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R. S. TALL,
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POETRY.

[*From Godey.*

LIFE'S A SEA.

BY B. FRANK SPALDING.

Life's a sea; and many changes
Sound the waves upon the shore.
He who o'er the dark flood ranges
Cries, at last: "I'll roam no more
Home has many charms for me;
Farewell ever, flowing sea!"

Tears; and sighs, and tones of sadness—
The Æolian notes of woe—
Soon may change to notes of gladness
When some softer breezes blow;
And the lowering clouds of sorrow
May dispel before to-morrow.

Human passions; human failings,
Every man must feel within;
Hear their evils in the wailings
Of the blasts of human sin.
Men are barks on life's sea driven;
May the wrecked ones be forgiven!

For life's waves are surging ever,
And the ship—the mind—is strong,
That can ride, and, riding, never
Yield the right course to the wrong.
Every man is still our brother;
Let us pray for one another.

[*From Godey.*

LOVE'S IDOLATRY.

BY G. S. HULL.

My love for thee, thou ne'er canst know
Its utter madness!
For, in thy presence, love diffuses
Joy and gladness.

To hear thee, see thee, breathe the air
That's breathed by thee
To know that thou art near me then,
Is all to me.

I dare not meet thy careless gaze
To well I feel
My heart would show its agony,
And love reveal!

In dreams I'm happy—then with thee
This hand in thine,
Those cold eyes looking on me,
Thou art mine.

By the soft and soothing murmurs
Of a glancing stream,
We wander 'neath the silvery light
Of Luna's chastened beam.

With passion's warmth and purity
I fondly cling to thee,
No longer hiding from thy gaze
My fond idolatry!

And the air sweet fragrance fanning,
From chalices of lilies hanging,
Heavy with perfume—
Ah! could I sleep on thus forever.
And thus the links of life dissever—
* * * * * *
But fare thee well; 'twere hopeless joy
To think of thee,
And yet I would not break the spell
Of destiny.

Nay, could I plunge 'neath Lethe's wave,
I'd rather be
The slave to chains that cause, alas
My misery!

MISCELLANY.

[From the Denton Journal.]

Everett Lee;
—OR,—
Merit Receiving its Reward.

BY WILLIAM M. MCMAHAN.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

Cold winter with its sharp icicles, and gentle spring, with buds and blossoms had passed away. Summer, with waving fields of golden grain, was following its predecessors. How often would Cara Stanton, when she rambled through 'dell and brake,' when she sat at evening's cool hour, when she sought the company of friends, and when they would gather around her to admire, and lovers pour the love of their hearts into her ear; what would she not have given just to catch again the expression of her preserver's eye, as he assisted her from the carriage.

Telling her father the whole affair, how a noble youth had saved her life, how Delaney had acted, how she had sent him to look in another direction for one who could excuse his impoliteness and how she had given her ring to her rescuer.

One afternoon in July, after Mr. Stanton had returned home from the city, and chatting with his family, he said.

'Cara, what do you think of giving another entertainment, or party? I love to enjoy the company of the young, and love to see them enjoy themselves, say about the middle of next month.'

'Your pleasure is mine, father, but I almost tired of parties, tired of company altogather,' returned Cara.

'What! is my daughter getting to be an old woman!' Exclaimed Mr. Stanton.

'The truth is this, Cara has not been like the same girl since she returned home from a visit to Debarton's last winter. Sometimes I have had to persuade and almost scold her to get her to go to places of amusement, to which she has been solicited.' chimed in Mrs. Stanton.

'That is because she sacked her beau, Delaney,' responded her father, jokingly.

'Father! be kind enough, not to mention his name to me again.'

Mr Stanton was a man who wished not to wound the feelings of any fellow being, and much less his daughter's, saw that his remark touched an unpleasant cord in the breast of his child, returned:

'Yes Cara, my dear! we will let his name rest. What do you think of the party?'

'As you please, father, I am willing!'

'Then, we will give one about the middle of next month.'

CHAPTER V.

One warm afternoon in August, one of Everett's employers came in, and said:

'Mr. Lee, I wish you would go up the country, to-morrow, and collect this note from that Smith he has failed to comply with his promise, notwithstanding, we have granted him double indulgence;' at the same time handing the note to Everett.

The next morning, Everett was being drawn on his journey by the iron horse. After he had arrived at his destination, recorded his name and was sitting in the hotel at the station, the landlord placed a note in his hand. Upon breaking it open, found it to read thus—

The company of Mr. Everett Lee is respectfully solicited this evening at 8 o'clock, at Oak Dale.'

