

POETRY.



THE BUTTON.—An Epigram.
John, who is always too punctilious,
Got up, one morning, rather bilious,
And thus began to scold:—
"Say!—where's that button? you're a wife
To worry out a fellow's life—
How oft must you be told?
But madam with ready wit!
That cured her spouse's angry fit,
Cried, 'dearest, do not scold
About that little button, John—
I really meant to put it on—
But then, I—put it off!"

ADVICE TO WIVES.
Love is folly, says my
Because they cannot hold him;
Love will steal himself away,
Maidens, if you scold him.
Love, he will not live with strife,
Even turns from beauty,
If the lady plagues his life
With her household duty.
You can have him in your power,
Ladies if you try it;
Use him as you won him first,
Love, he can't deny it.
Do not fret and scold and pout,
Aggravating trouble;
Beauty kicking up a rout,
Makes misfortune double.

Written for the Sunbeam.
The Burning of the Lioness.
A TRUE TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY DAVID OF YORK.

More than seventy years ago when the hideous form of tyranny was attempting to crush with its iron heel an unoffending people, when throughout the length and breadth of our land was heard the fearful cry of war and bloodshed—when the blood-stained battle fields, and the broken implements of warfare, and the consumed ruins of former habitations met the gaze of every observer—when the mangled bodies of friend and foe, of husband and brother, lay, food for the wild beasts that then roved unmolested through our forests—when the flag of Freedom which had wafted in the breeze had been crushed beneath the unhalloved feet of an insolent soldiery—when every town and village was filled by an unfeeling and haughty foe—when the star of American liberty was beclouded by the dark and dread clouds of tyranny that obscured it from our vision;—it was then that our forefathers quaked and feared for the maintenance of their right and the independence of their country.

It was at this gloomy period of our country's redemption, on one bright and sunny morning, a gallant bark might have been seen beautifully skimming over the chrysal waters of the Delaware. She was a noble vessel, and from her mast-head there waved a long, red silken pennant, and upon it in letters of gold was inscribed "THE LIONESS." And as that pennant, flapped itself in the breeze those golden letters glittered and glowed in the bright rays of the morning sun. Her decks were crowded with armed soldiers, and she was freighted with a valuable cargo, all of which were bound to the royal army who were then in possession of Philadelphia. As that noble ship was skimming merrily over the deep, there arose from off her decks the sweet strains of music—the songs of jovial ones, joyful that they had nearly ended their long and stormy passage across the sea, and happy by the anticipation of soon reaching their destined haven. But suddenly there was heard a loud, long, creaking noise, like the slow muttering of distant thunder, and that noble vessel almost bent in twain; and then she stood as still as if she had been bound fast in that very spot by some miraculous power—motionless as Gibraltar. The sweet music which but a few moments before swelled over the waters, and lit the fire of animation in the hearts of that crew, now was hushed. No longer was heard the songs and jeers of her jovial crew. Consternation and dismay had taken the place of merriment and rejoicing; and the bright anticipations of the hardy mariners had withered. That noble bark, instead of anchoring that evening within sight of Philadelphia, was deeply imbedded in the mire and mud, about one-half mile from the entrance of Salem creek.

In an old tavern—then the principal hotel in Salem, (for Salem was then but a village)—there might have been seen gathered a dozen or more of men, clad in the simple habiliments of American militia. It was upon the same evening when the Lioness had so unfortunately been buried in the sand-bar in the Delaware.

"Well, my boys, what has been concluded upon?" said Joe Barton, as he entered the little room where were gathered the group.
"Nothing as yet," responded Samuel Newton; "but I tell you what it is," addressing himself to the group, "that vessel must

be disposed of to-night."
"I hear that it is well filled with provisions, and I know that our fellow-soldiers are in want," remarked Jasper Hardy.
"I would rather see those infernal red-coats annihilated than to be in possession of all the provision, much as our soldiers stand in need of it," responded Jeremiah Saxon.
"I understand that she is loaded down with soldiers, and I can't see how it will be possible for us to get possession of the ship," said Newton.

