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POETICAL.

MARINER, STAY!

Row thy boat lightly
Over life's sea;
Eyes beaming brightly
Are watching for thee.
Row thy boat lightly
On with the tide;
Those that thou lovest
Float by thy side.
Voices of sirens
Lure thee away;
Yet, with thy life-boat,
Mariner, stay!

Swift o'er the waters
Thy bark moves along;
Soft breezes whisper,
And woo thee with song.
In the ether above thee
There floateth a cloud:
And waves are beneath thee
That shall thee enshroud,
Pleasures around thee
Beckon away,
Yet heed the warning,
Mariner, stay!

Far in life's ocean,
Quicksands and shoals
May wreck thy frail boat,
And ruin thy soul,
Quick, while thou mayest,
Choose thou thy way
Down to death's portals
Or up to life's day.
If death be thy choosing,
On with the crowd;
Soon its dark waters
Shall thee enshroud.

"Life, life," thou sayest,
Turn then thine eye
From thy temptations,
Up to the sky.
There burns a beacon
That safely will guide;
Christ's love is left thee
Whate'er may betide;
Faith for thy pilot
Guideth thee home;
Spirits that watch thee
Beckon to come.

Row thy boat lightly
Over life's sea:
Eyes beaming brightly
Are watching for thee;
And souls of the blessed
Shall welcome you home,
And eyes of the angels
Grow bright as you come.
Then for life's voyage
Bright hope is given;
Row thy boat lightly,
Moor it in heaven.

MISCELLANY.

Sunrise.

How beautiful the scene! Pen cannot paint or eye that has not seen, imagine the splendor of this morn. On one side piles of rich crimson clouds recline upon a bed of purple; on the other the sky of the most delicate hue that ever canopied the heavens, is shaded with a delicate pink, while splendid arches, in form like heaven's own radiant bow, but glowing with a vivid, rosy tint, seem to encircle both earth and sky; two lovely stars, though rendered pale by the glare around, shine like diamonds in an azure sky; from yonder mead a silver mist ascends, veiling, not concealing the verdant turf, as if earth offered her morning incense to her Maker; while the gentle robin pours forth a strain so sweet, so clear, as though the beauty of the scene gladdened his little heart and bade him sing his matin hymn in louder tones. Look where you may on nature's face, the hand of the Creator is easily described; it is seen amid the glories of the breaking morn, visible when the shades of evening encircle the earth and sky, and seen amid the splendor of the storm, when the thunder's roar proclaims his power, and the lightning's flash, that comes, we know not whence, lighting for a moment both earth and heaven, then flies we know not wither, speaks in plain language, an Almighty Maker. What are all the proudest wishes of man compared with the slightest of his Creator?

The meanest insect and the simplest flower proclaim his wisdom and portray his power. Morning, farewell! a scene like this may never meet mine eye again, but never shall I forget it.

The art of being Polite.

First and foremost, don't try to be polite. It will spoil all. If you keep overwhelming your guests with ostentatious entreaties to make themselves at home, they will very soon wish they were there. Let them find out that you are happy to see them by your actions, not by your words. Always remember to let bashful people alone at first. It is the only way to set them at their ease. Trying to draw them out has sometimes the contrary effect—of driving them out of the house. Leading the conversation is a dangerous experiment. Better follow in its wake, and if you want to endeavor yourself to talkers learn to listen well. Never make a fuss about any thing; never talk about yourself, and always preserve a perfect composure, no matter what solecism or blunders others may commit. Remember that it is a very foolish proceeding to lament that you cannot offer to your guests a better house, furniture, or viands.—It is fair to presume that their visit is to you, not to the surroundings. Give people a pleasant impression of themselves, and they will be pretty sure to go away with a pleasant impression of your qualities. On such slender wheels as these the whole fabric of society turns. It is our business, then, to keep them in good working order.

We insects buzz awhile in the slimy meshes of this poor web of life, waiting for the gray old spider to come along.

Union vs. Butternuts.

Editor Wheeling Intelligencer:

A few days since, it was my fortune to be travelling on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. When near Vincennes, an incident occurred which produced quite an excitement and at one time threatened a tragedy.

Seated near me were two Kentuckians, and a Pennsylvanian, who was a river pilot. The Kentuckians were of the Butternut style of patriots, and the Pennsylvania pilot was one of the same persuasion—only more open and defiant in his denunciation of the President and the policy of the Government. The Kentuckians appeared greatly to enjoy the outspoken treason of the pilot, and treated him to some apple brandy, which they carried with them to lessen the tedium of travel.

There happened to be in the cars a Sergeant, who was sick, and on his way home on sick furlough.

