

Poetical Department.

The following lines will serve to give a faint idea of the "mark" the editorial wight has to "toe" in order to "please everybody," which, according to our notion, would be as hard to do as to keep pace with the Telegraph on an old blind horse.

THE EDITOR.

That editor who wills to please,
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,
And kiss the hand that beats him;
Or if he dare attempt to walk
Must to the mark that others chalk,
And cringe to all that meet him.

Says one "your subjects are too grave,
Too much morality you have—
Too much about religion:—
Give me some witch or wizard tales,
With slipshod ghosts, with fins and scales,
Or feathers like a pigeon."

"I love to read," another cries,
"Those monstrous fashionable lies:
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings and queens and lords,
Of border wars and Gothic hordes,
That used to live in hovels."

"No, no," cries one; "we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff
To craze the fair creation!
Give us some recent foreign news
Of Russians, Turks—the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation!"

The man of drilled scholastic lore,
Would like to see a little more,
In scraps of Greek and Latin;
The merchants rather have the price
Of Southern indigo and rice,
Or India silks and satin.

Another cries, "I want more fun—
A witty anecdote or pun,—
A riddle or a fiddle:
Some long for missionary news,
And some, of worldly carnal views,
Would rather have a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper:
Of all the literary fools
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries, "I want to see
A jumbled-up variety—
Variety in all things:—
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed—I only give the hint—
Of multifarious small things."

"I want some marriage news," says Miss;
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain,
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain—
At least not one in twenty."

"I want to hear of deaths," says one—
"Of people totally undone
By losses, fire, or fever;"
Another answers, full as wise,
"I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of Raccoon skins and beaver."

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savory dish
Of politics to suit them:
But here we rest at perfect ease;
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editorial wight
Has nought to do but what is right,
And let the grumbler grumble.

The Olio.

MRS. BARTINGTON ON ELOQUENCE.—Mrs. Bartington, the venerable and tender-hearted friend-in-law of the editor of the Boston Post, speaks in the following just terms of praise of a temperance lecturer, to whose eloquent appeals she had just listened. "Dear me, how fluidly he talks. I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms me in every nerve and cartridge of my body—verdigrease itself couldn't be more smooth than his blessed tongue is."

A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters, and if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.

AN INFERENCE.—A wag entered a store in London, years ago, which had for its sign "The Two Baboons," and, addressing himself to the proprietor, said—

"I wish to see your partner."
"I have no partner, sir."
"I beg your pardon, sir, and hope you will excuse the mistake."
"Oh, there's no harm done; but what made you think there were two of us?"
"Your sign—The Two Baboons."

BEFORE GOING TO LAW—"My dear what shall we have for dinner?"
AFTER GOING TO LAW—"My dear, what can we have for dinner?"

"Don't faint," said the corn to the cloud.
"Oh, dear, I shall drop," said the cloud to the corn.
"You're a queer blade," said the cloud—"I'll box your ears if you are impertinent."
"You're getting high—but I would advise you to refrain from further remarks," said the corn, stalking about.

Nothing truly great was ever accomplished without long and patient toil.—GRETENWOLD.

COQUETTES—A coquette may be compared to tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match. Men are perverse creatures. They fly that which pursues them, and pursue that which flies them. Forwardness, therefore, on the part of a female makes them draw back, and backwardness draws them forward. There will always be this difference between a coquette and a woman of sense and modesty—that while one courts every one, many will court the other. When the coquette settles into an old maid, it is not unusual to see her as staid and formal as she was previously versatile—

Thus weathercocks which for a while
Have turned about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last."

SHARP.—A young lady one night at a party was much annoyed by the impertinent remarks of a coxcomb who sat near her. At length, becoming tired and vexed, she turned toward him with an angry countenance, and said, "be pleased sir, to cease your impudence;" the fellow was astonished at so sudden a rebuke, and could only reply—"Pray miss do not eat me." "Be in no fear," she replied, "I am a Jewess."

AIM AT SUCCESS AND PERSEVERE.—Success in life is the grand object. Usefulness, propriety, character and standing, are objects which become the corner stones of a splendid temple. Till all are gone, none need despair; and when they are, few have the least cause to hope.—He may slowly rise to personal independence; and such a state, is positive happiness.

Let us aim at success in life, and remember that it depends upon industry, economy, and a good moral character—but most of all, on discretion in a wise precautionary foresight. As a small leak may sink the most splendid ship, so a trivial circumstance may make or mar an independent fortune. Our successful men who are rich and happy in old age have been "careful men."

