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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

[From the Union.]

"STAND BY YOUR COUNTRY."

"*Leave your friend, and stand by your country!*" was the emphatic admonition of General JACKSON to a delegate to the Baltimore Convention, who stopped at the Hermitage, and expressed to the old Hero his embarrassment between his friendship for one of the Presidential candidates, and his principles in favor of the annexation of Texas.

"*Stand by your country!*" Let each word
Sink to the soul like living flame,
For, in a Patriot's heart they stirr'd,
And from a Patriot's lips they came;
From one, who, although at the grave,
Still sends a voice to warn and save.

"*Stand by your country!*" What are all
The ties of friendship or of blood,
When they would lure you from the call
To battle for your country's good—
Your country's rights! Oh! next to Heaven,
Let heart and hand to her be given!

"*Stand by your country!*" Never sleep,
For many a myrmidon is near,
With bitter scorn and hatred deep
Of all a Freeman holds most dear;
Men who would have you bow the knee
Like them, to ruthless Monarchy.

"*Stand by your country!*" To the sky
Let her proud banner be unroll'd,
Nor to one honest heart deny
The shelter of its starry fold;
But hail with joy each added ray
That tells of Freedom's onward way.

"*Stand by your country!*" Let no foe
Pollute her soil, or hover near;
And, TEXAS!—Ne'er should History show
That England's "morning drum" beat there—
Or that the British lion's roar
Was heard on OREGON's wild shore.

"*Stand by your country!*" Right or wrong,
Be ready, in the hour of need—
Though ceaseless ills should 'round thee throng,
And homes be wreck'd, and bosoms bleed,
To plead the cause, and wield the brand
For Freedom and your Native Land!

E. M. H.

Miscellaneous.

[*From the Portland American.*]

THE STRAWBERRY BOY.

On a fine morning in the summer of '32 a handsome but well dressed boy called at the door of a rich mansion in L——s square in New York city, and offered some baskets of strawberries for sale. Having disposed of the fruit, he was about to start, when his eyes were arrested by the appearance of a beautiful girl, some twelve years old, who crossed the hall near the door. She was the only daughter of the gentleman of the house, and though he gazed on her but a single moment, the kind look she bestowed on him struck a chord in his heart, which until that moment had never vibrated.

"She is very lovely," he exclaimed mentally, "but she is the daughter of this great millionaire, she can be nothing to me."

He returned to the field in search of more fruit, but the remembrance of that sunny face attended him in his rambles.

"I am young," he continued to himself, "would I could make myself worthy of her! But then she is far above me, and this thought though it did not banish the feeling hushed it.

A week had passed, and the little strawberry boy stood with a palpitating heart at the rich man's door. His fruit was purchased as before, and he received his money from the same white hand of that fair being, whom from the moment he first saw her, he dared to love!

She spoke kindly to him and bade him to call again.

He did not forget the order. He called again and again, but the season was advancing, and the fruit becoming a scarcity.

"I shall not be able to bring you any more," he said one morning, I am sorry, for it was a pleasure to call here. But we shall meet hereafter."

The young heart which fluttered in the bosom of that lovely girl, was touched at the musical, though somewhat melancholy tone in which this was uttered, and she timidly replied that "she would remember him."

"We shall meet again, Miss, when I promise you, you shall not be ashamed to acknowledge the poor strawberry boy.

She thought the language singular, but they parted.

Three years had elapsed. The tide of speculation which was then swelling in our country, had not reached the "flood," and the man of wealth, with his beautiful daughter, rolled in his splendid carriage along Broadway, upon a fine Sabbath morning on the way to Trinity Church.—Charlotte was just turned sixteen, and the bright bud was just changing to the rose. She was fair indeed.

The services had ended—the magnificent carriage stood at the Church door—the elegantly caparisoned horses pawed the ground uneasily—the liveried footman held the door, and the wealthy merchant handed his lovely daughter into the coach amid the low obeisance of her gay admirers.

Why does she not observe the homage of her thousand butterfly flatterers.

A young plainly dressed stranger stands quietly at the side of the door of the church—her gaze for an instant is reveted on his features.

"Who can it be?" She remembers—no she cannot remember.

The carriage rolls slowly towards the stately mansion of the man of wealth and he discovers an uncommon quietness in his daughter's demeanor.

"My dear Charlotte, are you not ill?"

"No father, no—I—am—very well."