He was a tall, intelligent-looking fellow, with fine brown eyes, which wasted cheeks only made more marked and lustrous. This man soon became a deeply interested listener to the blatant treason of the three Rebel sympathizers; and after struggling against his feelings of indignation for some time, he rose from his seat, approached the party of which the Pennsylvanian was taking the lead, and addressed him in language like this:

"Now, sirs, I have been listening to your treason about long enough and you *must stop!* We are in a state of war, and if there's no martial law in Illinois, I'll make it very quick. I have been in the army fifteen months—left a comfortable home. I have endured storm and hunger in trying to quell this rebellion and preserve the Union. I have been prostrated by disease, and am now unable to discharge the duties of a soldier. I am going home to recruit my health if possible, and intend to return and fight it out to the bitter end. But, sir, I have *ten times more respect* for the men at whom I have been shooting in Tennessee and Mississippi than I have for you, and men like you—cowardly sneaks who remained at home, afraid to go into the army, but who are now fomenting discontent and producing discord among the people of the North by uttering just such treason as you have been uttering here—and, sir, you must stop it at once or I'll put day-light through you so quick you won't know what's the matter."

The soldier, by this time had approached close to the pilot and looked him full in the face, with flashing eye and with such determined manner that many of us sprang to our feet to interpose. There were two other sick soldiers—brothers—in the car and when they saw the movement of the Sergeant—cried "Go in, soldier, and if you need any help, we're good for two more of that sort." (Alluding to the *neutral* patriots from Kentucky.) The calm, determined bearing of the Sergeant said plainly "no room for trifling here," and had done its work upon the pilot, who was a large powerful man, and could have crushed the Sergeant with scarcely an effort. A consciousness of being in the wrong, and rebuked by a man who had evidently perilled his life for his country—his cowardry spirit quailed, and his traitorous tongue was silent!

A hum of applause ran all through the car, and the sick soldier, although not able to perform duty for his country in the field, did in this instance render his country some service in rebuking the cowardly treason which stabs in the dark?

Been Sleeping.

This heading has been chosen because of its truthfulness. Now that common muslin is worth this day about 40 cents a yard, the farmer is just waking up and rubbing his eyes, and is able to see by his paper that flaxseed is quoted at $3 25 per bushel. That is an awful price for it. So it is, and it may probably be higher. Why? Because of the great demand for seed to sow for a crop this year. Had farmers thought a little and seeded only as much ground last season as would have supplied themselves with seed this year, how different it would have been now.

The day is upon us when every farmer must raise his own clothes as well as bread. We must advance. Our wives and daughters must *go up* to the point our grandmothers stood upon. The writer of this has several pieces of linen goods the thread for which was spun and bleached by his mother, and he places a value upon them not to be named in figures. These goods took the highest premium many years ago, at a fair held in this town, which will be remembered by some of our citizens. She made half a dozen or more pieces of table cloths and towels from the yarn spun. My young country friends, bear in mind that she did not live in the country at the time, but she was not found running the streets as we see so many do now-a-days. Had we looked this matter in the face, and considered the time required to bring things to a balance, we might have discovered that several years must pass before we could expect to get anything like a reasonable price, and then last spring we could have had our flax patch and this spring our linen shirts, and a feeling of independence with them. Never too late to do good, so let us sow flax. It will pay in the seed and fiber.—*Chambersburg Transcript.*

BE HUMBLE.—"The dews and rich showers of His grace," says Leighton, "slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts and make them pleasant and fertile."

The only party rivalry that is tolerated at such a time as this, is a rivalry of devotion to the country. Party names and purposes are only regimental colors, but Patriotism is the great banner of the whole army.

The child has in his cradle the peace or war of the future.

Be Truthful Always.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers.—One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it said: "What a large melon; I think I must have this for my dinner. What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last one I have, sir, and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot on the other side," said the boy turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it." "But," he added, looking into the boy's fine countenance, "it is not very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers."

"It is better than to be dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly.

"You are right, my little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God, and man also. You have nothing else I wish for this morning, but I shall remember your little stand in future."

"Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben. Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning, I caught them myself," was the reply; and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Henry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot on the melon. Now, you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams that I caught yesterday. Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones.—He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, but never invested another penny at the stand of his neighbor.—Thus the season passed; the gentleman finding that he could always get a good article of Harry, continually patronized him, and sometimes talked to him about his future hopes and prospects.

To become a merchant was his ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman wanting a boy, a boy that he could trust for his store, decided on giving Harry the place. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through the various gradations of clerkship, he became at length an honored partner in the firm.

