



CHOICE POETRY.

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more the clanging hoof,
And the stage coach rattling by;

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil of the coming morn;

No more we hear the cracking whip,
Or the strong wheels rumbling round;

The old Turnpike is a pike no more,
Wide open stands the gate;

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Their Errors and Their Duties.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate

Marriage is said to be a lottery. It would seem
So incited in some cases, the contrasts are so extra-

But so solemn a compact, so sacred in the eyes of
Heaven and the Law, and so calculated to affect

Pecuniary objects, and not harmony of sentiment
constitute the "motive power." Matches are

The best affections, the highest sympathies are trifled
with, and sacrificed, if not sold, while the glitter

The excitement, too, the delusion may have passed
away, and they are surprised to find imperfections

They become petulant and peevish, harsh and
brutal, and the "rosy and sunny home" that

was pictured in "the day of dreams" is converted
into a scene of strife and anger, of passion and

discord. They find themselves disappointed, sour-

The prospect has changed, and instead of discover-

ing the cause in themselves, instead of pursuing

a magnanimous and manly course, they turn

upon the "gentle one," into whose ears they "so

lately" poured fond vows and earnest protestations

and make her the source of all the bitterness and

exasperation. Alas! for the victim under such cir-

cumstances! How, day after day, must her fairy

dream fade, and the withering reality of a long life

of sorrow loom before her! How, in her quiet

hours, she must remember her early home; and

the lavish love that she enjoyed beneath the

paternal roof! At times, too, she may recall a

mother's love—and feel disposed to unburthen her

heart and communicate the secrets of her soul to the

being who watched over her cradle! And yet, why

ful this mistake on the part of young wives—how

they trifle with affection—how they peril peace of

mind! The out-door world is full of care and

anxiety. The struggle for the means of subsis-

tence often taxes all the energies of body and

mind. The competition in trade, the rivalry in

business, the vicissitudes of chance and change, the

perils of misfortune, the treachery of friends! Alas!

these seldom enter into the ordinary reflections of

a thoughtless wife, especially if she be vain, proud

and devoted to display. Her idols are false pride

inflated vanity, and a desire to excel; and if her

husband do not minister to every whim of the hour

if he hesitate to comply with her demands for

funds if he venture to remonstrate against unne-

cessary expenditures—anger, passion and invective

are by no means unusual. He may at the moment

be pressed to the earth by some sudden monetary

exigency, may require the exercise of extraordi-

nary moral courage to maintain his position and

sustain his character—may need consolation, en-

couragement and incentive to exertion, and instead

find reproaches, angry looks and harsh insinua-

tions at home! How many men have been in-

duced and ruined under these circumstances!—

How in some sudden moment of excitement, have

they abandoned the control of their own fortunes

and yielded to the dark impulses of despair. Part-

ners in trade are bound by the law of self-interest,

to say nothing of higher and noble considerations,

to assist and sustain each other by every honorable

means. How much more incumbent, therefore,

is such a policy in partners for life, and between

those who have united themselves for better or

worse,—between man and wife, who have linked

themselves, not only on grounds of affection and

principle, but to a certain extent have made their

destinies one! How essential the wisdom and the

duty of mutual forbearance, mutual assistance!—

How important that each should strive to contrib-

ute to the happiness of the other—to soothe the

sorrow, and to share the joy—to counsel and en-

A HUMOROUS STORY.

Getting into the Wrong House.

"For me, I adore
Some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly."

Such was the light air hummed by a young man

one evening in the month of September, between

the hours of seven and eight, as he turned into a

court leading out of Washington street, where was

his boarding house.

The character of the air suited well with the

appearance of the young blade, for as he turned

into the court the light of the lamp "illuminated"

him; he was tall, and somewhat slender, but fine-

ly formed; his pale and handsome features, large

bright eyes, with dark circles around them, told of

late hours and excitement.

His exterior frock-coat, buttoned at the top by

a single button, pants of snuff colored hue, white

vest, and chain fastened at its lower hole, attach-

ed to the dence knows what in his pocket, boots,

hat, and dickey of the latest fashion, and switch

came, surmounted by a delicately carved lady's leg

in ivory, completed the rakish tout ensemble of our

young hero.

As we said before, he was humming a time as

he went into the court. Passing up, he ceased;

and his thoughts, if they had been uttered, would

have been something like this:

"Byron was a hard one; one of the b'hoys, de-

cidently; hang me, if he wasn't the very personi-

fication of his Don Juan—he went on the principle

'go it while you're young,' and he did 'go it' with

a vengeance."

During these cogitations, he reached, (as he

supposed,) his boarding house. Ascending the

steps, he sent his hand on an exploring expedition

in his pockets, and extracted an instrument resem-

bling a portable poker with a joint handle. In-

serting this instrument into a round hole in the

door, he effected an entrance.

On entering, he was surprised at the disappear-

ance of the hat tree, and a table in its place.

"Where the dence is the hat tree gone to now,

I should like to know!" he mentally exclaimed,

He found the space under the sofa quite narrow;

so much so that he was obliged to lie on his face.

"Whew! they keep a cat in the house! Hist!

there they come—one—two—three daughters, the

old man and woman, and two gents, friends of the

ladies, I suppose. Here they are down on the so-

fa. How I would like to grasp one of those deli-

cate little feet! Gods! she would think the devil

had her. I wonder how long I've got to stay here.

