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"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN BY THEIR PRINCIPLES."

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POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Weekly Messenger.

THE GONDOLIER.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

A maiden sat in her bower high,
And the winds around her sighing,
While a tear of hope, in either eye,
Like a diamond gem was lying.

A silver lute, by the pale moon beam,
Her white hand was caressing:
A voice from a bright and tranquil stream,
Sent back that fond lute's blessing.

'The waves look'd bright as a child at play
Where a boat its course was winging,
The pealing note of a happy lay,
Thro' the evening air was ringing.

Row to the shore, said the maid's soft lute,
When the moonbeams light the landing,
And let the sound of your oars be mute,
For there is an echo standing.

Oh! fear her not, tho' she linger there
Said the voice from the smiling water,
She waits but to list the lute's soft air,
From Venitia's fairest daughter.

Come to me, love—thy Gondolier,
No more o'er the bright waves wending,
Fow waits on the shore to hail thee here,
From thy lattice height descending:

No more at the casement, proud and high,
Is the maiden minstrel singing;
No more is the lute, with its plantive sigh,
Thro' the evening breezes ringing.

But far, far down on the lighted stream,
Where the waters bright are flashing,
Beneath the rays of the moon's young beam
Is their proud Gondola dashing.

He bore her far o'er the shining tide
To his palace home of power,
As a Gondolier, he won his bride,
With love in the moon-lit bower.

From Alexander's Messenger.

WINTER.

Stern autumn's chilling winds are past
And winter with his piercing blast
And frosty front, with clouds o'ercast,
Appears to us again:
The fields that late were clothed in green,
Are stripped of all their fruitful sheen;
And nought of herbage now is seen
O'er the surrounding plain.

How naked are the forest trees?
Their leaves are scattered by the breeze,
And nothing left the eye to please,
But all is nipt and gray;
The mountain tops are cap'd with snow,
And dreary look the plains below;
The silver brook has ceased to flow,
And course its winding way.

The chilling breeze hath swept around;
The snow is drifting o'er the ground,
And soon the merry bells will sound,
So pleasing to the ear;
The school boy, now, heeds not his book,
But straight his studies are forsook,
To skate upon the glassy brook,
Exempt from pain or fear.

The keen ice wind from the northern pole
Has driven the fox into the hole;
The little dormouse and the mole
Lie dormant under ground:
The little birds are driven forth
Into the barns, to seek a berth;
For winter, from the stormy north,
Has swept his breezes round.

But when the sun from day to day
His heating power shall display,
And melt the snow and ice away,
Then winter will be o'er;
The sleigh bells then will cease to ring;
But little birds will chirp and sing,
And man will hail the we'c me spring,
And the heavenly Power adore.

CATHARINE.

PORTER, the Kentucky giant, with Maj. Stevens, the dwarf, is playing at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. A recent notice in the eastern papers stated that he was coming to Baltimore. Where will he appear at Holliday street or Front street? Gulliver would make quite a figure among the Lillputians at the latter house.

THE TURKISH BEAUTY AND THE RUSSIAN NOBLE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

On the declaration of war with Russia made by the Turks in 1786, Baron Bulhakoff, the Russian Minister, despite his representation that the imprisonment of the Muscovite Ambassadors on such occasions had been abolished by treaty, was, nevertheless, sent to the Seven Towers by order of Codza Youssouf Pasha, the Grand Vezir, with the assurance that treaties were very good things in a time of peace, but mere waste paper in the event of war. The discomfited Ambassador was, however, treated with great civility, and was even permitted to select such members of the Legation as he desired should bear him company during his captivity; strict orders being given to the Commandant of the castle to accede to every request of his prisoner which did not tend to compromise his safety; and upon his complaining of the accommodations of the Tower, he was moreover permitted to erect a kiosk on the walls of the fortress, whence he had a magnificent view of the Sea of Marmora and its glittering islands, and to construct a spacious and handsome apartment within the Tower itself.

I have already stated that the Commandant was lodged beneath the same roof as his prisoner; but I have yet to tell that he had an only daughter, so young, and so lovely, that she might have taken her stand between the two Houri who wait at the portal of Paradise to beckon the Faithful across its threshold, without seeing less beautiful than they. Fifteen springs had with their delicate breathings opened the petals of the roses since the birth of Rechedi* Hanoum, and she had far outbloomed the brightest blossoms of the fairest of seasons.—Her voice, when it was poured forth in song, came through the lattices of her casement like the tones of a distant mandolin sweeping over the waters of the still sea—when you looked upon her, it was as though you looked upon a rose; and when you listened, you seemed to listen to the nightingale.

