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POETICAL GLEANINGS.

EVENING SOLACE.

BY CARTER BELL.

The human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed;
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed.
And days may pass in gay confusion,
And nights in rosy riot fly,
While, lost in Fame's or Wealth's illusion,
The memory of the Past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening silence come,
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe;
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,
Now cause but some mild tears.

And feelings, once as strong passions,
Float softly back—a faded dream,
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,
The tale of others' sufferings seem.
Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,
How longs it for the time to be,
When through the mist of years receding,
Its woes but live in revery!

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,
On evening shade and loneliness;
And, while the sky grows dim and dimmer,
Feel no untold and strange distress—
Only a deeper impulse given
By lonely hour and darkened room,
To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,
Seeking a life and world to come.

THE DEAD BOY.

His little chair is vacant now,
His playthings put away;
The beauty of his cherub brow
Is vanished where he lay.
The music of his young delight
Is hushed forevermore;
The sunny face that gleamed so bright
Has faded from the door.

Yet still we listen through the night
To hear his breathing sweet,
And with the morn's awakening light
His kiss we turn to meet.
And through the livelong day we sigh
To catch his beaming smile,
And see that form so bounding by
So beautiful erewhile.

In vain, in vain—a shadow lies
Where sunbeams used to fall;
The moaning wind alone replies,
When his dear name we call;
The echoes of his steps are fled,
And glance and smile are gone—
And now we know that he is dead,
And we are left alone.

But in each wind that fans our cheek
His own sweet breath is there;
And angel-lips in whispers speak
To comfort our despair;
And every star that burns above
His own blest image gives,
And tells us that where all is love
Our boy forever lives. [*Louisville Cour.*

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE IDEA OF A PERFECT WIFE.

Burke, the great English statesman, used repeatedly to declare that every care vanished the moment he entered his own house. He wrote the following beautiful descriptive prose paper, "The Idea of a Perfect Wife," which he presented to Mrs. B. one morning on the anniversary of their marriage, delicately heading the paper as below, leaving her to fill out the blank:

"THE CHARACTER OF MRS.——

"I mean to give you an idea of a woman. If it all answers an original, I shall be pleased, for if such a person as I would describe really exists, she must be far superior to my description, and such as I must love too well to be able to paint as I ought.

"She is handsome; but it is beauty not arising from features, from complexion or from shape; she has all three in a high degree, but it is not from these she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence and sensibility which a face cannot express, that forms her beauty.

"She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first.

"Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office not by authority but by virtue.

"Her features are not exactly regular; that sort of exactness more to be praised than to be loved; for it is never animated.

"Her stature is not tall; she is made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one.

"She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

"There is often more of the coquette shown in an affected weakness than in tawdry finery. She is always clean, without preciseness or affectation. Her gravity is a gentle thoughtfulness that softens the features without discomposing them. She is unusually grave.

"Her smiles are inexpressible.

"Her voice is a low soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage—you must come close to hear it.

"To describe her body, describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes. She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do.

"She discovers the right or wrong of things not by reasoning but sagacity; most women and many good ones, have a closeness and something selfish in their dispositions; she has a true generosity of temper; the most extravagant cannot be more unbounded in their liberality, the most cautious in their distribution.

"No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by that knowledge.

"Her politeness seems rather to flow from a natural disposition to oblige than from any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

"She does not run with a girlish eagerness into new friendships, which, as they have no foundation in reason, serve only to multiply and embitter disputes: it is long before she chooses but then is fixed forever, and the hours of romantic friendship are not warmer than her's after the lapse of years.

"As she never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on any body, so she never disgraces her judgment by immoderate or ill praises, for everything violent is contrary to her gentleness of disposition, and the evenness of her virtue.

"She has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre.

"She has such virtue as makes us value the truly great of our own sex: she has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful of hers."

* * * * * * * *

All I have been—or could be unto thee,
Others may be in thy sojourning here;
Thy voice's wonders wake their ecstacy,
Thy glorious mind make mind in them appear;
Till thou believest all thy soul unites
With the impassioned one that thrills before thee;
And feel'st thy fancy fire with fresh delights,
As her fresh heart but listens to adore thee.
And then, withdrwn within thyself again,
To high communion with all good thou'lt waken;
And strength will then, as it of old would, reign,
And wild compassion for the last forsaken;
While each in turn will from affection pass;
As when the sand is run we break the glass;
The world of Love once compassed in this breast,
An idle fragment strewn amid the rest.

The Extravagance of Royalty.

