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POETRY.

THY MOTHER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Who, when thine infant life was young,
Delighted, o'er thy cradle hung?
With pity soothed each childish moan,
And made thy little griefs her own?
Who sleepless watched in hours of pain,
Nor smiled till thou wert well again?
Who sorrowed from thy side to part,
And bore thee absent, on her heart?

Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tender care, by night and day?
Who joined thy sports with cheerful air,
And joyed to see thee strong and fair?
Who, with fond pride, to guest and friend,
Would still the darling child commend?
Whose tears in secret flowed like rain,
If sin or woe thy life did stain?
And who, with prayer's unceasing sigh,
Besought for thee a home on high?

Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tireless love by night and day?
Bear on thy brow the lofty smile
Of upright duty, free from guile;
With earnest diligence restrain
The word, the look, that gives her pain;
If weary toil her path invade,
Come, fond and fearless, to her aid;
Nerve thy young arm, her steps to guide;
If fades her cheek, be near her side;
And by a life of goodness pay
Her care and love, by night and day.

Oh! is it not a holy sight to see a fair child kneel;
To see him lift his hands and make his innocent appeal?
To see his tiny pleading eyes shed tears like blessed rain?
Tears that above, for peace and love, were never shed in vain.

Oh! is it not a holy sound to hear a fair child pray;
To hear his little rose-bud lips the lisping blessing say?
For shall these prayers in Heaven be put by like hoarded gold,
And pardon win for after sin, when he is grey and old.

WE SHALL SLEEP AND HEED IT NOT.

How fast the fleeting moments fly!
How sad the thoughts, that we must die!
To know the earth with all its store
Of joys; to us will be no more,
And Nature's strife must end in peace;
Our labors fail, our senses cease;
Thoughts rise no more, nor passions move
The quiet breast with hate or love;
All sounds upon the ear will die,
And light no more illume the eye;
The tongue will pause, the heart will rest—
And awful stillness seize the breast;
The soul, dismiss'd, will quit away
And leave the cold, unconscious clay,
Which in some lone, sepulchral spot
Will be interr'd, and be forgot.

Then, strange to think, when we are gone,
That still will rise and set the sun;
The day will dawn as fair—as bright;
The stars will glow as rich at night;
The world will move just as before;
The winds will blow—the ocean roar;
The forest murmur in the breeze,
And verdure clothe and leave the trees;
The buds will swell, and blossoms blow,
And changing seasons come and go;
Though all to us will be forgot,
And we shall sleep, and heed it not.

And other forms will walk the earth,
With other scenes of joy and mirth;
And other friendships will be form'd,
And other hearts with love be warm'd;
And smiles will please, and tears will flow,
And sighs will heave the breasts of snow;
And poets sing, and lovers sigh,
And more be born, and all to die;
Though this to us will be but nought—
We all shall sleep, and heed it not!

Though the green mound upon our breast,
Or sculptur'd stone, should mark our rest,
Yet soon that stone will fall away,
And earth be level'd where we lay;
The clod by ploughshares will be cleft,
And no sad traces will be left;
And strangers' feet will tread the spot,
And pass our rest, and know it not.
Or o'er our dust may cities rise;
And point their turrets to the skies;
Ambition, wealth, and pow'r and pride,
May spurn the earth in which we hide—
Or saints may kneel, or buffoons play
Where, lost, our names and ashes lay;
Yet all to us will be forgot,
Still we shall sleep and heed it not.

[From the Ladies' National Magazine.]

WON AND LOST.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Look—there goes George Alcott, striding along like a pair of stilts; his arms, as usual, swinging up and down, as those of a windmill," said Kate Edmonds, as she sat at the window with her elder sister.

Agnes was the very opposite of the witty Kate, and she could scarcely comprehend how her sister could speak thus; for she knew Kate loved George Alcott, if she loved any one. But Kate had a reputation for wit, which she had won by saying sarcastic things of her acquaintance; and, moreover, she enjoyed a secret pleasure in concealing her real opinions. To use her own phrase: "it was nice to quiz folks!"

"How can you speak thus, Kate?" said her sister.—"Mr. Alcott, though tall, is not ungraceful, and, I'm afraid, if you were to be criticised as severely as you criticise him, even your immaculate self would suffer."

"He dare not try it," said Kate, pouting her pretty lip.

"He *would* not," replied Agnes with emphasis.—"Really, dear Kate, you do yourself injustice by the sarcastic things you say: people think you much worse tempered than you are——"

"And what if they do? I am sure I am perfectly indifferent to their opinion."

