

POETICAL.

The Water.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

How beautiful the water is!
Didst ever think of it,
When down it tumbles from the skies
As in a merry fit!
It foams, it rings as it falls,
On all that's in its way—
I hear it dancing on the roof,
Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now down the spout
And gushing out below;
A happy thing the water is,
While sporting thus, I know.
The earth is dry, and parch'd with heat,
And it hath long'd to be
Released from out the selfish cloud;
To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely too,
The flower's simple grace,
As if to chide the pretty thing
For dust upon its face.
It scours the tree, till every leaf
Is freed from dust or stain.
Then waits till leaf and branch are still'd
And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop is tinkling down
To kiss the stirring brook,
The water dipples from beneath
With its own joyous look—
And then the kindred drops embrace,
And singing, on they go,
To dance beneath the willow tree,
And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is!
It loves to come at night,
To make you wander in the moon
To see the earth so bright;
To find a youthful gloss is spread
On every shrub and tree,
And flowers breathing on the air,
Their odors pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is,
It loves the flower's cup—
To nestle mid the odor there,
And fill its petals up—
It hangs its gems on every leaf
Like diamonds in the sun;
And then the water wins the smile,
The flower should have won.

How beautiful the water is!
To me 'tis wondrous fair—
No spot can ever lovelier be,
If water sparkles there—
It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
Of grandeur, or delight;
And every heart is gladder made,
When water greets the sight.

VARIETY.

Jonathan Slick at the Theatre.

This distinguished personage recently paid a visit to the Park, to see the celebrated Madam Celeste, and was very much horrified at that lady's display. A very pretty blue-eyed girl sat in the box by the side of Jonathan, at whom he glanced occasionally to see what effect the scene had upon her. We are not at all surprised at Jonathan's impressions—we have felt the same ourselves when looking at Celeste; but finding such sensations classed by the world under the head of false modesty, have very bravely outgrown them. But listen to Mr. Slick:

"That minute a bell tinkled; the picture rolled up again and the fiddlers began to put on elbow grease till the music came out slick enough—instead of the garden there was a great ball room with rows of great shaggy pillars running all through it. It was as light as day, for there seemed to be candles out of sight among the pillars besides a row of lamps that stood along the pan where the musicians sat. I was staring with all the eyes I had in my head when the barnstormer critter I ever set eyes on, came flying into the middle of the room; and she stood on one foot with her arms held out and her face turned towards us, looking as bold, and a smiling so soft as if she'd never done nothing else all her life. I was so scared when she first sprung in, that I raly didn't know which end my head was on. The darned critter was more than I liked, she was by golly! To save my life I couldn't look at her right straight with that blue eyed gal sitting close by me. At first I was so struck up that I couldn't see nothing but an alfred handsome face a smiling from under a wreath of flowers, and naked legs and arms and bosom a flying round like a live wind-mill. I thought I should go off the handle at first,—I felt sort of jizzzy, and as if I was blushing all over. I don't think I ever was in such an eternal twitter in my hull life. I partly got up to go out—and then set down agin as streaked as lean pork and covered my face with my yaller gloves, but somehow I couldn't hold my hands still all I could do,—the fingers would get apart so that I couldn't help but look through them at the plaguy darned handsome, undecent critter, as she jumped and whirled and stretched her naked arms out towards us, and stood a smiling and cooing and looking to the fellers. It was enough to make a feller curse his mother because she was a woman; but I'll be darned if there ever was a feller on earth that could help looking at the critter. I've seen a bird charmed by a black snake, but it was nothing to this,—not a priming. One minute she'd kinder dutter round the room softly and still like a bird that's just a beginning to fly, then she'd stand on one foot and twinkle tither out and in against the ankle so swift you couldn't but just see it. Then she'd hop forward and twist her arms up on her bosom and stick one leg out behind her and stand on one toe for ever so long till all on us had a fair sight on her that way. Then she'd take another hop and pint her right toe forward and lift it higher and higher till by and by round she'd go like a top with her leg stuck out straight and whirling round and round like the spoke of a broken wagon with a foot to it. It raly did beat all that ever I did see. When she stood up straight her white frock was all sprigged off with silver, and it looked like a cloud of snow, but it didn't reach half way to her knees and stuck dreadfully behind where her hump was. I hadn't dared to unkniver my face yet, and was sort of itching all over in a dreadful pucker,

wondering what on earth she meant to do next, when she gave a whirl, kissed her hand and hopped away as spry as a cricket, just as she came in. I swan if I didn't think I never should breathe straight again, I raly wouldn't a looked in that purty blue eyed gals face for anything; but somehow I happened to squint that way for I felt kinder anxious to see how red a gal could blush, but there she sat a smiling and a looking as if they raly liked the fun. She was whispering to a young feller that sat tither side, and sez she,
"Aint it beautiful! oh, I hope they'll call her back!"

"She will cum I dare say," sez the feller a larking, and beginning to stomp and clap his hands with the rest of them that were a yelling and hooting as if the devil had kicked 'em all on end. "She treats Americans very much as a lover does his lady."

