

Hebrew Melody.

WEEP, daughter of Judah, oh! weep for thy sorrow
In dark as the shadows that compass the tomb;
For thee shall ne'er smile the fond hopes of the morn-
row,
The past is all anguish—the future all gloom.
The hails of thy fathers in ashes now crumble;
Their children now bleed 'neath the conqueror's
chain;
And, though to the dust their proud spirits they
humble,
They sigh to the breezes—they sigh all in vain.
Weep, daughter of Judah, in sorrow for never
Can happiness gladden that young heart of thine;
For the bright sunny days of freedom are over,
And thy fate is in tears and in bondage to pine.
Beneath the green boughs of the sad drooping wil-
low,
Where now hangs all lonely the harp of thy love,
That pale cheek shall rest on the grave's tranquil pil-
low.
Then sorrow no more can thy fair bosom move.
Oh Salem! the lords of the heathen rule o'er thee;
They children are bent 'neath a proud despot's sway;
But He who hath humbled can also restore thee,
For a star shall arise with a hope-beaming ray.
That star shall shine forth o'er the ruins of Zion;
Oh! then shall the reign of the tyrant be o'er;
For its glad beams shall free those in bondage now
lying,
And those who are weeping will then weep no more.
That star of the morning, with mild lustre shining,
Shall bring to the weary the sweets of repose;
And they, who in sorrow and anguish are pining
Shall bless the glad hour when 'mid darkness it
rose.

FALCONER.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE BRIDE.

The bridal veil hangs o'er her brow,
The ring of gold is on her finger,
Her lips have breathed the marriage vow,
Why would she at the altar linger?
Why wears her gentle brow a shade,
Why dim her eye when doubt is over,
Why does her slender form for aid
Lean tremblingly upon her lover?
Is it a feeling of regret,
For solemn vows so lately spoken?
Is it a fear scarce own'd as yet,
That her new tie may soon be broken?
Oh no! such causes darken not
The cloud that's swiftly passing o'er her;
Her's is fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.
Her heart has long been freely given
To him who now her hand possessing,
Through patient years has fondly striven,
To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untried years
That, to her spirit strongly clinging,
Is dimming her blue eyes with tears,
And o'er her face a shade is flinging.

It is the thought of duties new,
Of wishes that may prove deceiving,
Of all she hopes yet fears to do,
Of all she loves, and all she's leaving.

It is the thought of bygones days,
Of them, the fond, the gentle hearted,
Who meet not now her gentle gaze,
The dear, the absent, the departed.

Oh! who can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping;
Or who would seek those tears to chide,
That fresh and green her heart are keeping.

Not he who with a lover's care,
And husband's pride is fondly guiding
Her trembling steps; for he can share
The gentle thought that needs no hiding.

Soon love for him those tears will chase,
And smiles relight her eye with gladness;
And none will blame, who truly trace,
To its pure source, trancient sadness.

From Bell's Weekly Messenger.

A GOOD STORY.

One seldom hears a good story now-a-days; the following is not bad. A year or two ago there came to the Lion Inn, at —, a pleasant looking, bustly, great-coated, commercial traveller sort of body.

"Well, landlord, what have you got, rump-steak, eh? Oyster-sauce, eh! Bottle of sherry, good, eh! Send 'em up." Dinner was served, the wine despatched, and a glass of brandy and water comfortably settled the dinner.

"Waiter," said the traveller, coolly and dispassionately, whipping his mouth with napkin, "waiter I am awkwardly situated."

"Sir?" said the water, expecting a love letter.

"I cannot pay you."

"Sorry for that; I must call master." [Enter landlord.]

"My good sir, you see this is rather awkward—good dinner! capital dinner! famous wine! glorious grog!—but no cash."

The landlord looked black.

"Pay next time—often come this road—done nothing to-day—good house yours—a great deal in the bill way."

The landlord looked blue.

"No difference to you of course!—pleasant house here—plenty of business—happy to take your order—long credit—good bills."

"There is my bill, sir—prompt payment—I pay as I go."

"Ah, but I must go without paying. Let us see—bill 17s. 6d.—let us have a pint of sherry together—make it up a pound—that will square it."

"Sir, I say you are a swindler, sir!—I will have my money."

"Sir, I tell you I will call and pay you in three weeks from this time, exactly; for I shall pass this road again."

"None of that, sir; it won't do with me—pay me my money, or I'll kick you out."

The stranger remonstrated—the landlord 'kicked him out.'

"You will regret this," said the stranger.

