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POETRY.

Salt River Rhymes.

We find the following in the Washington Union. It is appropriate, the poetic sentiment pleasing—the wit pungent, and the satire just. Nothing published since the late political campaign closed, affords half as good a chance for a hearty laugh as does this voyage to the Se-las head-quarters.

SALT RIVER VOYAGE.

BY HENRY D. PATTERSON.

For the head of Salt River! In strength and in pride
The good boat "Democrat" floats on the tide—
Her anchors weigh—her provisions are stored—
And all that she needs is the pilot on board.
Her decks are all clean, and her rigging all tight,
And her crew, who fear not, and will not be bit—
And all that she needs is the pilot on board—
With the motto "DISFAITH, SOUV'RAIN DISMAYED!"

Her commander, brave CAPTAIN, on the quarter-deck stands,
And his bow lights with pleasure, his beam expands,
As he looks on the victor he marks with delight
The bold hearts and free that he led to the fight.
And sutler is there, the chivalrous and true,
Whose courage to quail or falter, or bow,
With the same noble bearing, the same eye of fire,
With Democracy's clarion, lofty and shrill.

His hands on the helm—see the signal is spread,
On board, on and all, ere our back covers ahead—
There's "a good time before us," and frolic and glee
Our transit shall mark of this wonderful sea.
Captain Lynch on the side of dead cities may sail,
And the arts and fair science his coming may hail,
But tonight on his log will instruct or amuse,
Like the rights we shall see on our Salt river cruise.

Embarked on our voyage our course we'll pursue,
Rising each object that rises to view,
Enjoying the prospect—both noting with care
Wherever a reef or rock may appear.
And a look-out will keep, lest the hulkers above
In the heat of their ardor, the zeal of their love,
For the plunder and spoils on our bows should be thrown,
And see themselves up, in their haste to come down.

And then the old fellow we'll meet on the way—
Old notions and projects which flourish their day,
But bid "obsolescence" in Whig parlance, because
Good reason—those Whigs could not make all our laws.
For Whiggy's triumph will galvanize all,
And one of another, the mighty and small,
Of those favorite Whigs we shall find, as we go,
Facing down, with us, to the regions below.

A national bank will most likely be met—
Taking precedence, justly, as Whiggy's pet—
Coming down on a broad horn, with Clay at the oar,
Tugging hard with his coopers, to bring it ashore,
In marble may shine in the rays of the sun,
As Sergeant and Clayton are aiding it on,
But bright as the fishes may be to the eye,
To a spectator whooped that there was decay.

Immortal for you will thy memory be,
Brave Jackson, the guardian and shield of the free!
Thy hand drove the monster in terror to hide
In the caves at the head of the Salt river tide.
And should the grim tyrant again strive to bind
A nation in fetters, enslaving the mind,
By some patriot arm, like those ours, strike a blow
For the rights of a people in bondage laid low.

And next, round a woodland loope up into view
A creek called "The Torii of old '48"—
A tight little vessel—but widely she yaws,
For the helmsman, through tipping or some other cause,
Some little to head whether evil or good,
Small comes "the thief" on Salt river's food.
The crew were all galled—Stewart's object was won—
The rest will be known when the voyage is done.

A speck on the water. An Indian canoe!
With the speed of an arrow the billows cleave through,
One occupant only is there, and his eye
Rolls wildly around as he dozes or surrises.
"Thy weather, the god like" who hastens along,
Among, though not of, the great central throng,
And his splittid voice trembles strangely now,
As he wistfully asks of us "Where shall I go?"

A black flag belied as a fast boat draws nigh—
"Is no one on board?" she breathes, nor yet Arley's sight:
Who are these? On the flag obnoxious appears,
And beneath the broad arms of Van Buren lies bears.
Lo! John, the great "Prince," leads the ebony band,
Whose loud strains of music make a bore to the land,
While Hale, the immaculate, guides on its way
The boat, to the tune of "The Devil to pay."

And now comes Tom Corwin, embarked on a scow;
More contented and happy he's not looked than now.
For his head and all gay, and many a roll
On his garments shows how he carried his bill
In digging deep graves in a far distant land,
To "welcome" the bones—fair Liberty's band—
Who answered the call of their country, and rose,
In their night, to encounter and vanquish his foes.

A red lantern in sight. It bears Stevens' name,
With one only occupant, a masculine guest:
He brought it to light from his grotto in the lore;
Of an Old Feller's logic, that he fails would explore,
But Billy proved silent, or deaf as a post,
Like his namesake of old, Billy Morgan's poor ghost:
And Stevens is given, as he paddles with pain
On his long years of trial and labor in vain.