"So you may be now, but you'll find by and bye, that these opinions have value. Besides you do not usually mean what you say. *I* know that George Alcott is your favorite—nay! you cannot deceive me—you need not pout and shake your head——"

"Well, then—what if he is? Does not that give me an especial right to abuse him? It is one of the privileges of our sex to make fun of those we like best."

"Ah! Kate, that is a fatal apprehension. If you would think twice you would see how foolish a thing you had said; for if you abuse him before those who know your real opinion, they will laugh at your vain attempt to blind them, while if you make fun of him before strangers you lower him in their estimation."

"Pshaw! Now you would play the logician," said Kate, jumping up and running to the door. "You know, sister mine, when you begin to lecture I begin to move—so good-bye, my dear little preacher," and with these words the gay girl skipped down the entry.

Kate was always the careless, rattling creature we have described her. Gifted with high animal spirits, a good heart, warm impulses, and considerable brilliancy of mind, she might have made an almost faultless being but for the unhappy faculty she had imbibed, of turning into ridicule every person and thing she met with. Scarcely the members of her own family escaped her witty tongue. We have seen that even her favored lover suffered under its lash. Indeed, as if to take revenge for having lost her heart, Kate was especially severe on him who had won it.—The fact is, she was so fond of mystifying—or *quizzing*, as she called it—that she made it a point to say things of George which no lady could be suspected of saying against the man she loved.

"Dear Kate," said Agnes again to her, a few days after the preceding conversation, "you really must curb your propensity to satire. Did you notice how George colored, last evening, when you made such fun of him to his face: and after his back was turned you said things of him that certainly will offend him, if they ever come to his ears."

"Let him get offended then," said Kate, tossing her head. "He is too sensitive and ought to be cured."

"Yet you would not cure a flesh wound by irritating it where most sensitive, would you?"

"Oh! logic again. Why really, sis, you are quite an Aristotle. But you ought to know, by this time, that I'm a true woman and can't be reasoned with—

"If she will, she will,
If she won't, she wonts—
And there's an end on't!"

So, my sweet sister, keep your syllogisms for some one else and leave me to abuse George Alcott, otherwise I shall take to quizzing you, and everybody else most unmercifully. The fact is, he serves as a sort of a safety valve to me—as long as I have him to ridicule, you are all safe—but, forbid this, and there will be a general explosion in which every one will suffer."

Kate accordingly went on as she had begun. She was beautiful and accomplished, and had flatterers without number, so that she could do many things with impunity that would not have been overlooked in girls less admired. She deceived many as to her true sentiments for George Alcott. Her lover cared little for this; but he really was annoyed at the severe things, which often came to his ears as having been said of him by Kate. He was too proud to remonstrate; but he showed by his manner how much he was hurt. At such times, by a few concessions, Kate would restore him to good humor; but, perhaps, on the very next day, she would commit her old fault again.

"Ah! Kate, you are found out at last, sly as you have been," said one of her companions to her. "You are engaged to George Alcott—you need'nt curl you lip, for you can't deceive me any longer—I had it from his own sister."

Now if there was any one whom Kate wished to conceal her engagement from, it was this gossipping girl, who had often annoyed her excessively by trying to pry into her affairs. She knew if Caroline Wharton once became acquainted with her engagement, the news would be a common topic every where before night. Thinking only of this, Kate, without exactly denying her engagement, began to ridicule George Alcott; and did it so bitterly and so effectually that Miss Wharton was convinced she had been misinformed.

"I *know* it is not true," said the gossip, on that very evening, in a large circle of listeners. "You should have heard what fun Kate made of George Alcott, how she mimmicked his voice, and quizzed his bow and imitated his way of shutting his eyes, just like a mole, as she said—you know he is short sighted.—And now only to think that no later than this morning, Mr. Alcott's own sister told me they were engaged—how could she be so regardless of the truth?—but then, you know, the Alcotts would all give their little fingers to bring about the match."

Just at that instant, unperceived by the speaking, George Alcott himself unexpectedly entered the room. His face became livid when he heard his mistress' abuse of himself thus freely commented on—but he actually trembled with passion when Caroline Wharton proceeded to charge his sister with a wanton falsehood. His first impulse was to break into the groupe, to defend his sister's fame, and then to renounce all claim to Kate's hand. But, after a moment's reflection, he felt he could not control himself sufficiently for this; and, aware that violence of tone or gesture would only make him a laughing stock, he turned on his heel and left the apartment.

