

Poetry

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

I can see that I grow older,
And I note it day by day!
I can feel my heart grow colder
As its pleasures pass away.

Select Gales

THE REWARD OF MERIT

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start reader,) twenty-seven, and was yet in a state of single blessedness.

FRIEND PAUL.—This will introduce to thee, friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business.

It is not every one who can get old. Loomis's endorsement on his character, said Paul Breemen to himself, as he folded up the letter of a well-known associate of former days.

The old gentleman looked at all this, as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his lips.

A stool was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, matters explained, directions given, the pen was dipped in the ink, and in short, before an hour had passed away, you would have thought that the old man and the young man had known each other for years.

In reference to our new friend, it will be sufficient to remark, that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and though he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart.

had devoted himself, misfortunes came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world save his two lovely sisters.

As year after year passed away, he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt though he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure.

Very little, indeed, was said by either of them not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatever between them, save in the counting room. Thus six years went by, towards the close of which period old Mr. Breemen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the young man before him.

I wish you'd have him, burst forth like an avalanche. 'Knows him for six years—true as a ledger—a gentleman—real sensible man—don't talk much—regular as a clock—prime for business—worth his weight in gold.'

My head, father, Copeland—you don't know him—I do haven't seen anybody else worth an old quill.

Why, people's notions on these matters. Copeland's poor—so was I once—may be again; world's full of changes—seen a great many of them in my day—can't stay here long—got to leave you, Annie—wish you'd like him.

Father, are you serious? 'Serious, child! and he looked so. Annie was a chip of the old block; a strong-minded resolute girl. A new idea seemed to strike her.

Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my name a little; I shall appear to be a poor girl, a companion of our friend, Mrs. Richards, in the street, she shall know the whole affair; you shall call me by my middle name; Peyton; I shall be a relative of yours; you shall suggest the business to Mr. Copeland, as you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take care for itself.

I see, I see; and one of those rare smiles illuminated his whole face. It actually got between his lips, parted them asunder, glauced upon a set of teeth but little the worse for wear, and was resting there when he left the house for his counting room.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astounded. Did Mr. Breemen say that, and in the counting room, too? The very lodger seemed to blush at the introduction of such a subject.

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Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that

at No. 67 H— street. Place it only in the hands of the person to whom it is directed; don't want to trust it to any one else.

The clerk saw on the outside. (Mrs. Richards, No. 67 H— street.—The door bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeland into a small, neat parlor, where sat a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty years of age, plainly dressed, engaged in knitting a stocking.

She is not in, but is expected presently; will you be seated? There was an ease and quietness, and an air of self command about this person, which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once, (you always do with such people,) made some common-place remark, which was immediately responded to; then another, and soon the conversation grew so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten.

Forward—march! said old Paul, as he looked at his daughter with vast satisfaction. The old man's as swate to-night as a new potato, said James to the cook.

How much you remind me of Mr. Breemen, said Charles one evening to Annie: 'I think you said you were a relation of his?'

Somewhat later than usual, on that day, Annie reached her father's house. There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was plainly written there.

At eight o'clock precisely, the door bell of Mr. Breemen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by friend James. Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and turning round abruptly, introduced him to 'My daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Breemen,' and immediately withdrew.

Charles will you forgive me this? He was too much astonished to make any reply. 'If you knew all my motives and feelings, I am sure you would.'

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Put two persons in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache, and the other in love, and you will find the one who has got the toothache to sleep first.

Washington at Cambridge in 1775.

Washington had prayers morning and evening, and was regular in his attendance at the church in which he was a communicant. On one occasion, for want of a clergyman, the Episcopal service was read by Col. William Parfrey, one of Washington's aides-de-camp, who substituted a prayer of his own composition in place of the one formerly offered up for the king.

Not long after her arrival in camp, Mrs. Washington claimed to keep twelfth-night in due style as the anniversary of her wedding. 'The General,' says the same informant, 'was somewhat thoughtful, and said he was afraid he must refuse it.'

There seems to have been more conviviality at the quarters of some of the other generals; their time and minds were less intensely engrossed by anxious cares, having only their individual departments to attend to.

Mrs. Adams gives an account of an evening party at his house. 'I was very politely entertained and noticed by the generals,' writes she; 'more especially General Lee, who was very urgent for me to tarry in town, and dine with him and the ladies present at Hobboblin Hall; but I excused myself.'