"Gentlemen, this will not do," said Saxon; "I am confident, few as we are, that we can take that vessel before twelve o'clock to-night. We have accomplished greater things before, and I trust we will not flinch now, when every circumstance is in our favor. Besides, our commander is under the impression that we are ere this about our duty."

The last word had hardly escaped the lips of Saxon before the door was opened, and a young man, about thirty years of age, entered. The gilt epaulet that covered the shoulders of his coat, the bright buttons upon his head, and the heavy sword which was suspended to his side, indicated that he was an American officer of no ordinary rank. He was uncommonly handsome. His keen, penetrating blue eyes, his heavy knitted eyebrows, and his lofty snow-white forehead, gave him the appearance of uncommon sternness as well as beauty. Such was Anthony Wayne.

"Well, my men, what have you determined upon?" asked Wayne.

Not a word was answered.
"Is there not one amongst you," exclaimed the enraged Wayne; "you who profess to be lovers of your country—is there not one amongst you who will lead a band of men to capture that vessel?"

And then there arose a young man scarce twenty-one, and modestly assented to be the leader.

"Saxon, I have always placed the greatest confidence in you, and I trust you will not let me lose that confidence by the results of this project."

"General," replied Saxon, "not by God's help and assistance. Believe me, General, Jeremiah Saxon shall prove himself to be a true American."

"My men," said Wayne addressing himself to the group, "I trust you will do your duty as you have always heretofore, on every occasion, performed it. Remember that you are now contending for the rights of your bleeding country. Your undertaking is a hazardous one, but its success and accomplishment will be glorious for America. You have a brave leader; and I trust that you will await his orders, and be true to yourselves, and I feel confident that your project will prove successful."

The silent, sombre shade of night, had long since thrown its dark mantle over the then small village of Salem. The black clouds rolled themselves over the heavens, and obscured from the vision the bright stars that are wont to gem them. It was near the midnight hour, and all was still as death throughout the town. The heavens grew darker and blacker, and ever anon the red lightning flashed; and the slow muttering thunder was heard in the distance like the dashing of a far-off cataract, or the loud swelling of the distant seas. The pattering rain-drops were beginning to fall upon the rims of the shell-like leaves; the red lightning began to dash more fearfully athwart the skies, and that loud thunder now pealed like the roaring of a thousand cannon.

Along the waters of Salem creek, a large boat, well filled with men, might have been seen gliding. They were the same group whom we have before seen at the hotel. They seemed to care naught for the raging storm and tempest, nor for the fast and heavy rain-drops that like a continual stream descended upon their unsheltered bodies. They had now arrived at the mouth of the creek.

"Slowly now my boys," shouted Saxon. The words had scarcely been uttered ere there burst forth a loud peal of thunder, followed by a vivid flash of lightning. That lightning flash revealed to the vision of Saxon and his men the dark form of the Lioness lying about one-half mile distant.

"Captain, do you think the sentinel is on duty such a night as this," enquired Tom Halderoff.

"Hard to tell, Tom. He may have fallen asleep in some corner, where he crawled to shelter himself from the rain. If so, so much the better for us, you know."

They had now approached within a few rods of the vessel, when another flash of lightning revealed to them the sentinel slowly pacing backwards and forwards on the deck.

Slowly and steadily, my boys. Move round the stern. If we can only get round the stern without being perceived, we will be safe," softly whispered the captain.

"Captain, suppose we try to pull underneath the stern before another flash of lightning reveals us to the sentinel," whispered Newton.

"Good," softly responded the captain; "and when we get there, I want you all to wait for orders."

Steadily and softly they pulled towards the vessel, and just as they had safely gotten underneath the stern, the thunder again pealed, and the lightning again flashed; and there still walked that sentinel, unconscious of impending danger, and there lay safely

under the broad stern of the Lioness, that little boat, its men reclining in silence upon their oars.

