

POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal. A GEM POEM.—BY MRS. WELBY.

The following lines are worthy of the genius of their authoress, whose poetry has been read with delight, wherever the English language is written and spoken:

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The day was declining—the breeze in its glee Had left the fair blossom to sing on the sea. As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still, Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill.

One tremulous star in the glory of June, Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon. As she greeted her blue throne with the pride of a queen.

The smiles of her oveliness gaddened the scene.

The scene was enchanting! in distance away Rolled the foam crested waves of the Chesapeake bay.

While bathing in the moon light the village was seen.

With the church in the distance that stood on the green;

The soft sleeping meadow by bright unrolled With their mantles of verdure and bosoms of gold;

And the earth in her beauty forgetting to grieve Lay asleep in her boom on the bosom of heaven.

A light-hearted child I had wandered away From a spot where my footsteps had gambol'd all day;

And free is a bird's was the song of my soul, As I heard the wild waters exulting y roll.

While lightning my heart as I sported along, With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song.

I struck in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer With the hymn of the worshippers rose on the air.

An I drawn by the links of its sweetness along, I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng.

For awhile my young spirit still wandered about With the birds, and the winds, that were singing without;

But birds, waves and zephyrs, were quickly forgot.

In one angel-like being that brightened the spot

In stature majestic, apart from the throng, He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!

His cheeks pale with fervor; the blue orbs above Lit up with splendors of youth and of love;

Yet the heart-giving rapture that beamed from the eyes,

Seemed saddened by sorrow, and chastened by sighs.

As if the young heart in its bloom has grown cold

With its loves unrequited, its sorrows unto d.

Such anguish as his I may never recall, But his theme was salvation—a salvation to all;

And the sons of a thousand in ecstasy hung On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue.

Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole, Enforced by each gesture, it sunk to the soul.

Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,

And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Saviour—what pictures he drew.

The scenes of His sufferings rose clear on my view—

The cross, the rail; cross, where he suffered and died—

The gash of bright crimson that flowed from His side—

The cur of His sorrows—the wormwood and gall;

The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall;

The garland of thorns—and the demon-like crew

Who knelt as they scoffed Him—“Hail, King of the Jews!”

He spoke, and it seemed that his statue-like form

Expanded and glowed, as his spirit grew warm;

His tone so impassioned—so melting his air, As touched with compassion he eaded his prayer!

His hands clasped above him—his blue orbs upturned,

Still pleading for sins that were never his own;

While that mouth where such sweetness ineffable clung.

Still spoke, though expression had died on his tongue.

Oh God! what emotions the speaker awoke!

A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;

A man—yet so far from humanity risen;

On earth—yet so closely connected with Heaven!

How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,

As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,

With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse

Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips.

There's a charm in delivery—a magic art,

That thrills like a kiss, from a lip to the heart;

'Tis the glance, the expression, the well chosen word,

By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred;

The smile—the mute gesture—the soul-startling pause,

The eyes sweet expression—that melts while it ayes—

The lips soft persuasion—its musical tone—

Oh such was the charm of that eloquent out!

The time is long past—yet how early defined That bay, church and village, float upon my mind;

I see amid azure the moon in her pride, With the sweet life trembler that sat by her side;

I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along, Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song;

And I tread in the path-way half worn o'er the sod,

By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long, yet past, what visions I see! The past, the dim past, is the present to me.

I am standing once more 'mid that heart-stricken throng!

A vision floats up—'tis the theme of my song: All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,

The light like a halo encircling his hair—

As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,

He whispers of Jesus—and points us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced! Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced.

Till memory, the fond one that sits in the soul, Took up the frail links, and connected the whole

As the dew to the blossom—the bud to the bee;

As the scent to the rose—are those memories to me;

Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly clung,

And the echo it gives, is the song I have sung.

AMELIA.

The Coquette and Coquette Tamer.

Mabel Gray was most beautiful; but her beauty was of that sort which we gaze upon admiringly and distrustfully. She was tall, slender, and perfectly proportioned. Her eyes were large, black and sparkling. Her hair of the same color, fell in luxuriant tresses on her shoulders. Her eyebrows were strong and arched. Her lips were rosy and mischievous. Her complexion was dark but clear, and glowing with a delicate bloom. To these personal peculiarities her character corresponded. She was clever, capricious and tender. Fond of exciting admiration, she despised any feeling short of absolute love; and seemingly desirous of dominion over all, she really wished only for the undivided homage of one. But as she knew herself capable of a deep and lasting passion, so she demanded nothing less from the one on whom she would bestow her heart; and, in order to prove him she resolved not to give the least token of encouragement until his entire love and constancy were beyond doubt. If he could remain true while she lavished smiles and attentions on his rivals, then she would, after time, relent and make up by warmth and sincerity for previous coldness and deceit. Mabel Gray was a coquette—but likely to become something better.

