

Poetry.

WATCH MOTHER.

We do not know when we have met with a more touching and beautiful poetical morceau...

Mother, watch the little feet, Climbing over the garden wall, Bounding through the busy street...

Mother, watch the little hand Picking berries by the way, Making houses in the sand...

Mother, watch the little tongue, Prattling eloquent and wild: What is said and what is sung...

Mother, watch the little heart, Beating soft and warm for you; Wholesome lessons now impart...

Select Tale.

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

If ever I marry, Kate Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest, 'the happy man—or the unhappy one, if you please, ba! ha!

First, a fortune; Second, good looks; Third, common sense.

I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three.

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with the beauty thus adorned, with everything around swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairy-land...

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But the truth is—Our poor genius was not much of a genius—not very poor either.

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington...

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections.

'Duke, although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with a fortune good looks and common sense—had never been able to draw these out...

However, one day he pressed her to declare his fate, she said to him with a sigh: 'Oh, Frank! I am sorry that we ever met!'

'Part!' repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this. 'Yes—yes,' said Kate casting down her head with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice and talked to her until she—proud Kate, wept bitterly.

'Katie,' said he then, with a burst of passion, 'I know you love me! but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word and I go.'

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully into her beautiful, tearful face, and then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arms around his neck, but in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

'Shall I go?' he articulated. A feeble yes fell from her lips—and an instant later she was lying on the sofa sobbing and weeping alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

The struggle was over. The agony was past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter and rose cheerfully to meet him. His manners pleased her—his station and fortune fascinated her more.

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admitted queen.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her existence to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her breast.

Her friends were numerous, her husband tender kind, and loving; but all their attentions and affections could not fill her heart.

And soon there was a real marriage—not a splendid but a happy one—followed by a life of love and contentment; and that was 'the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.'

NORTHERN FEELING IN THE SOUTH.—As an evidence that there is a Northern feeling existing even in the hot bed of the South, the Herald mentions a circumstance that occurred some few weeks since at Columbia, the capital of South Carolina.

Then a change became apparent to her husband. He could not remain long blind to the fact his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gaiety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul.

Kate saw herself how in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unconquerable by golden streams that flowed around her—panting with a hunger which not all the food of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproaches her husband for deserting her thus, and he answers her with angry and separate taunts of deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily.

'You do not care for me,' he cried, 'then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affections you have met with coldness?'

'Yes, I know it,' said her husband fiercely. 'It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed the seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune but gave me no share of her sympathy?'

'Very well,' said Kate. 'I do not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting I am this cold, deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue.'

Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly—his eyes flashed with determination—his lips curled with scorn. 'I have made up my mind,' said he, 'that we should not live together any longer.'

'But the world!' shrieked Kate, trembling. 'The world will admire you the same—and what more do you desire?' asked her husband, bitterly.

'He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud.

'Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery.

She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry, her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses—until, with a start, she cried:

'Here I am,' said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her.

'I hope so replied Frank, taking her hand. 'You could mean to send me away from you so cruelly; I knew. So I waited—in your father's study where I have been talking with him an hour. I came back to plead my cause, once more and found you here where I left you asleep.'

'Oh! what a horrible dream!' murmured Kate, rubbing her eyes. 'It was so like a terrible, reality that I shudder now to think of it—I thought I was married!'

'And would that be so horrible?' asked Frank. 'I hope then, you did not dream you were married to me?'

'No, I thought I gave my hand without my heart.'

'Then, if you gave me your hand, it would not be without your heart.'

'No, Frank,' said Kate; her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears, 'and here it is.'

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Miscellaneous.

WORDS WELL SPOKEN.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, now 85 years old, and still a young man, has published the Address which he delivered at Quincy last June.

The question to be decided at the ensuing Presidential election, is, who shall henceforth rule the nation—the Slave States or the Free States? All the aspects of our political atmosphere indicate an approaching hurricane.

The world will admire you the same—and what more do you desire?' asked her husband, bitterly. 'This marriage of hands and not of hearts is mockery. We have played the farce long enough.

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A LARGE ONE.—Barnes tells a good story of the power of the Philadelphia engines. In 1850 he was one of the "Old Dilly" boys, and as such very frequently was honored with the pipe.

THE BEST POLITICAL JOKE YET.—The Richmond Enquirer has a correspondent who proposes that in case Col. Fremont is elected, the Legislature will be at once convoked, and that their very first act will be an act making the retaining or accepting of office under the General Government, after the 3th of March next, a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of no less than five hundred nor more than five thousand dollars, and by imprisonment for a term of not less than four nor more than eight years.

DEATH OF A FAST HORSE.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin, tells of a horse that recently died in Oregon, Ill. He was very ugly and would not be harnessed; under the saddle, he could make extraordinary time: He could pass over 112 miles in 12 hours. His usual time, from Oregon to Rockford, 25 miles, was two hours.

HORRIBLE.—A most shocking occurrence took place in Fincastle, Va., a few nights since. A gentleman with several motherless children, arrived at that place, and in the course of the night the inmates of the hotel were aroused by terrific screams, and on tracing up the sound found that it emanated from the room in which the gentleman and his children lodged.

THE CHERFUL TEACHER.—A cheerful kind-hearted teacher will always be welcome to his pupils. They will rejoice to see him approach the schoolhouse, even if the hour of study has not yet arrived, because they know he rejoices in seeing them happy, and will not interrupt their amusement before the regular time.

AMUSING.—It is related of Thomas F. Marshall that a Judge having once fined him thirty dollars for contempt of court, he rose and asked the judge to loan him the money as he hadn't it, and there was no friend present to whom he could so well apply as to his Honor.

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