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POETRY.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Let others seek for empty joys
At hall or concert, rout or play,
Whit, far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry days away—
"Twixt book and lamp the hours divide,
And marvel how I could stray
From these—my own fireside.

My own fireside! These simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise,
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside?

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own fireside?

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that rave and rage;
It doth but bid me prize the earth
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth;
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own fireside.

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-plows the sky deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair,
Wrath, malice, envy, strife, or pride,
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own fireside.

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting,
Where even grief is half subdued.
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood,
Thou let the pampered fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own fireside.

Shrine of my household deities!
Fair scene of home's unalloyed joys!
To thee my burdened spirit flies,
When fortune frowns or care oppresses;
Thine is the ones that have been tried,
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried,
What then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside?

Oh may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thou ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart soothing sanctuary!
What e'er my future years may be;
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside.

MISCELLANY.

A SKETCH BY A SPORTSMAN.

'Twas a fine October night; I was returning home with my gun over my shoulder, my keeper and dogs had taken a nearer route, and had carried with them the booty of the day. I passed the old Manor-house grounds; the mansion had been long unoccupied, save by an old gardener, who looked, in his Sunday suit of russet livery, as if the sturdy elms and rugged oaks had, while he tended them, lent him in gratitude, something of their rigidity and strength. As my father had a right of shooting over the demesne, I opened the gates and entered; there was a fine lake near the house, nearly covered by trees, and the setting sun gleaming upon its clear and quiet breast, reminded me of Scott—

"One lively sheet of burnished gold,
Loch Katrine lay, beneath him rolled."

I am an enthusiastic admirer of nature; and I stood to gaze upon the scene as it lay sleeping in its calm and placid beauty. It was the middle of the month, and the yellow leaves, brightened by the golden hues of sunset, added a lustre to the landscape; it was truly a scene in which Italian Claude would have gloried. Just as I had turned to leave the spot, my steps were arrested, my whole attention riveted by a voice breaking on the silence; the tone was one of gentle yet thrilling harmony, my imagination told me the singer was as lovely, and I remained in my amazement. I had just returned from college, and knew not that the Manor-house was again tenanted, and was conjecturing from whom such strains could flow. When they ceased, a rustling was heard among the leaves, and a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired fairy, passed. Unconscious of being seen, she turned her face full towards me, and a bright ray of her thick ringlets fell back, and a bright ray of the departing sun made them appear like waving gold. After a few minutes she tripped gaily away, ever and anon her glad voice breaking forth in some brief snatch of a merry song, as if the joyousness of her spirit sought some way to vent its happiness.

People may ridicule love at first sight, and smile contempt at such an idea, but I have felt and know that it can be, and the truth of its stability and power is attested in the fact of my being still a bachelor. After lingering about the spot, as one entranced, till the evening mist came with a sealous care to wrap the silvery lake, and its island children from the stranger's gaze, I bent my steps homeward. Upon entering the hall, the sound of music came through the corridors, and told that my mother and sisters, in vulgar phrase, "had a party"; and from a damsel of the room I learned

ed that my lonely, uncomfortable meal, was held in the library. I threw open the door in an amiable mood, and carelessly sat down, wondering who the lovely creature I had seen could be. I ate little, and ringing the bell upon the table, inquired, in no very placid temper, "Who are in the music-room?" "The ladies from the Hall, Sir George and Lady Winstead, Miss Norman, Lord Heartbury, Lady Jemima and Lady Celia Stanton, Captain—"

"Heavens, that's enough! what a set of bores! Take these things away, and do not let me be disturbed, but when I ring, send De Serre here."

