

POETICAL.



ELECTIONS FOREVER.

Come come, look about, there is no time to lose;
The elections are now on to pick and choose;
Dear women make ready for favours and blisses;
There are lips waiting for ye and pregnant with kisses.

Huzzah! huzzah! elections,--
Elections forever, huzzah!

There are men looking upwards and men looking down.

And some on the tremble in country and town,
There are candidates plauts and turning about,
And some (heaven help them!) most sure to turn out?

Huzzah! huzzah! &c.

There is clapping and shouting both in doors and out;
Some mouths a-la-Listen, and some on a pout;
There is whooping and stooping at bribery's cost!

There are peticion sergents and peticion laws,
With greedy committees in this and that cause;

There is breaking of windows and making amends,
With friends turned enemies; enemies friends.

Huzzah! huzzah! &c.

There is speeching and preaching from little and great,
With butchers and bakers to batch up the states.

There is boating and coaxing to bring up the votes,
With pairing and swearing and turning of coats.

Huzzah! huzzah! &c.

There is posting and prancing from morning till night,
Some alert on the canvass, and some in a fight.

There are some throwing Hickory and some throwing Clay,
And some for Fan Buren are paving the way,

Huzzah! huzzah! &c.

There is flocking and knocking at this and that door,
With beauty vote-begging, that never begged before.

There is bowing and scraping, the flats to exalt,
And some without heads at the head of the poll.

Huzzah! huzzah! &c.

There are houses kept open for voters of spunk,
Such eating and drinking and times to get drunk.

There is tag rag and bob-tail with dandies arrayed,
With bills running up that will never be paid.

Huzzah! huzzah! &c.

In short having run through the bubbub and brouse,
And settled who shall and shall not be M. C's.

The cheering will follow, with smiling and bowing,
A little more gab, and a little more rowing.

Huzzah! huzzah! &c.

At length, in the house she'll be taking their seats,
And then for their promises, virtues and feasts.

But Time's telling mirror will hold up to view
What good deed or bad ones their honors will do.

Huzzah! huzzah! &c.

From the New England Magazine.

IMPLORA PACE.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

In the graveyard at Bologna, Lord Byron found the tomb of a beautiful princess, who died at the age of twenty, two centuries since, with only the simple words "Implora pace" engraved upon it. They affected him deeply, and he expressed an earnest wish that in case of his own death the same inscription, and nothing more, should be made upon his gravestone.

[Moore's Byron.

Give room, give room unto the dead!

No other place have they
Whereon to lean the aching head,

Or the cold bones to lay,—

And leave me but a pilgrim's room
In the broad temple of the tomb.

The wild deer hath his resting place.

The blind mole hath his home;

And all the weary wings, the sea.

And the wide skies that room.

A dwelling in the sunbeams have,

Above the ground; beneath, a grave.

Give room, give room for I have been

Life's wilderness all o'er.

Praying for that sweet eve to fall

When brain and heart no more

Might plant, as flying fawns, for rest

Within the green earth's sheltering breast.

For rest! for rest! I would not see

The sun, nor breathe the air;

Vision nor voice should come to me.

Of joy nor sorrow there—

No, nothing—nothing but the deep

And dreariness spell of solemn sleep.

For rest! for rest! I have grown old,

Amid the brief years' flow.

My limbs are like the wintry branch—

My locks, the wintry snow—

Leave, leave me but a place to lay

The tired and tremulous frame away.

For rest! for rest! I have been young,

And dreamed of hope, and love,

Till earth was like an Eden here,

Farther than heaven above;

And wealth, and fame, and friends—O God!

They lie below this vernal sod!

Nay, nay, I will not weep for these

That have their holy peace—

Beneath the flowers and dew; in dim

And verdant quietness—

From toil, and want, and scorn, and sin;

And madness, and the myriad sin.

No! take me to your side, ye loved,

Ye lost, yet once again—

To bear no more what I have borne,

Nor be as I have been—

For rest! for rest! Oh give me room,

And give me rest, within the tomb!

MATRIMONIAL ENGAGED-NESS.

"Oh, my Ma, I must be married!

To Mr. Punchinello!" Old Song.

