

POETRY.



The Separation.

Parting for ever!—is your home
So sad, so cheerless grown,
That you are each prepared to roam
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 flowery 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'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 asked the ancient venerable dead
Bones who wrote and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur
flow'd,
"Thus sow'd the seeds we reap in this
abode."

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had
broke,
I asked him, what is time?—time," he re-
plied,
"I've lost it! Ah, the treasure! and he died!"

I asked 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 asked 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 asked a spirit lost; but O the shriek
That pierce'd my soul! I shudder while I
speak!
It cried! "A particle! a speck! a mote
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 asked 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 asked 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 asked 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-
tery's o'er!
"Time was," he cried, "but time shall be no
more!"

CORALINN.

Owing to an accident, (to which prin-
ters are often subjected,) we are under the
necessity of postponing, this week, the
publication of the interesting tale en-
titled "CORALINN," of which four chapters
have been given. We shall probably re-
sume its publication in our next.

A Good Joke.

One fine winter evening, early in
the present century, Colonel —
(Blank—a queer name, is it not?) and
his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting
one on each side of a delightful hick-
ory fire, enjoying their *otium cum digni-
tate*, 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 Pass, her paws
folded gracefully under her, dosing ve-
ry composedly, and evincing her satis-
faction by murmuring forth a monoto-
nous, though rather a musical p-u-r-r—
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," an-
swered his sister.

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

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

Upon this the dog got up and walk-
ed towards the door.

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

The dog looked in his master's face,
wagged his tail a little, but never said
a word, and pursued his way towards
the door, and as he could not very well
open it himself, Miss Patty got up and
opened it for him. The colonel seem-
ed perfectly satisfied, and was compos-
ing himself for another nap, when a
loud and joyful barking of the dog, an-
nouncing the approach of some one,
induced him to alter his determination.

Presently the door was opened, and a
young man gaily entered the room.

"Why, William Henry, is that you?"
said aunt Patty.

"Harry, my boy, I'm heartily glad
to see you," said the colonel, getting
entirely out of his chair, and giving his
nephew a substantial shake of the
hand. "Pray what has brought you
home so suddenly?"

"Do tell," said aunt Patty, peeping
over her spectacles.

"Oh! I don't know," said Henry—
"it's rather dull in town, so I thought I
would just step up and see how you
all come on."

"Well I'm deuced glad to see you—
sit down," said the colonel.

"So do," said his sister.

But Henry, instead of doing as he
was bid, hopped out of the room, but
soon hopped in again, with a bottle in
each hand, and giving one of them to
the old lady, he said,

"There, aunt, is a bottle of first rate
snuff for you—and here, uncle, is one
of capital Maraschino."

"Thank you, my boy," said the colo-
nel. "Positively, it does my heart
good to see you in such fine spirits."

"And mine too," said his sister—
"What did you have to pay for this
snuff?"

Here Carlo began to jump upon
him; so he was not obliged to answer
the question, but busied himself in
keeping off the dog.

"Down, Carlo!" shouted the colonel,
a little sternly; and down went the
dog, with a look so humbled and de-
jected 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 poked up his ears, and show-
ed other signs of retreating 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 in-
to 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 ani-
mation.

"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, fill-
ing his glass.

"La suz," said aunt Patty.

"Well, you must know," said Hen-
ry, 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 pov-
erty." (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 Cræsus—do take a little more
cordial."

"Why—don't his uncle wish him to
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 un-
derstood that he is to be the old gen-
tleman'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 atten-
tion, of being a fortune hunter."

"The old rip," said the colonel—
"why can't he let him have his own
way?"

"I think as much," said Miss Patty.

Puss got up, stretched herself, and
began to sneeze.

"Scat," said Miss Patty—and away
went puss.

"Well, how did he manage?" said
the colonel.

"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 dis-
tance. But he knew that his uncle
enjoyed a good joke, and was an en-
thusiastic admirer of beauty. So what
does he do—but go and have her min-
iature taken, for she is extremely beau-
tiful, besides being intelligent and ac-
complished."

"Beautiful! intelligent!! and accom-
plished!!!" 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 col-
lecting 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 get-
ting 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 em-
otion. "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.

"Yes, sir," said Carlo—or rather
seemed to say; for he looked up with
an expression so intelligent, that it con-
veyed the meaning as plainly as tho'
he had spoken it in words.

"La suz!" said aunt Patty.

"Positively, colonel, I think you have
got the finest dog in the country," said
Henry, patting Carlo on the head.

Now, if there was one thing that the
old gentleman liked better than to be
called colonel, it was to have his dog
praised. So he grew warmer and
warmer, and presently pulled out his
pocket book.

"Well," said he, "did he give his
consent? What comes next?"

