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BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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Poetical.

YOUNG ZAIDEE.

A True Story.

BY MARIA.

Alone in her palace of mother-of-pearl,
Whose proud turrets rise by the blue dancing water,
There sat on a divan a fairly-like girl,
Young Zaidée, the great Khan of Tartary's daughter.
Her azure eyes beam'd like the pure starry heaven;
The light of her spirit illumin'd her face;
Her dimpled cheek vi'd with the soft flush of even;
Her accents were music; her motions were grace.
She sang, and the echoes repeated the sound;
The wild fountains mimick'd her silver laughter;
She waltz'd, and behold in the mirrors around
Ten thousand young Zaidées moved sportively after.
But the Princess felt lonely—her Pa was from home—
And she eagerly glanced from her lattice to mark
If the Bashaw of Tripoli's buggy had come,
For he'd promised to give her a drive in the Park.
The elegant Bashaw was dreadfully slow;
But I am not surprised at a lover's freak,
For Watts the logician, asserts that a beau,
When the awful duties of courtship oppress him,
Should frown at his sweetheart at least for a week,
And give her a terrible fit of the pique,
Before he allows the poor girl to address him.
The tears stream'd in torrents from Zaidée's blue eyes;
Her dimpled cheek crimson'd; her dainty lip curl'd;
She order'd her car and her gay butterflies,
And took a short drive just to look at the world.
Through the mist of the morning her ruby car roll'd,
And flashed in the light like a chariot of flame;
Behind, in their livery of azure and gold,
On their fleet humming-birds the gay outriders came.
The ruby car flash'd, and the wild butterflies
Like a rose color'd cloud floated lightly along;
The humming birds sped thro' the saffron-hued skies,
And the elms danced round them with music and song.
In passing thro' Paris, that city so proud
Of its wonderful cooks, in style rather hasty
She drew up her coursers in front of St. Cloud,
And took a slight snack of a rattle-snake pastry.
The Empress Eugénie, who's wild as a fawn,
On seeing this vision of beauty before her,
Mistook the sweet maid for the rosy-cheek'd Dawn,
And smilingly murmur'd—"Good morning Aurora."
Round the car of the Princess the elms all drew,
And sun'd their wild wings in the blaze of her eyes;
With sparkling Catawba (a hog'shead or two)
They feasted her coursers, the gay butterflies.
Those spirited coursers arose on the wind,
And spurning the reins bolted off in a gallop;
The outriders follow'd like lightning behind,
And the ruby car rock'd like a tempest toss'd shallop.
The beautiful Princess look'd mournfully back,

And fainted away with a Siddons-like air,
For she saw her John O in a full suit of black,
Jumping over the sun in a fit of despair.
"I'm somewhat surpris'd at fair Zaidée's emotion."
Said an old and quite philosophical elf,
"For from the North pole to the Antarctic ocean
Each lover is mostly in love with himself!"
Ah youth! happy youth! thy delusions are rife;
Thy hopes are as sweet as the blossoms of Spring;
E'en the rainbow that shines on the tempest of life
Is caught from the glow of thine own sunny wing.
But woe to the heart tho' in beauty and might
Its feelings gush out in their fresh morning hour;
The fount of the desert springs forth to the light,
And dies on the waste which can yield back no flower!

As pale as the pearls from the depths of green Oman,
The Princess awoke, with old England quite nigh.
The Britons, she thought, were so dreadfully common,
That in half a second she pass'd them all by.

Arrived in New York, that city of wonders,
She linger'd a while with expectancy dumb,
For she knew by the terrible screams and thunders
In the principal streets, that a "lion" had come.

What laurel crown'd monster of glory was he?
The Princess look'd down, and who did she see
But that battle-worn chieftan, the mighty Tom Thumb!

"If I've lea'd but one thing, I've not travel'd in vain,"
Said Zaidée with wondrous sedateness,
"In the United State it is very plain
That littleness constitutes greatness!"

Five minutes elapsed, and at Barnum's Hotel
Her car of bright ruby she drew up in style;
Feeling rather fatigued, she thought she'd as well
Engage the best room and repose for a while.

But she heard in the street such a horrible yell
That she whipp'd her coursers and flew for a mile.
The fiery butterflies hastening away,
Lit suddenly on a political fray.