Thus the grand pleasure glides swiftly along,
With music and shouting, and revel, and song;
Their heads and necks, and they hurry away
From the Salt river region, so pleasant and gay.
But the quarters they left us, we doubtless still find
Commodious and dry, and quite to our mind:
For the Whigs' motto they know it—like a sword, cut-
ting a way.

Are there for sailing good ones of themselves,
Away to the head of Salt river we go,
Each boatman being high with a partner's glow,
Who's looking out for a good cause will not
Let his adventures sink into gloomy depths;
Ours took long, long, long, long, long, long, long,
In the pride which nature the darkness of night,
And the spirit which quail not when our eyes were lowered,
Enhance its value—increased its price.

Thus onward, on this grand cruise of our lives,
And whenever we drink to our "wishes and wishes,"
Let us offer a prayer that the power above
Will grant us the good that we wish for our love;
That our country may be ever more free,
And the land of the Union ever more true,
And the name of Freedom be ever glorified,
The light of all nations, the hope of the world.

MISCELLANY.

The Love Secret.

From Colley's Lady's Book.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Edward is to be in London next week," said Mrs. Ravensworth; "and I trust, Edith, that you will meet him with the frankness he is entitled to receive."
"Edith Hamilton, who stood behind the chair of her aunt, did not make any answer."
Mrs. Ravensworth continued—"Edward's father was your father's own brother. A man of nobler spirit never moved on English soil; and I hear that Edward is the worthy son of a worthy sire."

"If he were as pure and perfect as an angel, aunt," replied Edith, "it would be all the same to me. I have never seen him, and cannot, therefore, meet him as one who has a right to claim my hand."
"Your father gave you away when you were a child, Edith; and Edward comes now to claim you by virtue of this betrothal."
"While I love the memory of my father, and honor him as a child should honor a parent," said Edith, "with much seriousness, 'I do not admit his right to give me away in marriage while I am yet a child. And moreover, I do not think the man who would seek to consummate such a marriage contract, worthy of any maiden's love. Only the heart that yields a free consent in truth having, and the man who would take any other is utterly unworthy of any woman's regard. By this rule I judge Edward to be unworthy, no matter what his father may have been."

"Then you mean," said Mrs. Ravensworth, "deliberately to violate the solemn contract made by your father with the father of Edward?"
"I cannot receive Edward as anything but a stranger," replied Edith. "It will not mend the error of my father for me to commit a still greater one."
"How can you still greater one?" inquired Mrs. Ravensworth.

"Destroy the very foundation of a true marriage—freedom of choice and consent. There would be no freedom of choice on his part, and no privilege of consent on mine. Happiness could not follow such a union, and to enter into it would be doing a great wrong. No, aunt, I cannot receive Edward in any other way than as a stranger—for such he is."
"There is a clause in your father's will that you may have forgotten, Edith," said her aunt. "That which makes me penniless if I do not marry Edward Hamden?"
"Yes."
"No—I have not forgotten it, aunt."
"And you mean to break that consequence?"
"In a choice of evils we always take the least," Edith's voice trembled.

Mrs. Ravensworth did not reply for some moments. While she sat silent, the half closed door near which Edith stood, and towards which her aunt's back was turned, softly opened, and a handsome youth, between whom and Edith glances of intelligence instantly passed, presented the startled maiden with a beautiful white rose, and then noiselessly retired.
"It was nearly a minute before Mrs. Ravensworth resumed the light employment in which she was engaged, and as she did so, she said—
"Many a foolish young girl gets her head turned with those gay gallants at our fashionable watering-places, and imagines that she has won a heart when the object of her vain regard never felt the throbb of a truly unselfish and noble impulse."
The crimson deepened on Edith's cheeks and brow, and as she lifted her eyes, she saw herself in a large mirror opposite, with her aunt's calm eyes steadily fixed upon her. To turn her face partly away, so that it could no longer be reflected from the mirror, was the work of an instant. In a few moments she said—
"Let young and foolish girls get their heads turned if they will. But I trust I am in no danger."
"I am not so sure of that. Those who think themselves most secure, are generally in the greatest danger. Who is the youth with whom you danced last evening? I don't remember to have seen him here before."
"His name is Evelyn." There was a slight tremor in Edith's voice.

"How came you to know him?"
"I met him here last season."
"You did?"
"Yes, ma'am. And I danced with him last night. Was there any harm in that?" The maiden's voice had regained its firmness.
"I didn't say there was," returned Mrs. Ravensworth, who again relapsed into silence. Not long after, she said—"I think we will return to London on Thursday."
"So soon?" Edith spoke in a disappointed voice.

