



POETRY.

From the Philadelphia American Daily Advertiser.

Mr. Poulson—(Observing last evening the brilliancy of the Phenomenon in the Heavens, and calling to mind the variety of conjectures which such an appearance occasions, the following thoughts occurred which are at your disposal. S.

TO THE COMET.

Mystic stranger! blaze of light! Messenger of good or ill; Fortunate to the wondering sight, What behest dost thou fulfil?

Dost thou tell of blight afar, Or shall health's kind blessing cease, Dost thou omen direful war, Or confirm the notes of peace?

Art thou missioned from above, Oh, celestial herald say, Dost thou bring the torch of love, Wakening the MILLENNIAL DAY!

Could we thus with rapture meet thee, Emanation of the skies, How would songs of triumph greet thee, How would mingling praises rise!

But though wisdom has denied, Finite skill thy course to tell; Though thy errand's undescribed, Yet we know that all is well!

HE who speaks in dreadful thunder, Throned in power above the sky; He, before whose viewless splendor, All thy radiant glories die—

He who holds the bolt of heaven, Systems, which their course fulfil, He whose glance through time hath riven, God—will ever guard us still!

Mystic Orb! then urge thy flight, Soon thy meteor-reign is o'er, Whilst thou burnest the gem of night, We, admiring, GOD adore.

Miscellaneous.

FROM IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK.

THE WIFE.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious

As are the concealed comforts of a man Lock'd up in woman's love. I sent the air Of blessing, when I come but near the house.

What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—

The violet bed's not sweeter!

Middleton.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband, under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rified by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children—

if you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that married men falling into misfortune, are more apt to retrieve their situation in the world than single men; partly because they are more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon them for subsistence; but chiefly because their spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and their self respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love, of which they are monarchs. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination; he was of a romantic, and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond, confiding air with which she looked up to him, seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the mishap of my friend, however, to have embarked his fortune in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself almost reduced to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts of cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of this world.

At length it came to me, one day, and related his whole situation, in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I enquired, "does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of

her that drives me almost to madness!" "And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the Intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than it imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy: and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together, an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve, but feels undervalued and out raged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.

"Oh! but my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all refinement of opulence.—How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart, it will break her heart?"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed pure happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary."

"I could be happy with her," cried he convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! I could—I could—God bless her! God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Aye more; it will be a source of pride and triumph to her; it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie.—I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility, and tenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in

which they had hitherto revelled.—Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks, it is a stranger. In short I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?" "Like an angel! It seemed rather to be relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy—but, poor girl," added he, she cannot realize the change we must undergo.—She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she experiences no want of accustomed conveniences or elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty, so much as pretence, that harrasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end.—Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doating husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her," asked I, "has any thing happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl," exclaimed I, "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never was so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence in that woman."

"Oh, but my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience: She has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home

destitute of every thing elegant, and almost convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless brooding over a prospect of future poverty.

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road, up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees, as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a foot path that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice in a style of the most touching simplicity, singing a little air of which her husband was pecuniary fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward, to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out of the window, and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come; I've been watching and waiting for you, and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and every thing is so sweet and still here—Oh!" said she, putting her arms within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh, we shall be so snug!"

Poor Leslie was overcome.—He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms around her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes. And he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperous with him, and his life has been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of such unutterable felicity.

On Wednesday last, about the commencement of the storm, a Herring, weighing nine ounces, and measuring thirteen inches in length, fell from the clouds and landed in Main-Street, in this village, near the Phoenix Coffee-House. At the moment, it was supposed to have dropped from the talons of some Bird of prey; but, a close survey of the heavens, made with a particular view of ascertaining the fact, satisfied the spectators that no such Bird was in sight, nor did the Fish bear any indications of having been grasped in the talons of a Bird. It was seen more than twenty feet before it struck the ground, and lived for some minutes after its fall. If the incredulous should doubt the above statement, it can be corroborated by several highly respectable eye-witnesses.—Buffalo Journal.

Economy!—The Editor of the Baltimore American Farmer says, that "a gentleman mentioned a fact to him the other day, to convey an idea of the habits of a certain neighborhood.—He said, he met on the road, going to a neighboring village, an old fashioned, imported coach, drawn by two half starved horses, driven by a naked negro slave, conveying a live hog to buy a jug of rum."

At Havana, 630 foreigners died of fever from the first of May to the middle of June.