

Poetical.

THE BETTER LAND.

By Mrs. Hemans.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire flies dance through the myrtle
boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry
wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights upon the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand?"

"Is it there sweet mother, that better land?"
Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sound of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death cannot enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

THE REVENGE.

Shortly before the revolution broke out, in 1789, the Marquis de Moncey, a nobleman of illustrious birth, but contracted fortune, had an opportunity of making a very advantageous purchase of some property, but wanting ready money to complete it, he applied to Monsieur Restaud for the loan of a considerable sum.

Restaud was a man of low origin, who had, by a course of honest and persevering industry, acquired an immense fortune; to inherit which, he had only one child, a son, at that period about eighteen, who was a fine, promising young man, and Restaud, who was extremely fond of him, had spared no expense on his education.

The Marquis, after opening his business, began to talk of the length of time it would be before he could repay the money, and the security which he proposed giving.

"Monsieur marquis," said Restaud, interrupting him, "I have a plan to propose, which will, if you choose to accede to, will entirely obviate all the inconveniences you must be put to, to repay this sum. But my plan may perhaps bear a little hard upon your pride, if so, monsieur marquis, speak freely; I shall not be less ready to lend you the money."

"What is your plan, my good friend," said De Moncey.

Restaud now, with some little circumlocution, unfolded it, and De Moncey listened with considerable surprise to the proposal of an alliance between his only daughter and the son of Restaud. The deepest crimson flushed the cheek of the marquis, at an offer which he was at first inclined to regard as an insult; but a few minutes reflection changed his ideas. His property was barely adequate to the support of his rank, and he had three sons and a daughter to provide for, the eldest son would, of course, inherit his estate; the two others were destined for the army; in case his daughter married young Restaud, it would be to secure their promotion, as he knew enough of Restaud's general character, to be certain that he would not be sparing of his gold among his noble relatives. All these considerations enabled him to smooth his ruffled brow, & reply to the honest bourgeois, with all the address of a courtier.

After professing himself delighted with all he had heard of Francois, he said, that as he could venture to answer for the consent of the marquise, the business might be looked upon as settled; but from the extreme youth of his daughter, he would wish the marriage deferred for a few months. In the mean time, he made no objection to comply with the desire of Restaud, that mademoiselle de Moncey should be taken from her convent, and introduced to Francois as her future husband.

It required, however, all his rhetoric to bring his wife over to his opinion, and it was with much difficulty that he gained her consent to an alliance which she looked upon as a disgrace to her family. As soon however, as her consent was obtained, mademoiselle de Moncey was brought home, and the regrets which Francois had felt, at what he considered as a very arbitrary measure, vanished at the first sight of his intended bride. Pauline de Moncey was just then fifteen, and her exquisite beauty might have turned an older head than that of Francois; but she had stronger attractions than those of mere beauty; her heart was excellent, her temper uncommonly amiable, & with all the simplicity of her age, her talents were of the first order. It is not wonderful that Pauline, brought up as she was in habits of perfect obedience, should look with a favourable eye on her youthful intended, who was, in fact, as amiable as herself. A short time sufficed to render them deeply enamoured of each other, but as our immortal bard observes,

"The course of true love never did run smooth,"

Almost on the eve of their marriage, the marquis' eldest son was seized with a dangerous illness—their nuptials were, of course, deferred till he should recover; but week succeeded week, and no alteration for the better took place.—Meanwhile the troubles which had for some time agitated France took a very serious turn; the republican party grew every day stronger, and de Moncey, who was a strict royalist, was shocked and surprised to find that Restaud openly espoused the opposite party. This difference of opinion soon created a decided animosity between them; and altho' Francois kept himself entirely aloof from politics, de Moncey thought his moderation was only a blind to conceal his real sentiments, and felt assured that he was at heart a republican.

Unfortunately, at this period, the young de Moncey died, and this circumstance protracted the union of our lovers for a considerable time. Francois still continued to visit at the marquis's as the intended husband of Pauline; but he was received by all but herself with a coldness which filled his mind with the most mournful pre-sages. Unfortunately, they were too soon realized. Monsieur St. Amand, a gentleman of distinguished family and affluent fortune, saw and admired Pauline. Her engagement to young Restaud was generally known; but St. Amand was a man of the world: he saw that it would be an easy matter to bring things to an open rupture between Restaud and the marquis; he effected this with very little trouble, and immediately made the most splendid proposals to Pauline.

Madam de Moncey had never been cordially inclined to the match with Francois, and all his good qualities had not removed the disgust with which his obscure birth inspired her. She gladly seized a trifling pretext to forbid him her house, and to declare that in consequence of the behaviour of his father, the projected union between the families was at an end.

