



## WHAT'S CHARITY.

BY THE BOSTON BARD.

'Tis not to pause, when at the door,  
A shivering brother stands;  
To ask the cause that made him poor,  
Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,  
For faults he once had done;  
'Tis not to leave him in despair,  
And say that I have none.

The voice of CHARITY is kind—  
She thinketh nothing wrong:  
To every fault she smeth blind,  
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In PENITENCE she places faith,  
Hope smileth at her door;  
Believeth—first then softly saith,  
"GO, BROTHER SIN NO MORE."

## MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.

A sparrow perched upon a bough,  
Spied a poor beetle creep below,  
And picked it up. "Ah, spare me spare!"  
The insect prayed; but vain its prayer.  
"Wretch!" cries the murderer, "hold thy tongue!"  
"For thou art weak, and I am strong!"

A hawk beheld him, and in haste,  
Sharpens his bill for a repast,  
And pounces plump upon him. "Oh!"  
Exclaims the sparrow, "let me go!"  
"Wretch!" cries the murderer, "hold thy tongue!"  
"For thou art weak, and I am strong."

The hawk was munching up his prey,  
When a stout eagle steered that way,  
And seized upon him. "Sure, comrade,  
You'll spare my life—we're both a trade."  
"Wretch!" cries the murderer, "hold thy tongue!"  
"For thou art weak, and I am strong."

A sportsman saw the eagle fly,  
He shot, and brought him from the sky;  
The dying bird could only groan,  
"Tyra! what evil have I done?"  
"Wretch!" cries the murderer, "hold thy tongue!"  
"For thou art weak, and I am strong."

'Tis thus that man to man behaves—  
Witness the planter and his slaves.  
'Tis thus that state oppresses state,  
And infant freedom meets its fate.  
Naples and Spain may hold their tongue,  
For Austria, France, and Co. are strong.

He  
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,  
And, at best, shows but a bastard valor.  
This life's a far commitment to our trust,  
Which we must not yield up till it be forced.  
Nor will I. He is not valiant that dares die,  
But he that boldly bears calamity.

## HUMOUR

Inledon being one day at Tattersall's, when Suet, who happened to be there too, asked him if he was come there to buy horses? "Yes," said Inledon "but what are you come here for? Do you think, Dicky, you could tell the difference between a horse and an ass?" "Oh, yes," said Suet, "if you were among a thousand horses I should know you immediately."

A Lancashireman and a Yorkshireman, disputing about the superiority of their respective soils, the former said that the grass grew so fast in his country, that if you turned a horse into a new mown meadow at night, you would not see his footprints next morning. That, replied the latter, does not equal the rapidity of the vegetation in Yorkshire—for were you to try that experiment there, it is not probable that you would see the horse next morning.

Fools—The fools like the saints have a day dedicated to them; this is called *April fool's day*. But Tom Brown thinks, that setting apart one day of the year, in observance of this old custom, may now be dispensed with, since three parts in four of the people are fools all the year round.

When Lord Stortornt lost his diamond insignia of the order of St. Andrew at St. James's, George Sewyn ran piping hot with the news to the Cocoa-tree, where Foot, who was there, instantly exclaimed, "then it is the first time that a Scotchman was ever known to lose any thing at Court."

Bon Mot!—A very ignorant nobleman, observing one day at dinner a person eminent for his philosophical talents, intent on choosing the delicacies of the table, said to him—"What! do philosophers love dainties?"—Why not?" replied the scholar. "Do you think, my lord, that the good things of this world were made only for blockheads?"

An Irishman went one day into an eating house, and asked what the charge was for dinner—"Eighteen pence," was the reply.—"And what for supper?"—"A shilling," replied the host—"Then sure," replied Pat, "I'll take supper."

The following advertisement extraordinary is said to be from a late Boston paper:—"Wanted at this office, two devils of good moral character."

From the New York Mirror.

## PRIZE ESSAY.

## THE DREAM OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES LUDLOW, RICHMOND, VA.

I HAVE seen a bubble blown into its circular and indescribable beauty; on its brilliant surface were painted the most inimitable pictures of light and life; graceful clouds floated in the mimic sky; a tiny sun irradiated the little world, and cast all the magic of light and shade over landscape of most bewitching splendour. A creation, bright as a poet could imagine, glowed before me; but a wave of the air broke the spell of its transitory, but beautiful existence, and it was gone. It was like the dream of love. If there is one happy being in creation, it is the lover in the luxury of his visionary aspirations—if there is a single blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the shadowy firmament of life, it is that which discovers a long nourished affection to be mutual.

The moon, as she rides on through her infinity of space, has not a greater effect upon the ocean-tide, than has the passion of love upon the tide of human thought—now permitting it to settle down into a state of temporary tranquility—again bidding it heave and swell, by the magic of its viewless power. Without it, what would be this world? As a creation without light; yet possessing it, as we do, how does it discompose the soberest plans of reason? How do the loftiest bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and disappear before the fragrance of its breath? It is the poetry of thought, when reason slumbers on her stately throne, or wanders away in happy dreams. It is scarcely to be defined, for it seems in a perpetual halo of soft light, which dazzles while it fascinates the mind's eye. It is to the spirit what sunshine is to the flower—luring the fragrance from its bosom, and bringing out all the energies of its young nature, or as the hand of beauty to the slumbering lute passing over the silent chords, till "it doth discourse most eloquent music."

