

POETRY.



The Separation.

PARTING for ever!—is your home
So sad, so cheerless grown,
That you are each prepared to roan
Through this false world alone;
Recall the words, though love be fled,
Though hope's bright visions cease,
Still, still together you may tread
The tranquil path of peace.

Think on the season dear and fleet,
Of young and fond romance,
When you in ecstasy would meet
Each other's smile and glance;
Think on the joyous bridal day,
And on its sacred vow,
Then glad and flowered seemed the way—
Why is it clouded now?

OH! by the real ills of life
How little are you tried;
Your mutual taunts, your daily strife,
Spring from one feeling—pride!
Bear and forbear—no longer blame
Thy partner's faults alone,
Conscience may urge a ready claim
To tell thee of thy own.

But part—the chosen one forsake,
To whom thy troth was given;
Reflect, nor dare a tie to break.

Approved by earth and Heaven:

Man cannot, must not rend the band

Of holy marriage love,

'Tis ruled by an unerring hand,

The hand of him above.

What is Time?

I asked an aged man of cares,
Wrinkled and cur'v'd, white with hoary
hairs;
'Time is the warp of life,' he said, 'O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it
well.'

I ask'd the ancient venerable dead
Boys who wrote and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur
Low'd,

Time sow'd the seeds we reap in this
abode.'

I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had
broke,

I ask'd him, what is time?—time, he re-
plied,

I've lost it! Ah, the treasure! and he died!

I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and
years;

They answered 'Time is but a meteor's
glare.'

And bade me for eternity prepare.

I ask'd the seasons, in their annual round,
Which beauty or desolate the ground;
And they replied, (no oracle more wise.)
'Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest
prize.'

I ask'd a spirit lost; but O the shriek
That pierc'd my soul! I shudder while I
speak!

I cried! 'A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:

'Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to Glory or the path to Hell.'

I ask'd my bible, and methinks it said,
'Time is the present hour—the past is fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set!'

I ask'd old father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;

His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind

His noiseless steeds, which left no trace

behind.

I ask'd the mighty angel who shall stand
One foot on the sea, and one on solid land;

'By Heaven's great King I swear the mys-
teries o'er!

'Time was,' he cried, 'but time shall be no
more!'

CORALINN,

Owing to an accident, (to which printers are often subjected,) we are under the necessity of postponing, this week, the publication of the interesting tale entitled "CORALINN," of which four chapters have been given. We shall probably resume its publication in our next.

A Good Joke.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Colonel (Blank—queer name, is it not?) and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting one on each side of a delightful hickory fire, enjoying their *otium cum dignitas*, without any interruption, for neither of them had spoken a word for at least an hour; and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable. The colonel was sitting cross-legged, in a great arm-chair, with his pipe in one hand, and a newspaper in the other, spectacles on fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself gently backwards and forwards in a low rocking chair—sitting as straight as an arrow—knitting. Close at her feet was Miss Pess, her paws folded gracefully under her, dosing very composedly, and evincing her satisfaction by murmuring forth monotonous, though rather a musical p-u-f-f—while Mr. Carlo, was stretched out

at length on the rug in front of the fire, and like his master—sound asleep.

At length the colonel, rousing from his nap, took off his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes, then glancing them at a huge pile of papers that lay on the table near him, said—yawning at the same time most emphatically,

"I wish Henry was here, to help me about my rents."

"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.

"I can't expect him in a month, yet," yawned the colonel.

"Hadn't you better send for him, then?" said his sister.

Upon this the dog got up and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going, Carlo?" said the old gentleman.

"Why," said Henry laughing, "he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So what does he do—but go and have her miniature taken, for she is extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished."

"Beautiful! intelligent!! and accomplished!!! exclaimed the colonel—"pray what objection could the old fool have to her?"

"Why she is not worth a cent," said Henry.

"Fudge!" said the colonel, "I wish

I had been in the old chap's place; but how did he get along?"

"Why, as I said, he had her picture

taken, and as it was about time for collecting rents, he thought it would make the old gentleman good natured if he went home and offered to assist him.—So home he went—taking with him a parcel of oranges. By the by—that puts me in mind—I bought some at the same place, but have left them in the hall." So skipping out of the room, he returned with a handkerchief filled with some of the finest oranges that ever came over; and handing one of them to his aunt, he laid the rest on the table beside his uncle.

The old gentleman smiled in every corner of his face, and put his hand into his pocket.

"Why didn't he marry her at once, and leave the rest to chance?" asked the colonel. "Shoot me, if I wouldn't."

"Why—you must know that Bill

loves his uncle as well as if he had been his own father—for the old gentleman

had been as good as a father to him.

So he could not bear the idea of getting married without trying to get his consent. And then, you see he could be married at home, and that would just suit his uncle, for he is mighty fond of a good frolic now and then."

"He deserves to have her for that one thing," said the colonel with emotion.

"Shoot me, if I don't wish I had been his uncle. Don't you think so, Carlo?" addressing the dog who was just coming from under the chair.

"Dowd, Carlo!" shouted the colonel, a little sternly: and down went the dog, with a look so humbled and dejected that the colonel began to feel sorry that he had spoken so cross. So, stretching out his hand, he patted the dog affectionately on the head, saying,

"Why, Carlo, poor Carlo, you need

not feel so bad; I only wanted you to be a little more polite."

Carlo pricked up his ears, and showed other signs of returning animation, though he did not immediately recover his spirits. But he looked up with an expression that seemed to say, "you need make no apology sir," and settled himself in dignified silence under his master's chair.

In the mean time, Henry (anxious

either to help himself or his uncle, I

cannot say which) had broken the seal

from the top of the bottle of cordial,

and drawn the cork, while aunt Patty

got some glasses.

"Well, my boy," said the colonel,

whose good humor increased every

moment, "what's the news in Boston?

"Any thing happened?"

"No—yes," said Henry, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Yes," continued he, as soon as he recovered himself.—

"I have got one of the best jokes to tell you that you ever heard of in your life."

"No!" exclaimed his uncle with animation.

"Do tell," said aunt Patty, taking a pinch of snuff.

Now the colonel was noted for his

extraordinary relish of a good joke,

even though he was the sufferer by it

himself.

"Come, let's have it," said he, filling his glass.

"La suz," said aunt Patty.

"Well, you must know," said Henry,

hardly able to keep from laughing,

"that while I was in town I met with

an old and particular friend of mine,

about my own age," here he stroked

his beard, "a confounded clever fellow,

very good looking, but as poor as poverty."

(Here he thrust one hand into

his pocket, and commenced jingling at

his pen knives, keys, pocket comb, and

half cent pieces.) "About two months

ago, he fell desperately in love with a

young girl, and wants to marry her,

but dares not, without the consent of

his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as

rich as Croesus—do take a little more

cordial."

"Why—don't his uncle wish him to

marry?"

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marry?"

"Oh, yes! but there's the rub. He

is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid that he'll taken in. Because it is generally under-

stood that he is to be the old gentleman's heir. And for this reason, his uncle, although very liberal in every thing else, suspects every young lady, that pays his nephew the least attention, of being a fortune hunter."

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