"Why," said Henry, "the old gen-
tleman was mightily tickled to see the
oranges. So he bade him a hearty
welcome, and asked him all about ev-
ery thing and every body in town. This
was just what Bill wanted. So after
answering all inquiries, he takes the
miniature out of his pocket, and hand-
ing it to his uncle asked how he liked
it—telling him a particular friend lent
it to him. The old gentleman was in
an ecstasy of delight, and declared he
would give the world to see a woman
as handsome as that, and Bill might
have her."

"Ha!" shouted the colonel, "the old
chap was well come up with. The
best joke I have heard of—but was she
really so beautiful?"

"The most angelic creature I ever
saw," said Henry. "But you can
judge for yourself. He lent me the
picture, and knowing your taste that
way, I brought it for you to look at."

Here Henry took it out of his pocket
and handed it to his uncle, and at the
same time refilling his glass.

"Do tell," said aunt Patty, getting
out of her chair to look at the picture.

"Well now, if that ain't a beauty."

"You may well say that, sister,"
said the colonel. "Shoot me, if I don't
wish I had been in Bill's place. Deuce
take it, why didn't you yet the girl
yourself Henry? The most beautiful
creature I ever laid my eyes on! I'd
give one thousand dollars for such a
niece."

"Would you," said Henry, patting
the dog.

"Yes, that I would," said the colo-
nel, "and nine thousand more upon the
top of it, and that makes ten thousand
—shoot me if I wouldn't!" and the co-
lonel wiped his eyes.

"Do tell," said aunt Patty.

"Then I'll introduce her to you to-
morrow," said Henry.

And so he did; and in due time they
were married.

Crossing the Delaware.

Elh Moore, Esq. delivered an admi-
rable oration at New York, on the 22d
of February last, in which he happily
introduced the following description
of the crossing of the Delaware by
Washington and his troops.

"In no one instance, perhaps, was
Washington's influence with the army
so strikingly exemplified, as in his at-
tack on the enemy at Trenton.—O'er
and o'er have I listened with intense
anxiety in the days of my boyhood,
whilst my now departed sire, who
fought and bled on that proud field,
recited with thrilling interest all that
related to the enterprise. It was on a
December's night (would he say) when
our little heart-broken army halted on
the banks of the Delaware. That
night was dark—cheerless—tempestu-
ous—and bore a strong resemblance to
our country's fortunes! It seemed as
if Heaven and earth conspired for our
destruction. The clouds lowered—
darkness and storm came on apace.—
The snow and hail descended, beating
with unmitigated violence upon the
supperless, half clad, shivering soldier
—and in the roaring of the flood and
the wailings of the storm, we heard by
fancy's ear, the knell of our hopes and
the dirge of liberty! The impetuous
river was filled with floating ice—an
attempt to cross it at that time, and
under such circumstances, seemed a
desperate enterprise—yet it was un-
dertaken, and thanks be to God and
Washington, was successfully accom-
plished."

"From where we landed on the Jer-
sey shore to Trenton, was about nine
miles, and on the whole line of march
there was scarcely a word spoken, save
by the officers when giving some order.
We were well nigh exhausted, said he
—many of us frost bitten—and the ma-
jority of us so badly shod that the blood
gushed from our frozen and lacerated
feet at every tread—yet we upbraided
not, complained not—but marched
steadily and firmly, though mournfully
onward, resolved to persevere to the
utmost; not for our country—our
country, alas! we had given up for
lost. Not for ourselves—life for us no
longer wore a charm—but because
such was the will of our beloved chief
—twas for Washington alone we were
willing to make the sacrifice. When
we arrived within sight of the enemy's
encampment, we were ordered to form
a line, when Washington reviewed us.
Pale and emaciated—dispirited and
exhausted—we presented a most un-
warlike and melancholy aspect. The
paternal eye of our chief was quick to
discover the extent of our sufferings,
and acknowledge them with his tears;
but checking his emotions, he remind-
ed us that our country and all that we
held dear was staked upon the coming
battle. As he spoke we began to gather
ourself up and rally our energies;
every man grasped his arms more firm-
ly—and the clenched hand—and the
compressed brow—and the knit brow—
told the soul's resolve. Washington
observed us well; then did he exhort
us with all the fervor of his soul, "on
yonder field to conquer or die the
death of the brave."

"At that instant the glorious sun, as
if in prophetic token of our success,
burst forth in all his splendor, bathing
in liquid light the blue hills of the Jer-
sey. The faces which a few moments
before were blanched with despair,
glowed with martial fire and anima-
tion. Our chief with exultation hail-
ed the scene; then casting his doubts
to the winds, and calling on the "God
of battle" and his faithful soldiers, led
on the charge. The conflict was fierce
and bloody. For more than twenty
minutes not a gun was fired—the sab-
re and the bayonet did the work of
destruction; it was a hurricane of fire,
and steel, and death. There did we
stand, (would he say,) there did we
stand, foot to foot, and hilt to hilt,
with the serried foe! and where we
stood we died or conquered. Such
was that terrific scene."

