

Let me gaze once more on thee, and in that speaking face
Contemplate all my heart has dream'd of loneliness
Those heavenly visions of my youth, whose bright
and glorious ray
In the darkness of a troubled lot has never passed
Which in our after years of care, when forms of love
and light, [dazzled sight,
In beauty's joyous pride and power, beam on our
Flash back upon the memory and for a moment part
The chill and heavy clouds of gloom which gather
round the heart.

O turn not those eyes away in cold and silent
scorn: [long has borne.
Thou canst not know the burning grief this spirit
Thou canst not know the bitterness of scorned hope
and pride, [heart must hide.
And the deep and deadly agony which a hopeless
I have loved thee with a love as pure, as changeless
as the car [and fear:
Of maiden innocence e'er heard, with mingled hope
I have loved thee as this withered soul can never
love again, [in vain.
But my haughty spirit will not bow to sue, and sue
The cherish'd hopes which, mid the gloom around
my pathway thrown, [rarely known,
Have shed a mild and blessed light this breast has
Now chill'd and broken, on my heart roll back their
freezing flow, [tured brow.
And cast their cold and cheerless shade upon my tor-
How fondly have I hung upon each deeply treasur-
ed tone [magic all thine own;
Of that sweet voice which chain'd my ear with a
I have gazed into those gentle eyes until my burning
brain [love in vain.
Has maddened with the withering thought that I must
And thou wilt not remember me, when, in thy beau-
ty's pride, [sparkling tide;
Thou mingest with the proud and gay on fashion's
Where'er thou mov'st admired, adored, but never
wilt thou be [been by me.
More tenderly, more purely loved than thou hast
But oh, I would not that one thought of me should
cast a shade [by fade.
Of sad remembrance o'er thy heart, or bid one beau-
That on thy clear and lovely brow, in sunny glad-
ness blight.
The sickness of the soul should shed its cold and
withering blight.

From the N. Y. Kinckerbocker.

REMEMBRANCES.

Oft at the hour when evening throws
Its gathering shades o'er vale and hill,
While half the scene in twilight glows,
And half in sun-light glories still:
The thought of all that we have been,
And hoped and feared on life's long way—
Remembrances of joy and pain,
Come mingling with the close of day.
The distant scene of Youth's bright dream,
The smiling green, the rustling tree;
The murmur of the grass-fringed stream,
The bounding of the torrent free—
The friend, whose tender voice no more
Shall sweetly thrill the listening ear,
The glow that Love's first vision wore,
And Disappointment's pangs—are here.
But soft o'er each reviving scene
The chastening hues of Memory spread;
And smiling each dark thought between,
Hope softens every tear we shed.
O thus, when Death's long night comes on,
And its dark shades around me lie,
May parting beams from memory's sun
Blend softly in my evening sky!

THE SLANDERER.

His heart is gall—his tongue is fire—
His soul too base for generous ire;
His sword too keen for nobler use;
His shield and buckler are—abuse.

Running Down a Whale. Much has been said, and more written, about the thirst and sagacity of Yankees. Their aptness in turning every outward accident to their advantage, has long been proverbial. The following narration will go to illustrate this part of their character:

Some fifteen years since, a sloop of fifty tons or upwards was fitted on the Connecticut river for the West Indies, with a cargo of small stock, consisting of sheep, pigs, poultry, &c. On the morning of the third day, when they were about equi-distant from the gulf stream and Montauk, a monstrous whale was espied a little ahead, fast asleep. The captain, as jovial and laughter-loving a Jonathan as ever made cucumber seed out of bass-wood, called all the hands upon deck. 'Boys,' said he, 'I'll play the greasy lubber a Yankee trick. Look out now for a little fun.'

There was a smart breeze blowing, and the captain taking the helm, ran the sloop smack upon the whale. The Leviathan, not relishing such familiarity, raised his huge tail, and with a single sweep carried away the bowsprit up to the right-heads. Here was a pretty kettle of fish, as the crook said when he upset the lobster.

'There, captain, by golly,' said the mate, 'you've got fun enough for all hands now.'

'Ahem—I swow,' said the captain, 'who would a thought o' that? Well, if we can't go to Turk's Island we'll try Martha's Vineyard. Put her away for Gayhead.'

In less than a week the sloop was sold, and the sheep turned out to pasture. In another week the vessel was repaired, a sufficiency of salt on board, and on her way for the banks of Newfoundland. A load of fish was soon caught, and the sloop Good Intent made five hundred dollars by the attempt of the captain to make a little fun by running down a whale.

A Good One. Every profession, trade or occupation has its toils and troubles; none, we believe, are exempt, though some may be afflicted to a greater extent than others. We have our share. With the very best of feelings pervading us, we will relate what we conceive to be what our caption sets forth.

The other day a man from 'down east' called at our office and requested us to write a notice and insert it in our paper of to-day. He gave us the particulars and we set about writing a flaming advertisement, took considerable pains, and made it right for insertion. After having finished it, we were asked our price, which we stated; the individual then told us that he would take it and call again.

The next day we called at the Post Office, as usual, when to our surprise, the very first thing that met our eyes, was *this same advertisement*, which we had taken so much pains to write, posted in a conspicuous place. This we call a *cheaper* road to wealth. We said little, pulled our hat over our eyes and walked off.

