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JOSEPH R. ECCLISTON.]

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POETRY.

From the United States Gazette.
THE DEAD BIRD.

The following affecting incident recently occurred in Milford, Delaware, since I arrived here on a visit. A young bird was caught in a garden by a cat, and was so much injured before the human proprietor of the garden could get to it, that it could not stand. He removed it to a place of safety and laid it down, when it turned upon its back in the agonies of death. The mother bird came with food in its mouth, and after flying round it in great distress, alighted, and endeavored to coax it to fly and to receive food. Finding that it took no notice of her, she appeared greatly distressed, and in the act of trying to feed it, she fell down and expired at its side.

At morn the mother of a little bird
Sat gaily singing on a garden tree;
At noon no more those joyous notes were heard,
For ah! that no her mournful wail in misery;
A cruel one crept softly to the shade,
As erst the serpent crawled in Eden's bower;
Blasted a scene of pure and holy love,
And broke a mother's heart in one short hour.

Bleeding, upon its back with half closed eye,
She saw the idol of her fond heart here;
In vain she coaxed her darling delusion to fly,
In vain she flew around it in despair;
She gazed a moment, with a piteous look,
On her expiring offspring at her side;
And, while her heart in its deep anguish broke,
She flutter'd, fell, and by her lov'd one died.

Oh! ye of youthful years, whose hands have given
The bounds of love in many a downy nest;
Think of the griefs your cruel sport has given,
Ah! think how many a mother's heart, unblest,
Hath bled and broke, when from her tender care
You bore away the nestlings in the grove;
Oh! think of all her blasted bliss, and spare
What God hath blest'd, a picture of pure love.

And ye, the children of a greater growth,
Sportsmen, who thro' the fields and forests go;
Deter that ye spend an hour in sport;
Than seek amusement in a creature's woe:
Ah! why destroy the children of sweet song,
That in great Nature's church organs are?
For wanton cruelty is sinful wrong,
Done to the creature and Creator's praise.

I would not, could I call that man my friend,
Whose hand could crush a creature God has made;
Whose cruel heart, in carelessness, could rend
Those harmless ties that love on all hath ad;
Oh! let me sooner find, than break one heart;
Bound by affection flowing from above;
No man in sport should kill what God has made,
God wills, in goodness, all show a live and love.
July 26, 1815. MILFORD, DEL.

FANATICISM REBUKED.

The 15th anniversary of the American Sunday School Union was celebrated in Philadelphia on the 25th ult. A large number of the clergy of that and other cities were present, and the occasion was rendered memorable by the presence of the Rev. Dr. Lyman, of this city, as reported in the Phila. Ledger.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman, of Baltimore, commenced his remarks by alluding to certain fanatics who are continually propounding the downfall of our country. There are those, he said, who believe, or affect to believe, that the means of moral and religious education in this country has failed, and that we are doomed to see a deterioration of society in America—a general sinking of the high tone of moral principle throughout the land. Such people attributed this prospective depreciation to several causes: that we were outrunning the means of enlightenment, and were extending ourselves beyond the social christianizing influences; that we are flooded annually with a vast increase in population from foreign countries, imbued with all the vices of the Old World, and that no barriers we can erect can prevent this flood from sinking the morals of the land; and last, that our frame of government contains the principles of popular influence upon legislative action, which will extend its demoralizing influence to government, prostrating its saving power, and leaving a no recuperative energy.

The speaker said that he did not believe with these birds of ill omen, but even if disposed to be alarmed, he would not cease his labors. He read in the Divine book, that where danger is seen it is prudent to guard against it, and he repudiated the idea that we should succumb. That American Christian had but a poor conception of his duties to his God and country, who, because of threatened dangers, withhold his exertions to the conflict of opinion now going on; and we want men to conduct it properly. We want a band of de-

voted Christians to labor in the machinery of Christ in an enterprise. No despairing portions.—We want such self-sacrificing men as Wilberforce, willing to rise or fall by the rising or falling fortunes of the land which gave them birth.