"Now, Newton," whispered Saxon, "I want you to mount the deck, seize the sentinel, and throw him overboard. Do it, Newton, with the least possible noise."

Newton carefully and slowly mounted the deck, and waiting for opportunity, seized the sentinel, and attempted to throw him overboard. But Newton found that his victim was not to be so easily conquered. He happened to be a very large man, so that there was a long scuffle; when at last, Newton summoning all his strength, bent him over the margin of the vessel, and then, with a tremendous effort, hurled him into the waters of the Delaware. His shrieks and the noise of the scuffle aroused the crew, who surprised and terrified, rushed upon the deck.

"Now my boys, is your time," shouted Saxon; and with that the leader of that band, followed by his men, mounted deck. Then commenced a fearful struggle. Amidst the clashing of steel, the cracking of pistols and musketry, the loud thunder pealed on, and ever and anon the red lightning glowed in the heavens and lit upon the bloody scene. Foremost in the battle, wherever the danger was the thickest and the fray the fiercest, there was John Saxon, the leader of that little band. The gilded buttons glittered in the darkness upon the costly apparel of the British, and marked them out as sure victims to Saxon and his men. The deck was crowded with British, but in vain did they seek their foe. Many a red coat in that bloody fight fell weltering in his gore, and the decks of the Lioness swam with blood.

"Heave o'er the life-boat," shouted a score of voices.

And then there was heard a loud splash in the waters; and when the lightning again flashed, it revealed to Saxon and his men a boat filled with British, pulling with all their might from the Lioness.—While Saxon's party were contending with one part of the crew, in the confusion of the strife those in the boat had succeeded in escaping.

"Captain, let's bring that cannon to bear upon the boat," shouted Tom Halderoff.

"Not yet," shouted Saxon. "Wait until another flash of light reveals the whereabouts of the boat, and then, Newton, fire that cannon."

"I will, sir," responded Newton. He had scarce spoken when another flash of lightning dashed athwart the black skies, and at the same instant was heard the loud roaring of that cannon booming over the waters of the Delaware. And when the thunder again pealed and the lightning again flashed, might could be seen but the foaming waves, sweeping and dashing on in their unresisting course towards the ocean.

The deck of that vessel was stained with the life-blood of many a heart that had but a few moments before beat high with life and hope. And those proud hearts who had left their native England—had crossed the wild ocean, that they might assist in crushing an innocent people—that they might share in the plunder of the habitations of the unoffending ones—that they might taste the polluted joys of desecrating the fair, unblemished daughters of our forefathers, and that they might return to their native land with the green laurel around their brows, won by deeds they had achieved which the barbarian would be guiltless of—deeds which the cannibal who eats his brother man would blush to own—lay stiff and motionless that stormy night, beneath the mad waves of the Delaware.

"You have fought well, my boys," said Saxon, addressing himself to his men, as they stood upon the deck of the Lioness; "but our work is not finished yet. We must take away all the valuables and provisions with which this vessel is filled, and then we shall burn her to the very water's edge."

"Why not keep possession of the vessel, captain? She will be of great service to the American army," remarked Newton.

"I know it, Newton; but that would be impossible. There are now lying at the mouth of the bay some half-dozen British men-of-war, and they are expected to be in Philadelphia by to-morrow night. Besides, this affair will soon reach the ears of the enemy, and then we would suffer for our rashness."

"Right," responded Newton. "I did not think of that; and besides, I know of no place where we could hide her from them."

"Ha! they'll be after us in a hurry if they find out she is in our possession," said Halderoff.

"Fill our boat, my boys, with the most valuable of the cargo, and pull for the nearest shore. Newton and myself will fill this boat, which belongs to the ship, and follow you."

It was about one hour ere Saxon and his crew returned.

"Fill the boats again, my men, and then we will fire the ship," said Saxon.

The boats were once more filled, and Newton was ordered to fire the ship.

"Fire her where the flames will soon come in contact with the magazine," said Saxon.

