From the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

THE VOICE OF WINTER. I coms - my breath is in-the blast ! A wreath of clouds is o'er me, And the leveliest flowers of earth as I past, Have wither'd and shrunk before me; Thave found the earth in its richest bloom, I come to gather its pride to the tomb; I have found it all with joy elate, I come to make it desolate.

The leaves of the trees are rustling and gay, The sheen of the rivers is bright as the spring ;

I will blow those rustling leaves away, I will stop the streamlet's murmuring ; I will strip of its robe the towering oak, Its roots shall be torn and its hmbs be broke; I will how! through the waste, and the wild beasts there

At the sound of my voice shall shrink to their

The engle shall close her soaring wing, And seek her nest on the eyric high; And eve y songster cease to sing,

At the sound of my ominous rushing by I will bow to the dust the gayest flowers, And strip of their pride the forest bowers; I will cloth the earth in white as I come-The winding sheet of her wintry tomb!

## A PORTRAIT TO THE LIFE.

Is there a man of common observation in the Universe, that cannot at once say to whom the following graphic picture belongs? We never saw a painting that had less need of the old of one to say, This is John or ROANOKE. The Messrs. Wells and Lilly, of Boston, entitled, " Our Chronicle-of 1826."

THERE is a thin and swarthy senator, Mad with much learning and a tongue o'er

Who, not content to live by wit and law, During the long vacation, goes to sea. He is a kind of literary weasel,

And holds the glorious place of legislative He has stormed onward now for twenty years;

Flashing and broliant as the meteor, sent O'er southern Skies, when all its dewy tears Are falling from the starry firmament! Such is the pathos when he stirs the lidies and summons shapes and sounds, alike, from heaven and hades.

He is a licensed jester of the court-A pretty pyrotechnic politician-Moving with all a razor's royal port, The billous general of the opposition. The dull and dusious, all, declare into crazy But then, in genius, he's a perfect Esterhazy

He cast a curse on Panama. Indeed, He could not well do better and be civil, For every measure waits from him the meed And honor of dismissal to the davil. For so it is, in spite of waxen noses, The letter it succeeds, the stronger he oppose.

He is a watking reservoir of gall; The evanescent essence of all bile Small,

He il daily rale a sharpbacked horse a mile, To stir the goodly ja ces to their duty, Of pouring alcohol on government and beauty

He is the thinnest senator on earth, And has a voice the thinnest of his gender; But to what thrills its eloquence gives birth Go ask the rived and galvanized offender! Sometimes far north his withering fancy roams.

And you may get particulars from Mr. H. ..s.

## Caricto.

Mixing together profit and delight.

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHAN.

A Tale of Waterloo. warlike Celis.

backwards and forwards, a solitary sentinel at one of our out-posts. There supported and his neck entwined by the was a weight in the midnight atmosphere arms of a female, from whom also the that spread an unwented gloom over my the whole of our army, which formed a felt at beholding, in this scene of carnage striking contrast to the loud shouts of and desolation, in the very arms of the enemy as they possed the night in death, and on the bosom of a corpse, a carousing around their watch-fires. I living infant, sleeping calmly, with the should not, perhaps, call it silence, and moon-beam resting on its levely features, yet it was something like it; but not not and a smile playing on its lips, as it showed that all around was waking watchfulness and anxiety.

About the middle of the night I received a visit from a young man with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance. He was the only son of a gentleman of large property, in the South of Ireland; but having formed an attachment to a beautiful girl in humble life, and married her against the will of his father, he had been disinherited and turned out of doors. The youth had seen reason to repent of his rashness. His wife was beautiful, virtuous and affectionate; but her want of education, and entire unacquaintance with those polished manners, and little elegancies of life to which he had been accustomed, daub's lovel, "This is a norse," than this has soon diasolved much of the charm which regiment lay. A. P. C. her beauty and artlessness had at first stanzas are from a satirical poeto, published by thrown around him. After struggling for some time with poverty and discontent, he enlisted in a regiment of heavy dragoons; and, being ordered to the Continent, left his wife, with an infant daughter, in a wretched lodging in London. Chance brought us together