What, said the speaker, if Europe is pouring her thousands upon our shore; have we not room enough and to spare? I trust in God that the simple truth which regards our land as the refuge of the oppressed may be perpetuated. I have no sympathy with that narrow, selfish spirit which would bar the door to the honest emigrant, or deter him from coming by increasing the time within which he cannot enjoy the franchise of a freeman. This last attempt is one of the most visionary ever conceived by the mind of man in this country. It can never succeed, and ought not, it would. The wonder to me is, not that the oppressed of Europe do come here, but that they do not crowd upon us in far greater numbers. I say, sir, let them come, and let us baptize them in a knowledge of the Gospel truth and in the enjoyment of our freedom.

The speaker said that it was our very prosperity which caused our danger. Instead of being thankful to God, we were filled with pride, vanity, and all uncharitableness. This was manifest in the increase of Protestant sectarianism which was evident around us. I think I am correct. I should be glad to find myself mistaken; but we see Christians drawn into sectarianism from the saving truths of the Scriptures. This is the most subtle form in which the great tempter lures from mankind, and we see its operation in all Protestant sects. We see the forms of Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, or Methodism elevated in importance, as if there was no saving grace beyond them. I admire the affection of the Methodist for his church, and I claim for Episcopacy the same degree of religion; but let us not foster Protestantism, which, under God, I believe to be the safety of this country, and substitute mere sectarianism in its place.

The speaker said that he looked upon such institutions as the American Bible Society and the American Sunday School Union as instruments in breaking down sectarianism. We leave these two institutions only in full operation, the birds of all omen may take flight. We can rejoice in an increase of population, and say to the people of Europe, come on; and we can let that principle, which lies at the foundation of our free government, "the influence of the people on legislative action," and which contemplates virtue in the people, remain unmolested, and fear not that we will continue to be a moral, a religious, and a great people.

THE FIRST SABBATH.—The sixth day of Creation drew near its close. The sun had finished his course, and the gloom of evening began to spread over the earth. The first born son of earth stood upon a hill in Eden, near Rhosh, his guardian angel and guide. It grew darker and darker about the hill. Twilight rushed to the embrace of night, and threw her dwey robes over hill and valley. The songs of the birds and the noises of the beasts were hushed, and even the air seemed to sleep.

"What is all this?" said the man with a low and soft voice to his heavenly guide.

"Wilt thou young creation disappear, and sink down into Chaos?"

Eloah smiled and said, "It is the repose of the Earth."

Now appeared he heavenly lights, the moon arose, and the stars followed in splendor.

Man looked upward with sweet surprise, and the angel of the Lord looked with pleasure on the gazing son of the Earth. The night was still, and the song of the nightingale floated in the air.

Eloah touched the man with his staff. He lay down on the grass and slept. His first dream came over him, and Deborah made him his companion.

When the morning twilight opened, Eloah touched the slumbering one. He awoke and felt new power and life streaming through him. The hills and valleys rose out of the gloom, the young light came glittering down upon the fountain of the river of Eden, and the sun arose bringing the day. Man looked upon his new home with joy, the mother of all living. Surprise and delight filled his heart.

"See," said Eloah, "the divine life create out of rest. Therefore shalt thou consecrate this day to rest and devotion."—Krummacher.

PAYING LIKE A SINNER.—Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is customary for the tavernkeepers to charge the ministers anything for lodging and refreshments, a preacher presuming stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the morning, and then without offering pay for his accommodations. The landlord came running up to the stage, and said, "there was some one in their who had not settled his bill,"—the passengers all said they had, but the preacher, who said he had understood he never charged ministers anything. "What you a minister of the gospel, a man of God," cries the innkeeper, "you came to my house last night, you sat down at the table without asking a blessing, I lit you up to your room, and you went to bed without paying to your Maker, (for I said there until you had undressed,) you rose and washed without prayer, and ate your breakfast without saying Grace, and as you came to my house like a sinner, and sat and drank like a sinner, you have got to pay like a sinner."

TO HAVE GREEN PEAS IN WINTER.—Take the peas when they are plenty, shell them, wash and scald in hot water, then drain, put them into bottles, and pour on strong brine enough to cover; on this pour a thin layer of good salad oil, cork tight, then dip the corks into melted pitch. The bottles should be quite full and kept upright.