"Do you find it so very pleasant here?" said the aunt, a little ironically.
"I have not complained of its being dull," replied Edith. "But if you wish to return on Thursday, I will be ready to accompany you."
Soon after this, Edith Hamilton left her aunt's room, and went to one of the drawing-rooms of the hotel at which they were staying, where she sat down near a recess window that overlooked a beautiful promenade. She had been here only a few minutes, when she was joined by a handsome youth, to whom Edith said—
"How could you venture to the door of my aunt's parlor? I'm half afraid she detected your presence, for she said, immediately afterwards, that we would return to London on the day after to-morrow."
"So soon? Well, I'll be there next week, and it will be strange if, with your consent, we don't meet often."
"Edward Hamden is expected in a few days," replied Edith, her voice slightly faltering.

Her companion looked at her anxiously for a few moments, and then said—
"You have never met him?"
"No."
"But when you do meet him, the repugnance you now feel may instantly vanish."
A shadow passed over Edith's face, and she answered in a voice that showed the remark—the tone of which conveyed more than the words themselves—to have been felt as a question of her constancy.
"Can one whose heart is all unknown to me, one who must think of me with a feeling of dislike because of bonds and pledges, prove a nearer or a dearer friend than?"
"Edith did not finish the sentence. But that was not needed. The glance of rebuking tenderness cast upon her companion, expressed all that her lips had failed to utter.
"But you do not know me, Edith," said the young man.
"My heart says differently," was Edith's lowly spoken reply.
Evelyn pressed the maiden's hand, and looked into her face with an earnest, loving expression.
Mrs. Ravensworth, to whose care Edith had never been placed with the unwisest contract made by the parents of her niece and Edward Hamden. The latter had been for ten years in Paris and Italy, traveling and pursuing his studies. These being completed, in obedience to the will of a deceased parent, he was about returning to London to meet his future wife. No correspondence had taken place between the parties to this unnatural contract; and from the time of Edward's letter, when he announced to Mrs. Ravensworth his proposed visit, it was plain that his feelings were as little interested in his future partner as were hers in him.
During the two or three days that Mrs. Ravensworth and her niece remained at the watering-place, Edith and young Evelyn met frequently; but, as far as possible, at times when they supposed the particular attention of the aunt would not be drawn towards them in such a manner as to penetrate their love secret. When, at length, they parted, it was with an understanding that they were to meet in London.
On returning to the city, the thoughts of Edith reverted more directly to the fact of Edward Hamden's approaching visit, and, in spite of all her efforts to remain undisturbed in her feelings, the near approach of this event agitated her. Mrs. Ravensworth frequently alluded to the subject, and earnestly pressed upon Edith the consideration of her duty to her parent, as well as the consequences that must follow her disregard of the contract which had been made. But the more she talked on this subject, the more firm was Edith in expressing her determination not to do violence to her feelings in a matter so vital to her happiness.
The day at length came upon which Edward Hamden was to arrive. Edith appeared, in the morning, with a disturbed air. It was plain to the closely observing eyes of her aunt, that she had not passed a night of refreshing sleep.
"I trusted, my dear niece," she said, after they had retired from the breakfast table, where but little food had been taken, "that you will not exhibit the precocious Edward, on meeting him, any of the unconcealed and unjust antipathy you entertain. Let your feelings, at least, remain uncommitted for or against him."
"Aunt Helen, it is useless to talk to me in this way," Edith replied, with more than her usual warmth. "The simple fact of an obligation to love puts a gulf between us. My heart turns from him with an enemy. I will meet him with politeness; but it must be cold and formal. To ask of me more, is to ask what I cannot give. I only wish that he possessed the manliness I would have had if similarly situated. Were this so, I would now be free by his act, not my own."
Seeing that all she urged but made the feelings of Edith oppose themselves more strongly to the young man, Mrs. Ravensworth ceased to speak upon the subject, and the former was left to brood with a deeply disturbed heart over the approaching interview with one who had come to claim a hand that she resolutely determined not to yield.
About twelve o'clock, Mrs. Ravensworth came to Edith's room and announced the arrival of Edward Hamden. The maiden's face became pale and her lips quivered.
"If I could but be spared an interview," she murmured. "But that is more than I can ask."
"How weak you are, Edith," replied her aunt, in a tone of reproach.
"I will join you in the drawing-room in half an hour," said Edith, speaking more calmly.
Mrs. Ravensworth retired and left Edith again to her own thoughts. She sat for nearly the whole of the time she had mentioned. Then rising hurriedly, she made a few changes in her attire; after which she descended to the drawing-room with a step that was far from being firm.
No noiselessly did she enter the apartment where Hamden awaited her, that neither her aunt nor the young man perceived her presence for some moments; and she had time to examine his appearance, and to read the linesaments of his half-averted face. While she stood thus observing him, her countenance suddenly flushed, and she bent forward with a look of surprise and eagerness. At this moment the young man became aware that she had entered, and rising up quickly, advanced to meet her.
"Evelyn!" exclaimed Edith, striking her hands together, the moment he turned towards her.
"Edith! my own Edith!" returned the young man, as he grasped her hand, and ventured a warm kiss on her beautiful lips.
"Evelyn, but Hamden. Our parents betrothed us while we were yet too young to give or withhold consent. Both, as we grow older, felt this pledge as a heart-sickening constraint. But we met as strangers, and I saw that you were all my soul could desire. I sought your regard, and won it. No obligation but love now binds us."
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No noiselessly did she enter the apartment where Hamden awaited her, that neither her aunt nor the young man perceived her presence for some moments; and she had time to examine his appearance, and to read the linesaments of his half-averted face. While she stood thus observing him, her countenance suddenly flushed, and she bent forward with a look of surprise and eagerness. At this moment the young man became aware that she had entered, and rising up quickly, advanced to meet her.
"Evelyn!" exclaimed Edith, striking her hands together, the moment he turned towards her.
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"Evelyn, but Hamden. Our parents betrothed us while we were yet too young to give or withhold consent. Both, as we grow older, felt this pledge as a heart-sickening constraint. But we met as strangers, and I saw that you were all my soul could desire. I sought your regard, and won it. No obligation but love now binds us."
The young man then turned to Mrs. Ravensworth and said—
"I am, indeed, that you are not stran-