Aug. 18, 18— MARLOW STANTON.

At the appointed hour, the guests began to collect into the splendidly furnished, and brilliantly illuminated parlor of Stanton's. As Everett made his way up the steps of the large porch, who should meet and salute him familiarly, but his strange traveling friend in the cars, introducing himself as Marlow Stanton; and leading him into the hall, introduced him to the company, as his friend, Everett Lee, from the city. Everett bowed politely to the company, and an acquaintance of his, Anthony Ludlow, whom he had not seen for some time, came forward and said:

'Mr. Lee, I am agreeably surprised to meet with you here this evening, and after exchanging the usual civilities, added: come, and let me introduce you personally to the ladies.'

Everett and Mr. Ludlow, passed around the room, and Everett conversing in his natural and sensible style; soon he was the distinguished guest of the evening. As he made some commonplace remark to his friend, Mr. Ludlow took him by the arm, and said:

'Miss Stanton! permit me to introduce to you my friend Everett Lee.'

Everett instantly recognized in the lovely being before him, the one whose ring he then wore upon his finger; became rivited to the spot, but the sweet smile that brightened up her countenance, the gentle and courteous manner in which she spoke, he regained his self-possession, and bowed in his usual affable way. Glancing a his side, saw that his friend had deserted him, and that he stood alone with the facinating and angelic creature, who had been predominant in his thoughts for the last seven or eight months. At first Cara did not see her restorer in the person of Everett. Not until both their eyes met, and the same manly, frank, and generous expression beamed forth from under their dark lashes, the expression she had so long desired to catch as on the day of her restoration. As Cara rested upon Everett's arm, he felt a shudder pass over her, and looking into her face, saw that it was ashy pale. Being near the hall-door, he assisted her out into the piazza, and seated her on a lounge, where the cool refreshing breeze soon replaced the roseate hue upon her cheek. As she recovered, and fixing her mild blue eyes on Everett, he gently took her hand in his, and said:

'Miss Stanton! I have been the recipient of many pleasant, happy hours, but all have been engrossed and absorbed in the bliss of this propitious hour—the happiest moment of my life!'

'Kind Sir, it adds pleasure to pleasure to hear you thus speak, and the memory of this hour, taken into connexion with the one in which we first met, will never be erased.'

As those two dear ones sat in the cool piazza, which was neatly enclosed with lattice work, over which grew the honey-suckle and wild fox glove, and as the bright stars shot their little, bright rays through the many interstices, Everett drew Cara nearer to his side; still retaining her hand, he said, in a subdued tone:

'Miss Stanton, you know all! you know that I love! Pray—'

'Mr. Lee, my name is Cara; everybody calls me Cara.'

'Well—Cara, pardon me for the acknowledgement; I cannot expect its return, for you must know I am a poor—'

Cara interrupting him before he could complete the sentence, replied:

'Speak not so if you regard me, and if you would not wound my heart. Is not intrinsic worth preferable to any thing else? Hint not your circumstances.'

'Everett, imprinting a burning kiss upon her lips, whispered:

'Cara, mine?'

'How can I repay my preserver and benefactor better, than to bestow upon him my affections? Come, Mr. Lee, we will return to the parlor; the guests will think I have deserted them.'

As Everett arose from his seat, and relinquished the hand of his companion, he laughingly remarked:

'Cara do you know my name is Everett?'

While Everett and Cara were in conversation with a group of ladies and gentlemen, a young man by the name of Harford, who from his conspicuous ieticulations and postures, one would have supposed—and probably would have supposed aright—that he thought himself the only personage of importance at Mr Stanton's that evening; that his indispensible presence lent honor to the whole social circle, and that the evening's entertainment could not have gone on, had he not been there, remarked to a lady who stood near him, by the name of Annie Lauraine—

'Miss Annie I have learned from good authority this evening, that that man you see talking to Miss Cara Stanton, is nothing more nor less than a poor city clerk; living on a salary which his employers pay to him at stated periods. A pretty pass, when such as he shall insinuate himself into respectable society.'

'Mr. Harford!' replied Miss Lauraine, 'if you cannot entertain me with more refined and interesting conversation than giving utterance to vile remarks concerning the guests here this evening, I would heartily wish your silence Mr Lee is a gentleman of respectability. Sir, had he not been, he would not have been here this evening.'

Kind reader this Harford was another brainless coxcomb—a second Delaney.