They arrived at the door—the stranger was there. They alight, he exhibits a slight, a very slight, but respectful bow to the heiress.

A blush tinges that bright cheek, she recognizes him.

Charlotte retires to her chamber, she was unhappy, but surely the stranger was nothing to her, or she to him.

Time rolled on. It was the coldest night of the uncommon cold winter of '35, and the memorable 16th of December. A fire broke out in the evening in one of the principal streets of the great commercial metropolis. It raged violently, and at early morning on the succeeding day, a great portion of the city lay in ashes.

The rich merchant, as was his wont, alighted at the head of Wall street, and saw the ruins. He hastened to the scene—where was his store, his goods, his all?—The smouldering ruins before him answered.

But he was insured, he should save something at least. His policies were looked after during the day—they had expired the week previous.

The millionaire was comparatively a beggar. He had a stout heart, though that rich poor man, and he braved the storm. He found, however, that it would be necessary to break up his establishment to meet some immediate pressing liabilities. His furniture was sacrificed, his mansion was disposed of, his splendid horses were put into other hands, and even "Jessie," Charlotte's pretty coal black favorite, was doomed to pass from them, "under the hammer."

But could not some friend be found who would purchase "Jessie," and retain her until the fury of the blast had passed.

No. Every body was poor, every body had been ruined by the great fire, nobody had money. Besides it was expensive keeping horses.

"Poor Jessie," sighed her mistress, "I hope she will fall into good hands."

But nobody wanted Jessie, and she was thrown away upon a stranger.

"Who did you say was the purchaser?" inquired Charlotte of her father.

"A Mr. Manly, I think," said the father.

And who was Mr. Manly? He was the POOR STRAWBERRY BOY.

Another year had fled. Misfortune had followed misfortune in rapid succession, and the revulsion of '37 had finally reduced our man of wealth to bankruptcy. The following advertisement may be found in the papers of that day:

"Will be sold at public auction on Wednesday next, on the promises, the right of redemption to that beautiful Cottage, with about half an acre of land adjoining, laid out in a garden well stored with fruit trees and shrubbery, situated on the north side of Staten Island, and mortgaged to John Jacob A——r, for the sum of ten thousand three hundred dollars, &c.—Sale positive, title indisputable, possesion given immediately, terms cash.

The rich man that was, in vain appealed to his sunshine friends for aid. They must have security; the times were hard, they had lost a deal of money; people sometimes live too fast; it wasn't their fault; very sorry but couldn't help him.

From bad to worse he had succeeded; and now reduced to the last extremity, he had retired to his beautiful retreat, hoping that rigid economy and fresh application to his mercantile affairs would retrieve his rapidly sinking fortune.

But his star was descending and his more murky brethren forgot that he had been "one of them." Unfortunately he had no security to offer, and the cottage was sold.

It was a bright day in Autumn, the purchasers were few; there was a little competition, and the estate passed into other hands. The purchaser gave notice that he should take possession forthwith.

And what was to become of his lovely child. His last home had been taken from him, and the fair girl was motherless. The heart of the fond father misgave him when he received the information that the premises must be immediately vacated. The daughter wept in silence upon the bosom of her affectionate and unhappy parent.

He had been a proud man, but his pride was now humbled, and calmly he resigned himself to the stroke of affliction. He too, wept. Oh! it was fearful to see that strong man weep!

But his troubles were more nearly at an end.

The day following that upon which the sale had occurred, had well nigh sped.—The afternoon was bright as balmy, and the father sat with his daughter, in the recess of one of the windows which looked out upon the road. He had received a note from the purchaser of the cottage, informing him that he should call upon him in the afternoon for the purpose of examining the premises more fully than he had had an opportunity of doing. They awaited his visit.

A stranger on horseback halted suddenly in front of the court yard gate, and turning the head of his black steed, he ambled quietly to the door.

"Oh! father," shouted Charlotte, forgetting for the moment her darling "Jessie" and a knock at the door, called her at once to recollection.

The door was opened by the once princely proprietor of the mansion in L——e square. Before him stood a courteous looking young man, who inquired for Mr. S——.

Mr. Manly, sir—now the owner of the cottage. I have just received the deed from the hands of my attorney, and with your permission shall examine the estate.

"Walk in sir; you are master here, and I shall vacate as soon as your pleasure requires it. "My daughter," he continued, as the stranger entered the parlor. This is Mr. Manly, Charlotte. The purchaser of our little cottage.