I threw myself along a sofa, in a passion with myself, the party, but most of all in a passion because I did not know who the fair songstress was. After lounging about for nearly an hour, I rose, and seeing that the hand of the Cupid upon the alabaster clock was fast approaching ten o'clock, I rang for my valet, and having accomplished my toilette, entered the music-room, where, after shaking hands with old acquaintances, and bowing to new ones, I got a seat upon a half-vanished divan, near my sister. In the midst of a dissertation with Lord Heartbury upon a Joe Manton, a voice, replying to solicitations to sing, came upon my ear; I started, and in another instant the self-same warbler passed to the piano. She ran her fingers lightly over the keys, lifted her head and laughed. "I can remember nothing," she said to my mother; then she bent her head, and her beautiful unadorned ringlets closed over her brow, a minute thus, and the next she threw back the wavy tresses, struck the ivory keys, and the song of the lake rose, echoed, and died through the room. I felt such an undefinable feeling at my heart, that I continued to gaze upon the enchantress as if every sense, every energy was centred in her. She rose, and turning round, met my fixed and ardent look; a bright blush mantled her face and neck, and she moved hastily away. A loud laugh near me recalled my wandering attention; it was caused by myself; my marked regard had been observed by all.

"Who is that heavenly creature?" I asked of Captain Rodney.

"Miss Forester. She lives with her mother at the Manor-house," replied he, "but I warn you not to lose your heart for her, for she's engaged."

"To whom?" asked I, scarcely breathing.

"To Sir Henry Elliot, of the Lodge."

Had a thunderbolt fallen on my head, I could not have been more crushed; Elliot was my oldest friend, we had been playfellows in infancy, boys together at Eton, students at Cambridge, had fought or mortally wounded each other, and yet, never on earth were two more dissimilar characters. Elliot, all conciliation, warm-heartedness, and firm principle, his very soul seemed made up of kindness. I, all fire, impetuosity, and rashness, a very miracle of thoughtlessness. Elliot, always cool, self-possessed, and polite—I, always "witty" and captious. A pair of bright eyes turned my brain, and if by chance they wandered towards me, I was enchanted.

I have been in and out of love a hundred times, but even at Almack's, that centre of beauty, Elliot was as calm and provokingly immovable as ever. He was excessively handsome, with an exquisite figure, eight thousand a year, an old baronetcy, and an earldom, in default of the marriage of his uncle, an old man of seventy-six; no wonder then that the fair wallflowers of fox put on their brightest smiles for him. But sublimely might as well have been wasted upon the rocks of the Alps. I always thought that nature had left but one thing out of his composition, and that was love—she had given him all else; but I was to be taught otherwise. The next day I met him as he was leaving the Manor-house; after a few words of hearty greeting, I exclaimed, "See you are thimble-headed at last, Harry; I hear you are going to be married."

"Yes," replied he, with such a smile as I had never seen before lighting up his expressive features. "I am, to the most amiable creature on earth; come with me, I'll introduce you to her."

We turned back; he was evidently glad of an excuse to return. Any other man would have described Agnes Forester as a beauty; but, true to himself, he dwelt only upon her mind. We found her at her ease. Upon our entrance she turned, and perceiving Elliot, an expression of happy innocence gathered upon her beautiful brow; there was something so cheerful, so girlish in her countenance, and yet so modest and retiring, that you felt you were gazing upon the impersonation of purity and womanly loveliness.

For six months I was daily thrown into the company of Agnes Forester, and loved her with a devotion, and a confidence that did his noble mind honor, and my friendship and principles of justice. Elliot frequently made me the subject of his love to the being he was betrothed to; and never did a shadow of distrust cross his splendid brow when he met Agnes leaning on my arm, or gazing in my face, listening to my tales of sunny Italy, or when, which, perhaps, her gallant lover was the hero, he was safe, he had his security in his face, honor and trust. Who could look on that face, those clear, unobscured eyes, and meditate treachery? And never, never did I love him more than when I felt that the day that gave him Agnes would make my reason totter. I had not courage to withdraw, for it was heaven on earth to linger near this gentle girl, within reach of the sunshine of her glad smile, and to catch the infection of her merry laugh and sparkling eye.

