

MISCELLANY.

SELECTED.

THE WRECK OF LOVE.

BY THE BOSTON BARD.

Love's barque was launched on rapture's tide,
In beauty's sunniest day—
And fearless on in conscious pride,
She ploughed her joyous way—
The breeze of her bliss snowy sails
All soft and silent swelled,
Over dimpled seas with gentlest gales,
Her careless course she held.
Joy seized the helm—his wild commands
The pilot, Pleasure, gave
The barque to steer to fairy lands,
Where wisdom's folly's slave,
And o'er this glassy surface now
With heedless haste she flies,
While hope sits smiling on the prow,
At hood-winked wisdom's eyes.
But bark! along the deep has sped
The hallow'd dirge of woe—
Joy drops the helm—and hope has fled,
Pale pleasure shrinks below.
Where art thou love?—The billows roar
About thy vessel's deck—
Love wake upon distraction's shore—
Shame's vortex gulps the wreck.

From the New York Spectator.

GOING IN THE COUNTRY.

"My dear," said Mrs. Artful to her loving spouse one day, as he came in fatigued from business to dinner—"My dear," said she, with a sweeter smile than she had cast upon him for a twelve month—"Don't you think my complexion looks rather bilious for a few weeks past?"

"Why no, my dear," said the husband fondly patting her under the chin, and little dreaming to what this sudden gush of affection was to lead—"no my dear," said he, pressing her fondly to his bosom and implanting a fervent kiss upon her lips—"I have rarely known you look so well in the summer for many years. You don't feel ill my dear, I hope, to day? The weather has been so delightfully cool for the last month, and the atmosphere so bracing and elastick—

"Not exactly sic," said Mrs. Artful, before her husband had time to finish his commendations of the weather—"but then you know my dear," (not regarding what he was saying)—"that it is so unhealthy and disagreeable to spend the whole summer in the city. And so I've been thinking whether we could not take a trip to the springs, or to Niagara, just to get a little fresh air. Besides, Mrs. Flyabout has just dropped in, and she is going to make up a fine party. Mrs. Silverheels and her two sisters, and the daughter who married Mr. Shortstaple at the south, are to be of the company, and they have invited us to go along."

"Why, my dear," said Mr. A. "you must be aware that the times are hard. You know I endorsed for old Souchong, his brother-in-law Dashall, and his hopeful son-in-law Bob Tandem, and have had it all to pay. And beside, the apostle himself was not more encumbered with his bonds, than I am with the 'Life and fire.' S'death! I might as well have died and been burnt up at once myself!"

"But my dear," rejoined the wife, "your business is good—your last cargoes sold well—you sold out your stocks before the troubles came on, and you are Do you not think I should take pleasure getting over your losses; and then the in saving a drowning man?" "Perhaps children—Emily and Catherine, and you would," said the clergymen, "what Frederick and George—dear little would his pocket book be safe?" "Oh, souls!—have not been well these three years. I always took special care of such weeks. They should be taken to the country. We can have them with their look serious and proceeded—"You are an old man Mr. Cook, and it is truly a melancholy thing to see you again confined as a thief. Probably you have so

long indulged in crime, that it would be we cannot afford it. The children useless to talk to you of religion or moral—would be well enough if they were not it, but I will appeal to you on the indulged in every thing they cry for, and ground of interest. You have not been studded with poison in the shape of green diligent in your occupation, and have enfruited and green corn. It is true I have dured its hardships to an advanced age; thus far been able to meet my notes; but but you are still without property and I have had to shift and turn every way, your miseries seem likely to continue, and have already shun'd it so much that Would it not be better to try some new I am ashamed to be seen in Wall-street, mode of life, that you have the means of. And then there are the bills for school-subsidy, in your old age, and exchangeing, and the music bills, and the French teacher, and the dancing master—the convex mirrors for the parlour, and the ninety dollars you know, for your last cashmere shawl—all, all, must be paid next week. Indeed, I—hardly know!"

"Oh, you are always pleading poverty, whenever I want to be gratified with a jaunt into the country for a few days. There's Mrs. Gissamer, and Mrs. Fumble, and Mrs. Yardstick, have all been taking their pleasure in the country these three weeks—and heream I so oppressed for breath—and the dear little ones too—and nothing but Manhattan water, as salt as Lot's wife!"

"But do hear to reason, wife. If Gissamer would pay for the last dozen cases of silks which he bought of me—or if Fumble wouldn't charge me three percent, a month for money to pay other people's debts—or if my business was all profit and no risk, like a draper's—then I would think of it. At present, however, I do not think it would be exactly honest to?"

"Honest! Why, Mr. Artful, need you be more honest than your neighbors? Half of our acquaintance have failed since the last year; and most of them are

now travelling to Catskill and Lake George, and Lebanon, as though nothing had happened. I don't see for my part, why you should slave yourself to death, and keep me and the children shut up in the city all the summer long, when it is as hot as an oven."

"But I say again wife—I cannot afford it. If we go, I must borrow the money from old Gripus—and then if those bills should be returned from England with a protest at their tails, we shall be?"

"Then you'll be as well off as your neighbors," replied the lady, with much less sweetness of manner than she commenced this dialogue. "Besides, to be plain about the matter, I have promised to go, and have this morning purchased travelling dressess for the children, which Mrs. Gump and the two Misses Buckrams have engaged to have all finished before the boat goes to-morrow evening. So, you see go we must, or I shall be disgraced, and?"

"That matter can be easily settled. Give the clothes to the makers for their pay it would be infinitely more to my advantage. It would be far better to suffer that loss, than to expend half a fortune for the sake of using them. And perhaps it would be more judicious the next time, before you make purchases, to ascertain in the first place how they are to be paid for. And then, as for the 'disgrace,' which will be the most disgraceful, to stay at home, and by industry and economy strive to retrieve our losses, or dash about among the fashables this month, for the pleasure of gazing at our friends through iron casements in the next?"

Mrs. A. (weeping) "Tis too bad, I quantity above specified, three times a day, will be found a useful strengthener of the stomach and bowels, when they we were married. I am heartily sick of have been disordered by frequent excess it, and our poor children will never be able to hold up their heads in genteel company—they will always feel mean and poverty struck. They are so much in the habit of believing that you are not worth sixpence, that I really pity them; and if we must all be so miserably off lines below were first published in the through life, I wish they'd never been born."

It was utterly in vain for poor Mr. Artful to attempt any further resistance. His wife was bent on going, and he plainly saw that sooner or later he should be compelled to surrender either to her tongue or her tears. With a deep drawn sigh, therefore, and heartily wishing the Gossamers and Flyabouts in the depth of the sea, he at length ceased to oppose, and finally yielded a reluctant consent.

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TOM COOK.

Tom Cook at the age of seventy was committed to goal in Middlesex, for theft. The clergyman of the town thought it his duty to pay him a visit. After some introductory conversation he expressed to Cook a desire to converse with him relative to his course of life. Cook affirmed that he was a much better man than he was taken for. "Tis true, said he, that I have often taken the property of others but I have exercised much prudence and philanthropy in my calling and the poor man was never the worse for any deed of mine. I have charitable feelings, and delight to relieve misery, before the troubles came on, and you are Do you not think I should take pleasure getting over your losses; and then the in saving a drowning man?" "Perhaps

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