The person whom you once knew as the poor "*Strawberry Boy!*" continued Mr. Manly, as he took her extended hand.

"My dear sir," said Manly addressing the father, "I am the owner of this cottage." Seven years ago I had the happiness to receive from this fair hand a few shillings in payment for fruit, which I carried to the door of the then affluent S. I was but a boy, sir, and poor boy too, but poor as I was, and wealthy as was the lady, I dared to *love* her! Since then, I have endured every hardship, with but a single object in view, that of making myself worthy of your daughter. Fortune has been no niggard with me, sir; my endeavors have been crowned with success, and I come here to-day, not to take possession of this cottage alone, but to lay my fortune at the feet of worth and beauty, and to offer this fair being a heart which exists but for herself alone.

The astonishment of the parent was unbounded. If Charlotte had not loved before, she now looked upon the handsome and generous stranger with aught but displeasure. Secretly, she had entertained a feeling certainly "akin to affection" for him, whom she had remembered for seven long years, who had crossed her path so strangely; who had purchased the very cottage from which she expected to be driven, and—but the second is soon told.

Charlotte loved, and shortly after gave her hand to Manly. They remained in the cottage which was newly furnished, and many times afterwards did she mount her favorite Jessie, and at the side of her fond and devoted husband, roamed through the romantic scenes which abounded to that far-famed island.

The once wealthy Mr. S. is now a happy grand-father, and as he tosses the young Manly on his knee, he likes to tell the story of "THE POOR STRAWBERRY BOY."

FOUNTAIN OF VICE.

Mothers, if you would train up your children to be useful members of society, keep them from running about the streets. The great school of juvenile vice is the street. There the urchin learns the vulgar oath, or the putrid obscenity. For one lesson at the fireside, he has a dozen in the kennel. Thus are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gambling, theft and violence. Mothers, as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children cling to the hearth-stone. Love home yourself; sink the roots deep among your domestic treasures; set an example in this, as in all things, which your off-spring may follow. It is a great error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of street temptation, for several years, and that it will then be time enough to break them in. This horrid mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves and drunkards. No man would raise a colt or an ox on such a principle, no man would suffer the weeds to grow in his garden for any length of time, saying he could eradicate them at any time. Look to this matter, parents; see, more especially, that your children are not out at night, loitering around some coffee-house. Mothers, make your children love home, and by all means encourage them to love you better than all other human beings.—*Quincy Herald.*

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son—I shall reform by and by." "And I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father," and off she went.

A SHARP BARGAIN.—A poor man once came to a miser and said—

'I have a boon to ask.'

'So have I,' said the miser, 'grant mine first and then I'll comply with thine.'

'Agreed.'

'My request is,' said the miser, 'that you ask for nothing.'

RICH.—A Quaker was lately examined before the Board of Excise respecting certain duties. The Commissioners thinking themselves disrespectfully treated by his "theeing" and "thouing," one of them with a stern countenance, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you know what we set here for?" "Yea," replied Obadiah. "I do—some of you for a thousand, and others for seventeen hundred and fifty pounds a year."

As love generally speaks in poetry, tho' some people are rather awkward in the construction of verses, we recommend the subjoined as a model. It is the voice of nature, free from the trammels of orthography, and unembarrassed by the rules of pedantic scholarship.—*Plain Dealer.*

TO BETSY S——

u lovely girl
Why cannot you love bore
to git Won kiss wot would du
i think joe ner could du

u Bets axe i u luv me
i laze my hand rite on my hart
and sez bets i luvs u
an til u takes a worser part
tu u i will prov tru

o wunst i luvd a nuther girl
Her name it wos murrier
but betsy deer my luv for u
is 45 times more hire.

AN EXTRA-ORDINARY SIGN.—The following is a copy of a sign, hung out at a village in Wiltshire, England:

MATTY MILLER, barber, perri-wig maker, soujoin, parish clerke, schoolmaster, blacksmith.

Shave for a penne, cuts hair for twopence, and oyled and powdured into the bargin. Young Ladys gintlemen also taut there grammer langwage in the neetest manner, and grait care taken to their morils and spellin. Also salme singin and horse shoing by the rele maker. Likewise makes and mends all sorts of butes and shuse, teetches the hubby and juse harp, cuts corns, bleeds and blisters on the lowest terms.

