

POETRY.

WALK HER OUT.

(FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.)

Why don't he walk me out, mamma?
 Why don't he walk me out?
 It's strange he should defer so long
 To bring the thing about!
 I'm sure it's not my fault, mamma—
 Of that no soul can doubt;
 For what I've so long aimed at is
 To make him walk me out.

Indeed I've done my best, mamma:
 And always have I shown
 Most tender and most kind to him
 When we've been most alone
 At times I've talked of rural walks,
 And views conversed about—
 And sometimes gone almost as far
 As—"Pray do walk me out!"

To this, he says, he's "fond of walks,"
 And walks—about the room;
 "Of views"—he takes my albums up—
 "Delights in looking through 'em!"
 That he's in love, and will propose,
 I have no kind of doubt;
 But, la! I would'nt give a fig,
 Unless he'd walk me out.

I long to breathe a "little air,"
 And "through the fields to roam:"
 At this he'll reach down my guitar—
 He's fond of "Home, sweet Home!"
 And yet he's only seen my smiles,
 But now I'll sulk and pout,
 And practice other artful wiles,
 To make him walk me out.

I'll meet him, as the serpent met
 Poor Mrs. Eve one day;
 Where'er he goes, I'll plant myself
 Directly in his way.
 Some girls, I know, prefer a ball,
 A concert, or a rout—
 There's nothing better, after all,
 Than making men walk out.

If we are serpents, men are eels,
 And difficult to hold;
 Love's his'try but too well reveals
 How oft young maids are sold—
 My net is true, success is sure—
 He may flounder like a trout;
 He's safe enough, his fate is sealed,
 When once he's walked me out.

There's Sarah Spry has look'd of late
 As vain as mortal can;
 Priscilla Prim (the girl I hate!)
 Goes by with her young man;
 And Miss Fig, the grocer's niece,
 A gawky, awkward loat!—
 They all (except poor I) possess
 The joys of walking out.

They say love has no greater charms
 Than what this pastime yields;
 It seems the sovereign & patent for
 All pains the lover feels:
 They say its mystic powers are such
 As leave no room for doubt,
 That you are his, and he is yours,
 When once he's walked you out.

But mine, I fear's a hopeless case,
 Scarce talk'd about at all;
 The neighbours hardly know his face,
 Or if he's short or tall;
 I'm quite distressed, and can't think what
 The man can be about—
 I'll turn him off, I vow I will
 Unless he walk me out!

EVALINE.

A TALE.

The pernicious effects of too much indulgence to children are in general obvious to all but the overfond parent. The neglect of a little salutary discipline, during the period of youth, proves indeed very frequently the bane of happiness throughout every after stage of life. It is, however, an evil which proceeds not from corrupt dispositions, but is rather what might be called an amiable weakness. Yet it ought to be carefully guarded against, even for the sake of the objects so dearly beloved.

We seldom fail to find a child losing the regard of every one else, just in proportion as he receives improper indulgence from his parents. He of course becomes untoward, haughty, and petulant, and is in danger of growing up, like Esau, with a hand raised against every one, and every one's hand raised against him. Accustomed to the gratification of all his desires, he can ill brook controul or disappointment, and is apt to become impetuous upon every occasion of restraint and provocation, either real or imaginary.

The lasting influence of these intemperate early habits too often mars the happiness of social connections. From them proceed the

turbulent and overbearing husband, and the self-willed and undutiful wife. It is, therefore, the duty of the guardians of youth, as they love them and prize their future prosperity, to guard against this fatal error.—They ought also to watch over and study the different dispositions of their minds, and to endeavour accordingly, to arrange their mode of individual treatment.

Evaline was the only daughter of respectable parents. Engagements in an extensive business kept her father much from home, and her mother was of a weakly and delicate constitution. Evaline was their ail, and their affections had no bounds. She was, therefore, brought up with every indulgence which this excess of fondness could draw forth. She early contracted an intimate friendship with Agnes, the daughter of a widow lady, who had been left with a numerous family, and lived in the immediate neighbourhood. Agnes was educated with ideas very different from those of her young friend, having been, of necessity, and from principle, taught the profitable lesson of industry and frugal economy, and to consider health and intellectual powers as given for higher purposes than the amusement of the possessor. The mis-spending of time, and the mis-application of these precious endowments, was impressed upon her mind as being a source of never failing unhappiness and calamity to the infatrated abusers of such inestimable blessings. As she learned from experience that useful employment constitutes pleasure, and is pregnant with advantage, it prevented time from appearing tedious, and ennui was only known to her by name.

