

WATER

—KING

ELEGY.

IN A CHALTREN OFFICE IN THE CHINEE.

In those dark, wretched and unvarnished cells,
Where misery a shivering, half-starved form dwells;
And ever-moaning humanity sighs,
What reason dost thou find, O man, for crying?—
Where none is shown to comfort all this wretched race,
In that dark land, as darkness grows more dense,
Which ever weathers in the haunted air,
Whence it seems as if humanity came?
Vain shadow, where! where! now dost thou sport with evil,
Oh evil, oh contradiction, oh ever-beguiling!

The spotones of this mighty fabric was laid after the death of David, and the four hundred and eighty years, which it continued to stand through the Red Sea. The building commenced in Mount Moriah, on Monday, the second of the month of *Zif*, which answers to the seventh of our April, and it was finished in all in a little more than seven years, on the eighth of the month of *Bul*, which answers to our twenty-third of October, being the second month of the third year, and the eleventh of Solomon's reign. The stones were dressed in the manner of our quarries, or moral, was ready cut, dressed or polished as we please, so that any other tool was wanting.

When did you leave home? / Have you gone
 straight in front / and out again in the rear,
 With a subtle mellow flow wraps Nature up,
 Now backs do pinch me / now bite at my
 Throat / so clearly defined / so much more;
 I think I shall / I shall be deployed
 "Against the 'Fog' of this air / my lonely
 And glad but I thought / and how far west
 Oh, previous thought! Comfort everything
 Now to my well-fare / show John Hall's
 Place in the heart of Alcorn's penitence
 Of such soft glow / the glorious version
 Intentioned by me and dated
 Why did I ever call / my well-fare home?
 Why, the day's number / never, in all time,

other said and heard, then was necessary to join several parts together. All the noise of the hammer men saw, was confound to the forest Lebanon, and the quarries and plains of Zemar that nothing might be heard among the masses of Zion but harmony and peace."

A Husband and a Dreamer.

CONTENTMENT vs. FASHION.

"Her heart is hollow, and her tongue is false And thus he pictured Fashion."

A correspondent who describes himself as "Xmas Husband" says that he is this year

[illegible]

statement, which is too long to give in detail about two years ago, took to himself "a half"—a handsome, well educated and somewhat fashionable young lady, of a neighboring city in whom he was, and still is, tenderly attached. This is in a regular and increasing business, which close attention yields him something like six hundred dollars per annum; and thus, in order to be prudent and live within his means, he commenced housekeeping at a cost of about a score of dollars a year, determined to reserve

[illegible]

from time to time; and thus gradually to secure an independence. All went well for the year—and as his wife had few friends in Philadelphia, she kept but little company, and the time that he had deemed necessary for household purposes was found to be every way adequate. He was, moreover, in the constant enjoyment of his family, and in the society of his friends; and in his moments of leisure, and perfectly contented and happy. He hastened at the close of business hours, and was warmly welcomed—while an occasional walk or a visit to some place of public amusement served to

[illegible]

the scene, and impart variety to the ordinary affairs of life. All, he repeats, passed smoothly and quietly for about a year, when his young wife was suddenly introduced to a *double family* in the neighborhood, consisting of another somewhat advanced in life, but quite as tender and seeming, and three daughters. Whom had passed their teens several years. This family is not affluent, but the female members are haughty and ambitious—and they have contrived to infuse some of their own peculiar notions into the mind of the young wife. The edu-

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serious on several points of view. The life of the household are rapidly *interesting*; parties are of constant occurrence; all the fashions in dress are carefully cultivated; he is right out of his mind, on returning to his own correspondence, and that his *best* "out visiting" and has left word for himself "for her." At first he was somewhat astonished, annoyed, but thought the novelty would wear off, and all would be well again. But this system has apparently become a fad—and on venturing to remonstrate a few plain, sensible-like, practical, took also

Ye dance when dangling was my only duty,
Sworn by Clio, curfew'd by my Beauty,
Divided by Clio, curfew'd by each Jilch;
And when the dance was o'er, the dance
Ah! how interesting, sweetly and reviews
These happy hours, when I walk home, this
And hourly review, much the Talbot's price,
I found a new sister—so the fate once said:
Away, could you finer, have this vision;
Luscious too mimicry to have derision—
Away quick! listen from these dreary walls
Attend soft, herps to their plays and ball
Pleasure's a bad horse—side how the gait be

since something like a quarter took place," he said, "the thing must be stopped or I am ruined and perplexed. I am for hours." He adds, "the thing must be stopped or I am ruined and perplexed. I am for hours." He adds, "the thing must be stopped or I am ruined and perplexed. I am for hours."