in Belgium; and a similarity of tastes soon produced a friendship. Depressed as I was in spirit myself, I was struck with the melancholy tone in which that night he accosted me. He felt a presentiment, he said, that he would not survive the battle of the ensuing day. He wished to bid me farewell. and to intrust to my care his portrait, which, with his farewell blessing, was all he had to bequeath to his wife and child. Absence had renewed, or rather doubled, all his fondness for the former, and pertrayed her in all the witching loveliness that had won his boyish affection. He talked of her while the tears ran down his cheeks, and conjured me, if ever I reached England, to find ble because the paper is "all filled up her out, and make known her case to with nonsense, instead of good, long, his father. In vain, while I pledged sober, grave, and weighty political, my word to the fulfilment of his wishes, pieces," the soporific nature of which Lendeavoured to cheer him with better hopes. He listened in mournful silence reduce the apothecary's bill to a noto all I could suggest; flung his arms round my neck; wrung my hand, and we parted. I saw him but once again. It was during the hottest part of the next and terrible day, when with a noise they grumble because we do not print And should be find his spleen is growing that drowned even the roar of artillery, more "funny matters, and sich as Sir William Ponsonby's brigade of will make you fairly split your sides cavalry dashed past our hollow square, with laughing." If we publish such bearing befor them, in that tremendous charge, the flower of Napoleon's chivalry. Far ahead even of his national low, whose "total depravily" "covers regiment, I saw the monty figure of my a multitude of sins," who thinks that friend. It was but for a moment. The next instant he was fighting in the centre of the enemy's squadron; and the clouds of smoke that closed in masses round friend and foe hid him from my view. When the battle was over the wounded, and the triumphant shouts in whose ranks I had that day the hon-I overtook on the road a regiment our of standing. The moon was wadof Highlanders, then on their march for ing through scattered masses of dark Cork, where they were to embark for and heavy clouds, when I commenced morning in the spring of 1815. The was doubtful and uncertain; yet it was sun was shaning bright, and the arms easy to keep along the track that markand accontrements were glittering in ed the last career of Ponsonby. Shudsipated the clouds of despondency from son etimes trod upon the cold and moan imagination young and ardent, and tionless heaps, which now looked so opened a long vista of glory. In a few moments they had glided over the whole enters, and restored me, in high commingled with a concussion more rank, and covered with honors, to my arcadful than the carthquake's shock, native village, to my mother, and to my Although I at first felt a certain convicfriends. The first step to this ideal tion of his fate, I afterwards began to promotion was easily obtained. In a here that the object of my search had few minutes I had the honor of being contrary to his prediction, survived the enrolled a private in the 78th High-terrible encounter. I was about to retire funders ; and, before my orieval at Cork, when a heap of slain, in a ploughed was fully equipped in the goth of the field, or which the moon was now stilke Cells.

I need not detain you with an account Literally piled on each other, were the

night before the battle I was pacing of my astonishment, on finding, by a spirit had taken its departure; but you There was a silence throughout can form no conception of the horror I the silence of sleep. The stern and angels were guarding its slumbers and sullen sound with which the word and inspiring its dreams! And who knows countersign were exchanged; the low but deep tone in which the necessary tion now flashed on my mind, that orders for the following day were given; these were the wife and child of my unthe sigh of contending feelings in the fortunate friend; and the letters we afsoul, which almost resembled the grouns terwards found on the person of the exterted by bodily pain from the wounded, were all still more audible than the conjecture. Driven aside by the gale distant clang of the armourer, and the of pleasure or ambition, or by the storms snorting and prancing of the steed, and of life, the affections of man may veer; but unchangeable and unchanging is a true heart in woman. "She loves, and loves forever." This faithful wife had followed her husband through a land of strangers, and over the pathless sea; through the crowded city, and the bustling camp, till she found him stretched on the battle field. Perhaps she came in time to receive his parting sigh, and her spirit, quitting its worn-out tenement of clay, winged its way with his to liim who gave them being. With the assistance of some of my comrades, I consigned this hapless' pair to the earth, wrapped in the same military cloak; and enveloping the infant, this dear child of my adoption, in my plaid, I returned to the spot where our