FEMAL LIVELINESS.—Few things are more liable to be abused in society, especially by young ladies, than the gift of liveliness. No doubt it gains present admiration as long as they continue young and pretty, but it leads to no esteem, produces no affection if carried beyond the bounds of graceful good humor. She, for instance, who is distinguished for the odd freedom of her remarks, whose laugh is loudest, whose wit is most piquant, who gathers a group of laughers around her—of whom shy and quiet people are afraid; this is a sort of person who may be invited out—who may be thought no inconsiderable acquisition at parties of which the general approbation is dullness; but this is not the sort of person likely to become the honored mistress of a respectable home.

A Selected Tale.

A COQUETTE CONQUERED. OR THE TRIALS OF A HEART OF PRIDE.

BY JAMES S. WALLACE.

CHAPTER I.

"I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to man;
But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn hide sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endured."—SHAKESPEARE

"There was a sound of revelry by night—
—music and the dance—the twin-born
daughters of fashionable enjoyment preside
o'er the scene. Amy Laverty shone like a
blaze of beauty; it was almost impossible for
a casual observer to decide in what particu-
lar grace or elegance she so excelled her
competitors as to queen it over all. One ad-
mired the glossy ringlets, which fell in pro-
fusion over a brow and neck which would
have defied the pencils of human or Sully or
the chisel of Powers; another, the intellectu-
ality which beamed from her full eye, "so soft
as when the blue sky trembles through a
cloud of purest white." Each beauty of
feature and of form had its admirer, and
though all differed as to her style of charms,
still opinion was unanimous as to her trans-
cendent perfection.

Rich in all these profuse gifts of nature's
bestowing, the world had likewise been
bountiful in its distribution of favors. Her
parents were wealthy, and her life flowed on
in one unbroken stream of carelessness, cease-
less pleasure. Scene after scene in the
drama of life passed before her, heightened in
its fairy, dream-like influence, by the contin-
ual good humor and complacency of both the
actors and auditors. The gilding and tinsel,
which irised every view, and which that
skillful artist, Fashion, presented with ever-
varying hue, concealed the mis-shapeden
mass on which the coloring was laid. Art
caused the plain canvass of life to glow with
gaudy tints, and luxury, with unsparing hand
laid on her rainbow pigments.

All was gay and joyous in the mansion of
Mr. Laverty, on the night when Amy entered
her eighteenth year. A splendid ball,
unrivaled in brilliancy even in that *recherche*
circle, had brought together the young and
beautiful. The glare had attracted the flut-
tering insect and the ephemera of fashion,
as well as those whose positions in society
gave them the entree where "exclusiveness"
set her potent seal. Amid the wreath of
loveliness which graced the apartments, the
fairest flower was Amy; to the stately gran-
deur of the dahlia she added the softest deli-
cacy of the rose—the air seemed redolent
of gayety wherever she moved, and the
beaming joyousness of her smile won hearts
in adoration.

And yet, was this bright, this gifted girl
entirely happy? The world called her so,

in its hollow acceptance of the term; she
thought herself so. But there was a canker
beneath all this brightness. An overbear-
ing pride—a dependence on wealth and flat-
tery for happiness, all-essential to her exist-
ence. She was surrounded by all that for-
tune and its attendant luxuries could give,
and yet something was wanting—it was a
heart to love or contract a friendship—it
was that sacred mellowing of our natures,
which experience of salutary chastening
alone can impart. The sunbeam of the
world does not produce this ripeness of heart,
clouds and gloom will best mature it; like
the perfumed shrub, which is scentless until
crushed, so from the soul most deeply wrung
by wo, rises the incense most grateful to di-
vinity. Though Amy dwelt in a paradise
of the world's planting—amid it a demon
was stalking—an insatiate fiend, whose pres-
ence was death to true happiness—the same
which tempted our first parents to transgress,
and this was—pride!

"He really looks well to-night—a more
manly form I never saw," whispered a fair
young friend to Amy.
"Yes, he is passable," was her reply, "but
then, who is he? Nobody—his father I am
told is a small farmer in the interior of Lan-
caster county, and a certain proportion of
the yearly proceeds of the dairy and the
stock is exclusively set apart, I suppose, to
enable my young gentleman to pursue his
studies at the University here."

