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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETICAL GLEANINGS.

[*From the National Era.*]

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken heart are there.

Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise & song—
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailing blends not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! the light, which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring Love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast, or fierce descending shower,
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread,
The song of peace Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel-minstrels tread!

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one; thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to trace the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of Eternal Day?

WOMAN.

Say, what is man's supreme delight?
What can fill his heart with pleasure?
What is most precious to his sight?
What is Nature's choicest treasure?

There is a *something* I can name
Is all and more—deny it no man:
'Tis dearer far than wealth or fame,
'Tis *fair, angelic, virtuous Woman.*

Can aught to man such rapture give?
Is she not all his heart can sigh for?
For many earthly things he'd live,
But *lovely Woman* he would die for.

Yet there are men, methinks you'd say,
Who oft caress her, oft refuse her;
Not *men*—appear like men they may:
None but *unfeeling brutes* abuse her.

I call him man alone whose mind
Ne'er harbor'd yet a thought to harm her,
In whose fond heart a friend she'd find,
If pale distress or pain alarm her.

But henceforth may her sorrows cease,
Affliction's frown assail her never:
Bless her, kind Heaven, with health and peace,
And joy attend her steps forever.

For she is man's supreme delight,
She can fill his heart with pleasure,
She is most precious to his sight,
She is nature's choicest treasure.

☞The most tender hearted man we ever saw was a shoe-maker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran his awl into a sole.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Day had passed, and night was fast approaching, but the mild soft light of a summer's moon fully compensated for the loss of the sun's more powerful rays: a calm tranquility reigned around, not a zephyr murmured its sighs to disturb the waves of the Garoone, as they moved slowly on their course, but the distant chime of a convent's vesper bell struck beautifully on the ear, as its mellowed sounds died in sweet cadence through the still air. Not far from the river's side stood the magnificent castle of G——, its towering battlements stretching their mighty heads above the trees that encircled them, and looking down in sullen grandeur on the sparkling waters beneath.

"What a lovely night!" exclaimed the lively Julia de Linton, to her cousin, as they stood gazing (from a balcony of the castle,) on the quiet scene before them.

"Tis indeed a lovely night," mournfully responded the other, "perhaps the last we shall ever see.

"Bless me, how sorrowful you have grown of late," interrupted the former, laughing; "now were I in your place, I should be the happiest of mortals."

"Why so?" inquired her companion.

"Why so? and do you stand there to ask me such a question! you, whom to-morrow's sun will see the bride of the richest and handsomest nobleman in all France! why Sibyl, you surprise me! every one envies the daughter of Count Regenal, yet she herself is not happy."

"No, no, happiness is for ever fled from me," sobbed the distressed Sibyl: "would to God to-morrow's sun might light me to the tomb."—The tears of the afflicted maiden could no longer be restrained, but chased one another in rapid succession down her pallid cheeks.

"Sibyl, you are ill," cried the terrified Julia, as she supported her cousin, "what makes you thus?"

"Distracting thoughts," was the hurried reply: "forgive me, dear Julia, for frightening you; I have tried to overcome this weakness, but the effort has proved too much for my strength; how grateful I feel towards my father for allowing me this my last evening of liberty to myself; 'twas kind, though he, alas! has behaved cruel to his child. Oh! my father," she continued, with fervency, "could you read this agonized heart, I am sure you would spare this last fatal blow you are about to give it."

"Cousin, dear cousin, speak not so, you distress me, what has caused this violent ebullition of your feelings? tell me."