I had a young friend, just rising into manhood—fiery and unsettled as the warrior steed in battle, his career was unguided by prudence or thought. A never failing flow of spirits made him always agreeable—he was full of sense and frolic. He could bring a tear into your eye, before the smile had left your lip—he was all hope and happiness.

Suddenly he stood before me an altered being—his eye had grown melancholy and full of meditation. Its moisture was often succeeded by a flash; and its fire again extinguished in the trembling tear. He shunned the rude clamour of the bustling world, and would steal away into some solitary recess, and in the still shade of the forest ponder on the sweetness of his own sorrow. His mind became almost a world of itself, and thousands of visions rose obedient, at the call of creative thought—his soul, lifted high on fancy's wing, would explore, in its wild and beautiful career, the fathomless regions of imagination, through all the variety of its magnificent domain. He loved—deeply, devotedly. It was more than love; it was adoration. The object of his passion was all that woman could be. There is no object, in all creation, half so splendid as such a being—the charms that are diffused through the whole universe seemed gathered together in her.

When the sun is going down in the west, he leaves behind him a track of bright light, but it is insipid when compared to the light of her eye. The fragrance of the rose was not so delicious as the warmth of her breath, and music could wake no melody like the thrilling tones of her voice. Her motion was more graceful than the heave of the sea, or the change of the cloud, and the magic of mind, gleaming through all her words, and looks, and actions, shed around her a charm more grateful than Arabian incense.

No wonder my hero bowed down before her; no wonder that the sound of her voice was always in his ear, that her image was before him in his daily occupations, and bore a part in all the mysterious changes of his dream. There was no affection in her nature, and she confessed she loved him—they seemed created for each other—and who would have believed that fate—but I am digressing.

There is something very melancholy in the reflection that any woman can die; but to him that she should perish, was the very agony of despair. He had left her for a few days, intending when he returned to have asked her hand. On the morning of his return, he sprang into the stage-coach, in a most delicious reverie. He held no discourse with his fellow passengers, but wrapped himself up in a rich dream of anticipation. His heart was full of happiness. He thought himself, as he entered his house, too happy for a mortal man. He was preparing to pay her the first visit, and dwelling in his mind on her pleasing welcome, when her brother came to see him—

he did not observe any thing peculiar about him at first, and not till the warm, affectionate shake of the hand was over, did he notice that his eyes were filled with tears, and a dismal, gloomy, black crape hung from his hat. He started, and in a hollow voice, that had a desolate dreariness in every tone, he said,

"Elizabeth is dead!"

At first he was not comprehended. A vacant, horrid laugh, that echoed strangely through the still room, was his only answer—then he repeated the words, and the features of my friend became pale and motionless as marble—then he sat down in a chair, and covered his face with his hands, but not a word—a breath broke the silence. There was something alarming in his calmness; it seemed like the silence of the heavy, black cloud just before it launches its destructive lightning from its bosom. He beckoned, and wished to be alone. He was left in solitude. I would not profane the subject by any attempt at describing his feelings. There was a dark, horrible confusion in his mind, like some accursed dream glaring around him, and the night rolled away its long hours of sleepless agony.

The next day was the funeral; and when the sun rose in the same glory, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of day began to beam upon the face of nature, and the merry voice of men sometimes came upon the breeze, and the carts rattled rudely along, and all around was business, and adventure, unaffected by the great event that had come like an ocean of scorching fire upon the paradise of his heart—he recollects, and he said, "to-day is her funeral—her funeral!" His benumbed mind dwelt upon the words, but there was something undefined, and almost incomprehensible in them. She was to be buried at five in the afternoon. The clock struck four—he put on his hat, and went steadily to her house. He thought twenty times he heard her sweetly-toned, laughing voice, as he passed along. He turned his head once or twice to see if she was not at his shoulder, but there was nothing and he walked on. He saw the house, and his eye sought every window—but Elizabeth was not there. He rang the bell—the servant came, weeping—he looked at him, and walked on—he passed into the parlour—the chair which she had occupied, when he was there before, was standing in the very same place—and there was her piano—he almost thought he heard music—he listened; a sob from the next room came like ice upon his heart, and he sat down. Her mother came into the room—her face was serene in grief, but the first burst was over, and she was comparatively calm. She asked him if he would look at the corse. He knew she was dead, but the blunt question shook every nerve in his frame, and seemed to breathe death upon his soul. He arose and followed the bereaved mother. There was the air of death in the apartment, and a varnished coffin was on the table, a white cloth flung carefully at the head; a few friends sat and wept in silence, musing on the beauties and virtues of the being they were about to consign to the cold earth. He walked up to the table, and stood as still, and pale, and motionless, as the form that lay stretched before him. He would have torn away the veil that covered that face, but he could not—he felt that he might as well have attempted to heave a mountain from its rocky base. The mother saw—she felt—a mother can feel—and she silently uncovered that beautiful countenance. It broke upon him in all its loveliness. There was the same white forehead—the sleeping eye—the cheek he had kissed so fondly—the lips that had spoken such sweet sounds—he gazed at her corse with intensity of thought. Her living image was before him—he saw her smiling—he beheld her in the graceful motion—now her figure passed before him, beautiful in the mazy dance—and now he gazed into her full black eyes, and read unutterable things. He had a ring on his finger, a present from her—he tried to speak—he looked at the ring, then at her—agony swelled his heart; he gave one long gaze—and looked no more. \* \* \* \* \*