Hope the conversation will be edifying."

In this manner his thoughts ran on for about an

hour. By that time, he found his situation any

thing but pleasant, not being able to move at all.

There was no sign of their departure, judging

from their conversation, which was lively and well

kept up; and not knowing how long he would be

compelled to stay in such uncomfortable quarters,

caused him to mathematically think most severely.

He finally became worried to such a degree, that

he accidentally let an oath slip through his lips.

"Hark! what's that?" exclaimed one, but the

others heard nothing.

"Jesu Maria!" thought Gus, "what a narrow

escape. If any of the others had heard it, I should

have been discovered, and then a pretty plight I

would be in. I would be taken for a burglar."

While thus congratulating himself on his escape,

a shawl belonging to one of the ladies, hanging

over the back of the sofa, slipped behind it. It was

soon missed, and a search commenced.

"It must have fallen behind the sofa," surmised

the fair owner.

"I will soon ascertain," said one of the young

rising from the sofa.

Seizing one end of the sofa, he whirled it nearly

into the middle of the room.

Gods! what a scream! The ladies fainted away

at the sight of Gus lying on his face.

"Burglar! thief! robber!" shouted the head of

the house, retreating towards the door.

"Complimentary," said Gus, looking up.

The two young gentlemen promptly seized him

OLD WOMEN OF THE '76 HOUSE.

Interesting Incidents.

What relates to Washington, and the war he

led in, can never be tiresome. Here is an incident

of a visit lately made by Lewis Gaylord Clark to

the "Old '76 House," at the village of Tappan,

and related in the editorial gossip of the July Knick-

erbocker:

Arrived at the "Seventy-Six Houses," we ex-

amined the room where Major Andre was confin-

ed, and from which he went forth to die. Our

friend, and the jotted down hereof, were made hap-

py by a present, from the obliging proprietor of

the house, of two of the pictured tiles which com-

pose a frame work around the fire place. Pock-

eting these interesting mementos of the past, we

next repaired to an old, crumbling, low-roofed

mansion, once the head quarters of Gen. Wash-

ington. We drew rein at the gate, and passed into

a little patch of meadow that lay between us and

the house. It was about half mown; the sweet

scented grass lay in swaths around; and where the

mower had stopped in his labors, there lay his

scythe and whetstone. Little faith had our com-

panion that "Old Knick" could deftly wield that

instrument of "Old Tempus," but ask him now.—

Ask him if he didn't make the little meadow re-

sound with the cling clang of the whetstone, and

then, seizing the sharpened instrument with long,

sweeping strokes, lay as close cut and clean a swath

around that field as he ever saw in his life. There

are several things that we can't do—but we can

now! Well, rejoicing in the glow which that best

of all exercise has given us, we next repaired to

the old house. It was more than a hundred years

old and the very personification of decay. We

entered, and were cordially welcomed by its occu-

pants, two elderly ladies, who were born in the

house. Nothing could be in more perfect keep-

ing with the mansion than those two women. One

was nearly eighty, and the other turned of seven-

ty, but both were most agreeably lively for persons

so old, and were obligingly communicative.—

A Splendid Description.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas,

advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than

usually furnished. When the people were assem-

bled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr.

Paul Denton, your reverence has lied: You prom-

ised us not only a good barbecue, but better

liquor. Where is the liquor?" "There!" an-

swered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and

pointing his motionless finger at the matchless

double spring, gushing out in two strong columns,

with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom

of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look

terrible as the lightning, while his enemy actually

trembled on his feet; there is the liquor which

God, the Eternal, brews for all his children! Not

in the shimmering still, over smoky fires, choked

with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the

stench of sickening odors and rank corrup-

tion, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the

precious essence of life, the pure cold water.

But in the green glade, and grassy dell; where

the red peer wanders, and the child loves to play,

there God brews it, and down, low down in the

deepest valleys, where fountains murmur, and the

ribs sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops

where the naked granite glisters like gold in the

sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thun-

der storms crush, and away far out on the wild

sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the

big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of

God—there He brews it, that beverage of life,

that health giving water. And everywhere it is

found; gleaming in the dew drop; singing in the

summer rain, shining in the ice gem, till the

trees all seemed turned to living jewels, spread-

ing a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white

gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the

cataract, sleeping in the glazier; dancing in the

hair shower, folding its bright snow curtains so

softly about the wintry world; and weaving the

many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky,

whose warp is the raindrop of earth, whose woof

is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with

celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of nature.

Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life water.

No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings

not madness and murder, no blood stains its liquid

gaze, pale widows and starving orphans weep not

burning tears in its depth; no drunkard's shrieking

ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal

despair! Speak out, my friends, would you ex-

change it for demou's drink, alcohol? A shout

like the roar of a tempest answered—"No!"

California Land Titles.

It is said the Pope has sent the Rev. John S.

Almani, lately created Bishop of California, on a

mission to this country to examine and report on

progress in the various arts and sciences, and

public and private enterprises. He is then to ex-

amine and display the titles of the old Jesuit

property in California, and it is thought will lay

claim to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars

worth of land, as the rightful property of the

early Jesuit missionaries in that country. This, in