Once in his own room, however, he became calmer. Yet his indignation against Kate did not decrease, for this last insult was the drop that made the cup run over. He felt that he had borne much from her—more, indeed, than a high spirited man ought—but his love, which amounted to idolatry, had constantly invented excuses for her hitherto. Now, however, the long accumulating conviction that, with such a woman he could never be happy, forced itself irresistably upon him. "No, I must be loved by one, who will never make a jest of me—I shall cease to respect her if she can mock me," he said. "Henceforth, Kate, though once so dear, you and I must be only distantly acquaintances. Even if I could forgive you the injury to me, I cannot overlook the insult to my sister."

He did not write to Kate that evening, but he waited until the next day in order that he might not be hasty; when, being more than ever assured of the necessity of this course of conduct, he penned her a long letter, which, after telling her how much her habit of ridiculing him and those he loved had annoyed him during long acquaintance, he concluded by narrating this last instance of her fatal practice, and the manner in which it had come to his ears.

"After having acted thus" he said, "I am convinced that you do not love me, at least not as much as I must be loved by the woman who is to be my wife.—My feelings for you have always been such that I could not have turned *you* into ridicule. But all this is over. I am firmly convinced that I could never be happy with a satirical wife. Farewell."

George Alcott was true to his word; and about two years after united himself to an amiable, engaging young lady, of sound common sense and useful acquirements. Kate is still unmarried and will probably remain so.

BIBLICAL PECULIARITIES.

written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

This number so often mentioned in the sacred writings, has always had a kind of emphasis annexed to it. It is by some called the number of perfection, being composed of the two first perfect numbers, equal and unequal, *three* and *four*—(for the number two, consisting of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect.) In six days Creation was perfected—the 7th was consecrated to rest. If Cain be avenged 7 fold, truly Lamech 70 and 7 fold. Noah had 7 days' warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air into the ark by 7's and the clean beasts by 7's; the ark touched the ground on the 7th month, and in days a dove was sent, and again in 7 days after. Abraham pleaded 7 times for Sodom; he gave 7 ewe lambs to Abimelech for a well of water. Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, and also another 7 years. Joseph mourned 7 days for Jacob. Laban pursued after Jacob 7 days' journey. The 7 years of plenty, and the 7 years of famine, were foretold in Pharoah's dream by the 7 fat and the 7 lean beasts, and the 7 ears of full and the 7 ears of blasted corn. The children of Israel were to eat unleavened bread 7 days.—The young of animals were to remain with the dam 7 days, and at the close of the 7th to be taken away.—By the old law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother 7 times; but the meekness of the Saviour extended his forbearance to 70 times 7. On the 7th day of the 7th month, a holy observance was commanded to the Children of Israel, who fasted 7 days, and remained 7 days in tents. Every 7th year was directed to be a year of rest for all things; and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the Jubilee; they were to observe a feast 7 days after they had gathered in their corn and wine; 7 days they were to keep a solemn feast, as they had been blessed in the work of their hands. Every 7th year the land lay fallow.—Every 7th year there was a general release from all debts, and all bondmen were set free. From this law may have sprang the custom of binding young men to 7 years' apprenticeship, and of punishing offenders with 7 years', twice 7, or three times 7 years' imprisonment. Every 7th year the law was directed to be read to the people; if they were obedient, their enemies should flee before them 7 ways; if disobedident, their enemies should chase them 7 ways. In the destruction of Jerico, 7 priests bare 7 trumpets 7 days; on the 7th day they surrounded the walls 7 times, and after the 7th time, the walls fell. Hannah, the mother of Samuel, in her thanks says, that the barren hath brought forth 7; as some Jewish writers say that his name answers to the value of the letters in the Hebrew word, which signify 7. 7 of Saul's sons were hanged to stay a famine. Jesse had 7 sons, the youngest of whom ascended the throne of Israel. The number of animals in sundry of their oblations were limited to 7. Solomon was 7 years building the temple, at the dedication of which he feasted 7 days. In the Tabernacle were 7 lamps. The golden candlestick had 7 branches. 7 days were appointed for an atonement on the alter; and the priest's son was appointed to wear his father's garment 7 days. Naaman was commanded to wash 7 times in Jordan to cure his leprosy. Gehazi was ordered to look toward the sea 7 times, and at the 7th time he saw the wished for cloud. The Shunamite's child sneezed 7 times before life was fully restored. In the 7th year of his reign, King Ahasuerus feasted 7 days, and on the 7th directed his 7 chamberlains to find a Queen, who was allowed 7 maidens to attend her. Job's friends sat with him 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams as an atonement for their wickedness. David prayed that the wicked might be rewarded 7 fold, into their bosom. Solomon says that the fool is wiser in his own conceit than 7 men that can render a reason; and that when the wicked speaketh fair, there are 7 abominations in his heart. Nebuchadnezzar was 7 years a beast, and at the end of 7 years his kingdom was restored, and the fiery furnace was heated 7 times hotter to receive Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego.