We have had many a "hairbreadth" escape,
in our day, said we to ourself, as we sit sad and

solitary before our warm little ant-racine—
we've braved perils by land and sea;—up—gu-

—goal and gallows—sorcery, magic and witchcraft—we have leaped Ctwis when we were a school-boy! ditched of some fifteen and picket fences of six feet—to get ourselves fairly off.—But here's a knot the devil himself could not untie—worse than Gordian—'twill neither untwist nor cut,—we are lost—dead—done up—*actum est nobis*. It is all over with us—Heigh ho! we are—engaged!

We were a fool—a most miserable, unreflecting—d—o— to get ourselves into such a scrape—wheew ew-ew—*engaged!* And that without a sixpence either in possession or prospect. As for that matter, we shall no doubt be fairly mad—for sweet Ellen we hear, has no dowry but Love—Love—is't a most delightful thing, a thought to dream on, go mad on, and die on—but black! black—it is nothing to live on. Oh! fool—fool—

But she is a sweet girl—a charming girl—How could a man look in these fond, passionate, speaking eyes and pause to reflect—aye, and we did not reflect—we stumbled on, and leaped off in the dark, and here we are; we have been a true lover in a sadder plight. Yes, yes—true—a fine eye—rather too fond of gazing; a delightful lip—somewhat given to slander; a pretty foot—but proud as Lucifer. Engaged! the devil! no get off. Give her the slip? eh? Breach of promise—\$10,000 damages—Cartel from Fred—capital shot. Whew ew-ew—desperate—no hope—must marry—Lord bless us!

Engaged!—But then she talked so prettily, sang so enchantingly, laughed so bewitchingly, and looked so lovingly, that by my faith, I believe she would have made a conquest of Diogenes himself. The question popped out unanswered—then came the faint—yes! and we were engaged—are engaged—and, woe is us, *natus velox*, we must be married.

We were, as it may be guessed, in no very halcyon mood, as we ran hastily through these reflections. We were indeed in no most sad and melancholy pickle. We had taken up, and were carrying on "a little bit" of a flirtation, for the mere fun of it—notting else, on our souls—when by the veriest and most unlucky accident in the world, we fell nose, over head and ears, in love! And when we got out of it, and came to our senses, imagine our surprise, to find that our little witch of a magician had made the most of our infatuation and actually *netted us!* 'Twas a bite—a devilish bite—we had got drunk, gambled and gave her a mortgage on us, which al!s! there was no way to redeem! We must—heart and hand, life and limb; we must go under the hammer. The thought was distraction. We were in a most terrible tempest. But we strove to allay the storm within us, by qualifying plentifully of

"Averys's sweet milk, philosophy,"

and partially succeeding, we placed our foot upon the fender, and throwing ourselves back in our arm-chair, determined to wait the current of events and resolutely submit to our fate, whether that should be—to marry or to hang.

"Fine!" says Shakespeare, "gallops with the thief at the gallops!" Big how is this? Are we really before the altar? Heaven help us!—There stands the priest—yonder the friends—and here by our side, the sweet and blushing little Ellen W. A cold dew stood upon our forehead—our frame trembled—and we felt a most horrid ailing and sickness of the heart, as we listened to the awful sentence which pronounced us a—*married man!* How we got through that day and our honey-moon, heaven knows. But we believe, that we enacted any thing, except the character of that most estatic of all creatures—a joyous bridegroom. We have a faint remembrance, that the angelic Ellen became somewhat less beautiful to our eye than formerly; we thought her occasionally somewhat too negligent in her dress and appearance—somewhat sulky, sullen, peevish, and at all times, we must say, unreasonableness. But we had little leisure for love's gentle dalliance. We were not alone now; we were not that free, unfeetered, care-for-nothing sort of an amateur; a bachelor. We were caged and chained; and more than all, we were in a tread-mill, gaoed on by the galling spur of necessity: in fine, we were to struggle under the iron grasp of poverty.