It was not possible for such a girl to be unloved; and when I state that she was an orphan with a large fortune at her own disposal, it may be supposed that her lovers were rather numerous. Amongst those who professed themselves enamored of her charms was Oliver Pearson, a young man of property, education and unobscured manners. His person was commanding and his features handsome. He was gifted with a peculiar readiness and pliancy of intellect, which enabled him to adapt himself to any occasion, and to turn it to a advantage. He could be grave or gay, sentimental or satirical, and all with apparently equal ease. Oliver Pearson was just the man to come with a coquette, and, of all coquettes, with Mabel Gray.

She treated him with less favor than others, because she suspected she beheld him with more. Indeed, she feared to examine herself strictly on this subject lest she should discover too plainly how feigned was her indifference. And what was her reason for playing this poor, hypocritical part? She was not convinced that Pearson was as devoted to her as she considered her merits deserved. He had not humbled himself sufficiently long. Before she could design to evince the least sign of love, she must feel that she had as deeply as human creature was ever loved in the world before. She committed a great but common error; inordinate womanly vanity she considered proper maidenly pride.

One morning she sat working while Oliver Pearson sat by her side looking on. The work on which Mabel Gray was employed was very characteristic of her. She was working a silken chain for a lover whom she "loved." Never did she touch that chain unless Oliver Pearson was present. His well known knock was the signal for her taking it up, and his departure for her putting it down. Its ostensible purpose, as a present, was quite secondary to its real purpose, as an engine of coquetry. Probably she had no intention of ever finishing it; but, if satisfied that Pearson believed she had, would have been contented with the ingenuous triumph of giving one lover and committing herself with another. Pearson, however, was provokingly cool. He seldom alluded to it, when he did, it was usually with a smile, as if he were rather amused than otherwise. Could he have the impudence to think that she preferred him to his rivals? or suppose that the chain was not intended for the person she said it was? He might find himself mistaken after all.

On the present occasion he had sat for full half an hour, taking about love in the old style, and had not once mentioned the chain, though she had shown a wonderful industry, and worn all the air of being absorbed in an interesting task. At last, taking hold of it carelessly he said—

"So the chain comes on slowly, I find. My friend Mordant must not be impatient. If he please, sir," said Mabel. "Patient or impatient, he must wait till I choose to give it."

"Which will not be long," said Oliver, smiling, "when we consider how great a favor to him is Miss Gray. But I confess that this matter puzzles me; for, if he be worthy of making a chain for, he is certainly worthy of having it made for him a little quicker. It does not seem altogether a labor of love, I declare," said he, taking hold of the chain again and looking mischievously at Mabel. "I declare it seems exactly as if you only worked on this when I am here."

"Indeed, sir," said Mabel, coloring. "I should rather say that you always happen to be here when I am working on it. What has your presence or absence to do with my working?"

"Oh, nothing of course!" said Pearson, "yet it struck me as odd that I always find the heavy Mordant's chain of the precise length that I left it; doubtless a mere coincidence. But my dear Miss Gray," continued he, "this jesting conversation must serve as a preliminary to a more serious communication which I have to make. Will you listen?"

"I am quite willing! Let us have your serious communication by all means," said Mabel, astonished at this abrupt turn.

Pearson drew his chair nearer. "Miss Gray," said he, "would poor Mordant know how many rivals he contended with, and how many smiles and favors are lavished on others, he would not esteem this chain as a love token, though presented by the fair hands of Mabel Gray herself."

"Mr. Mordant," said Mabel, slightly coloring, "is the best judge of his own thoughts, and will estimate any gift of mine at its proper value. You, sir, at least have no right to assume the character of Mentor; and if I have ever given you encouragement, you must forget the silly whim of the moment."

"It is on this very subject that I would speak to you," said Pearson. "My sentiments towards you have been declared to love and remain unchanged to be doubted for one moment. I was dull enough once to imagine that you loved me, and heaven knows with what rapture I believed so; but soon others were smiled upon—Mabel Gray became the idol of a few triflers—and I gradually found myself treated as one of the throng. This I cannot—nay, will not—bear. I have now come to a resolution on the subject, and firmly intend to act upon it."

"A very dreadful one," said Mabel smiling. "Oh do let me hear it. Something that will astonish me, now, break the monotonous love making of my other admirers."

"A simple one," said Pearson; "but one that will set your coldness at defiance. Mabel, I have brought myself by a long course of mental discipline, to the power of dreaming as I please. I intend to dream every night that you are the most truthful, most affectionate, most constant of your sex; that you adore me more than any body ever adored a knight in the old romances; that our days glide on in one delicious stream of uninterrupted love; and that our mutual conduct is a pattern worthy of imitation by every couple in the kingdom."