gers."
"But when you do meet him, the repugnance you now feel may instantly vanish."
A shadow passed over Edith's face, and she answered in a voice that showed the remark—the tone of which conveyed more than the words themselves—to have been felt as a question of her constancy.
"Can one whose heart is all unknown to me, one who must think of me with a feeling of dislike because of bonds and pledges, prove a nearer or a dearer friend than?"
"Edith did not finish the sentence. But that was not needed. The glance of rebuking tenderness cast upon her companion, expressed all that her lips had failed to utter.
"But you do not know me, Edith," said the young man.
"My heart says differently," was Edith's lowly spoken reply.
Evelyn pressed the maiden's hand, and looked into her face with an earnest, loving expression.
Mrs. Ravensworth, to whose care Edith had never been placed with the unwisest contract made by the parents of her niece and Edward Hamden. The latter had been for ten years in Paris and Italy, traveling and pursuing his studies. These being completed, in obedience to the will of a deceased parent, he was about returning to London to meet his future wife. No correspondence had taken place between the parties to this unnatural contract; and from the time of Edward's letter, when he announced to Mrs. Ravensworth his proposed visit, it was plain that his feelings were as little interested in his future partner as were hers in him.
During the two or three days that Mrs. Ravensworth and her niece remained at the watering-place, Edith and young Evelyn met frequently; but, as far as possible, at times when they supposed the particular attention of the aunt would not be drawn towards them in such a manner as to penetrate their love secret. When, at length, they parted, it was with an understanding that they were to meet in London.
On returning to the city, the thoughts of Edith reverted more directly to the fact of Edward Hamden's approaching visit, and, in spite of all her efforts to remain undisturbed in her feelings, the near approach of this event agitated her. Mrs. Ravensworth frequently alluded to the subject, and earnestly pressed upon Edith the consideration of her duty to her parent, as well as the consequences that must follow her disregard of the contract which had been made. But the more she talked on this subject, the more firm was Edith in expressing her determination not to do violence to her feelings in a matter so vital to her happiness.
The day at length came upon which Edward Hamden was to arrive. Edith appeared, in the morning, with a disturbed air. It was plain to the closely observing eyes of her aunt, that she had not passed a night of refreshing sleep.
"I trusted, my dear niece," she said, after they had retired from the breakfast table, where but little food had been taken, "that you will not exhibit the precocious Edward, on meeting him, any of the unconcealed and unjust antipathy you entertain. Let your feelings, at least, remain uncommitted for or against him."
"Aunt Helen, it is useless to talk to me in this way," Edith replied, with more than her usual warmth. "The simple fact of an obligation to love puts a gulf between us. My heart turns from him with an enemy. I will meet him with politeness; but it must be cold and formal. To ask of me more, is to ask what I cannot give. I only wish that he possessed the manliness I would have had if similarly situated. Were this so, I would now be free by his act, not my own."
Seeing that all she urged but made the feelings of Edith oppose themselves more strongly to the young man, Mrs. Ravensworth ceased to speak upon the subject, and the former was left to brood with a deeply disturbed heart over the approaching interview with one who had come to claim a hand that she resolutely determined not to yield.
About twelve o'clock, Mrs. Ravensworth came to Edith's room and announced the arrival of Edward Hamden. The maiden's face became pale and her lips quivered.
"If I could but be spared an interview," she murmured. "But that is more than I can ask."
"How weak you are, Edith," replied her aunt, in a tone of reproach.
"I will join you in the drawing-room in half an hour," said Edith, speaking more calmly.
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