Young Restaud did not acquiesce quietly in these new arrangements; he wrote letter after letter, which madame la marquise returned unopened; and besieged the hotel of de Moncey, who continued deaf to his prayers and supplications, till old Restaud, who was now as averse to the match as de Moncey himself, alarmed at his perseverance, contrived to send him to a considerable distance from Paris on business. His departure was eagerly seized by the marquise, who had procured her husband's consent to the marriage of St. Amand with Pauline, and in spite of the hapless girl's tears and reluctance, she was compelled to give him her hand. A rumour of the intended marriage reached Francois, and with the greatest speed he returned to Paris. The ceremony had been performed the evening before his return, and was not yet generally known. Francois was aware that he should not gain admission in his own character; he disguised himself in the habit of a peasant, & declaring himself charged with a letter from a steward of de Moncey, which he was ordered to deliver into the marquis's own hand, he was admitted. He flung himself at the feet of the marquis, and with a voice almost choked with emotion, demanded his betrothed bride.

Thus called upon, de Moncey revealed, as gently as he could, the marriage of his daughter; but he more than half repented his having enforced it, when he saw the effect which his intelligence produced upon Francois.

For some moments the power of speech was denied the unhappy youth, but the livid paleness which overspread his features, and the strong convulsions which shook his frame, proved the conflict within. De Moncey with an air of commiseration, held out his hand; but Francois scornfully repulsed it—"You have then, unnatural father," cried he, with vehemence, "destroyed the happiness of your child; you have immolated us both at the shrine of your prejudice; but, tremble to think, that the hour of retribution may not be far distant!—Tremble to think, that the man whose heart you so cruelly stabbed, may one day be avenged!" As he spoke, he rushed out of the room, leaving on the mind of the marquis, a vague sensation of terror, which he vainly endeavoured to shake off.

(To be concluded.)

By a married man.—The leading features in the character of a good woman, are mildness, compliance, and equanimity of temper. The man, if he be a worthy & provident husband, is immersed in a thousand cares. His mind is agitated, his memory loaded & his body fatigued. He retires from the bustle of the world, chagrined, perhaps, by disappointment, angry at indolent or perfidious people, and terrified lest his

unavoidable connexions with such people should make him appear perfidious himself. Is this the time for the wife of his bosom, his dearest and most intimate friend, to add to his vexations, to increase the fever of an overburthened mind, by a contentious tongue, or a discontented brow? Business, in its most prosperous state, is full of anxiety, and turmoil. O how dear to the memory of man is the wife who clothes her face in smiles, who uses gentle expressions, & who makes her lap soft to receive and hush his cares to rest. There is not in nature so fascinating an object as a faithful, tender, and affectionate wife.

What is, and what might be.—

The number of drunkards in the United States, would make an army as large as that with which Buonaparte marched into Russia; and would be sufficient to defend the United States from the combined force of all Europe. Convert our drunkards into good soldiers, & one tenth of them would redeem Greece from the Turk.—Convert them into apostles, and they would christianize the world—and what are they?

Different Taste.—We were amused with the reply of one of capt Head's companions on the summit of the Cordillaras, when all around was a surface of snow—"cheerless, wild, and inhospitable as the view was, still it was sublime"—he observed to one whose honest heart and thoughts clung to old England—"What a magnificent view, what thing can be more beautiful?" After smiling for some seconds, the Cornish lad replied, "them things, sir, that do wear caps and aprons."

Hard Names.—One of our townsmen, a Yankee, being in company at a tavern in Albany, a Dutchman from the county happened in, and on discovering that they were both from this vicinity, inquired the name of the Yankee,—"I will bet a bottle of wine," replied he, that I have the hardest name in the company"—"Done," says the Dutchman—what is it?"—"My name, sir, is STONE," said he exultingly."—"Well den, (rejoined the former,) your name is STONE, & mine is HARDER, now pay de bottle." The Yankee remarked that it was rather a hard concern, that he was fairly beaten, and paid the forfeit.

A man of business.—The following inscription is copied from a door in a village of Dorsetshire, England—"John Stibbens, tailor, shoemaker, and astronomer, I also keep a journeyman to do all kinds of carpenters & blacksmiths works, and to hang bells, &c.—Aney lady or genteelman as bespeaks a coat, or a pair of breeches, may have it on Friday or Saturday without fail.—N. B. being rumored abroad that I intend leaving off besines on account of being elected church wording, I hope my friends wont giv care to such blud thirsty reports."

Chances.—Lord Chancellor Moore, thought a man making choice of a wife, was like one who thrusts his hand into a bag of snakes, with the hope of bringing out a single eel, that chanced to be in it. He might, says he, happen to light upon the eel, but it is an hundred to one but he is stung by a snake.