Rechedi Hanoum had never yet poured the scented sherbet in the garden of flowers. Her young heart was as free as the breeze that came to her brow from the blue bosom of the Propontis; and when she heard that a Muscovite Giaour was about to become the inmate of the Tower, she only trembled, for she knew that he was the enemy of her country.

Terror was, however, soon succeeded by curiosity. Only a few weeks after the compulsatory domestication of the Ambassador at the Seven Towers, his kiosk was completed; and from her closed casements the young Hanoum could see all that passed in the vast apartment of the prisoner.

Her first glance at the dreaded Infidel was transient; but soon she took another, and a longer look; and curiosity was, in its turn, succeeded by sympathy. The Russian prisoner was the handsomest man on whom her eye had ever rested, and it was not thus that she had pictured to herself the dreaded Muscovite. He was unhappy too, for in his solitary moments he paced the floor with hurried and unequal steps, like one who is grappling with some painful memory; and at times sat sadly, with his head pillowed on his hand, and his fingers wreathed amid the wavy hair which encircled his brow; looking as mournful, and above all so fascinating, that the fair Rechedi at last began to weep as she clung to her lattice, with her gaze riveted upon him; and to find more happiness in those tears, than in all the simple pleasures that had hitherto formed the charm of her existence.

Little did the young Hanoum suspect that she loved the Giaour. She never dreamt of passion; but, with all the generous anxiety of innocence, unconscious that a warmer feeling than that of mere pity urged her to the effort, she began to muse upon the means of diminishing the irksomeness of a captivity which she was incapable of terminating. The first, the most natural impulse led her to sweep her hands across the chords of her Zebec; and as she remarked the start of agreeable surprise with which the sound was greeted by the courtly prisoner, her young heart bounded with joy, and the wild song gushed forth in a burst of sweetness which chained the attention of the captive, and afforded to the delighted girl the opportunity of a long, long look, that more than repaid her for her minstrelsy.

During the evening she watched to ascertain whether a repetition of her song would be expected, and she did not watch in vain; for more than once the Russian noble leant from his casement, and seemed to listen; but he came not there alone: one of his companions in captivity was beside him; Rechedi Hanoum, although she guessed not wherefore, had suddenly become jealous of her minstrelsy, and would not exhibit it before a third person.

On the morrow, an equally graceful, and equally successful effort whiled the prisoner for a time from his sorrows. A cluster of roses, woven together with a tress of bright dark hair was flung from the casement of the young beauty, at a moment when the back of the stranger was turned towards her. It fell at his feet, and was secured and pressed to his lips, with a respectful courtesy that quickened the pulses of the donor; but not a glimpse of the fair girl accompanied the gift; and it seemed as though the Baron had suspected wherefore, for ere long he was alone in his apartment; and, when he had dismissed his attendants, he once more advanced to the window, and glanced anxiously towards the jealous lattices by which it was overlooked.

There was a slight motion perceptible behind the screen; a white hand waved a greeting; and the imprisoned noble bent forward to obtain a nearer view of its fair owner. For a moment Rechedi Hanoum stood motionless, terrified at the excess of her own temerity; but there was a more powerful feeling at heart than fear; and in the next, she forced away her prison bars for an instant; and, with the tell tale hand pressed upon her bosom, stood revealed to her enraptured neighbour.

From that day the young beauty allowed herself to betray to the captive her interest in his sorrows; she did more, she admitted that she shared them; and ere long there was not an hour throughout the day in which the thoughts of Rechedi Hanoum were not dwelling on the handsome prisoner.

Thus were things situated during two long years, when the death of the reigning Sultan, at the termination of that period, induced the Ambassadors of England and France to demand from his successor, Selim III, the liberty of the Russian Minister. The request was refused, for the war was not yet terminated; and the new Sovereign required no better pretext for disregarding the representations of the European Ambassadors, than the continuation of hostilities between the two countries. But Selim had other and more secret reasons for thus peremptorily negativing their prayer; and it will be seen in the suite that they did not arise from personal dislike to the captive Muscovite.

Like Haroun Alraschid of Arabian memory the new Sultan, during the first weeks of his reign, amused himself by nocturnal wanderings about the streets of the city in disguise; attended by the subsequently famous Hussein, his first and favourite body page; and immediately that he had refused compliance with the demand of the Ambassadors, he resolved on paying an *incognito* visit to his prisoner at the Seven Towers. As soon as twilight had fallen like a mantle over the gilded glories of Stamboul, he accordingly set forth; and having discovered himself to the Commandant, and enjoined him to secrecy, he entered the anti chamber of the Baron, where he found one of his suite, to whom he expressed his desire to have an interview with the captive Ambassador.