"How so?" sez the gal, looking sort of puzzled.

"Why she can't leave them without coming back again and again to take farewell!" says he a larking, "but hear she cum!"

True as a book there she did come, and began to sidle and whirl and cut up her crancous all over agin. By little I let my hands slide down from my face, and when she gave her prime whirl and stuck out her toe the last time, I set staring right straight at her so astonished. I couldn't set still, for as true as you live, the nice little French gal that was so sweet and modest, and the bold beautiful critter with her foot out—her arms wavering around her head, and her mouth just open enough to show her teeth, was the same individual critter, and both on 'em were Madam Celeste.

I went hum. But I'll be choked if them legs and arms and that fan with the flowers over it didn't whirl round in my head all night, and they aint fairly out yet.

From the Democrat & Herald.

Who is the Log Cabin Candidate?

MARTIN VAN BUREN was born, reared and educated in a little Log Cabin that stands in an obscure part of the old Dutch village of Kinderhook, in the State of New York. His parents were poor but respectable, and obtained an honest living by tilling the soil. Martin in early life labored through the day in the field and forest with his father, and at night by the dim light of a log heap fire he stored his mind with useful knowledge and prepared himself for the more active duties of his after life. He knew not the blessings of wealth and industrial friends, but like a Franklin, a Jackson, an Allen and a host of self-made men that our Republic is justly proud of, he toiled and struggled, friendless and alone through poverty and made himself what he is—an erudite scholar and an accomplished statesman—the pride and boast of the democracy of America.

Now turn we to the other side of the picture, and look into the rise and progress of the Federal candidate for the Presidency.

William H. Harrison was born, reared and educated in the princely halls of his father's mansion in the Old Dominion. His father was a man of wealth and influence, and therefore possessed of competent means to educate his sons in a gentlemanly style, and bring them up in ease and affluence. Thus was W. H. Harrison started in early life; he knew not what it was to labor and toil, and push his way through life friendless and solely dependent upon his own exertions. Servants were in attendance and followed his footsteps to obey his call and administer to his most trivial wants. When grown to manhood, by means of wealth and his father's influence he was thrust into official stations, where he is to this day enjoying the life of a gentleman of leisure and living upon the profits of an office! He is now receiving \$50,000 yearly from the proceeds of the office of Clerk of the Hamilton county Court, and at the same time getting the profits which a large tract of land at North Bend yields annually. It is well known that he does not attend to the duties of his office, neither does he even superintend the cultivation of his farm. Such is the farmer of North Bend, such the poor man whom the 'whig party' would thrust into power because of his poverty!—and such the Log Cabin, hard cider candidate with whom they strive to gild the American people.

Martin Van Buren lived in a Log Cabin breakfasted, dined and supped upon coarse krait and cold water, and yet foretooth, because Gen. Harrison once in his life chance to sleep beneath the roof of a Log Cabin, and drink hard cider, he must be made president! Verily the ways of the federalists, whigs and sprigs of aristocracy are almost past finding out. The next thing they will try their busy hands at, will be an attempt to prove Jack Fallstaff a Hero and John Jacob Astor a poor man.

But Messrs. editors, I must close for the present, the cattle are yoked and standing at the door of my Log Cabin, and I must away to the field.

Some rainy day when I am at leisure, you may hear something more from a

PLOW BOY.

Green county, Ohio, March, 5th, 1849.

THE BLOODHOUNDS.—Certain yelping Federal Editors are making a great noise because, we suppose, the inhabitants of Florida have employed a better and less noisy pack than themselves to scent out the Seminoles.

MR. VAN BUREN AND GENERAL HARRISON IN VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Enquirer says—"Mr. Van Buren beat Harrison in Virginia, a little more than three years ago, by 7233 majority; and this year he will beat him from 10,000 to 15,000."

AN INDUSTRIOUS FEMALE.—A lady living on the banks of the Catawba River, lately performed the following extraordinary amount of work—she wove nine yards of cloth, spun four pounds of yarn, milked three cows, churned four pounds of butter and had twin children, all in one day!

A FATAL AFFRAY occurred at Natchez on the 29th February. George Duncan, pilot of the steamboat Canton, and a man named Jones, quarreled in the Byron house about a black girl. Duncan thrust a Spanish knife into Jones, which caused his death shortly afterwards. He was arrested and placed in the calaboose, to await his trial.

"Hallo, Sam! what you doin' dar!"—"Fishin'." "Well wat dat you got in yo' mou?" "Nothin' but some worm's for bait!"

SITTINGS OF THE COURTS

At the Court-House in Vevay, Switzerland County, in CIRCUIT COURT.

2d Monday in April. 2d Monday in October.

2d Monday in February. 2d Monday in August.

2d Monday in May. 2d Monday in November.

1st Monday in January. 1st Monday in September.

1st Monday in March. 1st Monday in November.

COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

1st Monday in January. 1st Monday in September.

1st Monday in March. 1st Monday in November.

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