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Poetry.

POETRY OF LABOR.

swings the axe, and forests bow;
seeds break out in radiant bloom,
harvests smile beyond the plow,
cities cluster 'round the loom;
towering domes and tapering spires
n the vale and crown the hill,
bor lights its beacon fires,
mes with smoke the forge and mill.

oak, the woodland's pride,
nk is seemed with lightning scars
es on the restless tide,
there unrolls the flag of stars;
engine with it lungs of flame,
And the of brass and joints of steel,
rom labors plastic fingers came,
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

Tis labor works the magic press,
And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And beckons angels down to bless
Industrious hands on sea and soil.
Here sun-browned Toil, with shining spade,
Links lake to lake with silver ties
ung thick with palaces of trade,
And temp'es towering to the skies.

HE BROKEN HEART.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I never heard
y true affection, but 'twas nipt
in bore, that, like the caterpillar, eats
leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the
rose. *Middleton.*

g a common practice with those who
outlived the susceptibility of early
g, or have been brought up in the
ral leanness of dissipated life, to
gh at all love stories, and to treat the
tale of romantic passion as mere fictions
of novelists and poets. My observations
on human nature have induced me to
ink otherwise. They have convinced
me that, however the surface o the char-
acter may b chilled and frozen by the
cares of the world, or cultivated into more
iles by the arts of society, still there
are dormant fires lurking in the depths of
the coldest b som, which, when once en-
kindled, become impetuous and are some-
s desolating in their effects. Indeed,
I am a true believer in the blind deity,
and go to the full extent of his doctrines.
Shall I confess it? I believe in broken
hearts, and the possibility of dying of dis-
appointed love. I do not, however, con-
sider it a malady often fatal to my own
sex; but I firmly believe that it withers
down many a lovely woman into an early
grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and for do-minion over his fellow men. But a wo-man's whole life is a history of the affec-tions. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures.—She sends forth her sympathies on adven-ture; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankrupt-

...but woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandon-ed, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on i s vitals, so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.—The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recess-es of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has fail-ed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects the customary ex-ercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in health coursing through the veins.—Her rest is broken—the sweet refresh-ment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—her cup is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"a sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest casual injury. Look for her after a little while, and you find friends weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glow-ed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low; but no one knows of the mental malady which previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it sudden-ly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the still-ness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women pining to waste and self neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhalted to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the va-rious d clensions of consumption, coll, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be forgotten. Dur-ing the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a de p impres-sion on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under tri-al, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every gener-ous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execu-tion.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and in-teresting girl, the daughter of a late cele-brated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every world-ly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his suf-ferings. If then his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, whence all that was most lovely and loving had de-parted.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! there was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender though melancholy circum-stances which endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of an-guish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she incurred in her father's dis-pleasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shock-ed and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wear her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of ca-lamity which scathe and scorch the soul—which penetrate to the vital seat of hap-piness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never object-ed to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude; walking about in a sad reve-rie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an in-ward woe that mocked at all the blandish-ments of friend-ship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woebegone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a mo-mentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstrac-tion, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the glarish scene, she be-gan, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air.—She had an exqisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretched-ness, that she drew a crowd mute and si-lent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave offi-cer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living.—She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solici-ted not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring mel-ancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distin-guished Irish poet, composed the follow-ing lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to her had entwined him,
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

THE following letter, from a lady who was on her way from Easton to Baltimore, is taken from the Easton *Star*, and pub-lished by request:

GREENSBOROUGH, Jan. 31, 1867.