The individual to whom the Sultan had addressed himself recognized him at once; but, without betraying that he did so, contented himself with expressing his regret that he was unable to comply with the request of his visiter, the orders of the Sultan being peremptory, that the Baron should hold no intercourse with any one beyond the walls of the fortress.

On receiving this answer, Selim replied gaily that the Sultan need never be informed of the circumstance; and that, being a near relation to the Commandant, and having obtained his permission to have a few minutes' conversation with the prisoner, he trusted that he should not encounter any obstacle either on the part of the Baron himself, or on that of his friends.

The Dragoman, with offected reluctance, quitted the room, to ascertain, as he asserted, the determination of His Excellency, but in reality to inform him of the Imperial masquerade; and in five minutes more the disguised Sultan and his favourite were ushered into the apartment of the Ambassador.

After some inconsequent conversation, Selim inquired how the Baron had contrived to divert the weary hours of his captivity; and was answered that he had endeavoured to lighten them by books, and by gazing out upon the sea of Marmora from his kiosk. Bulhakoff sighed as he made the reply, and remembered how much more they had been brightened by the affection of the fair Rechedi Hanoum; and he almost felt as though he were an ingrate that he did not add her smiles and her solicitude to the list of his prison blessings.

"The same volume and the same kiosk cannot please forever," said the Sultan with a smile; "and you would not, doubtlessly, be sorry to exchange your books against the conversation of your fellow-men; nor your view of the blue Propontis for one more novel. A prison is but a prison at the best, even though you may be locked up with all the courtesy in the world. But your captivity is not likely to endure much longer. *Shekiur Allah!*—Praise be to God—I am intimately acquainted with the Sultan's favorite; and I know that, had not the meddling ministers of England and France sought to drive the new Sovereign into an act of justice which he had resolved to perform from inclination, you would have been, ere this, at liberty. Do not therefore be induced to lend yourself or your countenance to any intrigue that they may make to liberate you, and which will only tend to exasperate His Highness; but wait patiently for another month, and at its expiration you will be set free, and restored to your country."

"I trust that you may prove a true prophet," said the Baron; and his visiters shortly afterwards departed.

The days wore on; the month was almost at an end, and yet the captive noble had never ventured to breathe to the fair girl who loved him the probability of his liberation. He shrank from the task almost with trembling, for he felt that even to him the parting would be a bitter one—even to him, although he was about to recover liberty, and country, and friends. What then, would it be to her? to "his caged bird," as he had often fondly called her—who knew no joy save in his presence—no liberty save that of loving him! As the twilight fell sadly over the sea, and the tall trees of the prison garden grew dark and gloomy in the sinking light, he remembered how ardently they had both watched for that still hour, soon to be one of tenfold bitterness to the forsaken Rechedi Hanoum; and there were moments in which he almost wished that she had never loved him.

But the hour of trial came at last. Selim had redeemed his word, and Bulhakoff was free. His companions in captivity would fain have quitted the fortress within the hour; but the liberated prisoner lingered. He gave no reason for his delay; he offered no explanation of his motives; he simply announced his resolution not to quit the tower until the morrow; and then he shut himself into his chamber, and passed there several of the most bitter hours of his captivity.

Once more twilight lay long upon the waters—the time of tryst was come—the last which the beautiful young Hanoum was ever to keep with her lover. She had long forgotten the possibility of his liberation; and when she stole from her chamber to the shadow of the tall cypresses that had so often witnessed their meeting, her heart bounded like her step. But no fond smile welcomed her coming—no reproach, more dear than praise, murmured against her tardiness—Bulhakoff was leaning his head against the tree beside which he stood, and the young beauty had clasped within her own the cold and listless hand that hung at his side, ere with a painful start he awakened from his reverie.

The interview was short; but brief as was its duration it had taught the wretched girl that for her there was no future save one of misery. She did not weep—her burning eyeballs were too hot for tears. She *could* not weep, for the drops of anguish would have dimmed the image of him whom she had loved, and was about to lose. She made no reply to the withering tidings he had brought, for what had words to do with such a grief as her's? She was like one who dreamt a fearful dream; and when she turned away to regain her chamber, she walked with a firm step, for her heart was broken; and she had nothing now left to do but to veil from her lover the extent of her own anguish, lest she should add to the bitterness of his.

The morrow came. The Baron turned a long, soul centred look towards the lattices of his young love, and quitted her forever; and, ere many weeks were spent, the same group of cypresses which had overshaded the trysting place of Rechedi Hanoum gloomed above her grave.