The fifteenth of the next October was fixed for the nuptials, and I heard the news with a sinking heart; but my heart was raging with indignation, for my own happiness had kindled a fiercer flame before the one appointed for the occasion. Elliot and I parted, from shooting at two o'clock, and I parted from shooting at the entrance of the grounds; he to join Agnes, I to go to the spot where one brief year before I had first beheld her. I had just reached the spot, when I heard the report of a gun, followed

by a piercing scream. I threw down my gun, looting-pieces and hastened to the place; a groaning, stifled agony, a gasping, choking shriek burst from my breast as the terrific sight met my eyes—before me lay Elliot, his left arm and side awfully shattered, and dying; by his side was Agnes senseless. He opened his eyes and beckoned me; I approached and knelt, while he spoke faintly and with difficulty:

"Greenville, on your friendship I rely for comforting Agnes. This is an awful accident, on the very verge of bliss; dear, dear Agnes, may God protect her. Frank if you love me, swear you will be a brother to my blessed Agnes; shield, watch her as I should have done, and win her affections if you can—to you I confide her, and upon your honour I rely; tell her my last thoughts were hers. No Greenville," continued he, upon my proposing assistance, "I am dying, I feel it; to remove would only hasten my end. God be merciful to me,"—he moved his lips as if in fervent prayer,—he took my hand, the grasp of death was in it, "Frank, God bless you!" Convulsions came on, death was grappling with his victim—"Agnes—Agnes!" he screamed, and, as if knelled in her ear by a demon, the shriek recalled her senses. She started to her feet—back were dashed the clustering ringlets, madly her hands were pressing on her temples, and her eyes set and glazed in horror, as if her lover—for a second death stood aloof, as if the sight of that appalling agony had startled him from his prey.

"Agnes!" breathed Elliot, frightened at her fearful state.

"Ha!" she gasped, but the rigidity of marble was in her limbs—blood gushed from her mouth—expression, and form, was lost in distortion—a scream that would have woken the dead, broke from the maddening girl, a groan, that told the convulsion was over, and that earth and heaven had each its part of the sufferer, followed it.

I stood then alone, the only living thing amid the awful slaughter, for Agnes with a gurgling laugh of madness, fell from my arms, a corpse upon her lover.

I have a confused remembrance of being examined by a coroner, something of a funeral and white plumes, passes before my mind—but all is vague and indistinct.

Years after this I wandered on the Continent till recalled by my father's death to claim the honors and take the oath of a Peer. I was still young, with health, wealth and rank; but I would give all to erase that day of fearful horrors from my memory.

RATTLE-SNAKE ON A STEAMBOAT.
Shortly before the usual time for winding my way North to the medical lectures, an opportunity was offered me by an ingenious negro, who had caught the reptile asleep, of exchanging a well worn blanket coat and two dimes, principally in cash, for as fine a specimen of the Rattlesnake as ever delighted in the eye or ear of a naturalist; nine inches across the small of the back, six feet seven-eighths of an inch in length, eyes like globular lightning, colors as gaudy as an Arkansas gal's apron, twenty-three rattles and a great propensity to make them heard, were the strong points of my purchase.

Designing him as a propitiatory offering to one of the professors, my next care was to furnish him with a fitting habitation. Nothing better presenting itself, I made him one out of a pine box, originally designed for shoes, by nailing thin slats transversely, so as neither to exclude air nor vision, but sufficiently close, I thought, to prevent him from escaping. The day for my departure arrived, and I had his snake-box carried on board the boat destined to bear me to Vicksburg, where I would take an Ohio steamer.

Unfortunately for the quietude of my pet, on the Yazoo boat was a young Cockney lady, who, hearing that there was a live rattlesnake on board, allowed her curiosity to overcome her maiden diffidence sufficiently to prefer a request, that the young doctor "would make his animal offer!" a process which the proverbial altemities when in confinement, of "banishment" was accomplishing rapidly without any intervention on my part. Politeness wouldn't allow me to refuse, and as it was considerable of a novelty to the passengers, his snake-box was kept constantly stirred up, and his rattles had very little rest that trip.

