

From the Knickerbocker.

THE SONNET—BY G. P. MORRIS.

I met an odd engraving the other day in one of the print stores. Quite a simple affair—a garden—a bower—a lady—that's all. She is, of course, extremely beautiful, and is reclining on an artificial couch, holding a letter in her hand, which, it is pretty evident, she has just been reading. The artist has entitled this print "The Sonnet," but why or wherefore does not appear. He has given no farther explanation of what he intended to convey to the mind of the beholder—an omission which vexed me not a little, as I am always curious about such matters, and like to discover, if I can, at least the meaning of any composition I may have spent my time in examining. Both the drawing and the engraving are exceedingly well done. "Oh, the opaque darkness," said I to myself, as I laid the print aside, and left the store, "that rests upon that sonnet! What can it mean?" I was sadly puzzled, and did not get entirely rid of the subject until I was rid of the following verses. I think I have hit the artist's intention, and, therefore, send the lines for publication in your excellent magazine, for the benefit of all poor wights who may be similarly situated with myself while scrutinizing the print I have attempted to describe.

Fanny, in her bower seated,
By the rosy zephyrs fann'd,
To herself these words repeated,
Edward's letter in her hand:
"Hang the fellow!"—fe upon it!
What am I to do or say?
Here this silly, saucy sonnet,
Bids me name the marriage-day!"
Then she sigh'd and pluck'd a flower,
Tore its leaves apart, and then
Nothing said, for near an hour,
Save "heig-ho!"—these men—these men!"
Bridal bells—the pastor's mission—
Friends and kindred—hopes and fears—
Crowded on her mental vision,
Till her heart dissolved in tears!
Simple girl!—but see, she raises
Her sweet face—all sunshine now,
Marvel not at lovers' praises—
Gaze upon that sunlit brow.
Now she parts her flowing tresses,
Smiles, and reads the letter o'er,
To the winds her love confesses,
Which she ne'er has done before.
List! she speaks again!—and hear her:
"Edward I am all thine own!
Can a passion be sincerer
Than that breathed for those alone?"
Edward sought the yielding maiden,
Pressed her to his heart for life—
And, with every blessing laden,
They became—mere man and wife!
Do my readers ask, "sir poet,
Wherefore weave your web of song?"
To instruct you—and I'll show it;
Mark we well, ye wooing throng:
To the fair you'd marry—better
Write than speak—but write in time—
And be sure to put the letter
In the very best of rhyme!

THE FROGS AND THE BULRUSH.

FROM THE SPANISH OF VRIARTE.

CLOSE by the banks where Tagus steers,
A frog, of rather tender years,
Praised the bulrushes growing there,
How strong, and smooth, and green they were!
It chanced, just then, a wind there blew,
That snap'd the tallest rush in two;
The frog's wise mother hopp'd up to it,
And call'd her son to come and view it;
"You see," she said, "how rash it is
To judge from outward qualities;
Without—'tis round and smooth enough,
Within—all emptiness and puff!"

If this sage frog had read some rhymes,
That pass for poems in our times,
I know not how she could express,
In better terms, their worthlessness.

TURKISH STORY-TELLING.

[The following is an authentic specimen of the tales which are listened to with so much delight by the Orientals, and the invention and narration of which are a distinct and very profitable business among the Turks and Arabs. It was taken down in short-hand, from the lips of an itinerant "story-teller," by a recent traveller in Asia Minor.]

N. Y. Mirror.

On the second day of the Bairam, three Turkish dames, the wives of the Doukanji, or dealer in all commodities, of the Tchibouki, or maker of pipes, and of the Papoutji, the vendor of yellow, red, and other slippers, agreed to walk and see all the magnificent spectacles usually presented on this high holiday, and perhaps take a ride or a swing in one of the untold varieties of wooden vehicles, which bring such a harvest of paras to the proprietors; that is, supposing they could be allowed to pass for grown children, well huddled up in their fardies.