"So," said Mabel, affecting to laugh, "this is your pretty scheme, is it, sir? Given forth with so much parade too, and with so grave a face! You shall see what the reality will be—I will treat you with greater coolness than ever!"

"Do my dear Miss Gray," said Pearson, "wing himself carelessly back in the chair; pray do—the contrast will be better; and in the meantime I will console myself with your imaginary kindness."

"This is really quite amusing," said Mabel. "Perhaps you will go so far as to tell me your dreams, sir, in order that I may see how very kind I have been."

"The identical thing I was about to propose," said Pearson. "Yes, I will give you an account of them every morning and you shall listen. But mind, no interruptions when you think you have been too kind to me. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," said Mabel. "There is my hand; and if you be content with such a phantom mistress, I almost think I will give you leave to dream of me every night for twelve months."

Whether Mabel Gray was much amused as she affected to be, I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is that she was much interested; for the next morning she was sitting thoughtfully alone in the breakfast parlor, and looking anxiously towards the door every moment, as if expecting the entrance of a visitor.

At length the door was opened, and Mr. Pearson was announced. Mabel rose in a stately manner to receive him; but Pearson shook her hand heartily, with a joyous countenance, seated her in a chair, and immediately drew another chair beside her.

"Miss Gray," said he, "never was I so like yours! What devotion have I found at length in that bosom which was once so cold!"

"Sir," said Mabel, eagerly.

"In my dream," said Pearson. "O, of course, I meant in my dream. Methought I sat in an arbor covered with vine and jasmine. Mabel Gray was by my side, smiling sweetly on me. A delicate repast was before us, and servants handed us flagons of wine. The fruits I love best were offered me by Mabel's own hands. I was happy beyond expression. Suddenly the seats around the table were filled with men; and methought, too, that amongst the faces I recognized that of Mordant. Mabel Gray immediately left me and attended to these new comers. To some she poured wine—to others she handed their favorite fruits, talking and laughing with each one in turn, and scarcely bestowing a look on me. In the midst of this festivity a thick smoke arose which after curling round many times, assumed by degrees the form of a large tiger, ready in one moment to dart upon its prey. All were seized with fear and trembling, but none had power to move. And then methought the tiger spoke and said: 'Mabel Gray! you have twelve guests. Eleven are devoted, and must die. Make choice, therefore, of one to be saved; and see that you choose as you think—for not one of the others shall survive your decision!' Mabel Gray grew deadly pale. Intense anxiety was depicted on the countenances of all. Not a moment was to be lost. She threw herself upon my neck—embraced me tenderly—and imprinting a burning kiss upon my lips—"

"A kiss, sir," said Mabel, suddenly starting up; "a kiss?"

"'Twas in my dream' said Pearson. "Remember, you were not to interrupt. Put, I have finished; for with the kiss I awoke; so whether the tiger devoured the others or not I have really no means of ascertaining."

"A pleasant dream, truly," said Mabel, laughing, and with the bloom on her cheek somewhat he ghtened in intensity. "It is entertaining, however, and shows the truth of the old adage, that dreams always go by contraries. But, Mr. Pearson, I have lost so much time with your silly story, that I am quite forgetting the chain for poor Mr. Mordant."

Here she busied herself in searching for the neglected chain, and having found it, immediately commenced working upon it in a most industrious and praiseworthy style, until Oliver Pearson had taken his leave. Then she threw it down, leaned her face on her hands, and in a few moments was buried in meditation.

At the same time the next morning Mr. Pearson was announced; but his appearance had undergone a complete change. He no longer wore a feverish look—nor did he enter the room briskly—nor draw his chair close to Miss Gray. He seated himself thoughtfully on the sofa, and heaved a profound sigh.

"Mr. Pearson," said Mabel Gray, "you seem melancholy. Have I been unkind in your dreams?"

"To be treated coldly, and to have my only being loved is too much to bear!" said Mabel Gray. "I have looked myself over my powers. I imagined that I could force myself to dream that you loved me, but last night proved the deception. Not content with reviving me, you actually laughed at my despair. Methought that—but I dare not trust myself to relate my dream. Suffice it to say, that my dream is sealed, and I have nothing now to hope for, to-morrow I start for the continent."

"Mr. Pearson," said Mabel; "you should not say, this is foolish! But I own I pity you, and to show it, come here, and I will tell you a dream I had last night."

Pearson drew his chair close by her side. "I thought," said Mabel, smiling, "that I was standing on a plain, and as a bride. The prospect of all my admirers were present before me, so that I might freely choose, and as soon as I had done so, the original was to present himself before me."