The steamer at length swung alongside of the wharf-boat at V—, and transferring my baggage, I lounged about until the arrival of a boat would give me an opportunity of proceeding. The contents of the box were quickly discovered, and the snake had to undergo the same indignities as the day previous, until thoroughly vexed, I made them desist, and resolved thenceforth I would conceal his presence, and allow him to travel as common baggage.

"The shades of night were falling fast" was the steamer "Congress" came booming along, and after a stay of a few minutes for passengers, proceeded on her way, obtaining none however, but myself. The snake-box was placed with the "other baggage" on the cabin deck in front of the "social hall," jam up, as I would have it, against one of the chimney-pieces, making the location unpleasantly warm.

It was one of those clear, luminous nights in the autumn, when not a cloud dims the azure, and the heavens so "beautifully blue," (also poets) are gleaming with their myriad stars; and the laughing breeze lifts the hair of the brow and presses the cheek with as soft a touch as the puffy lips of a maiden in her first ecstasy of kissing. The clear, crisp cough of the steamer was echoed back in prolonged sighs, made atrains from the dark woods living the river like an army of cowed gigantic monks, come from their cell-towers to a steamboat. Some was over, and the beauty of the night had enticed the majority of the passengers from the cabin to the open decks.

A giddy number, myself among the rest, were seated in front of the social hall, smoking cigars and sweeping yards of all climates, seas, nations, and color.

Sitting a few yards from me, the most prominent

personage of the group, smoking his regalia, and regaling the crowd with the mandrake which he checked a "cobra de Capella" to what an old English sailor who, from his own account, had sailed over all the world, and through some parts of it.

"Weighing the words down with a heavy ballast of oaths, he said he wasn't afraid of anything in the snake line from the serpent down to the original snake that tempted Eve. I asked him if he had ever met the rattlesnake since he had been in America, thinking I would put his courage to the test on the morrow.

"Seen a rattlesnake! Yes, enough to sink a seventy-four! Went to Georgia on purpose to kill them! Pshaw! To think a man that had killed a boa-constrictor in a fair fight, should be afraid of a little noisy flirt of a snake that never grew bigger round than a marlin spike.

At this moment the boat was running a bend near in shore, and the glare of a huge fire at a wood yard was thrown directly upon the chair of the bragart, when, to my utter amazement, I saw there, snugly coiled up, the huge proportions of my snake!

I was so horrified and astonished I could neither speak nor move. I had left him securely fastened in his cage, and yet there he was at liberty in his deadly coil, his eyes gleaming like living coals. The light was intercepted, and the foot of the sailor moving closer to the reptile, it commenced its warning rattle, but slowly and irregularly, showing it was not fully aroused.

"What is that?" exclaimed a dozen voices. The foot being withdrawn, the rattling ceased before its nature or source could be clearly traced.

"'Twas the steam escaping," said one.

"A goose hissing," said another.

"The wind."

"A trick to scare the sailor," thought a good many; but I knew it was a rattlesnake in his deadly coil!

The horror of that moment I shall not attempt to describe, every second I expected to hear the shriek of the sailor as the deadly fangs would penetrate his flesh, and I knew if a vein were stricken no power on earth could avail him, and I was powerless to warn him of his danger.

"It sounded monstrous like a rattlesnake!" observed a passenger, "but there is no doctors or foot students on-board, and no body but cusses like these would be taking snakes' bount. I was gwine up the Mississippi wunst when a rattlesnake belonging to a medical student on board—"

My hair stood on end, for there was an earnestness about the man that told me he was not jesting.

"You didn't kill him, surely?" asked some one.

"Oh, no! we didn't zactly kill him, sich as cuttin' his throat, or puttin' lead in his hollow cimblin, for that would have bin takin' the law into our own hands; but we gwine him five hundred lashes, treated him to a coat of tar and feathers, made a clean crop of one ear, and a swallow-fork slit under-bit and a half crop of the other, and put him out on a little island, up to his mouth in water, and the river risin' a slam foot an hour!"