The two friends were nearly of an age, and happened to be married much about the same time. Agnes was united to a deserving young man, whose dispositions exactly coincided with her own. They had not wealth, but enjoyed a competency, and were contented and happy. Evaline became the wife of a worthy man, possessed of an ample fortune. He was enamoured of her beauty, which in a great measure blinded him to her foibles. Although these were but too obvious to others. Her conduct after marriage, however proved so glaring, that his eyes, though reluctantly, were at last opened.—Dress, equipage, and visiting, engrossed all her thoughts and attention. Her disappointed husband fondly cherished the expectation that time and reflection might bring round a reform: but in this he found himself greatly mistaken. In due time she brought him a son. He now hoped that the career of folly would be at an end, and flattered himself that her attention would naturally be turned to an object so interesting. But no change in the lady's conduct took place. She soon informed him that a nurse must be provided for the child, because she would undergo neither the fatigue nor the confinement which the discharge of that duty required. He ventured to expostulate, but was upbraided with an unfeeling disregard of her happiness.

She next became the parent of a beautiful daughter, without being diverted from her injurious propensities by a concern for her tender charge. Matters daily growing worse and although she saw her husband unhappy, she did not wish herself the cause. As she could not endure the want of company, she became less select in her choice, and more extravagant in her follies, until the tongue of censure at length began to exaggerate them into enormous crimes. Her husband could no longer remain silent; and as she did not choose to be admonished a very unpleasant altercation took place. In the course of this, she branded him with the want of affection, and questioned his ever having entertained for her the regard which he professed. She supposed his motives from the beginning were mercenary; and that now, having obtained her fortune, he now began to discover his dislike for her person. She had, however, been always accustomed to gratify and follow her own inclinations, and had never, even when a child, met with either check or remonstrance from those who had a much better title to apply them, had they thought such interference necessary. She concluded with adding, that he might spare himself the pain and trouble of expressing them, as she was not disposed either to listen to his dictates, or attend to his admonitions. To the last part of her speech he made no reply, but throughout the remainder of the day appeared thoughtful and reserved; and when he addressed her, it was with a studied civility, which she could not help feeling. Next morning he ordered his horse; and having put a paper into her hand, and told her he would not return until the following day, he mounted and rode off. She hastily broke the seal, and read the following letter:—

"My dear Evaline—for such you still are in despite of your errors and my sufferings I do not yet consider you wicked, although I much fear you are on the high road to ruin and intamy. As I therefore feel myself unequal to the task of combating the evil effects of your early habits, I have now resolved to restore you to the charge of those under whose auspices they were formed. I shall give you these three reasons, by which I have been influenced in forming this resolution. The first is, that your ruin may not

be accomplished while under my protection the second a dread of the evil consequences your giddy example may have upon our little ones; and the third a desire of mutual peace. Alas! how soon have my high fortified hopes of conjugal felicity passed away like a morning cloud, and left me forlorn and wretched! My house has become a scene of riot, and the beloved of my bosom cannot spare an hours attention to a fond husband and his helpless children.

"I shall however, satisfy you that my motives in forming the connexion have been every thing but mercenary. You shall carry back the full sum I received as your dowry; and as you set a much higher value on it than I do, to this shall be added another not unworthy of your acceptance.—Although your improvidence and profusion might soon have put it out of my power. I have still enough for my own wants, and wherewith to educate my children in the way I approve. With these wrecks of my blasted prospects, I shall retire to some peaceful seclusion, where by devoting my whole attention to the formation of their youthful minds, I shall endeavour to guard against those habits by the effects of which I am now overwhelmed with distress. The plan of your departure I expect will be arranged before my return; and may you ever be happier than is your sorrowful though affectionate husband."

Evaline was thunderstruck. She had no idea of matters being brought to such a crisis; while she could not suppress a sensation of conscious shame, she at the same time knew not how to act, as it would be so humiliating to make the matter known to any of her fashionable acquaintances. She now thought of Agnes, who since her marriage had been by her forgotten and neglected. She instantly set out to call upon her early friend, and found her busily engaged in the management of her family, with a lovely child in her arms and another at her knee. Agnes received her with unaffected kindness, and after repeated efforts learned from her the object of her visit, and was permitted to read the letter. This being done, she remained silent until her friend having urged her to speak her mind freely, begged her council and advice. "My dear Evaline," said Agnes, hesitatingly, "then I must say I think you are to be blamed, very much to be blamed." "Well then, replied Evaline, in faltering accents, 'allowing that to be the case, what would you advise me to do?' "Just," answered Agnes 'the only thing you can do to re-establish yourself in the regard of your husband, and in the esteem of the world and to secure your own happiness and honour, you ought to receive your husband on his return with every mark of penitence and submission. You ought to make a thousand concessions, though he did not require them. For you must first firmly resolve within yourself, that your future life shall be devoted to make atonement to him for the errors of the past.' "But do you think," replied Evaline, with tears streaming from her eyes, 'that he can receive me with forgiveness or love as formerly?' "Yes," said Agnes, 'I think he will. His affection seems still to be within your reach; but one step farther might put it for ever out of your power. Do but read that letter dispassionately, and see what an affectionate husband you have rendered unhappy."