ONTIMENT FOR THE FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.—Lard one pound; turpentine one pound; tallow one pound; sulphate of copper (powdered) one pound; rape oil one pound; black resin one pound. Melt and well mix.

[From the Knickerbocker for July.]

A MODERN MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

An Eastern correspondent, in a gossiping epistle to the editor, gives us this little episode in his personal history. It is quite too graphic and felicitous to be lost to the public. We therefore take a liberty with our friend, which we have taken before, (and with impunity,) in presenting the annexed passage to our readers, trusting to his kindness to excuse or pardon our temerity. The writer has been alluding to the charming poem in the Knickerbocker for May, from the pen of Albert Pike, Esq., which he warmly commends as portraying feelings, how sweet, how common in the history of all, but to him existing only in the past:

"In truth, my dear Sir, although I am of a very amorous nature, and have been more or less of a beau to a great many of the 'fair sex,' from the 'literature' 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,' to the sinning Miss, innocent alike of guile and sense, I have never experienced the emotion of love in its genuine presence and overmastering power. Something, whether accident or fate, has always stopped me when midway on the road to rapture or to ruin. I have never met, at least, have never intimately known, any lady whom I could love with a full and perfect love. In my strugglinghood I flattered away a great deal of affection very superficially on chance-comers; and in my adult or adulterated state I have always been too exacting. My love of freedom has always cooled my longings for conjugal bliss. In all my 'love passages,' therefore, whether the smitten, or, as I sometimes vainly thought, the smiter, I never was near the matrimonial entanglement but on a day when I had become very intimate with a romantic and beautiful young lady, and I don't by tempting opportunities, I had a good deal more than I intended. I did not fully love her, for two reasons; one, that she did not seem to have independence of mind enough to scorn the world's opinion and be content to be an 'old maid' rather than marry one whom she could not truly love; the second, that although an accomplished musician and dancer, and very well read in poetic and novelistic learning, she yet had not a large expanded mind, and moreover occasionally broke Murray's commandments—with me the 'unpardonable sin' and for which I would apply for a divorce from Queen Cleopatra. However, being a great talker, with a taste of nonsense, reams of poetry, and rivers of sentiment at my tongue's end, I succeeded almost unintentionally on four or five moonlight evenings, (the devil's in the moon for mischief,) says Byron,) in drawing fully forth the unexpressed affections of her virgin heart. Here was a 'pretty fix'! She was a charming girl to be with on endearing terms, yet my love was of the quasi dubious sort. I had said more than I intended, and obtained a 'counter sign' sooner than I wished. I could not retreat, and dreaded to proceed. But I did the honorable, proposed, and was accepted. Then there were tender meetings: my tenderness, however, diminished as hers increased, and I was compelled to make up for the want of substance by an excess of show. Then came the presentation of my 'promissory note' to the father; but the old fellow refused to 'endorse.' He was a thorough skin-flint, 'who believed in no Bible but his ledger, and worshipped no God but his gold.' He considered me a thriftless, unproductive youth, pretty fair with the tongue and pen, but not likely to raise potatoes, or make the pot boil."

"This rejection by the old 'cent per cent,' mortified my pride, but dispirited partially my embarrassment. I considered it, however, my duty to the young lady, to make all sorts of fervent propositions, except that of running away, which I never mentioned for fear she would accept it. After about eighteen months of this siege, half moon, half rain, I heard that an old fellow, a widower, with two hundred thousand dollars, three children, and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds in the dog days, was storming the fortress. The entreaties and threats of her father brought about a capitulation. On going to see her again, I drew from her the fact of the engagement. I became furiously angry; she was reserved, calm, and proud. After about an hour, my mortification subsiding, I pitied the victim—I asked for some music. She played two or three airs on the piano; 'Oh! give me back my heart again,' and a later song, which I forgot, but even more exquisite and deeply moving. I rose to take my leave. She extended her hand, and then withdrew it. She asked me to sit down. She wanted so much to tell me something. I sat down. She turned away her face, and said nothing for a long time. I was inexpressibly moved. At last she said, with steadfast face but trembling tones, 'I can't say it! We'll better part.' She came toward me, holding out her hand. I kissed it, still sitting; when, as if by a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, she threw herself in my lap, her arms round my neck, and her face on my shoulder. She spoke not, wept not. But I was unnerved, unmanned, I cried like a child. A thousand feelings rushed upon me, melting, overwhelming. Compassion for her distress; remorse for something of insincerity, I might almost say scoundrelism, on my part, and a sense of the value of a woman's heart, and the sweets of domestic felicity, to me, it was probable, forever lost. I eagerly proposed a runaway match—any thing, every thing, rather than she should thus sacrifice herself to the 'man mountain.' Her answer was a silent and repeated pressure of my lips with hers, and a resting of her soft 'peachy' cheek on mine. At last her better principles came to her aid. She refused all