"I have," shouted Newton.

"Now, my boys, pull hard for the shore," exclaimed Saxon, as Newton and himself leaped into the boats.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when Saxon and his men might have been seen near the mouth of Salem creek, laying on their oars, and viewing the flames as they rose from that vessel.—Throwing themselves towards the heavens, they flung their red light over the waters of the Delaware, and lit up the distant shores for miles around. The rain had ceased to fall, the loud thunder no longer roared, and the red forked lightning had ceased to glitter, to glow, and to flash from the skies. It was a grand yet awful sight. There lay the placid waters of the Delaware reposing upon her bed, whilst those flames, lighting up her chrysal waters, shone like the rich sapphire in the rays of the noonday sun, and seemed like the waters of some still, clear lake, when the red sunset plays upon it. And there, too, was that noble vessel, once the pride of her crew, deserted by her lovers, consuming in some far-off waters. And far off was the little band of men, with joy viewing the wreck and ruin of Britannia's pride. And as her silken pennant waved amidst those flames, those golden letters still glittered and glowed upon it. And that proud crew, who but a few moments before crowded her deck, now lay reposing by her side, "far down beneath the main!" But soon there was heard a loud roaring, loud as a thunder clap, and a deep splashing of fallen fragments upon the waters, and THE LIONESS WAS NO MORE!

A Wise decision by an Idiot.—Fuller, in his "Holy State," tells the following pleasant story:

"A poor man in Paris, being very hungry, went into a cook's shop, and stayed there so long (for the master was dishing-up meat,) that his appetite being lessened by the steam, he proposed to go without his meal; but the cook insisted upon payment all the same. At length the alteration was agreed to be referred to the first person that passed the door; that person happened to be a notorious idiot. Having heard the complaint, he decreed that the poor man's money should be placed between two empty dishes, and that the cook should be recompensed with the jingling of his cash, as the other was with the fumes of the meat; and this little anecdote is literally matter of fact."

Remember the Poor.—"Remember the Poor," said the greatest philanthropist the world ever saw, or ever will see. The chilled faces in our streets—the shivering boy in his tatters hurrying along—the bowed widow gathering her thin garments still more closely around her shrunken limbs to keep out the cold—and especially that old bent woman, who is now picking up chips beneath our window—remind us that the season is at hand when this command is particularly emphatic.

"Remember the Poor," for the wheels of fortune may, in its unceasing whirl, place you among them in after years.

"Remember the Poor," for they are your equals, and many of them infinitely your superiors, in all but clothing and food.

"Remember the poor," for kindness will return back upon you a hundred fold.

"Remember the poor," for the surplus in your hands belongs to you but as stewards for the suffering. That old woman is starving! Dare you hoard it up, and let her starve? Send her some food, and her prayers and blessings will fall upon your head like a shower of jewels.

Power of Faith.—Wherever we are, and however it is with us, faith sees that God is always the same, and is all sufficient. Faith does not look at the difficulties in our way, but listens to the voice of the promises, and rests on the faithfulness of Him that hath promised. God will hear no voice but that of faith; and when faith speaks, God always hears. "Ask what you will, and it shall be given you." Faith honors God with confidence and he crowns faith with success.—Jones.

Logic and Imagination.—It is infinitely better that the solid universe should be fused into an ethereal spirit by the force of the imagination, than hardened by the understanding, compressing all things into logical forms, into a machine grinding steadily indeed, without derangement, but without life.—Furness.

Upland or Mountain Rice.—This yields a fine crop on poor, sandy ridges, and will not thrive on lands that are wet. It differs but very little in its appearance from the low land rice, except that it grows to only about half the height. It is generally sown in drills about eighteen inches apart, and worked both with the plow and hoe to keep out grass and weeds. It may be sown in the Southern States from the beginning to end of March. It yields a good crop of hay the first season, and then springs up from the same roots the following spring. Two bushels of seed are sufficient for an acre.