And the Princess heard a wise patriot say,
"Our candidate's not of the Palmerston school,
And honor and talent combine to decry him,
But we will not confess him a knave or a fool,

As we vote for the turn coat if only to buy him."
"To buy him!" cried Zaidée in wild admiration,
"My father, the Khan, who is greater than Clovis,
Will pick out the plumpest and best of the nation,
And eat him between meals instead of anchovies."

Thus saying, the Princess flew over the bay,
And enter'd Queen Ann's room with a day.
The townsmen rush'd out
Great humming,
"I think," said a lawyer
Mingling.

The people look'd ter-
And stared at Zaidée
Mensely;
From their hair and
And they seem'd to
ly;
But the Princess
Queen Ann's
And raised a great
fans.

She awoke the next mo-
quite gay;
But soon fainted from hap-
and surprise,
For her car into dew drop
And the wings had
gay butterflies

The beautiful Prince
thinner,
All thought her
lapse,
She ate but five
dinner,
And the doct
Schnapp
The remedy fail
The physician
and gloom
He'd bled her nine
came flying
That the Khan,
had come.

Thro' crowds of the natives all
wonder,
Up the Centreville road the great Khan
was hurried,
By six blooded mice freshly rubb'd down and
curried.

The roll of his state coach was louder than
thunder,
And grand as the roar of the musical gong.
He came, and the bridge on the mill stream
rock'd under
The tramp of the mice as they bore him along
Oh, woe to the fond heart when death
comes to gather

what abrupt tone, to know
going.
"Why, into the country
"to pass the summer."
"But at what landing do
stop," he asked.
"It is entirely immaterial to
answered, "so long as I spend the
mer in the country."

Thereupon the clerk kindly named
how you

The flower which hath gladden'd our life's
dreary wild
Like Hamlet when eyeing the ghost of his
father,
The great Khan of Tartary gazed on his
child.
"When in disobedience my fairy-like daugh-
ter,
With rose-color'd butterflies heedlessly
stray'd
From her palace of pearl by the blue dancing
water,
The sunshine went with her the dark
shadow stay'd!
And I am indeed the most wretched of Khans,
For, alas! my poor Zaidée has died of
Queen Ann's!"
Thus saying he enter'd his coach in a trice,
He bang'd down the windows and bang'd
to the door;
The driver put whip to the six blooded mice,
And all fled for their lives and were heard
of no more!

Choice Story.

MY SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY HARRY GRAY.

When June came I resolved to go into
the country for the summer. As pre-
liminary toward effecting this object, I
desired my landlady—who is a widow,
and dresses in bombazine—to permit me
to pay my board-bill for the preceding
month. To this she kindly consented,
and I immediately had the satisfaction
of presenting to her the amount called for
by the account rendered. I sent to the
washerwoman for my clean clothes, and
notwithstanding several collars, handker-
chiefs, and socks were missing, and I
had already advanced five shillings and
sixpence to her more than was due, I
gave her a gold dollar; for which she
seemed to be very thankful. I packed
into a carpet-bag, of small dimensions,
my modest wardrobe. I bought a straw-
hat, a palm-leaf fan, and a box of cigars.
I filled the pockets of my summer over-
coat with magazines of recent dates, and
the evening papers. I took "Rutledge"
and "Hawksview" under my arm, and,
distributing alms, in the shape of three-
cent pieces, to the nine children who
board in the house and infest the stair-
ways, as I passed them on my way down,
I went out of a place wherein I had
dwelt amidst dirt and uncomfortableness
nearly six months.

I hailed a passing omnibus, into which
I got amidst a sea of erinoline, wherein
I was quite hidden, and after a brief ride,
which I enjoyed exceedingly, I emerged
into the country house, lying just at the
base of the Catskills, the blue summits of
which I had seen yonder, traced against
the sky.

The house is full of
a score of chimpan-
plank was
the ste
fast

"Of course you have no wish to stop
at a hotel—not even the celebrated ones
at West Point."

I nodded.
"A boarding house in a village," he
continued, "crowded with city people,
would be equally objectionable, but I
think a quiet farm-house, where an old
man and his wife were the sole inhabi-
tants, would, perhaps, be the place for
you."

"Not altogether the Utopia, captain,
that I have in my mind."

"Ah!" exclaimed the captain, "that
word Utopia helps me. Now, indeed, I
know the very spot. It is an old-fash-
ion'd country house, lying just at the
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over the various landing-places at which
the boat stopped, and asked if any of
them would suit me.

"I had rather not be put ashore at
Sing Sing," I said; "but to any of the
others I have no objections."