The following is a graphic sketch of the contents of one of the apartments of Windsor Castle. The narrator says—

From the library, we went to the apartment called technically "The Gold Room;" it is this to which I wish to call your attention; I surveyed it leisurely, and I do not remember having read a description of its contents, nor can I give even an outline of its various treasures; I commenced taking notes from the mouth of the custode, who with his various assistants is every day of the year fully employed in cleaning the plate, but he said it was contrary to orders to allow any notes to be taken. What memoranda I did make, and what I remembered accurately, I will state, trusting that my letter will not be opened, and I convicted of treason.

To begin!—The whole collection is valued at twelve millions of dollars! There are glass cases like a silversmith's shop, and behind the glass are the principal articles; would you believe that I there saw a dinner service of silver gilt, of the most gorgeous kind, presented by the merchants of Liverpool, to the late William the 4th, before he was king, in reward for his advocacy of the slave trade! Believe it or not, there it is, with the inscription telling the tale. There is a salver of immense size, made from the gold snuff boxes alone of George the Fourth, the lids and inscriptions curiously preserved or the surface in a kind of mosaic or gold; its value fifty thousand dollars. Then you may see near it Nell Gwynn's bellows—the handles, nozzle, &c., of gold!—the golden peacock, inlaid with diamonds, and rubies from Delhi—not as large as a pheasant, but valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; the footstool of Tippoo Saib, a solid gold lion with chrystal eyes, the value of its gold is seventy-five thousand dollars; George the Fourth's celebrated candelabra for a dinner table, valued at fifty thousand dollars, so heavy that two men are required to lift each. Piles upon piles of golden plates, sufficient to dine two hundred and fifty persons, with ample changes, were spread about or in the cleaner's hands.

If this enumeration does not satisfy your aching vision, we will ask the custode, who seems extremely anxious, in the midst of so much treasure, and would evidently be glad to get rid of us, to open a long series of dresser-looking drawers. Here are 140 dozen each of gold knives and forks of various patterns, which he repeats the name of, as "oak," "stag," "George the Third," and so on. Another set of dressers'—what can they contain!—only one hundred and one dozen each of gold table and teaspoons, all arranged in the most perfect order. Take another walk up and down the room with glass cases on tables in the middle, filled with gorgeous gold, and try to impress some form of taste more elegant than other! It is vain—memory only carries away a confused idea of riches, such as must have cost poor and under-ground laborers, lives of toil and sweat, and pain, to procure, merely to pamper wealth and royalty, to do no good—to be almost as useless as it was in the mines for it is rarely produced, and requires a host of human beings merely to keep it right. A little conversation with this king of the gold room, informed us, that it was a poor time to see the plate, because fifty chests were removed to be used by the Queen at Buckingham Palace!

From the London Magazine.

King Solomon's Blacksmith.

And it came to pass when Solomon the Son of David, had finished the temple of Jerusalem, that he called unto him the chief architects, the head artificers, and cunning workers in silver and gold, and in wood and in ivory, and in stone—yes, all who had aided in rearing the temple of the Lord, and said unto them:

"Sit ye down at my table; I have prepared a feast for all my chief workers and cunning artificers. Stretch forth your hands, therefore and eat, and drink and be merry. Is not the skilful artificer worthy of honor? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

And when Solomon and the chief workmen were seated, and the fatness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself into the festal chamber. Then Solomon the King, was wroth and said:

"What manner of man art thou?"

And the man answered and said—"When men wish to honor me, they call me "Son of the Forge;" but when they desire to mock me they call me "blacksmith;" and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O King, is not inapt, and in truth thy servant desireth no better."

"But," said Solomon "why came you thus so rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save the chief workmen of the Temple are invited?"

"Please ye, my lord, I came rudely," replied the man, "because thy servant obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the temple were invited to dine with the King of Israel?"

Then he who carved the cherubim said:

"This fellow is no sculptor."

And he who inlaid the roof with pure gold said: "Neither is a workman in fine metals."

And he who raised the wall said: "He is not a cutter of stone."

And the one who made the roof, cried out: knoweth he the mystery of uniting pieces of strange timber together."

Then said Solomon, "What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged with a scourge, and stoned to death with stones?"

And when the Son of the Forge heard this he was in no sort dismayed, but advanced to the table, snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said:

"O King live forever! The chief men of the workers in wood and gold and stone, have said that I am not one of them, and they have said truly. I am their masters; and they are all my servants. And he turned him round and said to the chief of the carvers in stone:

"Who made the tools with which you carve?"

And he said—"The Blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the masons:

"Who made the chisels with which the stones of the temple were squared?"

And he said, "The Blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the workers in wood:

"Who made the tools with which you hewed the trees of Lebanon, and formed them into the pillars and roof of the temple?"

And he said, "The Blacksmith."