"Really—quite a pity!" was all the "exclu-
sive" young lady could draw out in reply.
"And would you believe it," continued
Amy, "he has had the assurance to inter-
pret a little past politeness of mine into some-
thing more tender, and has actually dared
to tell me that he loved me."

"Really—how sentimental! He is quite
romantic for a clodpole," was again drawled
out in response.
The hands of both the ladies were now
claimed for quadrilles, and the conversation
was interrupted. In the meantime the ob-
ject of their remarks was leaning against
the folding door of the apartment, and con-
templating with an abstract air, the gay
group around him. And yet Henry Stanton
was not of a disposition to allow pleasure
to fleet away without claiming his allotted
share. But now thought was burning
within him, and he felt that a decisive mo-
ment had arrived in his destiny. He loved
Amy Laverty deeply and purely. Unac-
customed to the frivolities of the world of
fashion, and judging from his own ardent
impulses, he fancied that he had discovered
an answering chord in Amy's heart which
vibrated to the tone of his own. He knew
not the difference between the conventional
politeness of the ball-room, and those purer
feelings which can only be nurtured by the
fireside. Stanton was skilled in the lore of
books, but not in the inexplicable mysteries
of the human heart. Being, however, of a
decided disposition, and having resolved to
woo, he determined without delay to make a
more explicit declaration of his attachment
to Amy.

He accordingly embraced the first oppor-
tunity which transpired, during the evening,
to draw the fair girl into a favorable train of
conversation, and reiterate his love in that
style of mingled deference and fervor, which
always gushes to the lips from the promptings
of a manly heart. Amy listened in silen-
ce, and as he ceased, her clear, silvery
laugh rang in his startled ear, as she ex-
claimed:—

"Really, Mr. Stanton, the repetition of
this honor is so unexpected, that I am at a
loss how to reply, or how to talk to you.
What jointure, besides a green-vegetable
stall in High Street Market, to retail your
papa's cabbages, and your mama's cream-
cheese, am I to expect with your hand and
heart?"
Stanton, for a moment, felt a death-like
chill curdle his blood; but reassuring himself,
he replied calmly and with the impressive-
ness of deep feeling: "I could bring you
nothing, Miss Laverty, but an honest name;
talents, which friends are partial enough to
say I possess, and the ardent aspirations,
which are the heritage of young manhood's
resolution to win its way to honorable dis-
tinction in a profession, which has been
adorned by the proudest names in the world's
annals."

"Well sir," said the proud beauty, with a
toss of the head, "you offer lavishly of your
abundance! In works of charity, I grant
you, fair sir, your mite would be recorded
with the millionaire's ostentatious subscrip-
tion, but Amy Laverty's heart is not a 'poor-
box,' to receive with equal gratitude either
which may be offered. No, I prefer equipage,
and an establishment which shall be the
envy of all, in actual possession, to your slow
accumulation of legal fees in abeyance; and
so Mr. Attorney, you are answered a la
Blackstone! But don't despond, Mr. Stan-
ton, nor revolve over any of the dozen
schemes of suicide which the alternate flush
and pallor of your cheeks tell me you are
meditating. I can be a generous friend, if
not your devoted affianced, and my waist is
yours for the next waltz, although I see one
approaching to ask the favor, who thinks his
money can buy a claim to it, as his father
did military bounty-lands during the last
war."

They joined the whirl of dancers. Amy
waltzed like a sylph. It does not require
heart to waltz. Stanton admired her grace-
ful postures, and twined with her the mazes
of the voluptuous dance; but the spell of the
enchanted was broken—he was heart-
whole and free. He could, as a young and

ardent lover, have forgiven any personal
sight; but the cold sneer upon the quiet and
unostentatious occupation of his parents,
wounded him to the quick. When they
separated for the night he had taken his first
lesson—read the first leaf in the mysterious
volume of woman's heart, and he gleaned
wisdom from its perusal. The midnight
lamp may assist lovers as well as law-stu-
dents in the prosecution of their respective
occult sciences. The chandelier irradiates
the volume of human nature, as does the taper
the intricacies of Coke upon Littleton.

CHAPTER II.

Yes—maidens, fair or brown,
Lofty or lowly,
Light as the thistle down;
As egress holy—
When poets whisper near,
Go join the dancery;
Turn a stony ear
To all ro-mancers—JAMES SMITH.
Why should I toil in such fruitless cause,
To serve a flirt who only heeds the laws
That folly and caprice suggest?—BERNAL.