After leaving Easton about 2 P. M., in a comfortable vehicle, furnished by Mr. F. Wright, who supplied us abun-dantly with robes, sheep skins, and blan-kets, we arrived here without accident or delay about six o'clock, or perhaps sooner. The roads were splendid all the way, and none of us suffered from cold, with the exception of father, who now and then complained of his toes being cold, beyond that no grunting was heard to pass the lips of our very agreeable party. Mr. Willis, the proprietor of the hotel where we are now stopping, furnished us with an elegant supper, composed of delicious hot biscuit, broiled ham, nice chicken, excellent coffee, and excellent butter and cheese. We all did justice to the very palatable repast. We are now seated in as comfortable a room as those of more fastidious notions could desire—it is sweet and clean, the bed looks comfortable and inviting to a good nights rest, we are fur-nished with all we need, and a nice little stove with a comfortable fire within; we are as comfortable as can be and more so than we would be at Barnum's in Balti-more. Father and our friend have had an excellent whiskey punch, which father cooled with the largest icicle I ever saw. Good night. I hope we may all reach our places of destination to-morrow evening.

THE YEAR 1866.—The year 1866 will stand conspicuous in social history for its fatal accidents and melancholy disasters. Storms by land, storms by sea, desolating hurricanes in the tropics, fearful ship-wrecks in all parts of the globe, famines in the far East, conflagrations in the far West and Japan, our flocks desolated by murrain, crops destroyed by rain, a bloo-dy war begun, finished in Central Europe, increased armaments and threats of war, rumbling in the crater of the volcanic Eastern question, floods sweeping with destructive violence over whole countries, and, finally, a succession of colliery ex-plosions, following each other like claps of thunder, and all attended with the most frightful havoc—these are the striking in-cidents which have gloomily illustrated the story of the expiring year.

The coal fields of America cover two hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles, an area equal to twenty-eight such States as Massachusetts. One cubic mile will furnish seven millions of tons annu-ally for a thousand years. At this rate our coal will last sixty thousand years.

Friendly Questions.

Are you young? Lose not a moment Improve your youth, and serve yourself by serving God. "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.

Are you old? Fear not; for the nearer heaven, if your affections are fixed on things that are above. "Be thou faith-ful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Are you rich? Let not riches be a snare to you; they have made ten thous-and times ten thousand men poor indeed. "Godliness is profitable unto all things having the promise of the life that now is, and of which is to come," but "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Are you poor? Let not that discour-age you for He to whom belongeth the silver and the gold, and the cattle on a thou-sand hills can give you lasting riches. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the king-dom, which he hath promised to them that love him?

Are you in health? Trust in a spider's web rather than depend on living a life free from pain and sorrow; "man that is born of a woman is of a few days and full of trouble."

Are you sick? God can sanctify your affliction, and make the sickness of your body the health of your soul. Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have been afflicted that I might learn thy statutes."

Are you rejoicing? Be on your guard, lest your joy be turned into heaviness, and your music into mourning. "Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trem-bling."

If you live and continue in life of un-repented transgression, whoever you may be, and whatever you may possess, your end must be evil, for, "There is no peace saith the Lord, unto the wicked." The wages of sin is death. But if you be-lieve on the Lord Jesus Christ "who died for our sins, and was raised again for our justification," if you have a good hope through grace, whether you are young or old, rich or poor, in health or in sickness, rejoicing or desponding, your end will be for good, for "the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him;" and, "The gift of God is eternal life thro' Jesus Christ our Lord."

NOBLE SENTIMENT.—This is an agreea-ble world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the objects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where before we beheld de-formity, and listen to harmony, where be-fore we could hear nothing but discord.—To be sure there is a great deal of anxie-ty and vexation to meet; we cannot ex-pect to sail upon a summer sea forever; yet if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand, we can so trim our sails and man-age our helm as to avoid the quicksands, and weather the storm that threaten the shipwreck.