John Adams, likewise, gives us a picture of festivities at headquarters, where he was a visitor on the recess of Congress. 'I dined at Col. Mifflins with the General (Washington) and lady, and a vast collection of other company, among whom were six or seven sachems of the French-Cahnawaga Indians, with their wives and children.'

While giving these familiar scenes and occurrences at camp, we are tempted to subjoin one furnished from the memoir of an eye-witness. A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived at camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks.

As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged, too in one of these sectional brawls which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand must therefore, have been a vehement one.

Dr. Franklin having noticed that a certain mechanic, who worked near his office, was always happy and smiling, ventured to ask him for the secret of his constant cheerfulness.

A good education is a better safeguard for liberty than a standing army of severe laws.

SQUEEZING HANDS.

BY A LADY.

What an immense difference it makes who squeezes one's hand! A lady may twine her arm round your waist, press a kiss on your brow, or, holding your hand in hers, toy with your fingers to your heart's content, but you are perfectly calm and collected, and experience no unusual sensation, either disagreeable or otherwise.

To place your hand confidently in that of an accepted, acknowledged lover, you are not excited or confused, you have ceased blushing continually in his presence; you experience a feeling of quiet happiness, a little heaven upon earth sort of feeling; you are perfectly contented with everything in this terrestrial world; especially your lover and yourself; and yet withal it is a foolish feeling; you sit with his arms twined around you—that manly arm which is to support you through life; a soft, rosy, happy tint suffuses your face as your hand is clasped in his; ah, it is a blissful, foolish feeling.

But let some one whom you like very much, not an accepted lover, but one who may be perhaps, one of these d— gently enclose your hands in his own; with a strange, wild, joyful, painful feeling that is through your veins, rushes to your finger ends, your heart goes bump! bump! surely, you think you must hear it throbbing! far the life of you you can not speak.

After letting your hand remain in his long enough to show you are not offended, you gently withdraw it, but perchance it is taken back again; after a faint don't do so, which is answered by a still closer pressure, with downcast eyes and blushing cheek, you let the little hand, the first earnest of other things to come, thrilling and burning with new ecstatic emotion, remain all trembling in its resting place.

Awful Tragedy. We copy from the Memphis Whig of the 9th instant, the following narrative of one of the most horrible tragedies we have ever heard of.

We heard yesterday of one of the most melancholy tragedies we have known for many years, which occurred in Marshall county, Miss., about twelve miles from Holly Springs, on Wednesday last. Mr. R. B. Cox, a planter in good circumstances, killed his own wife while she was lying asleep in her bed, and then shot himself through the head, killing himself instantly.

This occurred some time during the night, but was not known until the next morning, when a negro man went to the room to make a fire, and found the door fastened. Not being able to raise any one in the inside, the negro called the overseer who came and forced the door open, when he found both Mr. and Mrs. Cox dead, lying on the bed with two bullets through her head, and he lying on the hearth, shot through the region of the heart, with his hand still grasping the deadly revolver.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Cox were known by many of our citizens, he as the possessor and occupant some two or three years since of the dwelling in the lower part of the city known as the "Swiss Cottage," while the young and beautiful bride was, but a few months since a gay and lively school-girl, attending Mrs. Armstrong's school in this city, and will be remembered by many as the pretty Miss Sallie Wilson. Leaving school, she married Mr. C. sometime last fall, and now she has been cut off from all earthly hopes and happiness by him who had solemnly vowed to love and protect her.

Mr. C. was a worthy young man, and there can be no doubt but that he was laboring under insanity at the time of this awful calamity; in fact, many circumstances that transpired a day or two previous go to show that he was not in his right mind.

Much sympathy is felt in this community for the families and friends of both the deceased persons—families of the first standing in north Mississippi. May God be their help in this, their hour of the deepest and most heart-rending affliction.

The Memphis Enquirer, speaking of the affair, says the parties had been married only six weeks, and adds: Mr. Cox is the third male member of a worthy family who has died a violent death within the last eight or ten years. One, in a fit of insanity, threw himself from the deck of a Mississippi steamer, and was drowned; another was slain by the accidental discharge of a double-barreled shot-gun, when starting on a camp hunt; and now we have to record the death of still another, and that of his fair young wife, by his own hands.