AUTOMATON VIOLINIST.

Galignani's Messenger, published at Paris, furnishes the following interesting account of a new musical wonder, in the shape of Monsieur Maireppe's automaton violin player which was not long since exhibited before the Royal Conservatory at Paris and caused much admiration:

"On entering the saloon, I saw a well dressed handsome figure of a man, apparently between 40 and 50 standing with a violin in his hand, as if contemplating a piece of music, which lay on a desk before him—and had I not gone to see an automaton, I should have believed the object before me endowed with life and reason, so perfectly natural and easy were the attitudes and expression of countenance of the figure. I had but little time for observation before the orchestra was filled by musicians, and on the leader taking his seat, the figure instantly raised itself erect, bowed with much elegance two or three times, and then turning to the leader nodded, as if to say, he was ready, and placed his violin to his shoulder. At the given signal he raised his bow, and applying it to the instrument, produced, a la Paganini, one of the most thrilling and extraordinary flourishes I ever heard—in which scarcely a semitone within the compass of the instrument was omitted—and this executed with a degree of rapidity and clearness perfectly astonishing. The orchestra then played a short symphony, in which the automaton occasionally joined in beautiful style. He then played a most brilliant fantasia in E. natural with accompaniments, including a movement allegro molto on the fourth string solo, which was perfectly indescribable The tones produced were like anything but a violin—the expression beyond conception. I felt as if lifted from my seat, and burst into tears—in which predicament I saw most persons in the room.

Suddenly he struck into a cadenza, in which the harmonics double and single, arpeggios on the four strings, and saltos, for which Paganini was so justly celebrated, were introduced with the greatest effect; and after a close shake of eight bars' duration, commenced the cada, a prestissima movement played in three parts throughout. This part of the performance was perfectly magical: I have heard the great Italian, I have heard the still greater Norwegian, I have heard the best of music, but I never heard such sounds as then saluted my ear. It commenced p p p, rising by a gradual crescendo to a pitch almost beyond belief; and then by a gradual motendo and calendo died away, leaving the audience absolutely enchanted. Monsieur Marreppe, who is a player of no mean order, then came forward amidst the most deafening acclamations; stated that, emulated by the example of Vaucausen's flute player, he had conceived the project of constructing this figure, which had cost him many years of study and labor before he could bring it to completion. He then showed to the company the interior of the figure, which was completely filled with small cranks, by which the motions are given to the several parts of the automaton at the will of the conductor, who has the whole machine so perfectly under control, that Mons. Marreppe proposes that the automaton shall perform any piece of music that shall be laid before him within a fortnight. He also showed that to a certain extent the figure was self acting, as on winding up a string, several of the most beautiful airs were played, among which were 'Nel cor piu,' 'Partant pour la Syrie,' 'Weber's last Waltz,' and 'La ci d'arem la mina,' all with brilliant embellishments. But the chef d'oeuvre is the manner in which the figure is made to obey the direction of the conductor, whereby it is endowed with a sort of semi-reason.'

Texian Eloquence.—The way of some of the speechifiers in Texas use up the English language is curious. Just read the winding up of a recruiting sergeant's harrangue to his neighbors in an endeavour to enlist them against the Mexicans. After having launched out against the religion of the common enemy in none of the mildest terms, our hero winds up with, 'Corncrackers, Hoosiers, Pukes, Wolverines, and Suckers, if the voice of piety cannot move you to exterminate those cursed, cruel, Catholic yallar skinned, d——d illiterate Mexicans aforesaid, if the sacred voice of Texian liberty strikes no sympathetic chord in your bosom; if the cries of bleeding humanity cannot draw you to deliver the free of Texas from the unparalleled, unprecedented oppression of hard work, why you are not the men I take you for, that's all. But no, I see the fire of patriotism gleam in your eyes; I see you rise indignantly *en masse* to resist interference of property, even to the blood of the cursed yaller skinned Mexican emancipationists: I see the breath of Texian freedom animate you. Come, then, and rally round the standard of an insulted country, and with fists clenched and teeth set, swear to fight knee deep in blood for that constitution which was founded on the bones of your martyred countrymen, and cemented with the blood of expiring saints and heroes. Let's liquor.—*N. O. Picayune.*

FINN'S LATEST.

Mr. Finn, the Comedian, has played "Billy Black," in the 100 Pound Note, with great success, at the Tremont, Boston—on which occasion he has given us another string of Conundrums:—

Why is the leader of the Orchestra like a Sheriff? Give it up? Because he occasionally draws the cord too tight.

