### POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Chronicle.] THE LIVING SKELETON. COITOR-While visiting this wonder of the hour-winessing his feats of activity and dexterity, and having auricular demonstration of his colloquial and mercal powers, Appolonian pangs took hold of me: and he Spirit of song rent me mightily. The subjoine bantling is the result :-

TO CAL EDSON.

culis subito objic magno que futurum urio monstrum. whole exterior emblance doth belie soul's immensity Wordsworth.

on we!-substance of a shaded thin-whenst comest thou?of Death-that dost invade thy bones to showkind, oh! skeleton! and songs of fun ?

in the stilly night, dance thy form did move ;bs were instinct with delight, edge were looks of love: mpic feats thy "trotters tried, owy wrestler! by thy side!\_\_ nmon lot .- A Hero's shade

arth of pattles old to tell; thou, and speakest of hosts arrayed gh's field of death, where fight befel thile in conflict rang thy "proud hurra," e, amidst the trumpets said "Ha! Ha!"

though thou needest little here below, u spectral warrior from thebattled field, puntless "money's" to thy keeper flow :wds to thee do still a "quarter" yield! s pluck is thine. - No quarter giving, render spoils, in clover living.

should'st be looked on, when the twilight wine ents a low dirge within the cypress tree:in the mysterious forms of unconfined stalking ghosts, rise pale, o'er stream and lea -thou should'st herd with them -- the deaf -- the dumb.

r else take refuge in the Museum!

the eye of Westland should have gazed on theegenius placed thee in Titania's train ; My songs would fill her sylvan bower with glee-Try Yankee jokes make glad her green domain hould'st have been postillion to her Grace worm's recommend from thy last place.

thou art insolvent to the worms, no mortal property for them-. r dull, insatiate maws, on other forms Must feast, while o'er them sounds the requiem ! Thou hast but bones, oh Calvin, reft of grease-I doubt me not but they will sleep in peace.

Farewell thin emblem of our evanescence! Like thee, our fitful race must waste away ; . . And all who stand within the shadowy presence Will sink at last, in indistinct decay ;-And Lamberts all, and Edsons-sleek or slim, Must bow to Death-There's no eluding him!

## THE BETRAYED.

She had loved early and had been betrayed; Hope's light had faded soon, and sorrow came To claim a patient victim-like a shade Upon her soul was mem'ry of her shame-

And thus, as 'twere by stealth, life's fountain ran, Bating away existence; yet she smiled In mournful silence on the reckless man Who won and ruined her whilst yet a child!

How long she loved him! how long the creature

To win him back to what he once had seem'd! So sinless and devoted was her love,

That when a smile upon his features beam'd, Her soul ran over with its joy the while,

And her dark eyes flash'd tenderness on him, As if all heaven were mirror'd in that smile, And all beside were valueless and dim! Years waned-she faded, and whilst fading clung

Constant and fond to her first ruiner! Despair was in her glance, and on her tongue A seraph music linger'd-but for her Earth had no further joy; and when all hope Of winning back her promis'd destiny

Faded away, on fate's dark horoscope She cast one glance, and then prepared to die

Long time she pined in sorrow; then a light Like morning twilight o'er her features came, Her step was far more buoyant, and more bright Flash'd her dark eye with hope's celestial flame A faint quick flush burnt on her faded cheek, And to her lips a strange deep tint was given;

Then suddenly all vanish'd, and her meek Disfranchis'd spirit passed away to heaven

# MISCELLANY.

[From the Rochester, N. Y. Craftsman. 7

In these two national conveniences are components of a community, as minds and hearts are various, or as circumstan-

breeze, that bears along the dying murmurs of its first faint strains? Who does not when the near and hoarse blast falls and expectation, rush in open his soul, as if harrowed up by the thunders or pathos of eloquence ?- Who does not while impatiently waiting the opening contents, feel his nerves twitch, his heart beat and his whole soul absorbed and excited in the progressive developement of letters, sealed packages &c. &c. And who does when the negative nod is given in reply to his disappointed expectation, setting on his heart chilling his fervent sympathies.