Poverty! it is the curse of curses; the Pandora's box from whence issues half the immortality ill that "flesh is heir to;" want, wretchedness, wrong, days of drudgery, nights of sleeplessness, and a thousand minor miseries less terrible in detail but not less galling to the pride of an honorable man. These first are something, but it is nothing to hear the petty tyranny of those purposeful upstarts, who would tread upon us, because forsooth we are poor? To witness the neglect or insulting confidence of relations more favored and "better to do in the world" than ourselves! To be jibed, and jeered, and thrown to the wall, by the insolent nimious of accident, whom we still feel infinitely inferior to us in all the gits of fortune, except in that least estimable but most inviolate of all distinctions, wealth.

This, and all this, we had to encounter. To labor for life, and yet to eat, the bread of dependence—to have the slight pittance we had earned by absolute toil, doled out to us a gratuity—to rely upon the caprice of the capricious, and the interest of the wealthy, even for the privileges of laboring for a livelihood.

There are a thousand ways to amass wealth—*and we* whose principle and pride permits, whose soul is bent upon it, and who is willing to

—coin his heart for drachms!

may leap upon the shining dust to that heart's content. But we were not cast in the proper mould. We were not of that easy, pliant, insinuating temperament, which winds golden opinions by flattering the vanities and tickling the taste of men; and we saw a family growing upon our hands, without the means of supplying their increasing wants.

We grew sullen, morose, absent-minded, and our little wife still more bitter and complaining.

The interchange of enlightenment became less and less frequent between us—reposing took the place of consolation, and reproach of tenderness.

Our fireside became to us any thing but a place of refuge and enjoyment. We were

unhappy, and most dejectedly wretched.

But this was not all. More terrible evils were at our door. We had fallen in debt, and that without the prospect of payment!—We were incessantly annoyed by duns and dunning letters. Night and day we had no peace.

For what more ceaseless and inveterate tormentor can there be than a rapacious and hungry creditor? To cap the climax of our misfortunes, we were threatened with imprisonment.

A goal—eye—a goal stared us in the face. We

had a most terrible temptation (but we resisted it) to give our creditors and miseries all the sleep, and pop off in the fashionable way of suicide.

We were sitting one evening in these circumstances by our fireside, brooding gloomily over the results of our ill-starred union, and the foolish *faux pas* which occasioned it. "Scandalous omens!" we muttered to ourselves, as we traced up the numerous ill and unhappiness which had down from a mad act of a thoughtless moment. "We have all played the fool once!" But we think our folly has brought down a punishment upon us which exceeds its offence. "Heigho! but we won't murmur—make the best of it—no right to complain—many a poor devil worse off than ourselves. Though wife's not an angel, thank Heaven she's not exactly Zantippe. She's passable—decent as the world goes—good as ribs in general. And we—oh, our stars—just to think what we might have been, a free-merry joyful soul-care to the wind

—a fig for trouble—enjoying our *sojourn cuius dignitate*." But now—but we won't complain—will be patient; we'll philosophize—that we'll

Debts—duns—damning—letters—the devil!—

"Which way we turn our despair?"—but we'll be calm—well learn philosophy—wonderful Socrates was ever *damned!*—A writ—a goal—desctruction! Heaven help us!

Our meditations were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a rough-looking personage, whose appearance and manner betokened that he was bent upon any thing else than a visit of mere ceremony.

"It is the bailiff," whispered our wife, as he approached us.

We groaned aloud.

"Letters and papers for Mr. ——. Two shillings and four-pence!" said a rough voice at our elbow.

We started up, rubbed our eyes, and looked around us. We stood in our own old room; our wife and children had vanished and our bailiff was metamorphosed into the *peony post!* We

would willingly have given the fellow twice the sun, for frightening away our last of a nightmare, and letters and papers never come unto us, (always excepting *damning letters*)

Glancing over a New York paper, (it might have been the *Atlas* and *Constellation*,) our eye was caught by the following paragraph:

Manned!—On Wednesday last, by the Rev.

—&c. Theophilus Vanest, a wealthy merchant of ——, to Miss Ellen Wade, &c.

"God bless thee! for a more prudent young lady than we took thee for," we cried; health, and long life to ye both! Thankee, Mr. Theophilus, we owe thee a good turn, and if it ever in our power, rely upon us, we will not fail to evince our gratitude."

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