"I cannot, my only friend, I cannot tell all, a father's curse would crush me," and she shuddered as she spoke, "what I shall say would have remained unuttered, had not my unguarded expressions partly informed you that the Duke is not the object of my affections; look not so reproachfully upon me, dear girl, for I could not relate my secrets, even to you. The arts by which I have been forced to become the bride of de Alsace, I am not free to disclose, as my doing so would throw a stain upon the character of him most near to me; the other part of my story you shall hear in a few words." The tremulous speaker paused to recover breath, then continued:—"Julian Montaldo was the chosen of my heart, he only could have made me happy—he alone could have done so, but ah!" she stopped as if some horrible vision flitted through her brain—again went on: "through the powerful interest of the Duke he was sent on a dangerous embassy, from which he never returned; I am now to become the wife of his treacherous rival; think you, after this confession, I am the happiest of mortals?" the audible sobs of her listener bore evidence to the contrary. "No, no, 'tis impossible," pursued the fair girl; with energy, "you have judged but as the world in general, they pass their opinion without reflecting; whilst others have thought me surrounded with every blessing, oh! how ardently have I prayed for death, but still he shuns the really wretched to visit the gay and happy; my heart has ceased to hope, yet Heaven, thy will be done!" at the same time raising her streaming eyes to the glittering sky above, in placid resignation. The hitherto lively Julia could offer no consolation to her bereaved cousin, her sensitive mind was visibly affected at what she had witnessed, and a long silence ensued.

"The night has far advanced, I think you had better leave me Julia," said Sibyl, "and I will retire to my chamber, there to seek a little composure, before my fate is sealed."

"Let me remain with you," entreated her companion, "solitude may be hurtful to you."

"Press not such a request, dear cousin, for this night I must be alone."

After a few demurs on the part of Julia, it was agreed that the latter should join her cousin in the dressing-room the ensuing morning, they then separated, each to their respective chambers.

A morning of exceeding loveliness succeeded the preceding night; the sun shone with resplendent lustre through the eastern windows of the castle—the neighboring forests rang with the happy notes of the feathered inhabitants, and the merry laughing voices of the country swains, hastening to their healthy toil, formed a full chord of harmony with the smiling face of nature.

"My headstrong girl will no longer cause me trouble," mused Count Regenal, exultingly, as he strolled leisurely by the river's brink; "to-day," he continued, "she shall be exalted—my long indulged dream of ambition will be realized, and I shall be the proud father of the beautiful Duchess de Alsace." Vain man! futile boast! how little could he foresee the decrees of Heaven; but we must not anticipate. "I know not what what it is," he pursued in a moralizing strain, "that makes me feel thus; last night sleep refused to visit my pillow; I cannot define the uneasy sensation that possessed me." So speaking, he retraced his steps to the castle, where all was bustle and preparation for the approaching ceremony; the haughty nobleman beheld with triumph the splendor that was to grace the nuptials of his young and lovely daughter. Nine had struck when he was joined by the happy Duke; ten o'clock being the hour appointed for the departure of the bridal train, the company began to assemble.

"I have neither seen Sibyl or Julia this morning," said the Count, "I should think they intend to hide themselves until the last moment by not appearing."

He had scarce finished the sentence, when his niece entered the breakfast-parlor in a dreadful agitation.

"In God's name, what is the matter?" inquired the Duke, hastily.

"Oh," groaned the trembling Julia, "I fear my cousin is ill; I have been endeavoring to obtain admission to her chamber this last half-hour without effect."

By a spotaneous movement the whole of the party rushed to the bride's apartment; no sound from within answered to their repeated calls.

"We must force the door," exclaimed the distracted Count.

Implements were immediately procured, and the firm oak yielded to their pressure.

"She prays," whispered de Alsace, as he looked forward and beheld his bride kneeling by her bedside; "speak to her, dear Count; should more enter it might frighten her."

The Count stepped towards his daughter saying: "This is unkind, dear Sibyl; who so absent, you have terrified us all?"

Sibyl was silent; the voice of her father failed to awaken her from the reverie into which she had fallen; he advanced nearer, and grasped her hand in undefinable fear—'twas cold—cold as marble; in the act of prayer her pure spirit had left its clay tenement to join him she so fondly loved while living—her request had been granted—the morrow's sun shone on her inanimate corpse.

☞"Dick, have you been after saleratus?"

"No I haint."

"If you don't go quick, I'll tell your mistress."

"Well tell mistress as soon as you please, I don't know Sally Ratus, and won't go near her—you know well enough I'm engaged to Deb."

The Farmer.

[*From the Germantown Telegraph.*]

Clover—Making Hay.

