

POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

I come—my breath is in the blast!
A wreath of clouds is o'er me,

The leaves of the trees are rustling and gay,
The stream of the rivers is bright as the spring.

The eagle shall close her soaring wing,
And seek her nest on the eyrie high;

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?

There is a thin and swarthy senator,
Mad wit, much learning and a tongue o'er
free,

He has stormed onward now for twenty years,
Flashing and brilliant as the meteor, sent
O'er southern Skies, when all its dewy tears

He is a licensed jester of the court—
A pretty pyrotechnic politician—
Moving with all a razor's royal port,

He cast a curse on Panama. Indeed,
He could not well do better and be civil,

He is a walking reservoir of gall;
The evanescent essence of all life.

He is the thinnest senator on earth,
And has a voice the thinnest of his gender;

Variety.

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHAN.

A Tale of Waterloo.

I overtook on the road a regiment of
Highlanders, then on their march for
Cork, where they were to embark for
the Netherlands.

night before the battle I was pacing
backwards and forwards, a solitary senti-
nel at one of our out-posts. There
was a weight in the midnight atmosphere

About the middle of the night I re-
ceived a visit from a young man with
whom I had formed an intimate acquain-
tance. He was the only son of a gentle-
man of large property, in the South of
Ireland;

Depressed as I was in spirit myself,
I was struck with the melancholy tone
in which that night he accosted me.

It was during the hottest part of the
next and terrible day, when with a noise
that drowned even the roar of artillery,

of my astonishment, on finding, by a
nearer inspection, that his head was
supported and his neck entwined by the
arms of a female, from whom also the
spirit had taken its departure;

GRUMBLERS.

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;

A WHISPER TO A WIFE.

Think not, the husband gained, that all is done.
Gentle lady, from you a moment's at-
tention is claimed by a widowed wife,

You are now become a wife; and sac-
red and important are the duties you
have to fulfil. Your husband has be-
stowed on you the most flattering distinc-
tion;

A bride, wherever she appears, is e-
ver considered an object of importance
and a subject of remark. "Have you
seen the bride?" is the eager and general
question;

A bride is generally (indeed I think al-
ways,) proud of the new character she
has entered on; and unless she is a wo-
man of sense, fond of exhibiting the love
she has inspired,

The first inquiry of a woman after
marriage should be, "How shall I con-
tinue the love I have inspired? How
shall I preserve the heart I have won?"

The great Dr. Johnson, with his usual
strength of expression, laments in the fol-
lowing words, the contrasted manners
which frequently occur before and after
marriage.

"However discreet your choice has
been, time and circumstance alone can
sufficiently develope your husband's
character;

"Study your husband's temper and
character; and be it your pride and plea-
sure to conform to his wishes. Check
at once the first advances to contradiction,

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,

Who is it, then that calls the duellist
to the dangerous and deadly combat? Is
it God? No; on the contrary, he for-
bids it. Is it then his country? No; she
also utters her prohibitory voice.

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 ano-
ther life.

"True, (replied the young man,) and
our present conversation is a dream; but
where is your body while I am speaking
to you?"

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.