Three weeks after that day, punctual to his word, the stranger entered the Lion Inn—the landlord looked very foolish—the stranger smiled, and held out his hand—"I've come to pay my score as I promised."

The landlord made a thousand apologies for his rudeness.

"So many swindlers about, there's no knowing whom to trust."

"Never mind, landlord; but come, let's have some dinner together—let us be friends. What have you got, he? A couple of boiled fowls, eh!—nice little ham of your own curing! good!—greens from your own garden! famous!—bottle of sherry and two bottles of port; waiter, this is excellent."

Dinner passed over—the landlord hopped and nobbed with the stranger—they passed a pleasant afternoon. The landlord retired to attend to his avocations—the stranger finished his "comforter" of brandy and water, addressed the waiter.

"Waiter, what is to pay?"

"Two pounds ten shillings and three pence, sir, including the former account."

"And half a crown for yourself?"

"Makes two pounds twelve shillings and nine pence, sir," replied the waiter, rubbing his hands.

"Say two pounds thirteen shillings!" said the stranger, with a benevolent smile, "and call in your master."

[Enter landlord, smiling and hospitable.]

"Sorry you are going so soon, sir."

The stranger merely said, with a fierce look, I owed you seventeen and sixteen three weeks ago, and you kicked me out of your house for it."

The landlord began to apologize.

"No words, sir; I owed you seventeen and sixteen, and you kicked me out of your house for it."

"I told you, you would be sorry for it. I now owe you two pounds thirteen shillings; you must pay yourself in a check on the same bank—for I have no MONEY now."

From the London Monthly Magazine.

Negroes are said to be as fond of set speeches as professional orators; yet amidst their verbose and tautological harangues, we meet, if not good argument, at least that which resembles, and even supersedes its necessity—that is to say, acute illustration. Does a negro wish to express that it is folly to brave danger unnecessarily, this he will not do by mode and figure; but will at once say—"Crab what walk too much go 'na pot." Does he wish to indicate that oblivion generally follows the death of any one, he says—"When man dead, grass grow at him door."

Are there wanted instances of a higher kind of eloquence. An old negro having been beaten by a young one, the former was called to give an account of the transaction. Instead of coming directly to the point, he brought a little negro child—a little woolly headed knave—and holding the ebony-skinned infant up in one hand, spoke to the following effect:—"Do you see this boy? When that man (pointing to his opponent) came from Guinea no bigger than this child, he was given by the white people into my charge; when he called for his father, I consoled him; when he wept for his mother, I dried his tears; when hungry, my plantation fed—when weary, my bed supported him until my kindness drove both father and mother from his memory; for I was both to him. For this I am well repaid! 'Nourish a young serpent, and when big enough it will sting you.' Now he has grown as tall and stately as a Palmiste, while my own hair is as white as a cotton shrub, he abuses me, he curses me, he strikes me! Ah Cudgo! 'tis not me you insult, 'tis the ghost of your father! 'tis not me you curse, 'tis the spirit of your mother! 'tis not against me your impious hands are raised, 'tis against Heaven!"

JANET AND HER WEB.

Many years ago in a parish of Galloway—a rude and sequestered district—there were only three free-masons: the minister, a tailor, and a mason. The mason being desirous to introduce his son to the same mystery, caused a lode to be called for the purpose, at a lonely cottage, where the ceremonies were proceeding, when a knock was heard at the door.

The mason, whose name was Dunn, went to see who it was, and found an old woman who addressed him as follows. "The masons are met the night?" "Yes." "Weel, ye ken my web was stolen last week." "Yes, Janet; but what business has that wi' the masons meeting?" "Ou, ye ken ye'll be raising the devil, and I wad just like if ye wad ask him, since he is there at any rate, who stole the web." "Ouay, Janet; just you gang away, then and we'll see what we can do." Mr. Dunn then returned to the interior of the cottage, and mentioned to the minister what had passed between him and the old woman. The clergy man rebuked him severely for conceding to the superstitious notions of the aged crone, said he feared it would affront them all."

"Nae fear of that," answered the mason, "just leave it all to me." Next day, when Janet called upon Mr. Dunn, he told her that "the devil had exactly communicated the name of the thief, but he had mentioned that if the goods were not returned before Thursday next, the house of the guilty person would fall upon him in the night time and the whole family would be killed. This he said was a great secret and he strictly forbade her communicating it to more than one person. Away went Janet, quite satisfied; although it might have been expected to occur to her that the prediction of punishment to a thief was not exactly a characteristic piece of conduct on the part of Old Nick. The secret was speedily imparted to her next door neighbor, with many injunctions as to the propriety of letting it go no farther; notwithstanding which, it was known to the whole parish before night. On the morning thereafter Janet's web was found lying at her door, with a part which had been cut off, attached to the main body of it with pins.