As the old family clock chimed the hour of twelve, the guests began to leave Everett, drawing on his overcoat, and receiving the parting salutations of several who were about to leave, Mr Stanton came up to him and said:—

'Mr. Lee, you are to remain with me to-night.'

'I would ———' commenced Everett to make some excuse, but was interrupted by Mr. Stanton, who added:

'Not a word! not a word of excuse, sir; I shall consider you my guest while you remain in the neighborhood.'

This was another mystery for our hero to contemplate. That night when he retired to rest, it was a long time before sleep, 'nature's sweet restorer,' came to weigh down his eyelids; and as he lay his mind ran through the past—through his boyhood days—through every event in his life, and rested upon the company he had kept in the piazza.

CHAPTER VI.

Autumn, with its biting frosts and 'sear and yellow leaf,' had come and gone—Winter, the desolating and relentless monarch, had come, and was now presiding over the land. This day one year ago, Everett Lee had started on a visit to his uncle's; but now, while the 'evening shades were stealing on apace,' and darkness throwing its black vesture over the city, we see Everett's home lit up There sits Everett. 'Good old Mrs. Lee,' and Cara, not Cara Stanton but Cara Lee. Mr. and Mrs Stanton, and Messrs Davidson & Spence, Everett's employers. As they talk, the animation of their countenances betoken pleasure: Everett noticing Mr. Stanton occasionally casting knowing looks towards Mr Davidson, who gave a meaning smile in return Presently Mr Stanton spoke, addressing the company, and all becoming silent, he continued,

'I have a short story to tell, and will do so in as few words as possible If there be any here who have not heard it, they will know all the facts connected with it, when I am done My friend Davidson is the first one who ever mentioned it to me; he only told me part, and I am acquainted with the rest.'

'There was a young man in this city, he grew up to manhood, did every thing in his power to support, to minister unto the wants and augment the happiness of his widowed mother who is past the meridian of life, and by his industry and unceasing perseverance, possessed a well stored mind, and cultivated intellect. Mr. Davidson informed a gentleman who was visiting this city of this young gentleman's worth After he had faithfully discharged the duties of the day, instead of visiting the bar-room the various places of sin and iniquity, that teem of our cities, as many young men do; he would seek his home, spend his leisure moments in the society of his mother, and peruse some good book. The gentleman of whom I speak, this worthy young gentleman and he were travelling companions about this time last year. He saved a young lady's life, soon after.'

Here, Cara looking up into the face of Everett, as tears suffused her eyes.

Mr Stanton continued:

'This strange gentleman arranged it, with one of this young gentleman's employers, to send him on a mission, up the country, and he—the stranger—sat down, and wrote to him an invitation to attend an entertainment to be given at Oak Dale.

Cara arose from her seat, threw her arms around the neck of her parent, and exclaimed, amid her tears,

'I always knew that I possessed a kind, manly and generous father!'

Mr. Stanton taking his daughter's hand in his looking up into her face smiling, said.

Cara that is not all. That evening, I stood by one of the large columns and lattice work of the piazza, when two persons—I will not name them—seated themselves, and I overheard their avowals of love. I had stepped out of the parlor to catch the breeze, and could not move, for fear of beingp erceived. I had seen, that I nestled in my home, and by my heart, a dove, that pined for an object it loved—Cara, forgive your father! he has known all, has arranged all, has loved and still loves you: and has given you away as a tribute due to virtue, to integrity, and to real worth.'

Everett said energetically:

'Mr. Stanton! this is more than I deserve!'

Tears of joy and gratitude coursed down the checks of 'good old Mrs Lee.'

Impatient reader, now that the town clock is pealing the hour of nine, we will leave the happy company to their own thoughts and feelings.

PRESTON, Md, 1856

The Wonders of the Telegraph.