Columbia, N. Y. Sentinel.

A servant girl a few days since, on leaving her place, was accosted by her master as to her reason for leaving. The girl replied, 'Mistress is so quick tempered that I cannot live with her.' 'Why,' replied he, 'you know it is no sooner begun than it is over.' 'Yes, sir,' said she, 'and no sooner over than begun again.'

Value of Sons. A short time since a man was heard lamenting the death of two of his sons—'Two stout, hearty boys,' said he, 'and died just before haytime—it's seneymost ondide me.'

TO PRINTERS.

A Swindler Out-witted. Two Quakers, brothers, lived in Philadelphia some years since, whose names I forbear to mention. One of them, 'rather soft in his head,' was applied to for goods, by a plausible old fellow, who paid nobody, but whose roguery was unknown to the Quaker. While the goods were being packed up, the other brother came in, and asked the merchant to whom he had made so large a sale! He replied, giving the name of the purchaser. 'Why, brother,' said he, 'art thou mad? The man is a great rogue, and will never pay thee—he pays nobody.' 'What shall I do? what shall I do?' says the seller. 'I shall be ruined.' 'Well,' says the other, 'I shall try to extricate thee,' and away he goes to the purchaser. Says he 'friend R. I understand thee has been making a purchase of my brother. He is a poor, narrow-minded creature, and will tease thee for the money before it is half due. Give up the purchase. I have a large stock of goods, and can supply thee on much better terms than my brother.' The sharper, forgetting the old fable of the dog and the shadow, went back to the seller, and made some apology for declining the purchase. He started off to the store to which he had been so kindly invited, and began to lay off some goods. 'Friend R.' says the merchant, 'let me know first who is thy indorser? that I may consider whether or not I will accept him.' 'Indorser! indorser!' exclaimed the other, who began to smell a rat, and to suspect, that with all his craft, he had been outwitted by a plain Quaker. 'You said nothing about an indorser when you offered me the goods.' 'Why, man, does thee think I am such a fool as to give thee my goods without a good indorser? Not! not! that I will not do: give me a good indorser, and then may have as many goods as thee pleases.' Thus was the bitter bit, and R. sneaked off quietly, humbled and grieved, at the disappointment.

This Quaker, who thus brought off his brother with flying colors, was at the same table with two Philadelphia dandies. There were two portmages and a small turkey smoking upon the board. The bucks, looking down on the plain Quaker, took each a portmage. The Quaker, without complaint, sticks his fork in the turkey, and placing it on his plate, says: 'Well, friends, every man his bird, say I. The bucks were glad to compromise, and give him a share of the birds, in order to partake of the turkey.

THE TWO NAPOLEONS.

Any traveller who may have been in Italy in the spring of 1819, must have heard of the celebrated major of the Royal Sardinian Life Guards, who bore so strong a resemblance to the great Napoleon, as to excite the wonder of all those who had seen the emperor. At that time I was on a visit to the city of Genoa. I recollect that one evening I was at the Cafe du grand Cairo with a party of friends, when we observed an officer in the costume of the guards reading at a table. We were struck with the resemblance which he bore to all the busts and portraits of the emperor which we had seen.

In the midst of our conjectures on the subject, an old French officer, decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor, observing the surprise depicted in our countenances, very politely joined our party, and said, 'I can easily imagine, gentlemen, the subject of your present astonishment. That officer is one of the greatest wonders in Europe, and as much like Napoleon as if he were his twin brother. Indeed, some persons here go so far as to assert that both the emperor and his prototype are from the same parent stock, which may be the case, as the major is a native of Corsica, and about Napoleon's ago.'

I assure you,' continued the French officer, 'that I was near the emperor on the night previous to the bloody and disastrous battle of Leipzig. I observed him perusing the bulletins of the army; his attitude, thoughtful mood, and his general demeanour were a perfect counterpart to the person before us. See! he is about taking a pinch of snuff! Napoleon's manner to perfection.' In a word, the enthusiasm of the French officer rose to such a pitch, that all the visitors of the cafe were staring at us. The next evening I went to the opera to hear the celebrated Madame Catalani, and to have a peep at the ex-empress Maria Louisa and her father, whose visit had been announced. We had not long been seated before we discovered the major in the adjoining box. He was standing up, his arms folded in the manner of Napoleon, and like him he wore a green coat buttoned up close to the neck, and decorated with two or three orders, which he had won in the Italian wars, and above all, the never-to-be-forgotten little cocked hat. Soon after the empress entered her box, accompanied by a brilliant suite; but presently the audience were thrown into amazement by some confusion in the royal box. Maria Louisa had caught a glimpse of the counterfeit presentation of her deceased husband, and her confusion and astonishment were exhibited in the most palpable manner. The king of Sardinia was forced to order him out duty, ten leagues from Genoa, as his person kept the soldiers in constant excitement, who never failed to present arms in passing him. I understood previous to my leaving Genoa, that Maria Louisa had sent for the officer and presented him with a gold snuff-box, with the emperor's likeness set in brilliants.

HANNAH TUCKER, *Adm'r.*
ANDREW ANDERSON, *Adm'r.*
October 13th, 1834. 40-3w.

JOHN D. CRONTZ.
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