Another method thought by some to be better, is to sow broadcast, harrow in, and then cover the ground two inches thick with old rice straw, which will keep down the grass and nourish the growing crop. The upland rice will yield about 1,000 lbs. per acre.—Agriculturist.

A Little Anecdote.—We remember somewhere to have read a story of a youth, who, hesitating in his choice between two

young ladies by both of whom he was beloved, was brought to a decision by means of a rose. It happened one day as all three were wandering in a garden, that one of the girls, in haste to pluck a new blown rose, wounded her finger with a thorn: it bled freely; and, applying the petals of a white rose to the wound, she said, smilingly, "I am a second Venus, I have dyed the white rose red." At that moment, they heard a scream, and fearing the other young lady who had loitered behind, had met with an accident, hastened back to assist her. The fair one's scream had been called forth by no worse an accident than had befallen her companion. She had angrily thrown away the offending flower, and made so gormatious and fretful a lamentation over her wounded finger, that the youth after a little reflection, resolved on a speedy union with the least handsome, but most amiable, of the two young friends. Happy would it be for many a kind-hearted woman, did she know by what seeming trifles the affection of those whom she loves may be confirmed or alienated forever!

The Forest and the Wood-cutter.—A wood-cutter went one day to the wood; he looked on all sides with an embarrassed air, upon which the trees with a curiosity natural with some other creatures, asked him with eagerness what he looked for: he replied that he had only need of a piece of wood to make a handle to his hatchet. The trees deliberated, and it was resolved almost unanimously, that the wood-cutter should have a good piece of ash; but scarcely had he received it, and adjusted the handle to his hatchet, when he began to cut to the right and to the left, and to hew without distinction, so that with time he felled the finest and tallest trees of the forest. It is said that then the Oak spoke thus to the Beech tree: "Brother, behold the fruit of our foolish generosity."

Nothing is more common than ingratitude; but it is the height of wickedness when an ungrateful person uses against his benefactor benefits which had been received from him.—Sat. Rambler.

Fighting Unarmed.—The Ephori, or Spartan magistrates, were such strict disciplinarians, that they fined one of the valiant soldiers for gaining a victory unarmed. The youth was bathing when he heard the sound of the trumpet, and without waiting to arm himself, he seized a spear, and rushed into the midst of the enemy, who fled from him on all sides, thinking they beheld some supernatural being. The victory being gained, the magistrates decreed him a crown of laurel for the courage he had shown, but fined him for not staying to put on his armor.

Byron.—The celebrated German, Paul Goethe, in speaking of Lord Byron, makes the following remarks:—"I have often thought that Byron's high rank as an English Peer was very much against him; for the external world is a thorn in the side of every man of talent, and much more so when that man is placed in a situation of high rank and influence. A certain middle condition is most favorable for the development of talents and it is for this reason that we find by far the greatest number of artists and poets among the middle class of society. Byron's native propensity to lose himself in the infinite world, in a lower rank of life, and with more moderate means, have been much less prejudicial to him. As it was however, he was placed in a situation where he might hope to realize every fancy, however wild, and this entangled him in a thousand mazes."

Indian Eloquence.—Nowhere can be found a more poetic thought, in more captivating simplicity of expression, than in the answer of Tecumseh to Governor Harrison, in the conference at Vincennes. It contains a high moral rebuke and sarcasm, heightened in effect by an evident consciousness of loftiness above the reach of insult. At the close of his address, he found that no chair had been placed for him—a neglect which Governor Harrison ordered to be remedied as soon as noticed. Suspecting, perhaps, that it was more an affront than a mistake, with an air of dignity elevated almost to haughtiness, he declined the seat proffered with the words, "Your father requests you to take the chair;" and answered, as he calmly disposed himself on the ground, "My father! The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother—I will repose on her bosom!"

Time and Eternity.—A distinguished clergyman once said to a lady of his congregation, who was famous for her bad time when she sung, and thereby seriously disturbed in their devotions those whose seats adjoined hers—"I have serious fears for your future state, my dear madam, if you have not more correct ideas of Eternity than you have of Time."—Lit. American.