When the submarine telegraph is completed, for which one of our fellow-citizens is laboring zealously in London, (Cyrus W Field,) we shall see the following results, growing out of the difference of about four hours and three quarters between London and New York time. The stock exchange in London will have closed, and the last quotations be known at New York by the time business in Wall street has commenced. An important speech delivered in the English Parliament will be reported in the New York papers of the same evening. A division on some great question may occur while the inhabitants of London are in their first sleep; but the instantaneous news will be circulating in a New York journal while life is flowing at its full tide in the Atlantic city. The "good-night" of the New York telegraph clerk, as he goes off duty at midnight, will find his European colleagues at work, with the summer sun already an hour on his journey to the west. Says an English paper before us: "About one thousand nine hundred and forty miles of the Atlantic Ocean intervene between St. John's and Valencia, the most western harbor in Ireland; and to stretch an electric cable between the two points is the great problem It is required to be of the enormous length of nearly three thousand miles in order to allow for inequalities in the bed of the Atlantic The survey of the ground has just been completed, and the American government took so much interest in the enterprise that it placed a ship of war at the disposal of the telegraph company—The engineers and surveyors have now an accurate ground plan of the bottom of the sea between Newfoundland and Ireland which is reported to be highly favorable. Mr Edward B. Bright, of the Magnetic Telegraph Company, has just visited the harbor of Valencia and its neighborhood, with a view of ascertaining the best point for the terminus of this monster submarine cable His brother, Mr. Charles Bright, the engineer of the said company, has also been engaged in a series of experiments, which test is the most satisfactory manner the practicability of obtaining perfect signals through a magnetic circuit of three thousand miles in extent Mr Cyrus W Field, a gentleman of great energy, one of the directors of the American company, is at present in London, with the object of pushing forward the arrangements connected with the project. The laying down of the cable is the next step; and when that is completed, New York and London and even New Orleans and London, will be within conversational distance Two submarine cables have been lost in the Mediterranean while they were being laid down, and special precautions will be employed by the vessels, which will start in the middle of the Atlantic, each carrying half the line, and uncoiling it as they start in opposite directions—the one towards America and the other towards Ireland. We heartily wish complete success to an undertaking which will be one of the grandest triumphs of human genius. It is impossible to over-estimate the social, political, and commercial result of thus bringing so closely together the two greatest and freest people of the world. It will at times, be possible for a prime minister of England to allay political excitement in the United States by an immediate declaration of the conciliatory policy of this country. Let us hope that this duty may be reciprocally performed. A generous sentiment uttered in the Capitol at Washington, or in the palace of St. Stephen's, Westminster, will reverberate alike on the banks of the Potomac and the Thames almost as soon as the speaker has concluded his address. As to the commercial gain, we believe that the electric cable across the Atlantic will preserve to England her present preponderance in the great monetary and commercial affairs of the world.—*Herald.*

HUMAN DEPRAVITY.—"This animal, said an itinerant showman, 'is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again—making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the woods, in the night season, like a human being in distress, and then devours all that come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."

ANECDOTE.—A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the smallest end for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him always to take the butt end.—Dinner came, and with it a sugar loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, and giving the farmer a wink, exclaimed, '*always take the butt end.*'

Rules of Health for Married Ladies.

The following advice to married ladies which we copy from an exchange, should be strictly adhered to:

Get up at three o'clock in the morning, clean out the stoves, take up the ashes, sweep the front side walk and scrub the front steps, nurse the baby, put the mackerel to soak, build the fires, grind the coffee, set the table, rouse the house, carry up some hot water for shaving to that brute of a lazy husband and dry the morning paper. By this time you will have an appetite for breakfast. Hold the baby during the meal, and eat your breakfast cold

After breakfast, wash the dishes, nurse the baby, dust everything; wash the windows, wash and dress the baby—(that pantry wants cleaning out and scrubbing)—nurse the baby, draw the baby in his wagon five or six miles for the benefit of his health; nurse him when you return; put on the potatoes, and the cabbage (nurse the baby) and the corned beef, (don't forget to nurse the baby) and the turnips, and (nurse the baby) sweep everything; take up the dinner, set the table, fill the castors, change the table-cloth, (there that baby wants nursing.) Eat your dinner cold again, and—nurse the baby.

After dinner, wash the dishes, gather up all the dirty clothes and put them to soak, nurse the baby every half hour; receive a dozen calls, *interspersed* with nursing the baby; drag the baby a mile or two; hurry home; make biscuits, pick up some codfish cut some dried beef. Catnip tea for baby's internal disarrangement; hold the baby an hour to quiet him, put some alcahol in the metre; baby specimen of perpetual motion; tea ready; take yours cold, as usual

After tea, wash up the dishes; put some fish to soak; chop some hash; send for some more sugar; (gracious, how the sugar *does* go—and thirteen cents a pound;) get down the stockings and darn them; keep on nursing the baby; wait up till twelve o'clock nursing the baby, till husband comes in with a double shuffle on the front steps, a decided difficulty in finding the stairway, and a determination to sleep in the back yard. Drag him up stairs to bed; then nurse baby and go to sleep Women, in delicate health will find that the above practice will either kill or cure.

BAD CONDUCT IN CHURCH.