GRUMPILERS. A great part of our paper is taken up this week with the President's Message We hope our patrons will not grumble at its length-albeit some of them are notoriously inclined to grumble; and if they cannot find occasions for grumbling, they are ingenious enough to make them. If we omit printing such endless matters as Presidents' Messages, Congressional Speeches, and all that, they grumble because we do not publish "every thing"-if we print them all at full length, without omission of circumstance or detail, they grumble because the paper is "filled up with sich thunderation long pieces, about polly-licks, and them there things that nobody wants to read." If we select the most entertaining, concise, and pithy articles to enliven our columns withal and take off somewhat of the gloem. the "blackness and darkness" of wars and robberies and murders and the shocking events of the day, they grumwould save all expense of opium, and nentity. If we stow in pretty liberally of the soher, sombre, horror-bearing stuff, with which the newspaper press is groaning from "morn till dewy eve," articles as strike at the prevailing vices of the day, some self complacent old felnewspapers, like cobwebs, are made to entrap the little flies, while the big wasps and bornets escape, grumbles because we happen to touch a sore spot somewhere about his sacred and touchme-not self. One man, a little stub-shot and all was hushed but the groans of of a fellow, not longer than the column of a newspaper, is perpetually grumand rolling drums of the victorious Prys- bling because we do not publish "long sians, who continued the pursuit during tales." In order to gratify him, withthe entire of the night, I quitted the out compromising our independence, shattered remains of the gallant regiment permitted him to take one of our exchange papers, which being pretty well furnished with long tales, seemed at first to please him mightily-but he soon began to grumble again, and told us the Netherlands. It was a beautiful my search for my friend. The light he "could not endure such long-tailed pieces."-Finally, that we may not make a long article of a short one, we will conclude with merely saying, its rays. The waving plumes, martial dering, lest in every face I should "Woe unto you," grumblers! for ye dress and military music, soon dis-recognize my friend, I passed by, and pass by good manners, truth and decency, to gain a single point, and grumble when you've got it

Berkshire American.

From Mrs. Colvin's Messenger.

A WHISPER TO A WIFE. Think not, the husband gained, that all is done. Gentle lady, from you a moment's attention is claimed by a widowed wife. whose bridal morning rose as bright as yours, -whose youthful heart loved "with all a woman's love;" and who anxiously wishes to secure for her interesting sisof my dull and uninteresting life, after bodies of five cuirassiers; and lying be- ters, that first and most important of all on actival in B lesson, previous to the weath his horse was the dead body of a wife's pursuits—the confidence and afmemorable fight of Waterioo. The my friend. You may form some idea fection of her husband.

You are now become a wife; and saered and important are the duties you have to fulfil. Your husband has bestowed on you the most flattering distinction; he has selected you from the world; and the chain he has put on can be broken only by death. Be it your care never to let him feel this chain, and by your kindness and gentleness make him even forget he wears it.

A bride, wherever she appears, is ever considered an object of importance and a subject of remark. "Have you seen the bride?" is the eager and general question: and what she does, what she says, what she wears, and how she looks, swell the insignificant of every gossip's visit. Let the notice which you thus excite make you particularly observant of your manner and conduct; and give the busy whisper no food for a new sarcasm in the next importation of tittle-tattle.

A bride is generally (indeed I think always,) proud of the new character she has entered on; and unless she is a woman of sense, fond of exhibiting the love she has inspired, pursue a different course; let your manner to your husband be kind and good humored : but sacred to the hours of retirement be those expressions and that display of endearment, which, used in public, argue in loud terms a want of true delicary, and are ever particularly disagreeable to the spectator.

The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be, "How shall I continue the love I have inspired? How shall I preserve the heart I have won? Gentle lady, at the present moment your husband thinks you the loveliest, the gentlest of beings .- Destroy not the illusion: be lovely still; be gentle still. The long and dreary road that lies though the wilderness of life is stretched before you; and by a chain, the link of which no human power can break, you are bound to a companion with whom hand in hand, you must walk though this long road. For the sake then of peace, for the sake of happiness, for the sake of self (that most powerful feeling) brighten the way by endeavoring to make yourself amiable and pleasing to him.

The great Dr. Johnson, with his usual strength of expression, laments in the following words, the contrasted manners which frequently occur before and after marriage .- " One would think, the whole endeavor of both parties during the time of courtship is to hinder themselves from being known-to disguise their natural temper and real desires in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affection. From the time that love is avowed neither see the other but in a mask; and the cheat is often managed on both sides with so much art, and discovhas reason to expect that some transformation has happened on the wedding night, and that by strange imposture, as and another married.