A Heroine.—Eleanora Fonseca, a Neapolitan lady, having been condemned to suffer death in 1799 for certain opinions which she had disseminated in her writings, ascended the scaffold with a firm step, saying, "As the fruit of my studies, I have learned not to set too high a value on life."—Lit. American.

Why is a lean monarch like a studious man? Because he is a thin-king.

JOB PRINTING.

Neatly executed at this office, on NEW TYPE and on moderate terms,
Circulars, Hand-Bills, Sale-Bills, Labels, and all kinds of COUNTY, and SUPERIOR COURT and MAGISTRATE'S and CONSTABLE'S BLANKS.

The distance from Galveston to El Paso, on the Rio Grande, (says the Louisville Democrat,) is short of 600 miles, with an entire passable road for wagons. The more familiar route leads up the valley of the Colorado, striking the Gila, which takes the party nearly to their destination. The distance from El Paso to San Diego is not far from 800 miles making the whole distance from Galveston to the "diggins" about 1400 miles. The cost to the emigrant cannot exceed thirty or forty dollars after he is astride his mule or mustang—properly provided—possibly not half this amount.

HOMICIDE.—"Ma, here's a word in the paper I want to know—what's a homicide?" "A homicide, child—is one who murders another."

"Well ma, when Jack Webb killed our Tom cat, that was a Tommyside wasn't it?"

Smart child, that! She was put in stays immediately.

"Dad who is this Sam Francisco that's getting' all the gold out there in Kalisorny? he must be the richest fellow in all them diggings."

"Why, Johnny, I reither think he's some related to the Sam Jacinto who was killed in the Texan war by Gen. Sam Houston."

Somebody says that females go to meeting to look at each other's bonnets. Downright scandal, that. They go to show their own.

A quaint writer of sentences says—"I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear the horse might run away—afraid to sail for fear the boat might overset—afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married!"

John Smith has said many good things, and among the rest, that "a newspaper is like a wife because every man ought to have one of his own."

There is a young man in Cincinnati who is so modest that he will not "embrace an opportunity." He would make a good match for the lady who fainted when she heard of the "naked truth."

It's all very well to say, "Know thyself;" but suppose you never found yourself at home, how are you to get an introduction?

A club of women in Paris, who contend for the widest liberty and the most extended rights, have a code of by-laws. One of the articles reads in this wise—"Any young woman who finds herself married to a man fifty years of age, shall have a perfect right to swap off for two of twenty-five years each."

A Gentleman was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries.—"Good God! I never heard of it—what was her disease?" "Vanity," returned the other; "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

HIGH AND DRY.

To the Cincinnati Commercial is due the credit of the following story:

The popular steamer Albatross, Capt. C. D. Robinson, arrived yesterday afternoon from N. Orleans. During the trip up, the Albatross had occasion to stop at the mouth of Green River to put out two hogheads of sugar. She reached that point at night; no light to be seen; and the river was at high flood, the town at the mouth being almost entirely inundated.

"Hallo!" cried the captain, "who keeps the town?"

"Hallo yourself!" sang a voice from the midst of the darkness.

"Where's your wharf boat? Showa light—we've got freight for you," cried the captain.

"The wharf-boat's drifted off—there ain't no light about—and you can't land no freight," was the categorical reply.

"Strike a light," shouted the captain, "and let us see to get in."

"Show a light yourself, and let me see to get out."

"Where are you," cried the captain.

"Up a tree!" answered the voice.

The boat sent in her yawl, and, sure enough, found a man with a bundle under his arm, perched in a tree, the rising waters stealing slowly upon his resting place.

Quick in her Application.—"It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it: I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text."

"Oh, if a text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon—It is better to dwell in a corner of the house top than with a bawling woman in a wide house."

"Do you mean me, sir?" inquired the lady, quickly.

"Oh, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a good sermonizer you are too soon in your application!"