Cowtillions and other dances taut at home and abroade. Also deels holesail retale purfumery in all its branches, Sells all sorts of stashunary wair, together with blackin Balls, red herrings, jingerbred and coles, scrubbin brushes, trevcle, mouse traps and other sweetmetes. Likewise Godfreys cordial, rutes, potatoes, sassages, and other garden stuff.

N. B.—I teeches joggrafy, and them out-landish kind of things. A bawl on Wednesdays and Frydays, all performed (God willin) by me. MATTY MILLER.

From the London Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mrs. Caudle has been to see her dear mother, Caudle, on the "joyful occasion," has given a party, and issued the annexed card of invitation.

[Here is an engraved face simile of a card displaying a punch bowl, a broom, a bottle, glass, pipes, and deadlatch key, neatly disposed, with the motto: "When the cat's away the mice will play," and the following invitation:]

Mr. Caudle's compliments to Mr. Prettyman, and expects to have the honor of his company on this joyful occasion, at half-past eight o'clock.

"It is hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern: a tavern?—a pothouse! Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes; and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew as well as I do, that's all; but it shall, come day, I'm determined.

"I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and, what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. *Take 'em down, then?* Yes, it's all very well for you to say take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago; but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out *that.*

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinderhole burnt in it! I never saw such a house in my life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of housbreakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman. Ha, and you all call yourselves the lords of creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation, if you were life to yourselves! A pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!

"You must all have been in a nice condition! What do you say? You took nothing? Took nothing, didn't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I hav'nt had the heart to count 'em. And punch, too; you must have punch!—There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one, for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em to me.—No, sir; Susan shan't leave the house!—What do you say? She has no right to tell tales, and you will be master in your own house? Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea-cup! Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? There wasn't fifty. That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world out of my housekeeping money? You don't you know you do. [Pretty well] shilling extra, [Continuing counting] And yet a whole loaf in sugar can't you throw away upon——. No, I won't be still; and I won't let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!

And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I would hav'nt taken any sum of money for it, and you know it—and how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. *You knew nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed, Caudle, and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you ha'nt the feeling—yes, I will say it—you had'nt the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh, no, if the truth was known, you were very glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunts picture? Oh! you're laughing, are you? *You're not laughing?* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her face—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling like other people, that all.

"Then there's my China mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—its no such thing, Caudle; there was'nt a flaw in it—and now, I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it wasn't worth two pence. How do you know? You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least that's all I've found out present, but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow.

"And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair—and perhaps"—

"Here," says Caudle, "Morpheus came to my aid, and I slept; nay, I think I snored."

POLITICAL.

THE PORTRAIT OF A POLITICIAN.

The following sketches are well executed. They are drawn by a member of Congress, as we understand, from the Empire State, with whom we have no personal acquaintance. He has already sketched a whole gallery of congressional portraits, of which the following is a happy specimen.

[From the Mohawk (N. Y.) Courier]

RANDOM SKETCHES OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

BY A MEMBER.

In one of those exciting debates of spontaneous eruption, so to speak, that occurred not unfrequently in the early stages of the first session, Mr. Wise declared that "the last census had dwarfed Virginia," and he went on in a manner peculiar to himself, and with an eloquence that distinguishes his congressional career, to pour out his regrets that dominion was passing from his native land, and to express his fears that transmontane majorities would soon overthrow the limitations of the constitution, and hasten the government into the vortex of centralism and consolidation. Of the justice of his fears I give no opinion; but his speech made a strong impression upon my mind. It is natural to admire and commend patriotism in any age—in any land. We love to contemplate the brave and virtuous man contending for his own hearthstone—for the graves of his fathers, even in the far time and distant country; and it is a cold heart that does not throb to the shamrock with the oppressed son of the Emerald Isle—warm to the Tartan with the illustrious Argyle—or respond with the Frank to grandly solemn strains of the Marseilles Hymn. I confess the weakness, if such it was, that, listening to the voice of Mr. Wise, strangely modulating from the shrill, piercing alto of Randolph, to the deepest bass of guttural cadences, I felt and feared as a Virginian!

Virginia had given a long and resplendent line of statesmen to the republic. She had vindicated, with a power unsurpassed in 1798–9, the wisdom and justice of limited government. To her I had looked as the "holy land of my political faith." Her decline I could not regard with indifference. Although the census had dwarfed her representation, I soon became satisfied that the standard of her intellect had not declined; that it towered still nobly in the ascendent, "as in her former day of glory."