Evaline was silent, and appeared much humbled. She took an affectionate leave of Agnes, and returned home, secluded herself to ponder of the past, and to prepare her mind for future conduct. Upon a serious retrospection, she felt extremely dissatisfied. The longer she considered her own imprudences, an increasing respect for her husband gradually rose in her mind, and she now anxiously longed for an opportunity of making those concessions to which she at first felt so much reluctance. Her husband returned, and before the repentant Evaline had completed an acknowledgment of her errors she was enclosed in an embrace of forgiveness and love. She has now become as remarkable for conjugal affection, maternal solicitude and every social virtue, as she had been for levity and extravagance. Agnes is her confidante and counsellor. She is a tender mother and a dutiful wife. "Her husband is known in the gates, her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her; and in the words of the elegant Thompson—

They flourish now in mutual bliss, and rear A numerous offspring, lovely as themselves And good, the grace of all the country round

Docs.—The Australian dog never barks; indeed it is remarked by Mr Gardiner, in a work entitled "the music of Nature," that "dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl: this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated." Sonnini speaks of the shepherd dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty, and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from associating with man.

HORRORS OF SLAVERY.—A gentleman having charge of an extensive forwarding establishment, relates the following:—A fine looking intelligent negro, who had been employed on board a canal boat during the summer, not liking to be idle, set his wits at work to contrive some way of turning an honest penny during the winter, at last hit upon the following expedient. Taking with him a stage driver of his acquaintance, they journeyed lovingly together to Richmond, Va., near which city the negro formally lived. Here he was soled as a slave by his friend the stage driver, for eight hundred dollars. The stage driver immediately decamped, and the negro forthwith took measures to prove, and obtain his freedom. In this, by the aid of friends, and papers in his possession, he succeeded—was liberated and returned home; where, much to his satisfaction, he found that his partner, agreeable to promise, had deposited four hundred dollars, the half of his purchase money, to his credit in the Savings' Bank.

RATHER TART.—A lady who presumed to make some observation, while a physician was recommending her husband to a better world, was told by the doctor, that if some women were to be admitted there, their tongues would make paradise a purgatory; and if some physicians replied the lady, were to be admitted there, they would make it a desert.

How to Cure a Cough.—"Well, Mrs. Langan, did you put the blister on your chest, as you promised, and did it rise?" "Why, then, mistress dear, the niver a chest I had to put it on, but surs and I have a little bit of a box and I put it on that, but sorry a rise it rose; and if you don't believe me come and see, for its sticking there still I'm thinking."

THE MARCH OF POLITICS.—Some days since, at a certain school in this place, where among other exercises, that of requiring each scholar to name HISTORICAL FACTS, is practised, a boy who had caught the spirit of the politics of the times, and whose father belonged to the Jackson party, on being called upon for a historical fact, stated as such, 'that Daniel Webster had been bribed by the United States Bank.' The preceptor remarked to him that this was not a matter of history, but of improbable rumour only. The next lad called upon was of the opposite school of politics, and having his 'dander somewhat up' as Major Downing says, at this imputation on the great Webster, answered, 'General Jackson's nose was pulled by Lieutenant Randolph.'

A gentleman sat down to write a deed, and began, 'Know one woman by these presents, 'You are wrong,' said a bystander, 'it ought to be, Know all men.' 'Very well,' answered the other, 'if one woman knows it, all men will, of course.'

The remarkably fat Stephen Kemble was one day mentioning in company, something he had done for which he was likely to be hailed over the coals—'Then,' said Ralph Wewitzer, 'all the fat will be in the fire.'

ANECDOTE OF SERGEANT DAVY.—The sergeant having abused a witness, as Sergeants will abuse witnesses, was on the following morning, while in bed, informed that a gentleman wished to speak to him; the Sergeant concluding that it was a client, desired that he might be shown up; the visitor stating his name, reminded the Sergeant of the abuse which he had heaped on him the preceding day, protesting that he could not put up with the imputations, and must have immediate satisfaction, or he should resort to personal chastisement. On this the Sergeant raising himself up said, 'but you won't attack me surely while I'm in bed, will you?' 'Certainly not,' said the aggrieved party; 'I should never think of attacking a man in bed.' 'Then I'll be d—d' said the Sergeant as he laid himself down, wrapping the clothes around him, 'if I get out of bed while you are in this town.'

Joseph Clark of Rhode Island, being asked if he would consent to be nominated for Governor of that state, returned this answer:—"As I have enjoyed a good character among my fellow citizens all my life as is proved by their choosing me Treasurer more than forty years, I have no notion of losing it now, in my old age by being set up for Governor."

SHE GOATS.—I believe the best method of rearing children, when their mothers cannot nurse them, is by allowing them to suck a domesticated animal. I know a fine healthy young lady, now about seventeen years of age who was thus reared. A goat is the best animal for this purpose being easily domesticated, very docile, and disposed to an attachment for its fostered child; the animal lies down, and the child soon knows it well and when able, makes great efforts to creep away to it and suck. Abroad the goat is much used for this purpose; the inhabitants of some villages take in children to nurse; the goats when called trot away to the house and each one goes to its child who sucks with eagerness, and the children thrive amazingly.

John Barrow, Esq., second secretary of the Admiralty is about to be created a baronet.