Where last of Lillington letters bound,
His rum'd a dark sword, and below'd on the ground,
Now, while it's round "uncertain sleep"
"Peregrine, and I alone my rights keep."
Let me, like Philomel, four months my sorrow
The sad detail that fresh aches to-morrow,
I can no more the dull lamp's fading ray,
Beside me, as I "Parade" or brood, of day,
Where sleeping I must strait "the clock"
morning.
Roused by the hateful Drummer's early war,
Come, then, my boat-cloak, let me wrap
round,
And, as I canner, stretch'd upon the grass

empty allurement, they discover, only a
late, the fearful penalty. The error precei
civilized communities, but especially in the
States, for, with our ideas of *equality*, we
to forget the advantages of wealth, and to
walks of life and expenditure in those
which we cannot afford. The consequen
first, loss of confidence and harmony at ho
cond, loss of self-respect; and finally, u
irretrievable ruin.

The delusion, too, is in many cases a
and misled our wives, and then, for the

"Midst all their snore, grunting in their
 Or I may dream of frying-pans and cooks
 Pots, spits and larders; and, when Vanda
 Gazele with Aldermen of Ism'd Gull-hall
 And haste the day when I on Albion's shore
 May staff and cram till I can roar no more
 Haste the best night when deep shall sleep
 Frame,
 In fields of fathers, not in fields of fame!"

Interclamping.
The Drunken and His Story
 From the New York Five Points' Monthly

proper moral courage, to decide and do the right thing. The course before our correspondent is plain one. It is to have a full, frank and honest conversation with the erring and misguided member in the family firm, and at the same time make a candid exposition of his financial position. S.E. is no doubt a reasonable woman, and she will cheerfully retrace her footsteps. But to do this *she should be postponed.* Let it be undue haste, and in the *proper spirit*, and all will be right again. Fashion is well enough to be followed, the idle, and the empty, who are

A few Sabbath since, one of the most de-
specimens of humanity that ever greeted my
same staggering into the chapel of the I.
Industry. His wild and graceful looks,
and dirty beyond description, his face bruise
swollen, rendered him an object of dan-
ger. He seemed to look at the children
wonderful interest, occasionally muttering
out: "Beautiful! beautiful! O, that mine
be!" He sat an hour or two more, and
then turned back at the children.

to show what to do with their time and means,—but it is a very easy thing to be able, contented, honorable and happy in being fashionable. Would that our youths generally, would appreciate and act on that truth! There would then be more homes, and more attentive husbands.

But let us not charge all this mocking and vain pretensions upon the girls' sex. In society not a few otherwise sensible waste days, and hours, and years, in the pursuit of bubbles—bubbles of notoriety with

As the bell rang for service in the sanctuary while the children were clustering together and talking and laughing in one another's arms, he surveyed the faces of the children who seemed so tender, and at length his eyes rested on two bright-eyed little girls, who were singing of their little hymns. His gut murmured sharply during the whole service, gazing on the faces of these two children.

The service closed, the congregation

to mistake for fame—and to the possession of which they devote energies and means that make them respected and independent, but exercised, but pour a constant stream of upon their comparatively neglected at families. Their taste has become with fancy that the world is gazing upon them—admiring them—that they are creating a reputation—producing a sensation—when, in fact, they exposing themselves either to pity or to scorn. "And so runs the world away!"—Faint on the one hand—faintly on the other—faintly but witheringly the present; and faintly but witheringly the future.

Dr. S—— asked him, what was the matter.
"I am a drunkard! A wretch—an
homeless, and without a penny. Once

not free