Scotch paper.

A Susceptible Thief. John Hamilton was brought up for stealing a coat from his boarding house in Mulberry street. When placed at the bar, he delivered himself as follows:—"You are a magistrate, and a rich man; I'm the thief, and a poor man; so you can't enter into my feelings, and consequently I don't want you to trifle with or pain them by a long rigmarole examination. I wanted a coat and I stole one. I have been detected, and must be punished for it, I know your duty as well as my own; it was my duty to escape, but I couldn't—it's your duty to commit me; so do it off hand, and let me be tried as soon as possible, and you'll confer an especial favor on me. He was committed.

N. Y. Transcript.

Judge McLean is decidedly opposed to the U. S. Bank, and always has been. He was in Congress when the present Bank was chartered, and voted against it in every shape in which it was presented and has recently declared that if he were now in Congress, he would vote against its re-charter. He has also expressed the opinion, that the President has the power to remove the Secretary of the Treasury, for the purpose which he did, and that the depository ought not to be returned.

Boston Statesman.

The Canals. The Commercial Herald states, that goods have been transported by way of the Pennsylvania Canals to Pittsburg, and delivered at Maysville, Ky., in fourteen days from the time of their departure from Philadelphia. We learn from Mr. Leech the enterprising proprietor of one of the daily lines of Packets and Freight boats from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, that his boat commenced running on the 10th of March last, since which time they have only met with four or five days interruption, which was occasioned by a slight breach on the Juniata. A strong commentary upon the strength and durability of our public works.

B. A. Reporter.

A New Counterfeit. The public are informed that a new counterfeit purporting to be for the sum of five dollars, on the Branch of the United States Bank in Lexington, Ky. has just been put in circulation. It is made payable to W. T. Smith, letter E. The names of the cashier and president are engraved. The word Lexington, and the name of the person (W. T. Smith) to whom they are made payable, are also engraved, which is not the case with the genuine notes. The whole appearance of the note is very bad, and it is not, probable, so dangerous a counterfeit as those which are now, and have been for some years past, in circulation, purporting to be issued from the old plate. The new counterfeit, alluded to above, is in imitation of the new plate, which lately engraved by Messrs. Draper, Underwood, Bald, and Spencer. Those who are unacquainted with bank notes, should be upon their guard.

New Spring & Summer Goods.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, (which he is ready to show, at the Store Room formerly occupied by John & West,) a

General assortment of Goods, Suited to the present and approaching season,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

BROAD CLOTHS,

Super blue, invisible green, London scone, Olive brown, blue, mixed, and drab.

SATINETS.

Blue, brown, gadette, and premium mixed. A new article of fashionable striped do.

SILKS.

Real black Italian lustrestrings, black gro. do.

Swiss, black gro. de nap and Senshaws.

Mantua, Sarsanets and lavantine satins,

Colored gro de naps, plain and figured,

Colored Forence and satins.

A variety of

DRESS HANDKERCHIEFS.

Consisting of blond guaze, gro de zane,

Gro de naps, popeline, and crape de chine,

Superfine guaze, and crape scarfs,

Figured and plain bobinets,

Thread and bobinets laces, and inserting,

Bobinets and Swiss capes,

White and black bobinets veils,

Black, green, and white guaze, do.

Irish linen, lawns, and linen cambrics,

Linen cambric handkerchiefs,

Superfine guaze ribbons, and beltings,

Pink, white and black Italian crape,

Plain, striped and corded gingham,

Painted Muslin,

Plain, figured and crossbarred jacomet,

Plain and figured Swiss, book and cambric muslin,

Corded skirts,

Linen and cotton table diaper,

Circassians, merinoes and bobinetts.

With a general assortment of

Hardware & Cutlery,

Queensware, Glassware, and

Clothes.

Merino, cassimere, brochell,

Princetta, and lasting,

Real linen drilling,

Blue and yellow nankeens,

Superior silk velvet,

White and colored marseilles vesting,

Valentia, Satin face and silk do.

STOCKS.

Bombazin, plain and figured silk,

Black Italian cravats,

Gentlemen's and Ladies gloves,

Brown and bleached sheetings and shirtings,

Checks, plaids, and ticks, &c. & c.

HATS, BOOTS, AND SHOES, of all kinds,

With a general assortment of

Hardware & Cutlery,

Queensware, Glassware, and