Clover, when intended for hay, should be cut early. Nothing is gained by permitting it to stand. When cut in its green state and properly cured, it makes an excellent feed for horses, sheep and young stock generally; but it is greatly lessened in value by long standing. It should be cut when in bloom, or, at latest, before the seed has ripened.

In England, from which country we may derive many and valuable lessons in practical agriculture, clover is seldom if ever spread as with us, the more judicious farmers of that country believing it far better and more economical, on the whole, to cure it in the cock, than to expose it by spreading, to the wasting influences of the sun and winds. Most persons are aware that herbs, intended for medicinal purposes, are comparatively of little value unless cured in the shade. That the sun abstracts much of the goodness from this species of hay, when exposed for any considerable length of time, is beyond a doubt. By drying, much of the foliage, as well as the blossoms becomes detached and lost, and as this constitutes, where the growth is rank, much of the most valuable part of the crop, its loss is a matter of considerable importance, and should be guarded against by all means possible to be devised.

We prefer mowing our clover when the air is clear—say from eight to eleven o'clock, after the dew has disappeared, and the ground becomes warm. We then leave it in the swarth till the approach of night, when it is carefully turned, by which a fresh, undried surface is presented to the night dew, and the wilted and comparatively dried portions secured by being turned under. In this condition it remains till the afternoon of the next day, when if the weather be fair, it is pitched into "grass cock," and left to make.—Care, however, is essential in constructing the cocks, as when too bulky, the grass will heat and become musty, which greatly detracts from the value of the hay. A "grass cock" ought never to contain more than eighty or a hundred pounds of unmade or partially wilted grass, and must not be formed too compactly, or be so much consolidated by pressure as to cause a liability to ferment or heat. A careful and practiced workman will pitch the grass into cock much better and with far greater dispatch, if the crop be an average one, that it can be raked and cocked in the usual way. As soon as the hay is thoroughly made, it should be got in without spreading, and in dry weather. In the barn it should be closely packed.

Washington's Appointment.

As anything associated with the name of *Washington* is highly interesting, we publish the following. It is a true and perfect copy of the original commission granted by Congress to General Washington, appointing him Commander-in-Chief of the American Forces, under which he achieved our glorious Independence—and which he resigned, on retiring from the command and responsibilities of a Military Life:

IN CONGRESS.

The Delegates of the United Colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Castle, Kent and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina,

To George Washington, Esq.

We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, conduct and fidelity, do, by these presents, constitute and appoint you to be General and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, and of all the forces raised and to be raised by them, and of all others who shall voluntarily offer their services, and join the said army for the defence of American Liberty, and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof.

And you are hereby vested with full power and authority to act as you shall think for the good and welfare of the service.

And we do hereby enjoin and require you to be careful in executing the great trust reposed in you, by causing good discipline and order to be observed in the army, and that the soldiers are duly exercised and provided with all convenient necessaries.

And you are to regulate your conduct in every respect by the rules and discipline of war, as herewith given you; and punctually to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the said United Colony, or a Committee of Congress, for that purpose appointed.

This Commission to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

By order of the Congress,

JOHN HANCOCK, President.

Attested, Chas. Thompson, Sec'y.

Dated, Philadelphia, June 19th, 1775.

[*For the Cambridge Democrat.*]

LINES TO MISS ——, OF BRIDGEVILLE.

BY JAMES.

When o'er the harp thy fingers play,
And wake sweet sounds of melody,
Then whither strays thy mind?
Dost thou on some high mountain stand,
To reconnoitre fancy's band
Or mingle with mankind?

Or do thy thoughts, sublimely rise
To realms of bliss beyond the skies
With gratitude, and praise?
To heaven's supreme and glorious thing,
"Whose praise makes Heaven loudly ring;
Ancient of everlasting days?"

Or do thy thoughts and wishes 'tend
To earth, & o'er some loved one fondly bend
With wild and anxious breast?
Within thy young and tender heart,
Has love ne'er plunged his fatal dart,
And thy young mind oppressed?