He knew not how, but he stood by her grave; and they were bearing the coffin towards the dark narrow pit—a heap of fresh earth was piled at its side. Some one said, "Where are the cords?" He heard the answer, "here they are;" and then the coffin was gradually let down into the bottom of the grave—it sat firmly on the ground and he heard a voice say, "there, that is right—draw up the rope." Then there was the sound, as if the orders were obeyed—in the act of doing it, a few grains of sand and pebbles dropped upon the coffin—then all was still—then a handful of soft, damp, heavy clay, was shovelled down. Oh, that sound! that solemn, dreary sound of utter desolation! It broke the horrid spell, that kept his voice silent and his eye dry—his lip began to quiver—a sob heaved his aching breast—large tears gushed from his eyes—he stretched out his hands in an agony of weeping—and grasped an old quaker gentleman's nose,

in the stage-coach, where he was sleeping, and gave occasion for Obadiah to observe,

"Verily, friend, when thou hast sufficiently amused thyself with my nose, perhaps thou wilt return it to its rightful owner."

The whole horrible creation of his fancy passed away like a mist; his heart bounded within him, and he soon took sweet revenge on these wicked lips that had been so cold and still, yet so beautiful, in the darkness of his dream.

## NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers are things that can be dispensed with—as costing money that might be saved. So is the schooling of our children—so, indeed, are nine-tenths of which it costs us to live. Almost any man might lay up money every year if he would live on bread and water, and clothe himself in the cheapest manner he could—but what of that? Who would live like a brute and die like a beggar, for the mere pleasure of saving money, which he cannot carry hence with him—though like a dead weight, it may hang upon his soul at the last moment of his mortal existence! There are few such—five or ten in a million; and what wretched creatures are they? Most men, sensible that they must die, are disposed to enjoy a little of the fruits of their toils: and nothing is, perhaps, more necessary to the enjoyment of society, or self-satisfaction in retirement, than a well informed and virtuous mind. It gives a zest to all things in prosperity, and is the best resource in adversity.—Newspapers though not always conducted with talents and respectability, are the best possible channels for obtaining an acquaintance with the affairs of the world, and to implant desires in the hearts of youth for more solid readings, as he goes on to maturity. In truth, they are the great engine that moves the moral and political world, and are infinitely powerful to establish the character of a people, as well as to preserve their liberties; and cannot be so easily dispersed with as some persons believe—unless, indeed, we think the trouble of self-government is too great, and agree to transfer the power of the state to the few that are ready to use it for their own advantage. But this cannot be the will of the people of the United States; yet observing, however, the too general repugnance to reading, that, (though it prevails less with us than in any other,) it is the duty of those who feel the pleasure and profit of it, to smooth the way to it, and afford every facility that light and knowledge may be diffused.

"An armed people, and an unarmed magistracy," said Dickenson, "is the best guarantee of freedom." And while the body of the people read, reason, and reflect—while the press is free and liberally supported, the sword of the magistracy is pointless, except it is directed to execute the will of the people. How important, then, is it that that will should result from an enlightened mind? Niles' Register.

## HUMAN LIFE.

"Life's little stage, (says Young) is a small eminence—but inch high above the grave, that final home of man, where dwells the untold multitude. We look around—we read their monuments—we sigh—and, as we sigh, we sink, and are what we deplored!—lamenting, or lamented, all our lot."

These sacred truths, though summarily expressed, are replete with interesting admonitions.

"We are apt to think this life of ours immortal, and to bestow no attention to the narrow limits, destined, sooner or later, to confine it; thus thinking, we live and act, on many occasions, repugnant to that virtue and justice, which we should admire, venerate, and practice, did we call to mind the uncertainty of our prospects and duration here, and the certainty of an hereafter, in which we are to be rewarded, or punished, according to the good or bad deeds done in this life.

A grave-yard is both instructive to the mind, and wholesome to the soul. While it ridicules the idea of any other superiority in human nature, than that of worth and virtue, it demonstrates, that death burls his darts alike at all; and that in the grave, all share one common fate, to moulder and decay; and as we pass on, from stone to stone, from tomb to tomb, and either reflect upon the inscriptions or upon the actions which distinguish the persons they mark, a voice seems continually ascending to our ears, saying, "Live righteously, that you may die good and live again to immortality of happiness and glory!"

If every person would consider that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent—this single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.