The clerk evidently was puzzled. I
think he had an idea that I was a lunatic
travelling for the benefit of my health—
He said he would speak to the captain in
regard to me.

I replied "Very well," and retired to
the upper deck, where I watched the
sunset, with its orange and gold, and
rosate clouds.

It was not long before I observed the
clerk pointing me out to the captain,
who, after regarding me attentively from
a distance for a few moments, approach-
ed me, and in a kind manner, asked if
he could be of any service to me, as he
understood from his clerk that I was un-
decided as to what place I would stop at.

Thereupon I invited the captain, who
was apparently a genial-hearted person
to occupy the seat beside me, and pro-
ceeded to tell him I had come on board
his boat for the purpose of getting away
from the city and into the country; "but,"
I added, "it did not occur to me, pre-
vious to starting, that the country was
quite so extensive as I find it to be, or I
should have decided upon the particular
locality I would visit, before I left my
boarding-house."

"That certainly," said the captain,
with a good-humored smile, "would
have been the usual course of proceeding;
but I do not know that the mode you
have adopted will prove less satisfactory
than if you had occupied much time in
seeking a spot such as a man of your
tastes—here he glanced significantly at
the books and papers—"would desire."

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past read your sketches and poems, as
they appeared each week in the "Even-
ing Lamp;" and Kate and Alice—who
are very curious, by the way—are both
eager to know you. There isn't a man
in the world to whom they would give a
more cordial welcome than to yourself—
And as for the old folks, why they will
gladly yield their grand-daughters pleasure.

"Dear, delightful old people!" I ex-
claimed, "I know I shall be charmed
with them; and the girls, captain, I think
you said they were not ill-natured nor
uncomely!"

"What?" asked the captain.
I repeated the last part of my remark.
"My dear fellow," he answered, "I
said they were beautiful and good as
angels."

"Ah, yes," I replied, "I dare say
they are—but it will make no difference
to me. Young girls are not to be de-
pended upon, but the old couple, I know
I shall like them. How long will it be
before we get there, captain?"

"Oh, several hours—we shall not get
to Kingston before nine, and then we
have a ride to take of a few miles back
from the river. The girls expect me to-
night, and will be watching for my arri-
val. Come, let us go down into the cabin
and have supper." And we went.

Political.

VIEW OF HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

At the recent great Breckinridge meet-
ing in New York the Hon. Mr. Dickin-
son thus referred to the action of the New
York delegation in the National Conven-
tion and the manner in which the nomi-
nation of Mr. Douglas was pressed and
finally made:

"Waving all questions of the merits
or demerits of Mr. Douglas as a candi-
date, his pretensions were pressed upon
the convention—sometimes under the
pretence of a platform upon which he
could stand with convenience—sometimes
in the admission and rejection of delega-
tes by the process of machinery and man-
agement, and at other times in the di-
rect presentation of his name, beyond all
precedence, or bounds of courtesy or
reason—in a manner and in a spirit, and
with a feeling, which spoke defiance to
nearly one-half of the States of the Con-
federacy, when it was well known they
would not acquiesce in his nomination—
that they would not support him if nomi-
nated, and that he could not be elected
without their votes—pressed, too, in a
tone and temper, and with a dogged and
obstinate persistence, which was well
calculated, if it was not intended, to
break up the convention, or force it into
obedience to the behests of a combina-
tion.

"The authors of this outrage, whom
we should hold accountable, and who are
justly and directly chargeable with it,
were the ruling majority of the New
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power, and madly and selfishly, and
unwisely, used it for the disruption of the
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election of a Speaker and Clerk of the
House of Representatives, two of the
most influential and commanding positions
in the government. (Cheers.) Those
who ruled, and dictated to, and wield the
vote of the New York delegation, through
the fraudulent process of a unit vote—a
rule forced upon a large minority of this
delegation to trifle their sentiments, while
small minorities were released from it in
others to suit the purposes of the conspir-
ators—will hereafter be known by the
name plainly branded upon their guilty
foreheads at Charleston—"political gam-
blers"—as creatures who hang festering
upon the lobbies of State and federal leg-
islation to purchase chartered privilege
and immunity by corrupt appliances; who
thrive in its fetid atmosphere, and swell
to obese proportions, like vultures upon
offal; office-brokers, who crawl and cringe
around the footsteps of power, and by
false pretences procure themselves or vile
tools places of official trust and emolument,
that they may pack and control caucuses
and conventions at the expense of the
people they defraud and