An Historical Illustration.

When the great French Revolution had exhausted its fury, it had not exhausted its evil: the scenes of blood which had made Paris a butcher's shambles were gone, but faction was still a faction, and the State was shaken by their struggles. France was like a ship dismantled by storm, still tossed upon the restless waves without helm or compass. Napoleon had just returned from Egypt; he alone could save the country from the dangers which drew so near; the revolution of the 10th, Brumaire made him Dictator.

When at St Helena, Napoleon, in referring to these important events, used the following emphatic words, which have some suggestiveness for us:

"Metaphysicians have disputed, and will long dispute, whether we did not violate laws, and whether we were not criminal, but these are mere abstractions, at best is for books or tribunes, and which ought to disappear before imperative necessity; one might as well blame a sailor for waste and destruction, when he cuts away his masts to avoid being upset. The fact is that if it had not been for us the country must have been lost, and we saved it. The author and chief agents of that memorable state action may and ought, instead of attempting denials or justifications, to answer their accusers proudly, like the Romans, *we protest that we have saved our country; come with us and return thanks to the Gods.*"

If Napolean and the Moderates of France, could thus be justified in a revolution, what objection can be made to the exercise by this Government of its legitimate authority in time of war? Those who accuse it of tyranny in the imprisonment of traitors, and who call the President despotic, because he adapts strong measures to great evils, are like sick men, who quarrel with their physicians, and are wilfully or blindly ignorant of the danger and the remedy. Milk and water poultices will not save this country, and it is useless to make them. The President and his wise and good advisers have rather erred in being too tender with traitors than too stern; yet if any man who carries Jeff. Davis' portrait in his pocket, being afraid to show it, and hides the flag of treason in his bed-chamber, accused them of injustice in the arbitary arrest of traitors, seized in the midst of their treason, they too may quote with Napoleon the words of the Roman,—

"We protest that we have saved our country; come with us and return thanks to the Gods."

Dispondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good, the giving up the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can infuse courage into the soul is *the best physician.*

Death has consigned many a man to fame, when a long life would have consigned him to infamy.

The sick man, who pays a fee to the Doctor is often paying for a hot ticket.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE.

Peace—yes peace with men who would basely betray us!
Let the treacherous hand be in friendliness pressed!
Let us welcome the foeman that's seeking to slay us!
Let the poisonous serpent be clasped to our breast!
Since there's nothing so wrong in one's being the hater
Of whatever is noble and lofty, why then,
Let poor Judas no longer be cursed as a traitor,
And let Satan go back into heaven again!

Let us show to the thief were our treasures are hidden;
Let us polish a sword for the murderer's hand;
Let the breakers of oaths and of compacts be bidden
To sign pledges of peace and write laws for the land.

Let the scruples of honor and right be surmounted,
And, since now is the time for concessions, why then,
Let poor Judas among the Apostles be counted,
And let Satan go back into heaven again!

How soon we Forget.

As the whistling winds of autumn sweep over the hillsides and across the plains, here and there a leaf trembles upon the swaying limbs and then is borne away by the gale to perish and mingle with the dust of the earth But it is not missed from among its fellows, and thus one by one they all depart and soon we forget that each little leaf has fulfilled its appointed destiny in the great kingdom of vegetable life.

The sweet tiny flower rears its modest head above the green sod, unfolds its beautiful petals and scatters rose fragrance upon the passing breeze. With delight we inhale the sweet perfume and admire its modest beauty. Anon some rude hand snaps its stem asunder and bears it away to wither and die. With a firm unavailing regret it passes from our memory as we turn to admire for a time some freshly opening buds. The giant oak of the forest waves its branches majestically in the summer sunlight and defies the piercing gales of winter to overthrow it. But bye and bye the woodman's axe resounds through the forest avenues; the oak trembles, then bows its head and comes crashing down to earth. In vain we look for its towering form above its neighbors—note its absence and then forget that it ever existed.

Thus it is with human life. One by one our fellow-beings come forth upon the stage of action, bask for time in the sunshine of hope, endear themselves to us by affection and kindred ties, and then pass away, as passes the fleeting shadows of summer. It may be but the smiling babe, the pratling child, the ambitious youth, the man of strength, or the tottering form of age, over which closes the green sod of the valley. Their newly made graves are watered with the tears of grief, we lament their loss and sorrowing turn away to condole with the living. But soon the crystal fountain is drawn dry; the last drop flows out; the gates of forgetfulness are shut down, and time awaks no echoes from the buried past.