proposals. 'She had chosen wretchedness. She was half bound and able to bear it.'

If it could not bear it, why then she would die.—That was all. She put on my finger a plain ring, requesting me to wear it till my death, which I shall do. She refused mine. I should be in her thoughts too much, she said, after her marriage, and she would wish to be dead, not freshen the remembrance. Suddenly there was a wild, roving light in her eye. She pressed both hands on her throbbing temples, whispering 'My God! My God! what shall I do! I was horrible-sinners; but I believed that reason was reeling on her throne. But soon and most fortunately for her relief and mine.

"The tears gushed forth from her overclouded brain. 'Take mountain mist, a leagu dissolved in rain.' 'I spared no act of endearment nor word of consolation, till the paroxysm of passion was over, and then we shook hands, silent. A fortnight after, I attended her wedding. I was somewhat agitated, and occasionally distrustful, but masked it very well. As for the bride, she was so exceedingly gay, that most thought her a heartless or childish thing, who had sold herself for gewgaws, and I myself could almost have sworn that the scene of two weeks earlier in the same apartment was a piece of consummate acting. She is now thirty, the mother of four thumping boys, and her beauty entirely broken. When I meet her, instead of the quick suffusion of joy that once brightened her countenance and sparkled in her eyes, she gives a cold and furtive glance; instead of 'Oh! I'm so glad to see you, I'—it is 'How do you do, Mr. P.'"

Our friend should long ere this have taken the same means to bring about forgetfulness of the past that the ally in question did. But we quite despair of him.—For what does he say? "Marry this! I have a prophetic knowledge, a knowledge to which experience itself could add no vividness, of the miserable, fretful, regretful, wearisome, withering barrenness of a bachelor's old age; an existence, 'loveless, joyless, unendured.' But when I am disposed to look discontentedly at the present or the future, I console myself with the reflection that I am not in the region of *hen pecked*; nor am I pestered by infantile squabbles, or filial ingratitude, or family discomfort, or disgrace."—Ah, hal! is it there you are? You've been reading Mrs. Caxton's Lectures, Sir! That unhappy midnight Xanippe has frightened away from the very door of matrimony countless multitudes of old bachelors, who had well nigh 'screwed their courage to the sticking-place.' She has much to answer for!

IF WE ONLY HAD A PIANO.

By Mrs. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

This is pleasant, exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cozily in the rocking chair, as the tea-tray was removed. The fire glowed in the grate, revealing a pretty and neatly-furnished sitting-room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fire-side. His pretty wife, Esther, took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he said, again taking a satisfactory survey of his snug little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present comforts.

"Now if we only had a piano!" said the wife.

"Give me the music of your sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he declared complacently, despite a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"We, but we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come and see us and hear a piano!" exclaimed the husband.

"But George, every body has a piano, now-a-days—we don't go anywhere without seeking a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I don't know what we want one for; you will have no time to play on one, I don't want to hear it."

"Why they are so fashionable—I think our room looks really naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shocking," protested Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear," he said, after a long pause.

"When are you going to get an astral lamp?" I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther pettishly.

"That's still do."

"But you know every body, now-a-days, wants astral lamps."

"Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw—they are bought at five ten."

"But George, I do not think our room is complete without an astral lamp," said the wife, sharply; they are so fashionable, why, the D—s, and B—s, and A—s all have them. I am sure we ought to."