"The result of that action, gentle-
men, is known to you all—as is also its
bearings upon the frontiers of America.
Had defeat attended our arms at this
trying crisis, our cause was lost, for
ever lost—and freedom had found a
grave on the plains of Trenton. But
the wisdom and prudence of Washing-
ton secured us the victory—and conse-
quently our liberty."

"How great our obligation then, and
how much it behooves us at this time,
to show our gratitude by erecting to
his memory a monument, that shall tell
to after ages, not only that Washing-
ton was great, but that we were grate-
ful!" Let it no longer be delayed.—
To pause is to invite defeat—to perse-
vere, to insure success."

PRIDE.—The proud heart is the first
to sink before contempt—it feels the
wound more keenly than any other
can. Oh, there is nothing in language
that can express the deep humiliation
of being received with coldness when
kindness is expected—of seeing the
look, but half concealed, of strong dis-
approbation from such as we have
cause to feel beneath us, not only in
virtue and truth. The weak, the base,
the hypocrite, are the first to turn
with indignation from their fellow mor-
tals in disgrace; and, whilst the really
chaste and pure suspect with exulta-
tion, and censure with mildness, these traf-
ickers in petty sins, who plume them-
selves upon their immaculate conduct,
sound the alarm bell at the approach
of guilt, and clamor their anathemas
upon their unwary and cowering prey.

MANNERS.—I make it a point of mo-
rality never to find fault with another
for his manners. They may be awk-
ward or graceful, blunt or polite, pol-
ished or rustic, I care not what they
are, if the man means well and acts
from honest intentions, without eccen-
tricity or affectation. All men have
not the advantage of "good society,"
as it is called, to school themselves in
all its fantastic rules and ceremonies,
and if there is any standard of man-
ners, it is one founded in reason and
good sense, and not upon those arti-
ficial regulations. Manners, like con-
versation, should be extemporaneous,
and not studied. I always suspect a
man who meets me with the same per-
petual smile on his face, the same con-
gealing of the body, and the same pre-
meditated shake of the hand. Give me
the hearty—it may be rough—grip of
the hand—the careless nod of recogni-
tion, and when occasion requires, the
homely but welcome salutation—"how
are you my old friend."

The Great Pestilence.

The most awful pestilence which is
known to have visited the human fam-
ily is that which broke out in the year
A. D. 1345.

This disease like the cholera, made
its first appearance in India, and other
parts of Asia. Medical science was
then at a very low state. It ravaged
the East with a virulence vastly great-
er than the cholera. By a report fur-
nished the Pope, whose throne was
then seated at Avignon, it is recorded
that nearly twenty-four millions of
souls perished in the East during one
year.

It soon crossed over into Greece and
Italy with unmitigated mortality. In
Venice one hundred thousand are com-
puted to have died, and sixty thousand
in Florence. It marched onwards with
terrific fury into France, Germany,
&c. In the most favored districts two
out of every three persons died. In
many places fourteen to sixteen out of
twenty. In many districts not a sin-
gle male adult survived. In Germany
millions perished. At Lubec, in that
empire, fifteen hundred persons died
in four hours! In August, 1348, it
reached England, and entered London
on the 1st of November.

Many writers have described it on
that island, as well as other parts of
Europe. It is recorded that in the
church yard of Yarmouth, a small
town, 7052 bodies were interred in one
year. In Norwich, 53,374 perished in
six months! A great field was bought
near London to bury the dead in.—
After the pestilence was gone, a mon-
ument was raised over the grave
'where dwelt the multitude,' with an
inscription in Latin, which when trans-
lated was nearly as follows:

A. D. 1349
Consecrated to the memory
of
Fifty Thousand Souls,
whose mortal
remains
were interred on this
Spot
during the Great
Pestilence.
May God have mercy on
their Souls. Amen.

Exactly one year after its appear-
ance, it ceased in England, but its ef-
fects were dreadfully felt, not only
there, but through all Europe. The
oxen, the sheep, and other cattle, wan-
dered over the country without a care-
taker, and perished in great numbers.
The harvest was lost in the fields, be-
cause there was none to reap it, and
famine filled up the measure of this
awful visitation. The poor Jews par-
took of the last dregs of the unequal-
led calamity. The ignorant populace
of that savage period, believed they
had poisoned the waters, and fell upon
them with unremitted cruelty, massa-
creing and burning many thousands of
that devoted race.

Thanks are frequently only a secret
desire of receiving great benefits.