It is well worth while of the observant, in search of variety and amusement, to stand and watch the goers and comers, at pectations are realized or disappointed. A single hour of observation, will unfold to the eye, more of human passion, and human sensibility than an age of casual compensated.

The internally anxious, but placid faced politition came here, to receive desthe parcel directed to his name and gazed heart prompted him to believe. with anxious scrutiny at the various superscriptions, if possible to indentify the ered, around to receive the contents hand writing before the seals were burst. mail, he did not rush with them, but The varied hues of gratified or disap- aloof, with arms folded across his 1 pointed solicitude, could be traced over and a downward gaze, as if unwilli the lines of his countenance, as the con- retard the receipt of happiness to o ers, tents coincided or were adversed to-his and yet not wishing to be a witness (Loys ages had severally received a glance and speculator were favored with pu when they were re-folded, and the same advices, from their several correspond quiet suavity of aspect, returned and he commenced, greeting his by standing fellows with, the will directed shafts of affected civility and politeness.

"Is there a letter for--" said a little girl, who apparantly had been sent by her mother to receive the long expected

"No letters forreplied the clerk.

"They never will come" rejoined she gathering over her shoulders the negligently adjusted shawl, as she descended the step and returned to report to her family the blank intelligence.

"Has the Eastern Mail arrived?" inquired a blustering man of business, who was waiting for intelligence relative to price of pot or pearl ashes, the rise or fall of wheat, and flour, and the general prospects of trade, before he could fully adventure the half formed speculation.

"It will be in a few monients" replied the clerk. With this answer the man turned on his heels and departed.

"Any thing for Horatio Tristam Tightlace, Esq." ejaculated a gaunt frizzed starveling of an exquisite.

"Who sir" said the clerk. "Horatio Tristam Tightlace Esq. sir." "Nothing for Mr. Tightlace, sir."

"That is d-d strange too," muttered he, fingering and adjusting the projecting corners of his dickey, and left the

"Is the mail in from the West?" asked a man with both hands quietly reposed within his pockets, and who seemed to to seek questions.

"No mail from the west yet, sir." "Will you look for letters directed to

Miss Lucretia-," said a delicate voice, with music enough in it to have elicited a reply from the epistles themselves had there been any.

"There is nothing for Miss Lucretiaanswered the respectful clerk. A tremor of anxiety slightly shook the frame of the fair querist during the search-and when the negative was given her, appearances in- superscription—the remembered hand wrirectness of the answer. The flush of anticipation forsook her cheek, and with a marble countenance she continued gazing otions. He was happy. through the aperture for the delivery of letters, as if the place could not be left,

bt and mysteries.—Who does would be thrown upon Mr. Spencer's and stant sound of the mail bugle, Gov. Throop's controversy—the prospects the big drops o' sweat that plashed on intellect, or to speak more gently, an our long ppy.

had entirely forsaken his countenance and central lands o' Africa, where lions gang apparently he came now from the feet of habit, rather than from a hope of ferriving the long expected dispatches of faids ger and held no communion with the fainquiries for letters, feel the dull reflux of round him.—His features were pale a da settled sadness brooded upon their the less lines as he stood statue like, uns ervant and unconscious of the bustles and mair, entrenched against a' liquidity by presence of the throng. No sigh, no an- brazen barriers burnin' in the sun. Spitxious look proceeded from his bosois, or the I had nane—and when in desperation our Post-Office and mark the varied char- flashed athwart his lorn face, for he had I sucked the heather, 'twas frush and fused crush of hopes until the acutenes of a sap had left the vegetable creation. I To watch the feverish flush of hope, and his sptrit's sorrow was broken, and hro' fan' my pulse-and it was thin, thin, thin, the pale revulsion of despair, as they rise despair he had become heedless, rectless, sma', sma', sma', noo nane awa'-and and roll backward upon the countenance. and hopeless. His bosom cherishe no then a flutter that tel't tales o' the exhausin the more happy and prosperous des of tude. Somewhere or ither in the muir observation in the ordinary scenes of life. his existence, when his now distant, ome knew there was a loch, and I took out For occasional moments passed within smiled upon him and pleasures three her my map. But the idewit that had planthe Post-Office arch, we have been amply golden blandishments, and allure ents ned it had na alloo'd a yellow circle o' over past scenes of life, had so often dedged their fidelity, might not forget he utterly, but send one solitary token of f andpand to still wider dimensions, or burst not banished from all memory, and that the bubble of his little brief authority, at the world had not become so much at a once. He received with a greedy grasp, wilderness as the fainting throbs is his