But lest fair maid, you deem me rude,
If with presumption I intrude
Longer upon thy reverie;
To these my questions I reply,
That gazing on thy love lit eye
Has drawn them forth from me.

For warm emotions, yea the soul
Is read within those orbs that roll
Revealing passion's host.
Thine sparkle with such radiant beams,
That from their varied brightness teams
The tale of love the most.

Bridgeville, Del.—June 1849.

A HOOSIER'S DOMICIL.

The Green Mountain Argus gives the following description of a Hoosier's house, by one of the tribe:

One side was hung with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of varmints;
Dried pumpkins over head were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung;
Two rifles placed above the door—
Three dogs are stretch'd upon the floor;
Where half a dozen Hoosieroons,
With mush and milk, tin cups and spoons;
White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,
Seem much inclined to keep their places:
In short, the domicil is rife,
With specimens of a Hoosier's life.

☞"I'm afraid of the lightning," murmured a pretty woman during a thunder storm. "Well you may be (sighed a despairing lover,) when your heart is iron."

How to Ruin a Son.—1. Let him have his own way.

2. Allow him free use of money.

3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath.

5. Give him full access to his wicked companions.

5. Call him to no account of his evenings.

5. Furnish him with no stated employment.

Pursue either of these ways and you will experience a most marvelous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child! Thousands have realized the sad result, & have gone mourning to the grave.

Wit and Humor.

☞A person, riding on horseback, met one day an awkward fellow leading a calf, whom he accosted as follows:—"how odd it looks to see one calf leading another!" "Yes," replied the man, "but not so odd as to see a calf on horseback!" The horseman went on his way and was seen no more.

☞A gentleman having presented his church with the Ten Commandments, it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

Byron on Editors.—Lord Byron said that, "with all his follies, he never was guilty of stopping his paper because its editor happened to displease him."

The Pittsburg Mercury, recording the marriage of a Miss Holmes, President of the Martha Washington Total Abstinence Society, to a Mr. Andrew Horn, appends the following:

Fair Julia lived a Temp'rance maid,
And preached its beauties night and morn,
But still her wicked neighbors said
She broke her pledge and *took a-Horn.*

True.—How many fond mothers and frugal housewives keep their pretty daughters and preserves for some extra occasion—some "big bug" or other, till both turn *sour.* This seems us marvellously poor economy.

☞"Henry, love, I wish you would throw away that book, and talk with me, I feel so dull!"

(A long silence and no reply.)

"O, Henry, my foot is asleep!"

"Is it—well don't talk dear, you might wake it up."

☞A newly married couple went to house keeping not long since at Boston in Poplar st.—At breakfast the next morning after their entrance, the gentleman said to his lady, "My dear, this is Poplar street, and by putting *u* (you) in it it becomes *popular.*"

☞A young gentleman who was in the act of popping the question to a young lady, was interrupted by the father entering the room, inquired what they were about. 'O,' replied the fair one, Mr. —— was just explaining the question of *annexation* to me, and he is for *immediate* annexation. 'Well,' said papa, if you can agree on on a treaty, I'll ratify it.'

☞"Ah! John, you won't have me much longer; I shall never leave this house alive!" "Please thyself, Betty, and thee'll please me," returned John with great equanimity. "I have been a good wife to you John," persisted the dying woman. "Midlin', Betty, midlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

☞"You pull teeth here, I suppose," enquired a vegetable looking customer who dropped into a dental office for information.

"Yes, sir; take a chair," replied the proprietor, "our charge is fifty cents, and I can do it instantly.

"Well, I guess I'll wait until I get home, for I can't pay that price, because our doctor charges only a quarter, and it takes him two hours; besides, he pulls you all around the room, and you get the *worth of your money.* So, good day."

☞A great lie is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself."

☞Some writer talking of good manners, says "nobody ever lost anything by politeness."—Our experince does'nt unite to confirm the truth of that "observation;" but if any want to test the question, let "him have the politeness" to lend his umbrella.

☞A lady wrote with a diamond, on a pane of of glass:

"God did at first make man upright, but he—"

To which a gentleman added:

"Most surely had continued so, but she—"

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