It would appear from the newspapers that the deportment of the dogs in Massachusetts in the olden time, daring the stated periods of divine worship, was often highly improper. Speaking of the temple where his father's worshipped, and of various topics connected therewith, a cotemporary thus discourses:

On one particular occasion the sanctity of the place and the gravity of the gravest of all assemblies was very much shocked. The reverend leader of the exercises, opened his old fashioned hymn book at

Glad-ly within thy courts, we come;
To bow unto the Lord.

He gave the pitch, and the first line was sung by the scattered vocalists without any let or hindrance There were no musical reefs or quicksands, fugues or repeats in it On the next line came the science of the tune. The treble opened shrill, the tenor followed, and the bass, and full choir came in strong at the end in manner and form thus:

Treble. To bow-ow-ow-ow-ow—
Tenor To bow-ow-ow-ow-ow—
Bass To bow-ow-ow-ow-ow—
Full Chorus To bow-ow, unto-oh, the Lor-ord.

As the last words died away each singer looked up to see who could be keeping up the fugueing. Each knew he had finished all the bow-ows set down for him, and yet as the choristers ceased, the bow-ow-ow, continued Echo it could not be, and the mystery was not unravelled, until a dog in the broad aisle, who had kept in time while the rest were singing, struck into a ki-ih! ad libitum, a moment after the choir ceased, like an opera singer, for whom the music stops, to let her introduce such squalls as she chooses.

A NOBLE WIFE

The following touching, simple, sorrowful memorial of his wife, was written by one of the great statesmen of England—Sir James Mackintosh—in a private letter to a friend: "She was a woman," he writes 'who, by tender management of my weakness, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature, she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence, To her I owe whatever I am—to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my character Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant—Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I seek relief, and I find it, in the consolatory opinion that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life: that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that a being capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just; that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man.

☞ Mr. Showman, what animal is that? That, my dear, is the rhynocerow. He is cousing German or Dutch relative to the unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless overtaken by the dark He was brought to this country much against his own will, which accounts for his low spirit, when he is melancholy or dejected. He is now somewhat aged, although he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survey the wisdom of Providence as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a hanimal that can stand hanging like a feller critter only it's reversed.'

☞ When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her first husband, she comes in the night before her second marriage to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels, prays to him, and entreats him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, ladened with two goat-skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties being done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water, to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him, she departs.

A SINGULAR CAUSE OF PRIDE.—In a metropolitan auction-room, on a certain occasion, a little German Jew, who was slowly and shrewdly making his bid, was addressed by a near by-stander, with—"There is a very disagreeable odor about here; what can it be?' 'Yaas,' he replied unhesitatingly, 'dat ish my veet.' 'Your feet! then why don't you retire from the room, and not mingle with gentlemen?—The odor from your feet is *very* offensive" 'Ah!' responded the little Hebrew, 'you ought to smell 'em in a small room in de summer time!' Pride in *such* an accomplishment, as Baron Pompolino would say is a virtue somewhat rare.

PLEASURE TRAINS OF THOUGHT.—The kind, generous souls, who are rough and almost insulting in their manners, are like the rich man, who, when solicited to relieve his poor relations, used to fling his old clothes at them, taking good care first to secrete money in the pockets.

Happy the mortals whose building is restricted to castles in the air, for they know not the bother, when once the bricklayers have got into the house, of getting them out again!

If it were not for the livery, many a master would be taken for his own servant!

☞ Widows are the very mischief,—There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry it's done. I know one shat was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house, (he was a widower) and clasp her little hands and fly around, till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed; and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunderstorms rattled over her head

☞ The Rev. Walter Colton, author of "Ship and Shore," has this very forcible illustration of the character of an officer on board the ship to which he was attached as chaplain, who was always meddling with other people's business, and who was seldom in his own place:—"I do believe,' said Jack, 'that at the general resurrection the lieutenant will be found getting out of somebody else's grave!'

☞ An Irish sailor, as he was riding, made a pause, and his horse, in beating off the flies, caught his hind foot in the stirup when the sailor, observing it, exclaimed:

'Hould now, Dobbin: if you are going to get on, I will get off.'

☞ A recent English writer says:—"Humanity has its reactions—its oscillations from the extreme of mysticism to the extreme of rationalism, from the extreme of superstition to the extreme of incredulity; just as in politics it is continually passing from the maddest of revolutionary to the most craven of conservative moods.'

☞ When the soul is ready to depart what matters it whether it go from a palace or a hovel.

☞ The Chinese are queer people to go to market. A friend at Canton writes that a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter provisions—a hind quarter of horse and two barrels of bulldogs; the latter salted to keep.