Why are the Dentist like the Mississippi steamboats? Give it up? Because they are always getting against snags

Why are the Canadian Patriots still in their infancy? Give it up? Because they are under *papa now* (Papineau.)

Why are the Lynn Shoemakers the most wicked of wretches? Because they do not want their soles to be saved

Why are apples and pairs guilty of being the first swearers? Because the first apple damned the first pair.

Why was Keoknuck, on his late visit to Boston, like the Head of the Fire Department? Do you give it up? Because he was Chief Indian here! (Chief Engineer.)

Why is Graham bread like a popular song? Because it's "Coming through the rye?"

Why is your head like a nigger's? Because it is always going a wool gathering.

Why are you like a man in love? (Given when putting on Montmorency's boot. Because you have put your foot in it

Why is your boot like Market street? Because it is going to Corn Hill.

Why is a young goat asleep like the little nigger taken away? Because it is kip-napping.

(After a blow and cut upon the head)—If I were to go to a surgeon, what state would it come to? To Connect-a-cut.

Why have the United States an interest in the Florida war? Because they have got rid of their Gaines, and are now going it Scott free.

Why are you like a gun-smith? Because you have made a blunder buss.

(To the performer who plays Crack in the 'Turnpike Gate')—If you were made an actor why would you be the best on the boards? Because you are a Crack actor

Why is the Kentucky Giant like a small wooden building? Because he is a ten-footer.

If I were to be very much indisposed tomorrow night, and fall into a fit, what kind of a fit would it be? A bene fit.

Why are the Crews of the Exploring Squadron like Temperance men? Because they are not likely to get half seas over.

Etiquette.—A little work has just been published at Glasgow, entitled the 'Science of Etiquette,' which furnishes a summary of the law of good breeding condensed into a small compass, and calculated to produce the general comfort and welfare of society. The following are a few of the maxims:

'True politeness consists in appearing easy and natural, not forced and affected.

'If on the entrance of a visiter you continue a subject begun before, you should always explain it to the new comer.

'Never command a lady's musical skill to another lady who herself plays.

'Do not allow your love for one woman to prevent your paying attention to others. The object of your love is the only one that ought to perceive it.

'Avoid all proverbs and cant phrases in conversation.

'If you meet a lady in the street it is her part to notice you first, unless, indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if you bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, there is no remedy; but if she bow to you—you as a gentleman cannot cut her.

'Never nod to a lady in the street, neither be satisfied by touching your hat, but take it off, it is a courtesy her sex demands.

Do not insist on pulling off your glove on a very hot day when you shake hands with a lady. If it be off, why all very well; but it is better to run the risk of being considered ungallant, than to present a clammy ungloved hand.

Communication between the Pacific and the Atlantic.—The attention both of Europe and America has been directed for some time to this important question. It is supposed by some that the best method would be to connect the Pacific and the Nicaragua by a canal which should run through the lake and river San Juan and the Caribean sea. It is said Mr. Buckingham intends to visit, in the course of his travels, the Isthmus of Darien, with reference to this question:

"The Lake Nicaragua is only separated from the Pacific by an isthmus 13 miles wide; and that difficulty overcome, it is believed there are few others to encounter. Such a connection would be of the utmost moment to our commerce. The immense saving of time in a voyage to China and the East Indies, and the avoidance of the storms and dangers of passing Cape Horn, makes the scheme most interesting to the commercial public. The New York Times gives an extract of a letter dated 17th April, at Jan Jose Castaurea, from Col. Juan Galindo. On that day Manel Aquilla, and Juan Moro, were installed governor of that State.

This letter says—Lake Nicaragua is being surveyed by government engineers; also they are examining the isthmus, separating it from the Pacific, and the river San Juan, which discharges the lake into the West India Seas. This is considered decidedly the most favorable locality for a canal, which is to bring China, one day by steam packets, within ten or fifteen days sail of New York.—*Mark's Com.*

An important Verdict.—On a recent as Coroner's Inquest was held in New York, on the body of T. G. French, who died at the *Thomsonian Infirmary* in that city. He was in the hospital for several days, under the Steaming and Lobelia treatment.

"*Verdict.*—It is the opinion of the jury that the death of the deceased was occasioned by a general congestion of the internal organs, and a complete prostration of the whole nervous system, produced by the administration of deleterious and improper medicines, and other improper treatment, while in the infirmary, under the direction of Richard K. Frost.'

The verdict was rendered thus from the evidence of Doctors Cheeseman and D. L. Rogers, who examined the body after it was disinterred, and who honestly and candidly said they would have considered their lives endangered by such treatment as was given to the deceased.