Four years had flown by. All Washing-
ton had assembled at the grand gala ball,
which celebrated the re-election of General
Jackson to the Presidential chair. From
every part of the Union, wealth and beauty
and talent seemed to meet in this common
centre of attraction; and the family of Mr. Lav-
erty, the rich Philadelphia merchant, formed
one of the most important integers of the
great unit, Fashion.

Amy was lovelier far, than when we saw
her last. Every petal of the bud had unfold-
ed—she was radiant as the very impersona-
tion of beauty's self—her mien was queen-
like—her arched brow and forehead had
been sung as the ebony bow of Cupid re-
posing on a tablet of alabaster. Amid the
gay revel, every eye was turned upon her.
Ladies pronounced her stiff and formal,
while the gentlemen protested that "Venus,
when she rose, fresh from the soft creation
of the wave, was not more beautiful!"

Amy must have possessed charms of no
common order, or this unanimity of the
female censure would have been destroyed.
Panegyric, on the part of gentlemen, is not
so certain a criterion, for we have known
Sheridan Knowles drawn upon for a com-
parison, as above, when Shakespeare's
"starved executors, the greedy crows,"
would have been more apposite, and have
heard Moore quoted—

Why doth azure deck the sky
But to be like thine eye of blue,

and applied to the veriest green gooseberry
optics we ever saw! Such comparisons, if
not "odorous," as Mrs. Malaprop would have
them, are nevertheless generally picked from
the most forced hot-beds in the garden of
compliment, and loom large, like the sun-
flower, with a special care always to face
about to the rising beams of the sun of rich-
es or fashion.

"I believe, Miss Laverty, I have engaged
the pleasure of your hand for the next set?"
said the gay, noble and fine looking Frank
Pennant, coming up to the belle of the ball
room.

"Certainly, sir, with all my heart," was
the reply, as she rose.
"Fortunate dog that I am—then I have
both your hand and your heart," laughed
Frank.

A slight sigh escaped Amy. Why? Was
she in love? Was the place where her heart
ought to have been, touched? "Nous ver-
rons," as the politicians quote from the
venerable father of the trans-Mason and Dixon
line press.

"Others might sigh, my dear Miss Lav-
erty," continued Frank, as he was leading Amy
to their place in a cotillon, "for such a con-
fession as you made just now! He will in-
deed be a happy man, who asks your hand
for the grand promenade of life, and re-
ceives it with all your heart!"

"Do you think so, Mr. Pennant?" archly
asked Amy, with a glance from her eye,
which might have made Diogenes turn his
tub bottom upward, to hide himself under—
"why, when you ask it, it would be almost
heresy to refuse."

"Upon my word, Miss Laverty!—are you
sharp shooting, or do you mean to canonize
me? Heresy to refuse me! Why, my cata-
logue of rejections rivals in length that of
an old operative friend, Don Juan's conquests!
Through all the grades in the navy, up to
my present rank, I have been tossed to and
fro by bright eyes and obdurate hearts, like
a nautical shuttlecock, by the battle-axes of
the fair sex! One has disliked my long
voyages—the other my short pay; one has
had a soul above a middy, and passed me
with a cut direct, just as I was entered "pas-
sed" by the commissioners—another left me,
it being a losing game to love a simple lieu-
tenant; while another—ah! she would have
eloped with me to the world's end, at the
risk of the rope's end, if I had been a cabin
boy, with a touch of the romantic in my dis-
position; whereas, unfortunately, that very
day the President had promoted me, by and
with the advice and consent of the Senate!"
So you see fate, professional promotion, the
President and Congress, have all been a-
gainst me, and I have been declined as often
as any common noun in the entire lan-
guage!"

"But now Mr. Pennant," interrupted Amy,
"as you have attached yourself to me—"
"Attached myself! My dear Miss Lav-
erty, how could I help it? Are we not,—
we poor devils, all and singular, the captives
that swell your triumph? Look, now at
Walton, how he eyes me, half-captivated,

wolfish, because I have unconsciously re-
tained your hand after the last balance!
Excuse me!"

"Come, Mr. Pert, don't interrupt me. I
was about to say—as you have attached
yourself to our party for the last three weeks,
and have been trying to make yourself ex-
ceedingly agreeable in my eyes, I shall de-
mand that you report to me in future, and I
will prevent you from being entangled in
any of the labyrinths of our sex's wiles or
whims!"