In Scripture are enumerated 7 resurrections, viz: The Widow's son by Elijah; the Shunamite's son by Elisha; the Soldier when he touched the bones of Elisha; the Daughter of the Ruler of the Synagogue; the Widow of Nain's Son; Lazarus, and the Saviour.

Enoch, who was translated, was the 7th from Adam, and Jesus Christ the 77th in a direct line. The Saviour spoke 7 times from the Cross, on which he remained 7 hours. He appeared 7 times afterwards. In 7 times 7 days, he sent the gift of the Holy Spirit. In the Lord's Prayer are 7 petitions contained in 7 times 7 words.

In the Apocalypse we read of 7 churches, 7 candle sticks, 7 spirits, 7 stars. 7 trumpets, 7 plagues, 7 thunders, 7 vials and 7 angels to pour them out upon the 7 headed monster Antichrist.

Pennsgrove, Pa. W. S.

HINTS FOR THE YOUNG.

Are there any among you, my young friends, who desire to preserve your health and cheerfulness through life, and at length to reach a good old age? If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

A considerable time ago, I read in one of the newspapers of the day, that a man had died near London, at the advanced age of 110 years—that he never had been ill, and that he had maintained through life a cheerful, happy temperament. I wrote immediately to London, begging to know if, in the old man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had rendered his life so lengthened and so happy, and the answer I received was as follows:

"He was uniformly kind and obliging to every body; he quarrelled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst, and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means which he used."

I wrote a note of this in a little book where I generally write all that I am anxious to remember, and very soon afterwards I observed in another paper that a woman had died near Stockolm, at 115 years of age, that she never was ill, and was always of a contented and happy disposition.

I immediately wrote to Stockholm, to learn what means this old woman had used for preserving her health, and now read the answer:—

"She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet, and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered, she bathed in the same; she never eat or drank any delicacies or sweetmeats: seldom coffee, seldom tea, and never wine."

Of this likewise I took a note in my little book.

Some time after this, again I read that near St. Petersburg, a man had died who had enjoyed good health till he was 120 years old. Again I took my pen and wrote to St. Petersburg, and here is the answer:

"He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time, he never was idle; he worked and employed himself chiefly in the open air, and particularly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never permitted himself to sit awry, or in a bent posture, but was always perfectly straight.—The luxurious and effeminate habits of citizens he held in great contempt."

After having read all this in my little book, I said to myself—"You will be a foolish man indeed not to profit by the example and experience of these old people."

I then wrote all that I had been able to discover about these happy old people upon a large card, which I suspended over my writing-desk, so that I might have it always before my eyes to remind me what I ought to do, and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of my card, and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young readers, I can assure you, on the word of an honest man, that I am much happier and in better health, than I used to be. Formerly, I had the headache nearly every day, and now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months. Before I began these rules, I hardly dare venture out in rain or snow without catching cold. In former times, a walk of half an hour's length fatigued and exhausted me—now I walk miles without weariness.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigor. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these happy old people—and that is, I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.

O that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, that I might be happy and long lived as they were.

Little children, who read this, you are the fortunate ones who are able to adopt in perfection, this kind of life! What, then prevents you living henceforward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the men of London and St. Petersburg?

GENTLEMEN FARMERS.