When the till rose and the crowd ood and hastened to close their bargains. engagements. Horatio Tristram T lace Esq. once more made his appear and with ungloved hands received the letter sheet and departed. The litt returned, and ran home with infantil and alacrity to exhibit her seccess, give joy to her family. Innumerab plications were made—the successful voluptuous in their joy, and the u cessful, went their way, some with d wnhalf felt indifference.

desire seemed to be not to learn if rected to his and similar names were la- ness-water, water, water, -and as I ced. It had been empty for several ys, drank, I prayed!" but now two folded sheets were there wich no owners had claimed. A deeper he tie of hope and fear played on his palich tatures as he bent a more earnest gab tending with the settled chill of despair arm and convulsively pointed to the hox, -speak he could not-the ague of firing was fast coming over him. The cleik inderstood him, and from frequent includes handed the letters—it was the wisher for tore asunder the seal, and over the tents wept out the contending tides of m-

become hushed, and bless the messenger- of the workingmen-the affairs of the re- on my fever'd hauns that began to trum- wrought timidity, that stimulates them to gency, and the progress of anti-maso ty. mle like leaves o' aspen. My mouth was such silly conduct. As it is now some Among the throng, there was one, ho made o' cork cover'd wi' dust-lips, sixteen or eighteen years since Miss from day to day had been observed and tongue, palate, and a', doon till my throat Mitford's first poems were published his ear, feel the anxious tide of feeling his inquiries at each return of the man, but and stammack. I spak-and the arid we cannot sin against politeness in sayhis spirits had so often been subjected to soun, was as if a buried corpse had tried ing that the lady is considerably over thirthe damps of disappointment, that the ha- to mutter through the smotherin' mouls. ty years. In person she is short and very lo which enrobed the features of the ray, I thocht on the tongue of a parrot. The stout-but retains a light graceful stepragin' mad for water, when cheated out o' blood, canna be worse-dreamed I in a species of delirium—than this dungeon'd and kindred far away. He was a pain- desert. Oh! but a drap 'o dew would high intellect but high breeding-a true hae seem'd then pregnant wi' salvation! Rain! Rain! What a world o life in that sma' word! But the atmosphere look'd as if it would never melt acteristics of the multitude, as their ex- grieved over his loneness, and the repeat- ionless, as if withered by lichtenin', and It has not before been published, and may anticipation, but he stood with an sibe- ted heart. I grat. Then shame came to lieving wish, that those friends with soom my relief-shame even in that utter soliaboun six inches square for a' Perthshire. What's become o' a' the birds, thocht I and the bees, and the butterflees and the ly presented the handle towards him saypatches, the import of which was to ex- ship and love-one line to say that hawas dragons?-a wattin' their bills and the ing-'Qu'il vous etes un officier, Monproboscisces in far off rills, and rivers, sieur?'-(You are an officer, sir?) His and loches? O blessed wild-dyucks, plouterin, in the water, strieckin' theirsells rily demanded his surrender. The Bar up, and flappin' their flashin' plumage in then with all possible speed moved up the pearly freshness! A great big speeder, wi' a bag-belly, was rinnin' up my ed before him. He fell from his he leg, and I crushed it in my fierceness the mortally wounded, his body being per ast, first inseck I ever wantonly murdered rated with seven bullets. Immediately syne I was a wean. I kenna whether at | ter his fall he was divested of his hat last I swarft or slept, but for certain sure seckcloth, coat and waistcoat; he I had a dream. I dreamt that I was at then raised to his feet and placed again views and expectations. The smile of in which he could have no partners! hame, and that a tub o' whey was stan- a pine post-his shirt drenched with blo exultation, and scowl of displeasure, suc- The crowd came and went, deposite and nin' on the kitchen dresser. I dook'd my lay close to his body. At every respi ceeded each other by turns until the pack- received despatches. The business an head intil't, and sooked it dry to the wood. tion, a copious flow of blood was evicence and head intil't, and sooked it dry to the wood. Yet it slockened not my thrust, but aggravated a thousan' fauld the torment o' my greed. A thunder-plump or waterspout brak amang the hills, and in an instant a' the burns were on spate; the Yargilt row roarin' red, and foaming as it were girl mad,-and I thocht I cou'd hae drucken up a' its linns. 'Twas a brain fever, ye see, sirs, that had stricken me a sair Stroke-and I was conscious again o' lyin broad awake in the desert, wi' my face up to the cruel sky. I was the verra personification of Thrust! And felt that I was cast looks, others with a half affecter and ane of the Damned Dry, doom'd for his sins to leave beyond the reign o' the ele-When the call of the last one had sen | ment to a' Eternity. Suddenly like a man answered, he raised his eyes, and adve ed shot in a battle, I bounded up into the air, slowly toward the apperture. Ther ap- and ran off in the convulsive energy of peared an unwillingness even in this his dyin' natur, till doon I fell, and felt that and declared who and what he was. This ere I was about indeed to expire. A sweet were letters for him, but if there were it me. soft celestial greenness cooled my cheek Letters he knew he ought to have, by he as I lay, and my burning een-and then dreaded to cherish a hope that there re a gleam o' something like a mighty diaany, when he felt that a repetition of lis- mond-a gleam that seemed to compreappointment only awaited him. As ght hend within itsel the haile universe, shone convulsion was observable in his .fre ne, upon and through my being-I gazed upas his eyes became fastened upon the ni- on't with a' my senses-mecifu' heaven! tials designating the box, where letter, di- what was't but-a Well in the wilder-