Not knowing but a similar fate might soon be mine, in agony with the cold sweat streaming over me, I listened to this infernal recital of an instance of the summary punishment termed "lynch law," which the unavailability of the proper law so often drove the early settlers to, and which unfortunately is not entirely abolished.

The sailormust again have moved his foot closer to the snake than agreeable, for his infernal rattling again recommenced, and this time, clear, loud, and continuous, to the tortured ear, indicating great danger, the prelude to a fatal spring.

I shook of my lethargy, and shrieked out—"Don't now, for your life! A light! For God's sake, bring a light! Quick! Quick!"

"No on moved—thinking I was jesting—" Mister" spoke the sailor, "if it's a trick to scare us, you'll miss the figure with your child's rattles; set bring one of your rattle-snakes along, at I'll show you whether he can frighten an English sailor or not."

Hearing me calling so loudly for a light, the mate, a smart Irishman, came running up with a light torch, but hardly had he reached the deck when he discovered the monster, his head dropped back, ready for striking.

"Sna! Snake!" yelled he, punching at him with his glaring torch.

"Whabouts, you lubber," still suspecting a trick, the light blinding us all.

"Und your feet!"

The sior looked down, and beheld the hideous reptile, right under his chair! With a loud yell, made but one spring over the guards to the river.

"Rattlesnake!" "Man overboard!" "Stop her!" "ut with the yawl!" "Fire! Snake! She's sing! Shot him! Snake! Who is it! Lynch h! Kill the rascal!" swelled on the air, mingled with the crashing of broken doors and oars, the oaths and railing of terrified men, some screaming of still more terrified women, a keow-not what to fear, while clear and distinct above the infernal melee arose the piercing note of the snake, who, writhing his huge pretious about, and striking at every thing within reach, seemed to glory in the confusion he created.

A shoat heard and then the coil collapsed, and hissing slowly ceased. The snake was dead.

"Who wabst him on board?"

"Let's get the rascal!"

"Are they more of them?"

"Hows' aboot he got out of?"

My note wabst: if in large capitals!

"Thro's it aboard!"

"Thro's it aboard!" I yelled out, it may have wabst "I. Thro's it over!"

No more wabst done, and as the only

evidence of my participation floated away over the wave, no one was louder in his denunciation, no one wanted to be shown (in order that he might whip him) the rascal that brought it on board, more than I did, except, perhaps, it was the sailor who, now thoroughly intubled, stood slithering in his wet clothes by the furnace, ready to acknowledge that American snakes were "some snakes," certain.

THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

[Concluded.]
The next day after the public announcement to the imperial Council of State, of the intended separation, the whole imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuilleries, for the legal consummation of the divorce. It was the 16th of Dec. 1810. Napoleon was there, in all his robes of state, yet careworn and wretched. With his arms folded across his breast, he leaned against a pillar, as motionless as a statue, uttering not a word to any one, and apparently insensible of the tragedy enacting around him, of which he was the sole author, and eventually the most pitiable victim. The members of the Bonaparte family, who were jealous of the almost boundless influence which Josephine had exerted over their imperial brother, were all there, secretly rejoicing in her disgrace. In the centre of the apartment there was a small table, and upon it a writing apparatus of gold. An arm-chair was placed before the table. A silence as of death pervaded the room, and all eyes were fixed upon that chair and table, as though they were the instruments of a dreadful execution. A side door opened, and Josephine entered, supported by her daughter Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, burst into tears as she entered the apartment and continued sobbing as though her heart would break. All immediately arose, upon the appearance of Josephine. She wore a simple dress of white muslin, unadorned by a single ornament. With that peculiar grace for which she was ever distinguished, she moved slowly and silently to the seat prepared for her. Leaning her elbow upon the table, and supporting her pallid brow with her hand, she struggled to repress the anguish of her soul, as she listened to the reading of the act of separation. The voice of the reader was interrupted only by the convulsive sobs of Hortense, who stood behind her mother's chair. Eugene also stood beside his mother in that dreadful hour, pale and trembling like an aged leaf. At the close of this painful duty, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes—but instantly regaining her composure, arose, and in her voice of ineffable sweetness, in clear and distinct tones pronounced the oath of acceptance. Again she sat down, and with a trembling hand took the pen and placed her signature to the deed which forever separated her from the object of her dearest affections, and from all her most cherished hopes. Scarcely had she laid down the pen, when Eugene dropped lifeless upon the floor, and he was borne to his chamber in a state of insensibility, as his mother and sister retired. But there still remained another scene of anguish in this day of woe. Josephine sat in her chamber, in solitude and speechlessness, till Napoleon's usual hour for retiring to rest had arrived. In silence and in wretchedness Napoleon had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected the wife of his youth, and his servant was waiting only to receive orders to retire; when suddenly the private door to his chamber opened, and Josephine appeared, with swollen eyes and dishevelled hair, and all the disable of unuttered agony. With trembling steps she entered into the room—approached the bed, and then irresolutely stopped—and burst into an agony of tears. "Delicacy—a feeling as if she now had no right to be there—seemed at first to have arrested her progress; but forgetting everything in the fullness of her grief, she threw herself on the bed, clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart had been breaking. Napoleon also wept while he endeavored to console her, and they remained for some time locked in each other's arms, silently mingling their tears together." The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they remained together in this their last interview, and then Josephine parted forever from the husband she had so long, so fondly and so faithfully loved. As Josephine retired the attendant again entered, and found Napoleon so buried in the bedclothes as to be invisible. And when he arose in the morning, his pale and haggard features gave attestation to the sufferings of a sleepless night.

At 11 o'clock the next morning, Josephine was to leave the scene of all her earthly greatness, and to depart from the Tuilleries forever. "The whole household assembled on the stairs and in the vestibule, in order to obtain a last look of a mistress whom they had loved, and who, to use an expression of one present, carried with her into exile the hearts of all who had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence. Josephine appeared, leaning upon the arm of one of her ladies, and veiled from head to foot. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and moved forward amid silence, at first uninterrupted, but to which almost immediately succeeded a universal burst of grief. Josephine, though not insensible to this proof of attachment, spoke not; but instantly entering a close carriage, with six horses drove rapidly away, without casting one look backwards on the scene of past greatness and departed happiness.

The palace of Malmaison was assigned to Josephine for her future residence, and a jointure of about six hundred thousand dollars a year settled upon her. Here, after many months of years, she gradually regained composure, as time scarified the wound which had been inflicted upon her heart. She passed the merry peals of the bells, and the "cannon" of artillery, and the shouts of the people, as they welcomed Napoleon's new bride, Marie Louise, to the throne, and the peace which she had been banished. She witnessed the illuminations and the rejoicings with which all France was filled, upon the 18th of the long wished-for son, Napoleon, who had been born to cherish for Josephine the most precious regard, and though from motives of state she never saw her alone, he frequently visited her, and continued frequently with her. In all the bustle of the court, she fell and ruin; he would have been a crown prince to Josephine. And a less than a moment, she immediately torn open, the wound which had been inflicted upon her heart, and she never saw her alone, he frequently visited her, and continued frequently with her. In all the bustle of the court, she fell and ruin; he would have been a crown prince to Josephine. And a less than a moment, she immediately torn open, the wound which had been inflicted upon her heart, and she never saw her alone, he frequently visited her, and continued frequently with her. In all the bustle of the court, she fell and ruin; he would have been a crown prince to Josephine. And a less than a moment, she immediately torn open, the wound which had been inflicted upon her heart, and she never saw her alone, he frequently visited her, and continued frequently with her. In all the bustle of the court, she fell and ruin; he would have been a crown prince to Josephine. 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