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POETRY.

[From the N. Y. Independent.]

THE DAY OF GOD.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

All blessings walk with onward feet;
No day dawns twice, no light comes back;
The car of doom, or slow or fleet,
Rolls down an unreturning track.

What we have been, we cannot be;
Forward, inexorable Fate
Points mutely to her own decree,
Beyond her hour is all too late.

God reaps his judgment field to-day,
And sifts the darnel from the wheat;
A whirlwind sweeps the chaff away,
And fire the refuge of deceit.

Once in a century only blooms
The flower of fortune so sublime
As now hang budded o'er the tombs
Of the great Fathers of old Time.

Eternal Justice sits on high
And gathers in her awful scales
Our shame and glory—Slavery's lie
And Freedom's starry countervails.

When falls her sword, as fall it must
In red Bellona's fiery van,
Let the old anarch bite the dust,
And rise the rescued rights of Man.

In vain a nation's bloody sweat,
The sob of myriad hearts in vain,
If the scotched snake may live to set
Its venom in our flesh again.

Priests of an altar fired once more
For Freedom in his awful name,
Who trod the wine-press, dripping gore,
And gave the law in lurid flame.—

Oh, not in human wrath, that wrecks
Revenge for wrong, and blood for blood;
Not in the fiery will that seeks
Brute power in battle's stormy flood,—

Go forth, redeemers of a land,
Sad, stern, and fearless for the Lord,
Solemn and calm, with firm right hand
Laid to the sacrificial sword.

The lords of treason and the whip
Have called you to the dread appeal,
From the loud cannon's fevered lip,
And the wide flash of bristling steel.

If now the echo of that voice
Shake down their prison-house of wrong
They have their own perfidious choice;
For God is good, and Truth is strong.

Their steel draws lightning, and the bolt
But fires their own volcanic mine;
God in their vineyard of Revolt
Treads out his sacramental wine!

Be this our conquest,—as they gave
Their all to Treason and the Chain,
We snap the fetter from the slave,
And make our sole revenge their gain.

CENSUS FACTS.—The census develops the curious fact that there are more Scottish descendants in London than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, 100,000 more Romanists than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine. There are also, in the same methropolis, more than 60,000 Germans, 30,000 French, and 6,000 Italians, a very large number of Asiatics from all parts of the East and many who still worship their idols.

☞ Great Union game of Euchre—stakes Yorktown—between McClellan and Lincoln and Jeff. Davis and Magruder. Jeff. had the deal, Abe passed, Magruder turned it down—it passed to McClellan, who made it *spades*, played it alone and made four, when Magruder got mad and left—the stakes being forfeited to McClellan.

THE FEMALE SPY; OR THE CASKET OF LETTERS.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

BY ESSEX.

Susie Carroll was a handsome Kentucky girl, full of spirit and daring, and not afraid of anything when she was in the right. She was engaged to Raymond Belmont, a fine young fellow, one of those noble specimens of manly beauty that we find nowhere in greater perfection than in the fair State of Kentucky. This engagement no one suspected, except Susie's eldest sister Agatha, a quiet, gentle lady. The sisters were orphans. They lived with their uncle, Judge Benton, and as they had lost their parents in early childhood, it had drawn the bonds of affection very strongly between them.

There was little sympathy between the girls and their uncle. He was a stern, cold man—a strong secessionist—his only son in the rebel army, and the Misses Carroll were devoted to the Union. Young Belmont, too, was heart and soul with the cause of his country, though he durst not openly avow his sentiments, as the community in which they lived was outwardly devoted to the rebel cause, and around the town "Confederate" camps lay thick and strong. Only when quite alone, did these three dare to whisper to each other their real sentiments, and try to contrive a means of escape from the home they had once loved, but which now seemed like a prison.

Of course, Susie's beauty attracted to her side many of the rebel officers, and while secretly hating the cause in which they were engaged, she yet sometimes, with pardonable coquetry, found amusement in their society and a mischievous pleasure in tormenting them. So it happened that one mild summer evening—for we are writing of events that happened some time ago, before Kentucky was ours—that Susie sat in the parlor playing chess with Capt. Johnson, a rebel Zouave officer. The games had gone on to Susie's success, and she had won, on the first, candy; on the second, gloves.

"Now," cried the Captain, "just one more game, Miss Susie. I don't like to go off defeated entirely. What will you bet?"

"Nothing; let's play for fun."

"Oh, no, I won't do that, its not exciting enough. Come, I'll make you a tempting offer. I'll bet my diamond ring against your casket;" and he pointed to a small inlaid box that stood at Susie's side. She started, and turned pale. That box contained Raymond's letters to her. There was in it what Capt. Johnson would have called treason, enough to ruin them both. She was so fearful that some accident might happen to it, that she had recently been in the habit of often carrying it about with her, when she could not leave it in Agatha's charge, and her solicitude regarding it had awakened Capt. Johnson's curiosity—perhaps his suspicions.