## MISS MITFORD.

Blackwood.]

Mary Russell Mitford resides at the little hamlet of "Three Mile Cross," near the parcel within-but still he reme ied Reading-and it is pleasing to know that silent. The excited glimmer which ad all her scenes are taken from real life on found a place within his bosom, was on- the aspect of the cultivated and wooded country of 'sunny Berkshire.' I was not It was the banishment of this last so rk a little astonished to find her attended on which had arisen in his breast, that he her last visit to London, by that identical have no other motive for the inquiry than dreaded-he was willing that it show re- 'Olive Hathaway,' the lame Village sempmain there, and feared the consequered of stress, who forms the subject of one of her its annihilation. At length he atter seed sweetest sketches. Miss Mitford is much to speak-but his voice was chokechine addicted to country pastimes, and often heetic upon his cheek ran backward and takes the field at dawn of day accompachanged to a deadly pale-he raised his nying her father in his coursing excursions. 'May flower, pretty May,' is not a dog of imagination, but a beautiful hound, whose two sons share with her the caresses of their kind mistress. The Mitford remembered his name. He raised, and cottage is a pretty but fairy spot. You might place it as a band box on a shelfor hang it like a bird cage, in a tree; howdicated a half incredulity as to the cor- ting. In an ecstacy of joy, he kissed it, ever it suffices for the wants of a descen- ily? dant of the noble house of Russell-of one who may, with truth be also termed -its all head and no head-they a 'a noble of nature,' the antiquity of whose for themselves. title cannot be impeached, as has been letters, as if the place could not be left, Thirst. Ettrick Shepherd loquite — made out by an unerring hand. There you without the expected package, until the "Hunger's naething till thrust. And in she lives the idol and blessing of her surmade out by an unerring hand. There your family? till announcing the arrival of the great the middle o' the muir o' Rannoch I, ad viving parent, (who by the way, is one of know? If you've got a piece mail from the east fell, extinguishing the near dee'd o' thrust. I was crossing ac the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and handsome old I'll tell ye, sir, in the twink of the most gentlemanly and the most gent last glimmering of hope, arising from unbe- Loch Ericht fit to the heed o' Glenos by, men in England, somewhat violent in post. Let me see—there it's fourte lief. With a swollen bosom, and tremb- and got in amang the hags, that for what we consider the wrong side in poli- and his gang of waddles centred as many hopes and fears, anxie-ties and regrets, sorrows and joys, to the ling step, she walked down the hall into leagues a' round that disnal ties—but that is no affair of ours) and be-the street. ling step, she walked down the hall into leagues a' round that disnal ties—but that is no affair of ours) and be-the street. ling step, she walked down the hall into leagues a' round that disnal leagues and leagues and respected of all, who, invaria-children; there's Ta ldy O'Rouse and leagues, our o' the black street. A pause now succeeded, while the con- by demons doomed to dreary days-corgs bly, from being acquaintances, become well-digger, and Jen y O'Reilley, tents of the mail were being arranged for for their sins in the wilderness. There devoted friends—there is a certain num- bog trotter; the's m seven darters ces and fortunes are susceptible of vicissitudes. The first is the courier that tiently watching groups, testified to the in out o' ae pit intil anither—hour ter do not like to be put in print,')—that are seven as cet little ones as you wo bears in its chained foldings the tidings of thousands; the last is the silent but faithful herald that dispenses to the anxious multitude, the fulfilment or disappointment of their hopes—that crushes or elevates sensibilities—or involves in still long looked for ecclaircisse—Who does but and mysteries.—Who does but and mysteries.—Who does bear in its chained foldings the tidings of thousands; the last is the silent but faithful housands; the last is the silent but faithful watching groups, testified to the intelligence of hour—till, sair forfenchen, I feel ls, little bit afraid of the fair lady's wit, and which it might be the bearer. Those who which it might be the fair lady's wit, and their words are a section of the fair lady's wit, and their words are a section of the fair lady's wit, and their words are a section of the fair lady's wit, and their words are a section of the fair lady's wit, and their words are a section of the fair lady's wit, and