They had not proceeded far, when their eyes lighted all at once on a glittering object, dazzling the sight in a May-day's sun. It was a beautiful ring, a large emerald in the centre, with rubies around it. It was clear that some less happy fair one had dropped the precious ornament, and was probably mourning its loss; on this point, however, the finders did not bestow much thought; they had found it, and the only question to be decided was, as it could not be divided, whose it should be.

In this dilemma, a wise thought struck the first person they met. On this day when all the world was abroad, there was no difficulty in finding people, and the first man they saw, and who of course was to be the arbiter, was Hadji Suleiman, the Termandji, the old one-eyed miller; and it was no miracle they should see him, for he was coming out of his mill-door.

As he was not a Paris, neither were the fair competitors goddesses, the miller therefore sagely replied that he would have nothing to do with the dangerous point of comparative personal charms, and referred the thing solely to a trial of intellect. His decision was, that the ring should be adjudged to be lawful prize to her who should prove that she had outwitted her husband in the cleverest way.

The wife of the Tchibouki took the lead, and was followed by the wife of the Papoutji, but neither of them said any thing that was worth repeating, and there was a great deal about pipes and leather. The wife of the Doukanji is called upon last.

Her husband, Hassan Aslan Oglou, better known in the bazaar by the name of Koutchuk Hassan, (little Hassan,) had opened his shop and shut it every day for twenty years past. His attention to business had given him respectability, and he was reputed to be somebody—possessor of a pipe with a real amber mouthpiece, and sending often to the Cafidjis to treat his customers, Hassan was reported to be in comfortable circumstances; and the report was a true one.

But Hassan was more comfortable in his shop than in his house, at least so thought his wife, and she tried to make him think so too.

Unhappily her affections were less strongly inclined towards Hassan, than to a holy dervish, whose melodious cry of "hok, hok, hok," while seated day after day on the bench before her door, had completely driven Hassan out of her heart; the more surprising, as the two men were exactly like each other in size, height, and features, as two camel beads.

The holy man found no difficulty in persuading the wife that there was no harm in exchanging a doukanji for a dervish; and no sooner was she con-

vinced, than the projected exchange was carried into effect.

Hassan, who little dreamt of what was hatching, came home from his shop in unusual gaiety; he had sold so much ottar of roses, so many ivory boxes of surme, and so many strings of Mecca beads, that he was determined to indulge in the luxury of a milk chalva, and his wife was ordered to prepare it. Nothing could be more apropos than such an order, nor more seasonable than the hour when it was given—the milk chalva was speedily prepared, and it was done while Hassan was devoutly performing his Akhshamnamaz, or prayer after sunset, a miscal or two of aifion was mixed up with the dainity dish.

Hassan's appetite being always graduated according to the amount of his shop receipts, he indulged so much *en gourmand* as fairly to eat the whole of the milk chalva. The potent effects of the affion were instantly demonstrated, and the happy Doukanji was soon in profound sleep, dreaming of customers and milk chalva.

About one hundred yards off, at the corner of four streets, was a Tekkjee, or convent of dervishes, and connected with it one of those charitable places, where, through an iron grating, a number of iron cups, chained to the grating, are always filled and refilled for the thirsty passenger. It was the duty of our dervish to superintend this cup-filling.

It was to this place that poor Hassan was conveyed in the midst of his dreams, and being laid down softly on the stone floor, his transformation into a dervish, quickly took place, by being divested of his benish and turban, and enveloped in the long and ample white felt robe of the dervish, with his girdle, in which hung his horn, belted round his waist, and the sugar-loaf white felt cap substituted for the turban. The transformation completed, the dervish returned to the house, and so perfect was the resemblance, that the servants readily admitted him as their old master.