"However discreet your choice has character; by degrees the discovery will you hear them (said the apparith be made that you have married a mortal, dreaming or awake?" "I heard to and that the object of your affections is in a dream." not entirely free from the infirmities of human nature, Then it is that by an im- our present conversation is a dream; but partial survey of your own character, where is your body while I am speaking your disappointment may be moderated to you?" " In my chamber." "But acquire additional tenderness, from the that you cannot see?" " My eyes are in-

mutual forbearance. in irritating or pleasing. And the woman, who after a few years are gone by, can say, "My husband and I have never yet had a loud and angry debate," is in my opinion better entitled to a chaplet of laurels, than the hero who has fought on the plains of Waterloo.

"There is one simple direction, which, if carefully regarded, might long preserve the tranquility of the married life, and ensure no inconsiderable share of connubial happiness to the observers of it : it is to than Pandora's box ; it presents all its ? becare of the first dispute."

CRIME OF THE DUELLIST.

From Dr. Nott's Oration on the Death of Ham ilton.

Under what accumulated circum. stances of aggravation does the duellist jeopardise his own life, or take the life of his antagonist ! I am sensible that in a licentious age, and when laws are made to yield to the vices of those who move in the higher circles, this crime is called by, I know not what accommodating name .- But, before these altars; in this House of God, what is it? It is murderdeliberate, aggravated murder. If the duellist deny this, let him produce his warrant from the Author of life, for taking from his creature the life which had been sovereignly given. If he cannot do this, beyond all controversy, he is a murderer; for murder consists in taking away life without the permission, and contrary to the prohibition of him who gave

Who is it, then that calls the duellist to the dangerous and deadly combat? Is it God? No; on the contrary, he forbids it. Is it then his country? No; she also utters her prohibitory voice. Who is it then? A man of honor? And who is this man of honor? A man, perhaps, whose honor is a name; who prates with polluted lips, about the sacredness of character, when his own is stained with crimes, and needs but the single shade of murder to complete the dismat and sickly picture. Every transgression of the divine law implies great guilt, because it is the transgression of infinite authority. But the crime of deliberately and lightly taking life, has peculiar aggravations. It is a crime committed against the written law not only, but also against the dictates of reason, the remonstrances of conscience, and every tender and amiable feeling of the heart. To the unfortunate sufferer, it is the wanton violation of his most sacred rights. It snatches him from his friends and his comforts; terminates his state of trial, and precipitates him, uncalled for, and perhaps unprepared, into the presence of his Judge!!

Remarkable proof of the immortality of the Soul.—Gennadius, a physician, a man of eminence in piety and charity, had in his youth some doubts of the reality of another life.-He saw one night in a dream, a young man of celestial figure, who bade him follow him. The apparition led him into a magnificent city, in which his ears were charmed by melodious music, which exceeded the most enchanting harmony he had ever heard. To the inquiry, from whence came these ravishing sounds, his conductor answered that they were the ered with so much abruptness, that each hymns of the blessed in heaven, and disappeared. Gennadius awoke, and the impression of the dream was dissipated by the transactions of the day. The folin the case of Jacob, one has been courted lowing night the young man appeared, and asked whether he recollected him-The melodious songs which I heard last been, time and circumstance alone can night, answered Gennadius, are now sufficiently develope your husband's brought again to my memory. "Did

"True, (replied the young man,) and nd your love so far from declining, may know you not that your eyes are shut, and consciousness that there was room for deed shut." "How then can you see?" Gennadius could make no answer .- " In "Study your husband's temper and your dream, the eyes of your body are character; and be it your pride and plea- closed and useless, but you have others sure to conform to his wishes. Check with which you see me. Thus after at once the first advances to contradiction, death, although the eyes of your flesh are even of the most trivial nature. I repeat | deprived of sense and motion, you will rethe word trivial, for it is really incon- main alive and capable of sense and moceivable the power which the veriest tri- tion by your spiritual part. Cease then fles have, at times, over the mind, either to entertain a doubt of another life after death."

> By this occurrence, Gennadius affirms, he became a sincere believer in the doctrine of a future state.

It is not the virtue of truth to say every thing that we think, but to say it when it is prudent, and that is not always truth has its time, although it is eternal-

Old age to the wicked man is worsh vils, without the alleviation of hope.