and notwithstanding her enbon point, and her rustification in 'our village,' the moment she enters the room, you feel convinced that she is a person, not only of born entlewoman. [Dublin Lit. Gaz.]

#### DE KALB.

The subjoined narrative, relating to the death of the Baron De Kalb, was furnished from the late Rev. Mr. Hunter who was taken prisoner by the British, and witnessed the incidents which he describes. be read with some interest."

"The action was nearly at a close when I was taken prisoner. A few moments after, Baron De Kalb without suit or aid, and without manifesting any design or object, came posting along. He was soon descried by the soldiers, who clapping their hands on their shoulders (referring to his epauletts,) cried out "A General! a rebel General!" Immediately a man on horse back (not Tarlton) met him and demanded his sword. The Baron very reluctantantagonist with an oath, more perempty way. The cry 'A rebel General,' sou from almost every wound. He died evening. His remains were carried Camden and there interred with the ors of war. This tragedy was acted mediately under my eye,' where no take could occur; and never let it be again to the honor of Tarlton, that he his personal prowess, wounded and m prisoner the brave, but unfortunate Western Chronicle.

An American drummer having stro from the camp, approached the Eng lines, and before he was aware, was s ed by the piquet, and carried before the commander on suspicion of being a sp disguised in a drummers uniform. being questioned he honestly told the truth not gaining credit, a dram was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which he readily performed and thus removed the commander's suspicion of his assuming a fictitious character .-"But my lad, said he, let me now hear, you beat a retreat." "A retreat!" replied the drummer, "there is no such beatin our service."

She 'hates him for the vow he spoke.' She 'hat him for the vow he broke.'

Miss Mary Lewis, a young Lady of Queen Ann's county Maryland, recently obtained a verdict of \$350, against Woolson Gibson, a young buck of seventy, fickle and faithless as the wind, for trifling with her affections! Young men are apt to be mischievous sometimes.

L. I. Patriot.

Miss Margaret Wadsworth, of Blairsville, Indiana county, Pa. obtained a verdict against George Ackerman, of \$2000, that being the whole amount of his estate, for a breach of promise of marriage. The young unmarried men from seventy, downwards to the days of youth, must be d ranged. They had better be cautic let by the examples we have quoted, and guard themselves against the consequences of trifling with her affection. [1b.]

Extract from a Census Dialogue. Census man .- But who is the head of the fam.

Mrs. O'Flynn. Och! bless you, I

How many are Census man.

Mrs. O'Flynn. Is it that yo