It is worse than idle for any man to expect to better his condition in a pecuniary point of view by turning gentleman farmer. If a person have a fortune already, he may lay out pleasure grounds, fence in parks, experiment in crops, try crosses in breed cattle, set but trees for shade scenery, and thus gratify his tastes, and thus make some discovery for others to benefit by—but in his own case will loose money; probably he expects it. But would any one think of a gentleman warrior or gentleman poet? that is, of a man who should hire all his fighting done, or all his verses made. If success only crowns individual exertion in all other pursuits, how is it that this alone, in the primitive occupation of mankind, men expect it without putting their hands to the plough and girding themselves for the labor? It is a common remark among the husbandmen that he who works with his 'hands' gets double the amount of work out of them compared with him who only gives his orders and waits till they are accomplished. The general must lead his troops to victory; he must endanger his own life if he would infuse bravery into the hearts of his soldiers; and this principle is not inapplicable to the 'boss' of a farm.

ANOTHER IMPLEMENT IN WARFARE.

A new implement in warfare, of terrible efficacy, has just been devised in England by Professor Brunson. It consits of a liquid similar to alcohol in which the oxygen is replaced by arsenic. It ignites the moment it is exposed to the air. If any vessel filled with it, like a glass or iron globe, should be thrown upon the decks or into the ports of a ship, it would ignite the moment the vessels struck any hard substance, and the inflammable liquid instantly would be in a blaze. The atmosphere at once becomes filled with clouds of white arsenic, by which a deadly poison is evolved and inhaled. Being heavier than, and insoluble in water, it could not be extinguished, and of course, it becomes fatal to all within its influence. A dreadful implement in the art of war.

MODERATE FORTUNES OF THE PAST.

In old times, moderate fortunes produced contentment even among distinguished men. A letter that appeared in the Essex Gazette of 1769 the production of the late Timothy Pickering's father, deacon T Pickering, contains a fact, which exhibits in a striking light the progress of wealth since the date of the revolution. Deacon Pickering was one of the most respectable citizens of Salem, although his income was so small that, as he states expressly, it did not exceed eight pounds a year, as well from the proceeds of his own industry as from every other source. This is a striking contrast to the incomes of nineteen twentieths of our citizens, of the present day. It is to be presumed, however, that this was merely his money income. He must have had a dwelling, and farming produce to live on besides.

FIFTY YEARS HENCE. It does not require the prevision of a prophet to foretell, that the next half century will bring forth many changes and revolutions in the affairs of this world. Within that time the United States will have possessed themselves of vast territories on this continent, and blotted out of existence their governments; and it is not improbable that Great Britain, now claiming to be the mistress of the ocean, will have ceased to hold a foot of land on the American shores, and sink into a second or third rate naval power. Her possessions in the East Indies will probably have imitated the colonies of North America, and declared their independence—and thus her collossal power will have dwindled down to more reasonable limits; and her government, instead of having to superintend lands upon which the sun never sets, will be occupied in maintaining the independence of the nation at home.

The United States and Russia will, in fifty years, be the controuling power of the world—that is, if the former be not dissolved into various confederacies—and between them there may probably arise a struggle for supremacy on the ocean. There can be no doubt that our country is destined to be a great naval power. Our naval victories during the last war with England rescued the navy from the disrepute into which it had fallen, and have caused it to be looked to as the favorite arm of the national defence in time of war. Another conflict and we shall have the whole energies of the country directed to the increase of our navy, not for the simple purpose of self-protection, but for that of conquest. We shall not long endure to be secondary to England on the ocean, as the aspiration for supremacy is already breathed.

But there is one thing which will probably be effected within the next half century, at which the philanthropist will heartily rejoice. We allude to the change which will take place in the condition of the people of Africa. We indulge the hope, that ere the lapse of time mentioned a large portion of Africa will be enlightened and civilized—that the horrible superstitions and practices that now prevail will have disappeared, and the mild principles of Christianity and the protecting influence of regular government have been introduced. For these beneficial results we look to the agency of colonization societies, which have already laid the foundation upon which the noble superstructure can be raised. It cannot be doubted, that the colored emigrants from this country will, in time, exercise a controuling influence over the African race, and that this influence will be exerted for the amelioration of their condition. They will be as missionaries to the benighted heathen, spreading the knowledge of the true God, and instructing in all the moral and social duties.

In fifty years—the hand which traces these lines, with millions of others—will have mouldered to dust; a contemplation which should check vanity, pride and arrogance—and cause us to direct our minds from the contemplation of our own insignificant persons and affairs to that of the great, good and wise Being, who rules the destinies of individuals and of nations.

PROGRESS OF STEAM.—It is now possible to breakfast in Boston, dine in New York, and sup in Philadelphia. We look for one link more in the chain—"*to sleep in Baltimore!*" It would make only 500 miles, and will be accomplished yet in less than a quarter of a cent ury.

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