want of it is com-
monly paid for with bitter repentance. I
must tell you, unless both partake of it, it
will answer little end to either. You may
if you please, carry some with you into the
garden; but it is a hundred to one, if you
do not lose it going in. This is more useful
than what you will find there—for it is of
another sort. Provide yourself and part-
ner with a proper quantity of it, as soon as
you can when in the place.

You observe, as you pass, two or three
paths, which run much into one another
—I mean Regularity, Exactness, and Neat-
ness. Do not think, as many do, that
when once you are in, you may be careless
of your person and dress. Remember,
your companion will see some that are not
so—this difference will strike his eye, if
not offend it. Enter those paths almost as
soon as you enter the garden; and take my
word for it, if you do, you will never get
out of them; once fairly in you are in for
life—and the worst of it is, that if you do
not find them soon, you will never find them
afterward.

Near this walk, is found that invaluable
shrub, Humility. This, though of no
worth in itself, yet joined together with

good qualities, is worth them all. It is
never seen without being admired; and is
most admirable when not visible. They say
"virtue is its own reward"—I am cer-
tainly proud is its own punishment. Flee
from it as from contagion, which it strongly
resembles. It infects and corrupts. Cultiva-
te, with all your care, the humble plants
now mentioned, as the best antidote against
this poisonous weed.

Allow me here to drop a hint on this sub-
ject of cultivation, as that most probably
will be your employment. Should you be
entrusted with the rearing of a flower, re-
member two things: first, that it is but a
flower, however fair—frail in its nature,
and fading at every blast, and secondly,
that it is a flower in trust, for the cultiva-
tion of which you are accountable to the
owner of that garden.

Should you be a witness to a blast on its
dawning beauties, oh, how your fluttering
heart will bleed with tenderness. Let af-
fection sympathise. Your feelings may be
conceived but not described.—The young
shoot will naturally and insensibly twine
around the fibres of your frame. Should
it live and thrive, spare no pains to teach
the young productions to rise. Weed it,
water it, prune it—it will need them all.—
Without this—many weeds will grow up
and poison the very soil on which it grows.

Remember this is a trust for which you
are accountable to Him who gave it. That
you may be blest with the sweetest produc-
tions of this garden—that they may be the
delight of your eyes, and that you and they
when the summer of this life is over, may
be transplanted to some happier soil, and
in immortal vigor, in perfect and permanent
felicity, is the sincere wish of your affec-
tionate friend.

GENUINE AND TRUE.

A young man who boarded at a house in
the country, where were several coy dam-
sels who seemed to imagine that men were
terrible creatures, whom it was an unpardon-
able sin to look at, was one forenoon accosted
by an acquaintance, and asked what he
thought of the young ladies with whom he
boarded. He replied that they were very
shy and reserved.

"So they are," returned the other, "and
so much so, that no gentleman could get
near enough to tell the color of their eyes."

"That may be," said the boarder quick-
ly, "yet I will stake a million that I can
kiss them all three without any trouble."

"That you cannot do," cried his friend,
"it is an achievement which you nor any
other man can accomplish."

The other was positive, and invited his
friend to the house to witness the triumph.
They entered the room together, and the
three girls were all at home sitting beside
their mother, they all looked as prim and
demure as John Rogers at the stake.

Our hero assumed a very grave aspect,
even to dejection, and having looked wish-
fully at the clock, breathed a sigh as deep
as Algebra, and as long as a female dialogue
at a street door. His singular deportment
now attracted the attention of the girls, who
cast their slow opening eyes upwards to his
countenance. Perceiving the impression
he had made, he turned to his companion
and said in a doleful voice—"It wants
three minutes of the time!"

"Do you speak of dinner," said the old
lady, laying down her sewing work.

A silence ensued, during which the female
part of the household glared at the young
man irrepressible curiosity.

"You'll see me decently interred," said
he, turning again to his friend.

His friend was as much puzzled as any
body present, and his embarrassment added
to the intended effect. But the old lady
being no longer able to contain herself,
cried,

"Mr. C——, pray what do you speak
of?"

"Nothing," answered he with a lugubrious
tone but that last night a spirit appeared un-
to me! Here the girls rose to their feet
and drew near—"and the spirit gave me
warning that I should die exactly at 12
o'clock to day and you see it wants but half
a minute of the time!"

The girls turned pale, and the hidden
sympathies were at once awakened for the
doomed and departed one. They stood
chained to the spot, looking alternately at
the clock and at the unfortunate youth; he
then walked up to the eldest of the girls and
taking her by the hand bade her a solemn
farewell. He also imprinted a kiss upon
her trembling lips, which she did not resist.
He then bade the second and third farewell
in the same tender and affectionate man-
ner. His object was achieved, and at that
moment the clock struck twelve. Hereupon
he looked around surprised and ejacu-
lated, "who would have believed that an ap-
parition would tell such a lie. It was prob-
ably the ghost of Ananias Sapphira.

It was sometime before the sober maidens
understood the joke, and when they did
they evinced no resentment.