As with others so it will be with us. A few more days and we are of earth no more. The funeral knell will echo away over the hill-tops as one after another we are gathered in to our final resting place, and as the solemn notes die away the living will turn once more to the busy scenes of life, and we sleep on forgotton.

Life! 'tis but a day—how quick its close,
When all so surely then in death repose,
The morning breaks—passing, we heed it not—
The evening comes, and sleep we on forgot.

ACTION.—The surest way, alike to confirm and to strengthen any holy principle, is to carry it out into practice. The very element and breath of life is action. Every gift and endowment whatsoever, whether of body or soul, whether natural or spiritual, improves by exercise, while by guilty neglect it is enervated and impaired. Talents are increased by trading; and, "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have." The sword undrawn rusts in the scabbard; the limb unused shrinks away; the unused fire smoulders into ashes; standing waters stagnate, and breed corruption and malignant miasma; the languid blood of the sluggard, which no healthy impulse quickens, becomes thick and gross, creeps drowsily through his veins, and carries no strong pulsation of life to the limbs and to the brain. So the idle Christian is a feeble drooping, pining Christian.

DYING RICH.—A story is told of a sailor on board of a vessel laden with Spanish dollars, which had been wrecked. The crew were taken off the wreck in boats and just as the last was pushed off, a man was sent back to ascertain if there might be some one left. On arriving at the main deck where the casks had been left, he found a fellow who had broken open several of the receptacles of the base lucre and spread the contents thereof on a table cloth on deck, in the midst of which he was seated, weapon in hand.—Being told that the ship was fast going to pieces, he replied:

'The ship may; I have lived a poor rascal all my life, and I am determined to die rich.'

Remonstrance was in vain and poor Jack who preferred the death of a rich man to the life of a poor rascal, was left on board to die alone.

If you visit a young woman, and you are won and she is won, you will both be one.

Sweet memories and beautiful hopes are the angels in the heaven of the soul.

Let prayer dawn with the day. The manna was best when gathered before the rising of the sun.

What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room? An Israellite.

Arbitary Arrests in the time of the Revolution.

[*From the Journal of Congress*, 1777.]

Whereas, The State of Pennsylvania and Delaware are threatened with an immediate invasion from a powerful army, who have already landed at the head of Chesspeake Bay; *And, Whereas*, the principles of policy and self-preservation require that all persons who may reasonably be suspected of aiding or abetting the cause of the enemy, may be prevented from pursuing measures injurious to the general weal:

Resolved, That the Executive authorities of the State of Pennsylvania and Delaware be requested to cause all persons within their respective States notoriously disaffected forthwith to be apprehended, disarmed, and secured till such time as their respective States think they may be released without injury to the common cause.

Resolved, That it be recommended to the Supreme Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania to cause a diligent search to be made in the houses of the inhabitants of the city of Philadelphia, who have not manifested their attachment to the American Cause, for fire-arms, swords and bayonets; that the owners of the arms so found be paid for them at an appraised value, and that they be delivered to such of the militia of the State of Pennsylvania who are at present unarmed, and have been called into the field.

On the above preamble and resolutions, Mr. Fisher, in his admirable work on *The trial of the Constitution*, makes these remarks:

A case occurred in Philadelphia in 1777. Some twenty gentlemen, of high respectability, were arrested by order of the Supreme Executive Council of this State, at the instance of Congress, banished to a town in Virginia, and there detained. They were not treated as criminals, but with consideration and kindness. Those who chose to declare their allegiance to the Government were released, and all were permitted to return to their homes when it was thought they would be no longer dangerous.

These arrests were made with the *knowledge and approbation of Washington. A writ of habeas corpus was issued at the instance of the prisoners, but it was disregarded by the officers in charge of them*; and soon afterwards, Sept. 16, 1777, the Legislature passed a bill indemnifying the Executive Council, and suspending the writ of *habeas corpus.*

Select Proverbs.

He who promiseth runs in debt.

If one's name be up he may lie in bed.

He who doth not rise early never does a good day's work.

He who serves well need not be afraid to ask his wages.

He has riches enough who needs neither borrow nor flatter.

He that has a great nose thinks everybody is speaking of it.

He is miserable once who feels it, but twice who fears it before it comes.

He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.

It's too late to spare when the bottom is bare.

If it were not for hope the heart would break.

It is easy preaching to the fasting with a full belly.

It is good to fear the worst; the best will save itself.

If pride were an art, there would be many teachers.

If you say what you have seen, you wil tell what will shame you.

If you had fewer friends, and more enemies, you had been a better man.

It's a good horse, that never stumbles, and a good wife that never grumbles.

Sir Wm. B., being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer—"Sir, do you know that I have been at two Universities?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that?" I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew.