We are members of one great family; we are all travelling the same road, and shall all arrive at the same goal. We breathe the free air, we are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down on the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming then that brother should hate brother; it is not proper then that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should injure neigh-bor. We pity the man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the coral medium that invests every ob-ject with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to the tale of scandal; breathe the spirit of charity from our lips; and from our hearts let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as from a fountain, so the 'golden age' will become no fiction, and the 'island of the blessed' bloom in more than Hesperian beauty.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE EYE.—They play at a game in France in which cer-tain members of a company are concealed with the exception of their eyes. Every-thing is hidden except the eye itself—and then it is the business of the rest of the company to identify the concealed persons simply by their eyes. One who had play-ed at this game told me that the difficulty of such identification is incredibly great, and that he himself was unable to find out his own wife when thus concealed.—More than this, it happened that on one occasion a lady, celebrated for her bea-ty, and especially distinguished for her fine eyes, la Duchesse de M——, was drawn into engaging in this pastime, there being only one other person hidden beside herself, and this an old gentleman not celebrated for his eyes. The pair were duly concealed and bandaged up, with nothing but their eyes visible, and then the person—a lady—was to declare to whom the respective eyes belonged, was introduced. Without a moment's hesita-tion, she walked up straight to where the old gentleman was placed, and exclaimed, "Ah there is no one but la Duchesse de M—— who can boast such eyes as these." She had made the choice and it was the wrong one.

The Press.

The Cleveland *Herald* expresses the following common sense facts. They are as appropriate to Denton, Md., as Cleve-land, Ohio:—

The motive that should actuate the people of a town in support of its local paper is one of pri e. It is one of self interest. No one feature of a town has a greater bearing upon the importance of that town than its newspaper. People abroad judge very correctly of the busi-ness and intellectual merits of a place by the charac er and appearance of its news-paper.

It matters not how many newspapers a man takes; his list is incomplete without his home paper. Every citizen, who wish-es well for his locality, should give a gen-erous support to his home paper. If that paper is not just such as he would wish, he should feel that himself and neighbors are responsible in a measure, for its short-comings. Give a paper a liberal support, an active sympathy, and it will instantly respond to such manifestations. Let an editor feel that his efforts are appreciated and he is the most responsible being on earth; his paper being part of himself he is as sensitive to praise or censure as a doating father.

Nothing can supply the place of the home paper. It is the mirror in which the town and neighborhood news is re-flected; in the social, political and reli-gious circle where printed, it fills a place no other paper can. When a need for economy compels the curtailing of your newspaper list, strike off every other one before you say to the publisher of your home journal "stop my paper."

WISE SAYINGS.—The following are the famous sayings of Semshed: The first:—God has no partner in his wisdom; doubt not, therefore, though thou understandest not.

The second: Greatness followeth no man, but goeth before him; and he that is assiduous shall overtake fortune.

The third: Hope is always as much better than fear, as courage is superior to cowardice.

The fourth: Seek not so much to know thy enemies as friends, for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances.

The fifth: He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong may be deceived; but he that saveth that thou art always right is surely a liar.

The sixth: Justice came from God's wisdom, but mercy from his love; there-fore, as thou hast not wisdom, be pitiful, to merit his affection.

The seventh: Man is mixed with vir-tues and vices; love his virtues in others but abhor his vices in thyself.

The eighth: Seek not for faults, but seek dilligently for beauties; for the thorns are easily found after the roses have faded.

THE SOUL MADE VISIBLE.—Every one knows that in every human face there is an impalpable, immaterial something, which we call "expression," which seems to be, as it were, "the soul made visible." Where minds live in the region of pure thoughts and happy emotions, the felici-ties and sanctities of the inner temple shine out through the mortal tenement, and play over it like lambent flame. The incense makes the whole altar sweet; and we can understand what the poet means when he says that—

"Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

On the other hand, no man can lead a gormandizing, sordid or licentious life, and still wear a countenance hallowed and sanctified with a halo of peace and joy.—*Horace Mann.*

THE following very perspicious and la-conic manner of telling a plain story may be instructive to slanderers:—

"Mother Jasper told me that she heard Grate Wood's wife say that John Hard-stone's aunt mentioned to her that Mrs. Trasty was present when the widow Bar-man said that Captain Heartall's cousin thought Ensign Doolittle's sister believed that Sam Trifil's better half had told Mrs. Spaulding that she heard John Rhenuer's woman say that her mother told her that Mrs. Bugatelle had two husbands."