Then said he to the artificer in gold and in ivory:

Who made your instruments with which you work beautiful things for my lord the King?"

And he said, "The Blacksmith."

"Enough, enough, good fellow," said Solomon "thou hast proved that I invite thee, and thou art all men's father in art. Go wash the smut of the forge from thy face, and come and sit at my right hand. The chiefs of my workers are but men—thou art more."

So it happened at the feast of Solomon, and Blacksmiths have been honored ever since.

"Are you in love, Maria?"

"Yes, mother."

"How much?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, but I should think about five feet, or thereabouts, for I feel all overish like!"

"Why is a lady, while decorating her fingers, like one in distress? Because she is wringing her hands.

☞A correspondent who possesses chemical knowledge as well as much experience, sends us (says the Baltimore American) the following receipe:

Directions for Boiling Rice.—Take one pint of rice, wash it, and put it in soak for two hours. Have ready two quarts of boiling water, with a little salt in it, in a stew pan. Half an hour before you wish to use it, pour the water in which the rice is soaked from it, and with a table spoon, shake the rice into the stew pan without stirring it, and let it boil ten minutes; then strain the liquid from the rice. Return the rice to the stew pan, and let it steam for fifteen or twenty minutes, when it will be done, and the grains will be separate. Add a little butter, and send it to the table.

The above is the proper way to cook rice, which is important to know, as we are now prevented from using almost all other kind of vegetables. This receipe is furnished by a lady in whose family it has been a regular dish on the dinner table since 1832.

A Short Sermon.—Perhaps it may not be amiss to remember the Printer in my discourse. He is in every disagreeable situation. He trusts everybody—he knows not whom; his money is scattered everywhere, and he hardly knows where to look for it. His paper, his ink, his type, his journeyman's labor, his living, etc., must be punctually paid for, you Mr. ———, and Mr. ——— a hundred others I could name, have taken his paper, and you and your poor children, and your neighbors have been amused and instructed by it. If you miss one paper, you think very hard of the printer, you would rather go without your best meal than be deprived of your newspaper. Have you ever complied with the terms of your subscription?—Have you taken as much pains to furnish the Printer with his money as he has to furnish you with his paper? Have you paid him for his type, his press, his head work, &c. If you have not; go and pay off.—*Dow, Jr.*

We wish that some of our patrons who have been in arrears form some time, would profit by the above.—*Ed. Dem.*

Ringgold's Grave.—In an article describing a recent visit to Greenmount Cemetery, near Baltimore, the editor of the Marlboro' Gazette thus speaks of the last resting place of the brave and lamented Ringgold:

The grave of Major Ringgold, enclosed by a fence made of muskets taken from the Mexicans at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, struck us as peculiarly appropriate: a most significant monument for the brave soldier—speaking louder than marble obelisk or titled shaft. The enclosure is small, but is much sought after by visiters.

"Bring flowers that tell of the noble dead,
On the battle field, where the vanquished fled;
Of mercy shown to the prostrate foe,
By the strength of a valiant arm laid low:
Of honor done to the true and brave,
And form a wreath for the soldier's grave."

MAXIMS AND PROVERBS.

A fop is the tailor's friend, and his own foe.
Better to be alone than in bad company.
Concealing faults is but adding to them.
Discord reduceth strength to weakness.
Every man is the architect of his own fortune.
Fortitude without wisdom is but rashness.
He who would reap well, must sow well.
Imitate a good man, but never counterfeit him
Meditation is the fountain of discourse.
Pleasure in excess is criminal.
Reputation is the darling of human affection.
Sell not virtue to purchase wealth.
The first step to greatness is to be honest.
Unruly passions destroy the peace of the soul.
Without danger, danger cannot be surmounted.

Moral Beauty of Females.—No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech. Nor is she capable of being beautiful who is not incapable of being false.—It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. She who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

Canine Knowledge of Time.—It is a curious fact, (says Jesse in his Anecdotes of Dogs,) that these animals can count time. I had, when a boy, a favorite terrier, which always went with me to church. My mother, thinking that he attracted too much of my attention, ordered the servant to fasten him up every Sunday morning. He did so once or twice, but never afterwards. Trim concealed himself every Sunday morning, and either met me as I entered the church, or I found him under my seat in the pew. Mr. Southey, in his "Omuana," informs us that he knew of a dog which was brought up by a Catholic, and afterwards sold to a Protestant, but still he refused to eat anything on a Friday.

To have fine Mutton.—The sheep, as soon as killed, should be disemboweled. It is the neglect to remove the entrals at once, and not the meat being touched by the wool, which imparts to it that strong mutton taste. The reason of this is, that the heat carried off by the loss of blood, is for a time suplied from warmth of the bowels, and thus the objectionable taste created.