If called upon to introduce to the reader one among her distinguished living statesmen entirely worthy of her ancient renown, whose clear intellect, energetic eloquence, and cool segacity would elevate him to an equal rank with Madisons, Taylors, Gileses, and Roanes, I should—disclaiming the intention of passing invidious judgement—designate Geo. C. Dromgoole, whose district lies upon the southern border, where his personal popularity baffles all open opposition to his preferment.

Gifted with faculties equal to any emergency, that shine the brighter as occasion presses—that grapple with and comprehend, in all the intricacy of detail, the greatest measures with singular facility, General Dromgoole appears, nevertheless, more brilliant and successful in repartee than in argument. This is attributable more, perhaps, to habit, than to the predominant cast of the mind. There are but few men so capable, from ready resources, to turn the shafts of assault upon himself or friends against his adversaries. His denunciations are bold, and sometimes severe to harshness; but they are always based upon facts, which are seldom, if ever contested.

His eloquence is attractive only in its matter and the evident sincerity of his convictions. The continuous monotony of his voice in speaking deprives his efforts of the advantage of those embellishments which the effective *manner* of Wise, Rhett, or Adams, gives to their forensic displays. He is the champion of his side of the House, let who will be the *chosen* leader of the party majority. The House may designate, wisely and worthily, a Jones or a McKay, but all trying occasions elect Dromgoole the leader. And nobly does he bear himself. His combinations are characterized by the wise forecast of Soult, and he presses the assault with the terrible impetuosity of Ney. In unpremeditated discussions, (which are frequently interesting from the relief they give to the irksome *routine* of congressional life,) he is *semper paratus*—on the alert; and seated in a quarter of the hall where the eye of the Speaker most naturally rests, (a slight remove from the centre passage on the left,) he never fails of recognition when he rises in his place to address the chair.

When Mr. Adams addresses the House and hurls his denunciations at the men and measures of the democratic party obnoxious to his displeasure, Dromgoole watches him from his place with a steady eye and fixed position. He takes no notes of the debate, but retains every material point and fact in the storehouse of memory. At the proper time, he replies, never harshly, often successfully, always ably.

I have said that General D. excels in repartee. I would not be understood as disparaging his capacity for argument. His set speeches are characterized by great power, and are models of reasoning, condensation, and perspicuity of illustration. He is unrivalled as a parliamentary tactician in this country. The master of rules and orders, his word seems to give the law; and frequently silences faction.

He is a disciple of the strict constitutional school of Jefferson, Macon, and John Taylor, and of that political faith which looks for social happiness, not in a splendid, but in a cheap and sparing government untrammelled debate, free thought, equal general laws, and in the elevation of the individual man above the control of sordid interest and complicated social machinery. It is not too much to say, all things considered, that he is the ablest champion of constitutional republicanism that has appeared for may years on the floor of Congress. An ardent whig, now in his grave—and, by the way, a young man of promise and parts—on one occasion denominated Gen. D., in true Western phrase, "the wheel horse of the democratic party."

Gen. D.'s personal appearance is prepossessing, and the constant sallies of his wit, which are bereft of the poison of sarcasm by his generous nature, enliven his intercourse with friends. He is of the ordinary stature, not far from 40 years of age, of fair complexion, and a bachelor! His political associates have *hit* him, on occasion, as one of the *fathers* of the party!

The whig papers of recent date have animadverted upon Gen. D. as a duellist. It is not denied, I believe, that he was once engaged in "an affair of honor;" and there are circumstances related of it that would go far to extenuate his conduct, even in the opinions of a community where that kind of "personal satisfaction" is not only disreputable, but odious. I am not in possession of them in sufficient particularity to give them currency. It is a common remark, however, in metropolitan circles, that, ever since the rencontre, in which his adversary fell, he has constantly maintained the widow and children of the deceased.

It will be readily inferred from the foregoing imperfect impressions, that the public interest will ever find a faithful champion in the person of this distinguished son of Virginia. Honesty, vigilance, and frankness, combined with a moral courage which no events or vicissitudes of parties have ever taught fear, characterize his whole public career, so far as a limited experience in affairs may be permitted to judge.

☞ "If we would enjoy ourselves, we must take the world as it is, mixed up with a thousand spots of sunshine—a cloud here and there; a bright sky; a storm to-day, calm to-morrow; the chill piercing winds of autumn, and bland reviving air of summer."—Such is life!

A TRUTH.—Some men are like like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on a tail, and all memory of former acts of kindness are obliterated.

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