TENACITY OF LIFE.—A few evenings since there was a learned dissertation—subject:—'Bed-bugs and their remarkable tenacity of life.' One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boiled and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Says he: 'Some years ago I took a bed-bug to an iron foundry, and dropping it into a ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet.—Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constant for the last six years, and here the other day it got broke all to smash, and what do you think, gentleman, that are insect just walked out of his hole where he had been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up stairs.' 'But,' added he, by way of a parenthesis, he looked mighty pale.'

People who suppose that a good prayer is preferred to a good act, doubtless imagine that God has more hearing than eyesight. The end, we fear, will show that they reasoned from false premises. The poor are oftener prayed for than helped. The reason is we believe, that air is cheaper than bullion.

HUMOROUS.

Why are good husbands like dough?—Women knead them.

A lady says, "that the prettiest drawn bonnet she knows, is the bonnet drawn out of your husband after a quarrel.

The proverb the longer a man lives, the more he sees, does not allude to money, now-a-days.

God never sends an angel to afflict a human soul, but what another follows in its footsteps to heal and to bless.

Miss Roberts, of Utica, is lecturing on old maids at Auburn. A rather dry subject.

Fix your eyes upon the goal. Go ahead. Look not back unless you have just passed a pretty woman.

The Providence Transcript says there is a lady in that city so aristocratic that she refuses to take a newspaper because it is made of rags.

Jeremy Taylor says it "takes a wide garment to cover some people's sins." Perhaps then some of our female friends should still further widen their crinolines.

Why is it easy to break into an old man's house?

Because his gate is much broken, and his locks are few.

A divine informed a sailor the devil was chained up. 'How long is the rope?' 'Oh, was the dignified reply, 'it extends over the world.' 'Does it?' rejoined Jack; 'if so, the lubber might as well be loose.'

The most extremely foolish fellow we ever laid our ocular appendages upon, was old Eatplenty, and he was so fond of fruit, that he ate the "apple of his eye."

How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?

The last takes the dish with the egg, and can let it lie there as long as he pleases.

Gen. Butler required the New Orleans parsons to pray for the President not because he supposed it would do old Abe any good, but because he thought it might do *them* some from its rarity.

A boy was lately asked by the instructor of a certain school, 'who first bit the apple?' to which he replied, 'Do not know—but guess it was our Bets, for she eats green apples like snake's.'

A Touch of the Sublime.—A New York paper says:—"As winged lightning dart from the clouds when Jubiter has unbarred his bolts, so does a fat nigger run like the devil when a big dog is after him!"

Among a lot of contraband goods bound South, seized at Baltimore on the 26th ult., were seven trunks, filled with fine tooth combs! The detention of these trunks will save an incalculable number of lives among the rebels!

Paddy is often poetically polite. On picking up and returning a lady's parasol which had been blown out of her hand, a gallant Irishman said, "Faith, miss, an' if we was as strong as yer handsome, be jabers, a hurricane couldn't have snatched it from ye."

An idle man once asked a coal merchant what a peck of coal mutiplied by eight, divided by four, with a ton added to them, and a bushel subtracted, would come to.

"Well," said the coal merchant, "if you burn 'em they'll come to ashes."

An officer in the Maine 25th, observing a soldier belonging to a regiment encamped near by industriously scratching himself, interrogated thus:

'What's the matter my man—fleas?'

'Fleas!' said he, in a tone of unutterable scorn, 'do you think I am a dog—no, them is lice.'

We once heard a Vermonter express his opinion of a person in the following style of classics:—'I could take,' said he, 'the little end of nothing, whittle it down to a point, punch out the pith of a horse hair, and put in it forty thousand such souls as his, shake them up, and *they'd rattle!*'

A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house in the road side. Passing a country tavern where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast as usual ran opposite the door and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquiring if he would sell the horse, "Yes," replied the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears the calves bleat." The crowd retired in silence.

A CUTE WIDOW.—It is related that a man on his death-bed called his wife to him and said: 'I leave my horse to my parents, sell him and hand the money you get for him over to them. But my dog I leave to you; dispose of him as you think best. The wife promised to obey. So in due time after the death of her lord she started to find a market for her animal. 'How much do you ask for your horse?' inquired a farmer. 'I cannot sell the horse alone,' she replied, 'but I will sell you the horse and dog together at a fair price for both.' 'Give me $100 for the dog, and $1 for the horse, and we can trade on these terms,' [illegible] the cute widow conscientiously [illegible] grants the $1 she had [illegible] and had to keep herself [illegible] Was she in the wrong?