Now, she hastily protested she did not care for that ring, and would rather play for nothing.—But the Captain insisted; and suddenly, fearing her persistence might arouse his suspicions, she consented, believing that she sho'd certainly win.

"Well," she said, "I consent on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you will give me the countersign for to-night."

It was the Captain's turn to hesitate, but after a moment, with a laugh and a muttered "I don't see what good it can do you," he gave it—

'Manassa.'

Only half satisfied was Susie. Confident in her superior ability, she allowed the game to begin.—But whether her great desire to win this time made her less clear-headed, or whether the Captain had concealed his real powers until now, at the end of half an hour she found herself checkmated, and Johnson in possession of her casket. Greatly distressed, Susie yet durst not remonstrate, and as if he feared some opposition, the Captain rose at once, and taking a hasty farewell, walked off in triumph with the box under his arm.

As soon as he was gone, Susie rushed up stairs to Agatha, who had been out early in the evening, and now sat alone in her room.

"Oh, sister! dear sister!" she cried, "that horrid Johnson has got my casket!"

"What!" exclaimed Agatha, starting up, pale and trembling, for she knew what that announcement implied only too well.

"Why, how came he to get it? Oh, Susie! Susie! this comes of your coquetry, and now we shall all be ruined!" And sinking down, she buried her face in her hands, while Susie, in rapid words, told all that happened.

"Oh! what shall we do? what shall we do?" moaned Agatha; if they read those papers, they will kill Raymond, and put us in prison."

Susie was very pale, but she said resolutely:

"Agatha, Capt. Johnson shall never read those papers; I will have them back again to night."

"Why, Susie! what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," replied Susie, resolutely. "My culpable self-confidence has done the mischief. I never dreamed he would be able to beat me at chess. I would not have taken his ring, but I never thought to risk my casket; yet I had no right to be so reckless; now I must undo what I have done."

"And how can you get them?"

"From his tent."

"You in Captain Johnson's tent!" exclaimed Agatha, "Susie, you are crazy!"

"I never was more calm. I have the countersign and I can get into camp; the Captain sleeps alone and I think I shall succeed."

The horror on Agatha's face was something strange to see.

"Susie!" she cried, starting forward, "what do I hear you say?" Why, they will not let a woman inside the lines, even with the countersign."

It was Susie's turn to look surprised.

"Why, you dear simpleton; you don't suppose I intend to go in my present dress?"

"How then?" asked Agatha, half relieved, half distressed.

"I am going to put on Cousin John's Zouave dress; I know where he keeps it. I am about the highth of the Captain's Orderly. I noticed him when we were in camp; he is a short, good looking boy. I have no doubt I can succeed in deceiving him; so come, now, get your wits about you, and help me to dress, that's a good girl."

It took Agatha some time to comprehend all, still longing to give her consent to her sister's starting on this wild expedition; but Susie had so much courage and energy, and she consented to give what help her shaky fingers were capable of affording.

It was now quite late, and all the house was asleep, as they stole softly up stairs to the entry wardrobe, where hung the Zouave uniform young Benton had worn when the war had first began, and which he had since exchanged for a cavalry dress. In essential points it was like the uniform worn by the regiment to which Capt. Johnson belonged, and from its baggy make, formed an admirable disguise for the figure and walk. Dressed in it Susie looked like a very promising young recruit; but all was not yet done, and seizing a pair of scissors before Agatha could prevent her, she began to cut off her splendid hair. Agatha fairly cried as the raven masses fell in a lustrous black heap into the snowy towel, and when her sister was gone she carefully put away those tresses as a memento of those dark hours of rebellion.

Some brown paint from her box of water colors dyed her fair cheeks till they looked as if they might have been long exposed to the Southern sun; and then hiding a sharp knife and a tiny pistol, that Raymond had given her, in her belt, and giving her sister one farewell kiss, Susie was ready for her adventurous expedition.

Fortunately, it was a dark and moonless night, and Susie stole unobserved down the yard and out of the gate. Then she paused a moment to still the beating of her heart—for, to tell the truth, she was very nervous—but remembering all that was at stake on her courage, she tried to be more calm, and was soon able to go on with a steady step. Trying to assume an air of indifference, she walked boldly on down the street. Once or twice the patrol challenged her, but her steady replies disarmed suspicion, and so she passed on until she reached the lines of Captain Johnston's camp. The sentry on duty there brought his piece to bear, with a sharp cry of "Halt!" as he caught a glimpse of Susie's boyish-looking figure. She stopped, with her heart again beating painfully.

"Advance and give the countersign."

With a great effort Susie mastered an emotion and stepped out. "Manassas," she said in a firm voice.

"All right," and the frightful musket was lowered as the sentry resumed his march, while Susie glided past him into the camp.

It was all still and quiet there. The men had long since gone to