HATRED.—Hate is of all things the mightiest divider, nay, is division itself. To couple hatred, therefore, though wed-lock try all her golden links, and borrow to her aid all the iron manacles and fet-ters of law, it does but seek to twist a rope of sand.

ONE of the saddest things of human na-ture is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it him-self; that he may be a pilot, and yet a cast-away.

TRUE politeness is consideration for other people's happiness and comfort; an external manifestation of an internal char-ity and neighborly kindness.

AN old bachelor says the most difficult part of surgery is to take the jaw out of a woman.

REGARD not who it is that speaks, but weigh only what is spoken.

Wit and Humor.

The Cure of the Drunkard.

A man long noted for intemperate hab-its was induced by the Rev. John Abbott to sign the pledge "in his own way," which he did in these words: "I pledge myself to drink no intoxicating drinks for one year." Few believed that he could keep it; but near the end of the year he again appeared at a temperance meeting, without having once touched a drop.

"Are you not going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott.

"Yes," replied he, "if I can do it in my own way;" and accordingly he wrote: "I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if I live to that time I intend to take out a life-lease."

A few days after, he called upon the tavern-keeper, who welcomed him back to his old haunt.

"Oh landlord!" said he, as if in pain, "I have such a lump on my side!"

"That's because you've stopped drink-ing," said the landlord. "You won't live if you keep on."

"Will drink take the lump away?"

"Yes; and if you don't drink, you'll soon have a lump on the other side.—Come, let's drink together;" and he pour-ed out two glasses of whiskey.

"I guess I won't drink, said the former inebriate, especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump; for it isn't very hard to bear, after all;" and with this he drew the *lump*—a roll of green notes—from his side pocket and walked off, leav-ing the landlord to his reflections.

LITTLE MAMIE'S father is generally too busy to attend the weekly prayer meeting. One day she was discussing the great hereafter with her mamma, when the fol-lowing dialogue ensued:

Mamie—"Mamma will you go to heav-en when you die?"

Mamma—"Yes, I hope to, child."

Mamie—"Well, mamma, I hope I'll go too, or you'll be lonesome."

Mamma—"Oh, I hope your papa will go too."

Mamie—"Oh, no, papa can't go; *he can't leave the store.*"

UNRAVELING.—A man coming home late one night, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so, he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he commenced pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! I say, wife! come here! I am unraveling."

A DOCTOR was summoned to a cottage at Harwood, in England, and found a boy in need of his services.

"Show your tongue," said the doctor.

The boy stared like an owl.

"My good boy, let me see your tongue," repeated the doctor.

"Talk English, doctor," said the moth-er, and then, turning to her son, said, "Hopen thy gobbler, and push out thy lolliker."

The mouth flew open, and the doctor was terribly 'taken in.'

A LITTLE girl whose mother often talked to her of heaven in such a way that she considered it a glorious shining place above the sky, crept in between the cur-tain and window one evening, and stood for a long time gazing into the sky.—Suddenly she bounded to her mother's side, exclaiming, "Mother! oh mother! I know now what the stars be! God punches holes in his floor, and that lets the shine down!"

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—Every genera-tion grows wiser. A scene in a country kitchen.

Old Woman.—Husband, what are the soil and productions of Michigan?

Boy.—Tar and turpentine, ma'am.

Old Woman.—Hold your tongue you blockhead; I wanted to see if your father knew.

WITNESS.—"This here feller broke our winder with a tater, and hit Isabeller on the elber, as she was playing on the pi-anner."

Magistrate—"The conduct of the pris-ona', and his general characta', renda' it propa' that he should no longa' be a mem-ba' of societa'."

A WIDOW said one day to her daughter, "when you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mam-ma," replied the young lady, "for the second time."

"I SAY, Brown, what a close shaver Jones is; why, he'll squabble about a pen-ny!" "Well, what if he does?" said Brown; "the less one squabbles about the better."

"HOW or dog? that's the question," as Robinson said when he sat down to a plate of fried sausages.

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