"We ought if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason for that. The husband moved uneasily in his chair.

"We want to live within our means, Esther!" exclaimed George.

"I am sure I should think we could afford it as well as the B—s, and L—s, and many others I might mention—we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean! I am not mean!" he cried angrily.

"Then you do not wish to appear so," said the wife.

"To complete this room, and make it like other people's—we want a piano and an astral lamp."

"We want—we want!" muttered the husband; there is no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may; and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma!

How many homes and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife, with present comforts and present provisions. How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities. Could the real cause of many a failure be made known, it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and what will people say to us?

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions "by her thrift, prudence and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion, bitterly, "by useless extravagance, and repining when I was doing well." What a world does this open of the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence small. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skilfully with, adorn your houses with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit the homes of the poor and suffering; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, an absence of the comforts and refinements of social life; then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate that oil and self-denial which he has endured in his business world to surround you with all the delights of home; then you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears, lest family expenditures may encroach upon public payments. Be independent; a young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does to resist that arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A—s and B—s decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford; then decide with strict integrity, according to your means. Let not the censures or the approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you hardly think you can afford. It matters little what they think, provided you are true to yourself and your family.

Thus pursuing an independent, straight-forward, consistent course of action, there will spring up peace and joy all around you. Satisfied and happy yourself, you will make your husband so, and your children will feel the warm and sunny influence. Happy at home, your husband can go out into the world with a clear head and self-relying spirit; domestic bickering will not cloud and sully his heart, and he will return to you again with a confident and unceasing love. Depend upon it, beauty, grace, wit, accomplishment, have far less to do with family joys and family comfort than prudence, economy, thrift and good sense. A husband may get tired of admiring, but never with the comfortable consciousness that his receipts exceed his demands.

RECEIPTS.

TO CURE A COUGH OR COLIC.—The editor of the Baltimore Farmer says the best remedy he ever tried in his family for a cough or cold, is a decoction of the leaves of the pine tree, sweetened with loaf sugar, to be freely drank warm when going to bed at night, and cold throughout the day.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Cut tomatoes in slices, and on every layer sprinkle a little salt; let them stand a few hours, then add a little horse-radish, garlic, pepper, and mace; boil well and strain, then bottle, cork, and seal for use.

FINE PICKLE FOR MEAT.—Brown sugar, bay salt, common salt, each five pounds; saltpetre one pound; pimento (bruised) five ounces; black pepper (bruised) three ounces; nutmegs (rasped) one ounce; boiling water five gallons. Mix. This not only imparts a fine red color to the meat, but also gives it a most delicious flavor.

TO PICKLE ONIONS.—Take off the outside skin, and "top and tail" them; then put them into bottles and add sufficient vinegar to cover them. Put also a few mustard seeds in each bottle and a little of mace. It is said that a spoonful of salad oil to each bottle will keep the onions white.

PRESERVING FRESH MEAT.—First, animals should be properly bled, or it is of no use to attempt to keep the meat. They must fast at least one day in the winter, and double that time in the summer, before being killed; for when not tolerably clear of food the flesh will almost immediately spoil in hot weather. As soon as the meat comes into the house let it be carefully examined and wiped, and if it has been blown by flies, that part be cut off and thrown away. It should then be kept covered with a cloth, first scattering a mixture of salt with pepper, or ginger, or mustard, or any spices over it, in order to kill the fly. Now put it into the ice-house, the well, in the cellar, or a wire sieve, hung up in a cool, dry, and windy place as can be found. Pieces of charcoal, or a complete envelope of it, is a very good method to preserve fresh meat.

MUFFINS.—Take three pints of flour, one pint of lukewarm water, one teaspoonful of baker's yeast, one great spoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt. Make up in the morning for tea or at night for breakfast.

TO DESTROY THE DEE MILLER.—To a pint of water, sweetened with honey or sugar, add half a gill of vinegar; set in an open vessel at the side or on top of the hive. When miller comes at night he will fly into the mixture and be drowned.

TO IMPROVE BAD YEAST.—Add a little flour and sugar, and let them work together for a short time. [U. S. Receipt Book.]