"Well," said Pearson, almost breathless with suspense, "and you chose whom?"

"I chose," said Mabel, "the prettiest, moved slowly along, and luxuriantly exhibited the prettiest of eyes—the prettiest of lips—who alone had possession of my heart. At length it came, and I uttered the same—but alas, the original 'come not!'"

"And the same," said Pearson eagerly, "the name was—"

"Oliver Pearson," said Mabel, looking down and blushing.

"The original is here before you," said Pearson, do dreams always go by contraries?"

"Not always," said Mabel, sinking into his arms.

"You love me, then?" said Pearson—"an I am not treated with contempt?"

"Let this confirm it," said Mabel, taking the hand of her lover from her breast, and having it round his neck.

"And was this dream intended for me?" inquired Pearson, smilingly.

"At least," said Mabel, "it was intended for me once."

Mabel—A coquette cannot render those dreams unhappy and contemptible than she renders herself, and so they suffer from too great belief in her perfection, so does she suffer from the same.

A paper tells a story of a disconsolate widow, who, on seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the earth, exclaimed with tears in his eyes—"Will I ever love and I never loved, but I never had any thing to cut me up like this!"

An old lady "advised" declares that she makes a practice never to eat any thing on an empty stomach.

Why are temperance societies a terror to friendship? Because they prevent slacking hands.

SOUTHERN DAILY REFORMER.

The first number of the Southern Reformer will be issued the first day of January of the Legislature—Monday, January 1st. It will appear regularly during the session, and be continued for one year. The adjournment of both branches of the Legislature—making three months—will contain full and correct reports of the proceedings of both Houses—reports of all committees—all the important reports of the State Officers—with speeches in full, of the members, on important subjects. In addition to the reports of our State Legislature, it will also contain faithful synopses of all the important acts of Congress, and other transactions of national importance.

The Daily Reformer will record a full and correct account of the proceedings of the State, and the Union, and the progress of the cotton and sugar trade—home and abroad—the movements of parties—the latest foreign intelligence—whatever may be of advantage or interest to our citizens.

Various important measures will be given in full, and the most prominent, are—Our debts and means—State District system—public trust—banks—public education—changes in the judiciary—amendment of the Constitution—Penitentiary system—the Rail Road from the city of Mobile to the Alabama line. These, with many other important subjects, will come before the representatives for searching into and enlarged discussion, and finally affecting the interests of Mississippi, all having intercourse or connection with the general government.

In view of the solicitude of the people of the State, we have secured the services of J. M. MORTON, Esq., a young gentleman qualified for the task, to report the proceedings of the Legislature, and also the speeches of the members. We have also engaged the aid of Col. C. A. BRADY, late of the Southern Tribune, as our Reporter to the general government.

The ensuing session will be of no small importance since the election of our State. Whether the people shall be satisfied, or whether the people, and rendering them faithful and conduct of their representatives shall be satisfied. Relying upon the wisdom of the democratic party, and the liberal citizens of our State, generally, we are confident that our labors will be abundantly rewarded. We have established the Southern Reformer on a permanent basis—and we are confident that our permanent residence, of the future, we know that an unflinching support of democratic principles, will be the result of the national debt, and the restoration of the party.

At the present era of our history, the United States have before them a stupendous national interest, in the prosperity, nay, existence of a republic. Congress will be asked to do into the Union—to repeal the tariff and to adopt some plan of collecting the National revenue. Our first course especially with Great Britain, source of intense interest. In this must know the political preference, mercy in regard to a presidential convention of the States will probably result of the national debt, and the restoration of the party.

We especially solicit the support of our friends, in the city of Jackson, and elsewhere. The facilities of advertising, resulting to all a daily issue, must be agreeable to every citizen and business man. Every citizen feel a deep interest in the character and prosperity of our favored country, and more willing to contribute our share to the accomplishment of these great objects, we desire that the advantages shall be reciprocal.

The merchants of New Orleans, Vicksburg, &c., will also find it profitable by selecting the DAILY REFORMER as mediums of advertisement during the session and business season. Copies of each paper will be circulated free of charge to all members of the section of the state, by members of the press of the WEEKLY REFORMER of 1500 copies, and rapidly increasing. We have spared neither effort nor expense to render our paper worthy the attention of our readers; and it will be found one among the best family, business, and political journals in the South.

TERMS: The DAILY REFORMER will be sent to subscribers at Three Dollars per annum—payment to be made on reception.

The SOUTHERN WEEKLY REFORMER, containing all the matter of the DAILY REFORMER, will be sent to subscribers at \$3 per annum, payable in advance.

Clubs over 10 persons, will be sent the Daily at the rate of 25 cents each.