It was long after the hour of saying the ilkinaday namaz; that is to say, long after noon of the following day, before Hassan awoke from his long nap. He rubbed his eyes, and looking around him, rubbed his eyes again, persuaded that he was still dreaming. "How seven years!" cried all four, and many others of the bazaar, with one voice, "how seven years! Did we not see you open and shut your shop yesterday, and have you not been there sitting and smoking day after day for four-and-twenty years without having your place empty a single day? What evil eye has bewitched your brains to talk of seven years' absence!"

What could poor Hassan do? He began seriously to suspect that he had been dreaming; and going home to his wife confessed his belief of it, and quietly ate his milk chalva.

The ring is yours, cried the miller to this talented dame—take it, and take yourself away with it as fast as possible, lest you should be disposed to exercise your ingenuity here.

His return gave her as she could muster; and her first words were, that the milk chalva, which he had ordered was spoiling, as he had taken so long a nap. "A long nap, indeed," said Hassan, "seven years are a pretty long nap; to say nothing of my journey from Koutaie, too, and that is not a step." "What are you talking about seven years at Koutaie?" rejoined the dame; "where are your brains travelling to?" Why, did you not, this very afternoon, when you came from your shop, order a milk chalva, and did you not fall asleep while I was preparing it, and have you not slept so long that it is as hard as the ostrich's egg in the great mosque?"

The husband perplexed to insanity, next shows his swollen feet, in evidence of the long journey he had just taken. The affectionate wife cautioned him against saying a word more about it, as he would perhaps be bastinadoed by the cadi to cure him of his disposition to lying.

Bewildered and confounded more and more, Hassan goes next to his shop, not to open it, for it was after the hour, but to see if it really stood in the same place. It not only had not changed its locality, but his old friends the kabobji, the sherbetji, the baker, and the baker, were in their shops, and employed as usual.

Hassan waits patiently for the felicitations which he doubted not would come upon him thick as locusts upon young corn, but when not one *hosh galde* escaped their lips, he upbraids them bitterly for such want of friendship, after a seven years' absence. "How seven years!" cried all four, and many others of the bazaar, with one voice, "how seven years! Did we not see you open and shut your shop yesterday, and have you not been there sitting and smoking day after day for four-and-twenty years without having your place empty a single day? What evil eye has bewitched your brains to talk of seven years' absence?"

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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 smoke,

Olive brown, blue, mixed, and drab.

SATINETS.

Blue, brown, gaudet, 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 gauze, gro de zane,

Gro de naps, popeline, and crêpe de chine.

Superfine gauze, and crêpe scarfs,

Figured and plain bobinets,

Thread and bobinett laces, and inserting,

Bobinett and Swiss capes,

White and black bobinett veils,

Black, green, and white gauze, do.

Irish linen, lawns, and linen cambrics,

Cambric handkerchiefs,

Super gauze ribbons, and beltins,

Pink, white and black Italian crêpe,

Plain, striped and corded ginghams,

Painted Muslin,

Plain, figured and crossbarred jacquets,

Plain and figured Swiss, book and cambric muslin,

Corded skirts,

Linen and cotton table diaper,

Circassians, merinos and bombazets.

Men's Summer Wear,

CONSISTING OF SUMMER

CLOTHES.

Merino, cassimere, brochell,

Princetta, and lasting,

Real linen drilling,

Blue and yellow hankeens,

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

Groceries.

ALSO,

Bar Iron, Castings, Nails, and Window

Glass, &c. &c. &c.

C. R. WEST.

April 25th, 1834.

16-1f

He feels grateful for past favors, and respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage.

C. R. W.

SEAL-SKIN & FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received at his HAT

STORE, on High street, 20 dozen SEAL-SKIN

and FUR CAPS. Also, a good assortment of

WOOL HATS; all of which will be sold on as

reasonable terms as they can be purchased in the

west.

JOSEPH GROFF,

27-1f

Lawrenceburg, Sept. 19, 1834.

41-1f

HARRIS BATEMAN.

47-3

Dec. 4, 1834.

47-3

41-1f

41-1f

41-1f

41-1f

41-1f

41-1f

41-1f

41-1f