

POETRY.



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 seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In PENITENCE she places faith,
Hope smyleth 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,
Sharpened his bill for a repast,
And pounced 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 valour.
This life's a fore-committed 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 be-
tween a horse and an ass?" "Or yes," said Su-
ett, "if you were among a thousand horses I should
know you immediately."

A Lancashireman and a Yorkshireman, dis-
puting 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
footlocks 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 de-
dicated 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 Strathmore 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 Scotch-
man 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 phi-
losophical 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 block heads?"

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 cir-
cular and indescribable beauty; on its bril-
liant surface were painted the most inimita-
ble pictures of light and life; graceful clouds
floated in the mimic sky; a tiny sun irradiat-
ed 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 as-
pirations—if there is a single blissful mo-
ment, 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 up-
on 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 tranquillity—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 discom-
pose 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 per-
petual 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 hap-
piness.

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 ex-
tinguished in the trembling tear. He shun-
ned the rude clamour of the bustling world,
and would steal away into some solitary re-
cess, and in the still shade of the forest pon-
der 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 var-
iety 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 in-
cense.

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 chan-
ges of his dream. There was no affecta-
tion 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 dis-
course with his fellow passengers, but
wrapped himself up in a rich dream of an-
ticipation. 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 wel-
come, when her brother came to see him—

he did not observe any thing peculiar
about him at first, and not till the warm, af-
fectionate 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 fea-
tures of my friend became pale and motion-
less 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 at-
tempt 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 his same glory, and all the
"pomp and circumstance" of day began to
beam upon the face of nature, and the mer-
ry 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 par-
adise of his heart—he recollected, and he
said, "to-day is her funeral—her funeral!"
His benumbed mind dwelt upon the words,
but there was something undefined, and al-
most 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 walk-
ed 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 corpse. 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 cof-
fin 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 con-
sign to the cold earth. He walked up to
the table, and stood as still, and pale, and
motionless, as the form that lay stretched be-
fore 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 beau-
tiful 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 spo-
ken 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 pres-
ent 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 to-
wards the dark narrow pit—a heap of fresh
earth was piled at its side. Some one said,
"Where are the cords?" He heard the an-
swer, "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 peb-
ble 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 desola-
tion! 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 stretch-
ed 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 sufficient-
ly 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
upon those 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 dis-
pensated with—as costing money that might
be saved. So is the schooling of our chil-
dren—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 virtu-
ous mind. It gives a zest to all things in
prosperity, and is the best resource in ad-
versity.—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 po-
litical world, and are infinitely powerful to
establish the character of a people, as well
as to preserve their liberties; and cannot be
so easily dispensed with as some persons be-
lieve—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 ad-
vantage. But this cannot be the will of the
people of the United States; yet observing,
however, the too general repugnance to read-
ing, 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 peo-
ple 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 peo-
ple. 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 ad-
monitions.
"We are apt to think this life of ours im-
mortal, 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 vir-
tue and justice, which we should admire,
venerate, and practice, did we call to mind
the uncertainty of our prospects and dura-
tion here, and the certainty of an hereafter,
in which we are to be rewarded, or punish-
ed, 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 hurls his
darts alike at all; and that in the grave, all
share one common fate, to moulder and de-
cay; 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, say-
ing, "Live righteously, that you may die
good and live again to immortality of hap-
piness and glory!"

If every person would consider that he
is in this life nothing more than a passen-
ger, 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 bit-
terness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and
the cruelty of ambition.