

From the Zanesville Gazette.
Man was Made to Mourn.—BURNS.

'Twas close of day, the lily pale,
Was moist with falling dew,
And twilight now her dark'ning veil,
Wide over the landscape threw;
Down where Muskingum winds below,
There did my wanderings turn,
In silence to indulge my woe,
In solitude to mourn.

And now the night's returning hour,
Calls man to calm repose,
And sleep with soft oblivion's power,
Suspends his joys and woes:
But where with grief the bosom swells,
The evening shades return,
Sleep flies the couch where sorrow dwells,
And leaves the wretch to mourn.

Did pity e'er your breast alarm
For Jesse's royal son,
When cruel victor's sanguine arm,
The ruthless deed had done;
For nights and days on Zion's towers,
With keenest anguish torn,
The father wept the sleepless hours,
An equal loss I mourn.

Sweet solace of life's early hour,
My hopes in years to come;
Now blighted like the budding flower,
Lies mouldering in the tomb.
The inscrutable and wise decree,
My early joys have torn,—
Thy will, O God, be done in me,
Nor blame the wretch to mourn.

Life's opening prospects promise fair,
As dawned in April's morn;
But soon the path seems dark and drear,
By murky clouds o'er borne;
Yet soon the pilgrimage shall close,
Nor for its utmost bourn,
Then shall the weary meet repose,
And man shall cease to mourn.

LIVES,

By the late Mr. Parsons, of Bath, England, in a
Bible presented to his daughter Mary.

To cheer a wretched world with holy light,
From error's path the wanderer to invite,
To banish folly from the youthful mind,
To bid the sufferer become resign'd,
To plant each sweet affection in the heart,
And every gracious principle impart,
The penitent offender to forgive,
To bid the guilty, hopeless sinner live,
To show us where our only refuge lies,
To elevate our hopes above the skies,
To soothe our passage through this vale of woe,
And grace and future glory to bestow.
For this, my dear, was the blest volume given—
Our guide to peace, to purity, and heaven.
Receive the gift descended from above,
The pledge, dear Mary, of a father's love.
Would you be wise? Its kind instruction hear,
And read and meditate with heart sincere.
Would you be holy? From its precepts draw
The living morsels of a perfect law.
Would you be lovely? From the Saviour seek
All that is generous, mild, and meek.
Would you be happy? To the promise fly,
And on its truth immutably rely.
May Heaven, all-gracious, all your steps direct;
From every specious snare your youth protect;
Through every scene of life be still your guide,
And o'er your thoughts incessantly preside.
Thus grow in years, in wisdom's ways increase,
And you shall find them "pleasantness and peace!"
Selected.

A Broken Heart.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I never heard

Of any true affection, but t'was nipt
With care, that like the caterpillar eats
The leaves of the spring's sweet bud and rose.

It is a common thing to laugh at love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of poets and novelists, that never existed in real life. My observations on human nature have convinced me of the contrary, and have satisfied me that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, and the pleasures of society, there is still a warm current of affection running thro' the depths of the coldest heart, that prevents its being utterly concealed. Indeed I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex, but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of the early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But the woman's whole life is the history of affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasure. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blots some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.

But woman's is comparatively a fixed and meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings, and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be woed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affections. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when unfortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it in the recess of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of her existence is at an

end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—day sorrow drinks her blood until her enfeebled frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a little while and you will find, friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to darkness and the worm? You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its core. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth and shedding leaf by leaf, until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest, and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with deadly.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect and disappearing gradually from the earth almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven, and have repeatedly fancied I could trace their deaths through the various decensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, and melancholy, until I reached the symptom of disappointed love. But such an instance of the kind was lately told me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened; and I shall give them in the manner they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragic story of Emmet, the Irish Patriot, for it was too touching to be forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so brave; so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be in vain to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and only love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him—when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him more ardently for his sufferings. If then his fate could awaken even the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the anguish of her whose soul, which was occupied by his image. Let those tell who have the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being most loved on earth, who have sat at this threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world from whence all that was most lovely and loving had parted.

But the horrors of such a grave so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell upon that could sooth the pangs of parting—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt the sorrow into blessed tears sent like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile of the parental roof. But could the sympathy and kind of friends have reached a spirit so riven in by horror, they would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by the families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupations and amusements to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to visit the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at the blandishments of friendship, and heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibitions of so far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trapings of mirth, and looking so wan and so woe-bone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of the orchestra, and looking about some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garnish scene, she began with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice, and on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that it drew a crowd, mute and silent around her, and melted every one there.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great sympathy in country so remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irreversibly engrossed for the memory of a former lover. He however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and a sense of her own destitute and dependent situation for she was existing on the kindness of her friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with a solemn assurance that her heart was utterly another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but

nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away into a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

From the Winchester Republican.

MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT. One of our worthy neighbors looked sadly puzzled yesterday, as he stood poring over a most mysterious bit of chirography found as he said in the street. Was it the yet unexplored chapter of the Koran, or an episode from Junius, or a note from the lost Pleiad? The following is a copy ad. verb. only substituting initials for names.

J. B.—Paid and swore he'd stop.

L. C.—Couldn't find him.

P. N.—Not convenient just now.

L. G.—Never received it.

D. M.—Never expected to be called on to pay.

T. T.—Swore he couldn't think of paying so soon—he had only had the paper ten years.

P. B.—House empty—and he moved no body

nowhere.

D. L.—Paid, but swore.

M. T.—Call again.

N. H.—Said, "damn the editor, don't I patronize him! What does he call on me for money?"

J. D.—Paid, but grumbled.

S. R.—Call at the office next week.

Now, to our illuminated optics, which had seen such things before, the matter was plain as daylight. It was evidently the memorandum of some newspaper collector, who was conveying these consoling items to his employer in lieu of the dollars and cents which were justly his right.—Verily if he of the goose quill has many such patrons as N. H. we predict that he will soon retire on a fortune.

FASHION.—Fashion rules the world; and a most tyrannical mistress she is; compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable for fashion's sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neck handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing. She makes people set up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning, when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait upon one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless.

She makes people visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty.

She invades our pleasure, and interrupts our business.

She compels the people to dress gaily, whether upon their own property or that of others, whether agreeable to the word of God or to the dictates of pride.

She ruins health and produces sickness—destroys life and occasions premature death.

She makes foolish parents, invalids of children and servants of all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality. And an enemy to religion, and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning, and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, black and white, voluntarily have become her obedient servants and slaves; and vie with one another, to see who shall be most obsequious.

WOODEN CLOCKS.—The versatile genius peculiar to the Yankees is found in no place under the sun, so widely spread as in the steady land of Connecticut. Here the inventive spirit which first ushered wooden clocks into existence saw the light, and here the wheels of this business have continued to revolve with accelerated speed until the present day. In the town of Plymouth alone, we are informed, not less than fifteen thousand wooden clocks are made annually, and one individual in that town has acquired a fortune of nearly \$200,000 by this business. One day last week, thirty handsome wagons, with two horses each, started from Plymouth, for one of the southern cities, on a clock-peddling excursion. About three hundred wooden time keepers, all warranted to go, were shipped recently for Baltimore or Richmond, where these wagons are to assemble, load up and disperse over the southern country. When their supply is exhausted they resort to the city depot, and when that is out Connecticut manufacturers replenish it again. The original cost of these wooden vessels, is about \$5, and the retail price at the south, when made, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell, is \$20. There are not less than six towns in Connecticut, all extensively engaged in this kind of business. Unitedly, they make not far from 50,000 every year, and yet the demand is still unsupplied.

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