"Will you, indeed! What a sweet Ari-
adne!"

"I can give you the clue to escape the
monsters!"
"And entangle me yourself, at last,—to
weave a web and detain me for your own
amusement, I trust!"

"Nay, Frank!—pray excuse me, Mr. Pen-
nant; I did not mean—do you really wish
that I may entangle you in any web I may
have skill to weave?"

"Well, my dear Miss Laverty," replied
Pennant "three weeks have glided away
very delightfully in your meshes, and I am
free to confess the silken bondage pleases
me. I love a flirtation, where no heart can
be broken! I like to tilt against breasts of
adamant, and shiver the spears of repartee
against the solid barrier!"

"And judge you, I have a heart of ad-
amant, Mr. Pennant?"

"I have been told so, Miss Laverty."
"And pray, by whom?"

"My old friend and class-fellow, Harry
Stanton."

"Henry Stanton?"

"Yes, you remember him? The son of
one of our Lancaster county farmers, who
has made such a sensation the past winter,
as a member of your Pennsylvania Legisla-
ture, at Harrisburg."

"Oh, yes! Cabbages and cream cheeses,
I remember!"

"Madam!"

"He made love to me four years ago, and
I was compelled to reject him."

"I know it, Miss Laverty. He told me
you were without a heart, and therefore I
have been under no restraint in our little in-
nocent flirtations, as no life chord can be
cracked!"

"Henry Stanton is a friend of yours, then?"

"Yes, Miss—almost a brother. I shall
marry his sister Kate, next May."

"You, Mr. Pennant!"

"Yes—she came, saw and conquered, the
past fall, as I returned from my last cruise.
A sweet girl she is, Miss Laverty."

"Mr. Pennant, will you step and find my
father, and ask him to order the carriage?
I have danced enough, to-night, and will re-
tire."

Frank withdrew, and Amy sighed again!
That night tears wet her pillow. Tears
around the couch of youth and beauty! Ah!
gold may purchase the gorgeous bouquet,
to adorn the opera box, even in mid-win-
ter; but all the wealth of India is a fairy
plant, and blossoms loveliest in the humble
shades of life!

And Amy slept at last; but she slept un-
easily, amid confused dreams that Kate and
Henry Stanton were attempting to poison
her! About the same time, Queen Mab was
with Frank Pennant, too, and he laughed
happily in his sleep, as he dreamed that Kate
was pelting him, in mimic play, with rose-
buds and myrtle leaves, while his dear friend
Harry looked on smilingly. If dreams are
an index to our waking thoughts, it needs
no somnosophist to interpret what was pass-
ing in the dark chambers of their thoughts!
[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Boston papers announce the resignation
of Major General Appletton Howe, of the First
Division of Massachusetts Militia.
Major General Appletton Howe of the First
Division of Massachusetts Militia has done
very well in doing so, and if the Commander-
in-chief of that Militia had brought him before
a court martial and cashiered him two or three
years since, it would have been better still.—
"This is the Martialist who refused to call out a
detachment for a military escort for the funeral
of the gallant Capt. Lincoln, who fell gloriously
on the battlefield of Buena Vista. Such a
Major General is a disgrace to his State and
his Country."—*New London Chronicle*.

BUSINESS.—Business, says a celebrated writ-
er, is the salt of life which not only gives a
grateful savor to it but dries up those eruditions
that would offend, preserves from putrefaction,
and drives off all those blowing flies that would
corrupt it. Let a man be sure to drive his
business, rather than let it drive him. When
a man is but once brought to be driven, he be-
comes a vassal to his affairs. Reason and right
give the quickest dispatch. All the entangle-
ments that we meet with arise from the irration-
ality of ourselves or others. With a wise and
honest man a business is soon ended, but with
a fool and knave there is no conclusion, and
seldom even a beginning.

MONUMENT TO COL. MARTIN SCOTT.—A
handsome and substantial monument has been
recently erected over the tomb of the late
brave-gallant Col. Martin Scott, who fell at the head
of his regiment at the battle of Molino del Rey,
Mexico. His remains were brought home to
Bennington, and interred in the ancient burial
ground. The monument is of pure white mar-
ble, and reflects much credit upon the taste and
liberality of the citizens under whose auspices
it was erected. It bears an inscription, modest
and appropriate, simply stating that he was thir-
ty-three years in his country's service, and giv-
ing a list of the different battles in which he
participated.—*North Adams Transcript*.