When brokers are short-necked men, *stocks* must necessarily be low.

☞In extra-polite circles, the *nightmare* is now termed "nocturnal horse of the femine gender."

Wit and Humor.

Mickey's Last.—"How d'ye do, dochter?" said Mickey, as he met Dr. Feuchtwanger, yesterday, muffled to the eyes. "Ver bad, Mickey, ver bad!" replied the professor of medicine, "I hash got von bad coult in my head." "Got a what, dochter, dear?" "Von bad coult, I tells you, in my head." "A *colt* in his head," ejaculated Michey, "Mother o' Moses! I've heard of felly with a mare's nest, but swape me av iver I seen one hatched out afore."

☞Sylvester challenged Johnson to match a couplet of his rhymes that run somewhat thus:

"I, John Sylvester
Hugged your sister."

To which Johnson immediately replied,

"I, Ben Johnson,
Hugged your wife."

"But," said Sylvester, rather chagrined at the turn, "that's no *rhyme*."

"No," retorted Johnson, "but it is *true*."

Lisping Admirtion.—"Doctor," said a lisping, fashionable belle, who had graduated at half a dozen boarding-schools, to a friend of ours, who had just been introduced to her at an evening party, "Doctor, which do you prefer, tholidity of intellect or brillianthy? Thum admireth brillianthy, and others admireth tholidity; but ath for me, ath Thakspeare thays in his Bride of Abydoth, I prefer tholidity and brillianthy combined."

The doctor sunk into the nearest chair, and fainted away as dead as a log.

☞An Irishman, on arriving in this country, took a fancy to the Yankee girls, and wrote to his wife, as follows:—"Dear Norah—These melancholy lines are to inform you that I died yesterday, and hope you are enjoying the same blessing. I recommend you to marry Jemmy O'Rourke, and take good care of the children.—From your loving affectionate husband till death.

☞The Remedy.—"Oh, doctor," said an elderly lady recently, to Dr. H———, the celebrated bone-setter, in describing the effects of a diseased spine, "I can neither lay nor set."

"I should recommend, then," replied he, "the propriety of *roosting!*"

☞"I am a true laborer, I earn that I eat, get what I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness—glad of other men's good—content with my farm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck."—Shakspeare.

☞A cockney philologist says that the letter *W* enters into the composition of women in all the relations of life—*e. g.*, *W*irgin, *W*ife, *W*idow and *W*ixen.

☞A Great Mistake.—"Have you made choice of a profession?" inquired a young lady of a gentleman, who was endeavoring to do the agreeable. "I," replied the gentleman, "am a journeyman shoemaker." "Good heavings!" exclaimed the lady, apparently much disgusted, "*I thought you were a student!*" The gentleman "left on suspicion."

The Shingles.—"Doctor," said a wag to his medical adviser, one day, "isn't there such a disease as the *shingles?*" "Yes, to be sure," replied Galen. "Then I have got it for certain," said the patient, "for the *roof* of my mouth is broken out in a dozen places."

Couldn't Toast her Brown.—Dr. Brown courted a lady unsuccessfully for many years, during which time he every day drank her health; but, being observed at last to omit the custom, a gentleman said—"Come, Doctor, your old toast." "Excuse me," said he, "as I cannot make her *Brown*, I'll *toast* her not longer."

Coming Down.—An exceedingly tall gentleman was walking with a very short friend in the midst of a heavy shower, when the latter observed—"Bill, ain't it coming down?" Bill, lifting his shoulders still higher, answered—"I don't know how it may be with you, but it's raining like blazes, up here."

Heaven.—A negro woman at the South was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of her own color; among other things she said she had been to heaven. One of the brethren asked her—"Sister, you see any black folks in heaven?" She replied, "Oh, go way, Sam, don't put a body out; 'spose I go in de kitchen when I was da?"

Arson.—A sprig of the law expecting soon the appointment of judge, was questioned as to his qualifications as to the penalty he should attach to the crime of arson, replied, with profound gravity—"Arson, arson! I would make the fellow pay a hundred dollars and marry the girl!"

New Science.—The science of imbuing the minds of the rising generation with elements of aristocracy, is termed by "The United States Journal," the science of *Haughty*-culture—or a method of refining the breed of pumpkins.

☞Enoch says he knew a man who sat up all night, because he couldn't decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

☞"If you don't give me a penny," cried a young hopeful to his mamma, "I know a boy that's got the measles, and I'll go and catch 'em so I will."

☞A ship is said to be called "she" because the rigging cost more than the hulk.

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