



Domestic Love.

Should sorrow ever bring to thee
The burden of its tears,
And then be doomed to weep the scenes
Of unforgetting years!
How will the memory smile to think
That happiness been repaid,
And that same joys are treasured up
Where they will never fade.

I had a dream of home in youth,
A long deep dream of love,
I will not say how well its truth
Has been my lot to prove;
But far within my deepest heart,
Some joys will aye remain,
Bound up too strongly with my life,
For earth to rend in twain.

No—Time can never take away,
Till reason leave her seat,
Nor by a then—the memory,
So holy and so sweet!

For virtuous, true and ardent love
Is next to Heaven a kin!
And where such faith abides the heart,
Such grace the soul may win.

Ode, altar of Domestic Love!
Far, far too seldom sung!
And all too sacred ever to dwell
Upon unshallow tongue!
Ordained by Heaven to be man
The highest bliss of earth;
The portal may then prove to scenes
Of more exalted worth.

The Parasites.

I knew, I knew the end would come,
And then hast willed, and we must part,
But, oh! though banished from thy home,
Thou canst not thrust me from thy heart.
Not vainly wide with all its storms,
Between us rolls the distant sea,
Thoughts may a mile divide our forms,
Thy soul shall still be full of me.

When the glad daylight shall arise,
And wake to life thy troubled breast;
Oh, then shalt miss the laughing eyes
That hung enamored o'er thy rest;
When from the midnight blue and deep,
The sad moon gleams o'er land and sea,
The night-winds in their rushing sweep
Shall bring the back the thought of me.

And then shalt shrink before my name,
And sigh to hear the lays I sing;
And curse the lips that dare to blame
Her, whom thine own reproaches wrong.
Thy life is chang'd! a weary spell
Shall haunt thy spirit day by day—
And shadows in thy home shall dwell
Of scenes for ever past away.

Years—^{cl}ing years—shall slow glide by
And thou lonely, joyless still;
And eyes more fair shall charm thine eye,
But have no power the heart to fill.
Even while they pledge thee passion's vow,
The sudden pang that none may see,
Shall darken on thine altered brow,
Thou'll answer them—but think of me!

When languid sickness naps each limb,
Fancy shall bring my stealing tread,
And weary eyes, with watching dim,
To visit thy forsaken bed.
Go, rove through every clime on earth,
And dream my falsehood sets thee free;
I still will haunt thy memory.

portions of it in several different ways. She also with some little difficulty procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it's chair. Says the General, 'Major it into the pot. In due time her husband came home—some covered dishes were placed on the table, and it over ripe slick so to make it look like his'. Then he stepp'd a cross the room and turn'd round to look at me, and the minit he see me, burst right out laugh with all his mite. He jumped just three foot from the floor and shook the whole room till I tho't he'd break the winder. When he'd fairly done, says he, Major you beat snakes, but I surely felt smthng give way.—

[Taking off the cover.] I thought so. What in the d—l's name possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog.

• Why my dear, I thought you loved it best fried.

• You did not think any such a thing. You know better—I never loved fried fish—why didnt you boil it?

• My dear, the last time we had fresh fish you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you. But I have boiled some also. So saying she lifted the cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled were neatly deposited on a dish; a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

• A pretty dish this! exclaimed he.

Boiled fish! Claps and porridge.

If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind you would have made it into a chowder!

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder!

• My dear, said she I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

• Favorite dish, indeed, grumbled the discontented husband. I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather had a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right hand, and the was a *bulldog* of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

• Why dear, said his wife in a kind, entreating manner, I hope you will at length be able to make out a dinner.

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong—and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson. And he was as good as his word.

Lowell Journal.

From a Philadelphia paper.

MAJOR BOSTON.

EXTRACT TO THE EDITOR, DATED

Philadelphia, Sept. 9th, 1830 & 33.

Mr. Editor,—You may think it a little queer for me to write you a letter here, seeing I don't often leave the General of says the General, I find its no use. Go late. You see now I've drop'd down to Downingville, Major and hunt Kiddle upon you just like a shower in April and when you find him, bring him back, without ever saying any thing about it, and we'll have peace once more at the I know'd very well if I had writ on to White house. So I started off the next the copperation that I was comin, I should a had as big a crowd round me as the General had, and musta eat peaches and watermillions enuf to give any body the colery. Besides I shouldnt a got to Downingville till after punking time. So if you'll just have a little patience, I'll tell you in a crack of a cow's thumb, what I cum for, and where I'm goin and all about it.

We've had hot times at the White House since we cum back from the Rappahannock. Me and Mr. Vanburen had a real fallin out, and he's gone off in a huff to Canady or sum of the other Mexican states. Sum time ago I went into the east room, and there I saw Mr. Vanburen and Billy Lewis and Blare, and all the rest on'em, sittin in a corner in a kind of kawcous. I never let on I see'em, but went right up to the General and sat down by his side. He was readin neospapers to kill, I tell you—he had well on to a cart load on'em bein. Says I, 'Gim'l, what's the noos?' 'Nothin,' says he, as I know on, but there's been a mail robbery.' 'Spose you jine a hand, Major.' So I tuk up a noose-paper and look'd as if I was readin very buzz, but every now and then I giv a side look across to the corner. There they all sat as thick as a hasty puddin. Blare was pickin his nails, and Lewis scratchin his head. Mr. Vanburen didn't say nothin, but he had a little maskeen in his hand full of springs and wires, and I tuk notis that every time he tuck'd one on'em, Blare would git up and whisper smthng to the rest. After a while the General tuk off his spectacles and walked three or four times a cross the floor winkin his eyes prodigiously. Says I, 'General what's the matter?' Says he, 'Major I've been readin and readin till I'm so blind, I could hardly tell a hen coop from a saw mill.' 'Then,' says I, 'General, give me your spectacles and

that'll keep you from readin any more. So I tuk 'em in my hand and put 'em on myself, and sat down in the General's chair. Says the General, 'Major you don't look slow I tell you.' Then he brush'd back my hair, and powder'd the room and turn'd round to look at

me, and the minit he see me, burst right out laugh with all his mite.

He jumped just three foot from the floor and shook the whole room till I tho't he'd break the winder.

When he'd fairly done, says he, Major you beat snakes, but I surely felt smthng give way.—

And sure enuf, when he cum to look his trowsers was ript from the nap most down to the knee. Says I, 'General, we must send them are briches to Gov. Marcy. At that he roared out again, louder than ever, and tell flat on the floor—there he kicked till I most tho't he had an ecliptic fit. However, he soon cum too, and when he got up, the other leg was torn clean down to the foot. Says he, Major this is too much in a christian country—I'm off like a flash of lightning! * * * All this time I tuk notis that Mr. Vanburen had the studs on him. He was in a fever to see me and the General so mighty thick. So I got into a pot of bilin water with him. As soon as the General had gone, Mr. Vanburen begin to walk up and down the floor, stomin' and storin' like all wrath. Says I, 'Mr. Vanburen, what cud is that you're chawin at.' He never let on he heard me, but kept on mutterin smthng to himself.

Directly he cum right up to me and tried to speak. He roll'd his eyes, and grit his teeth, and bit his lips. Then he said, Major Downing, Major Downing, says he, if it hadn't been for you, them are Deposites would a been in the Safety Fund, longago. You're an ignorant teller—you don't know no more about it althick than a gray goose does about stremmoncy. This kinder raised my spunk—Says I Mr. Vanburen,

them are big words off a weak stomach. If I git my dander up, and lay my flippers on you, you'll stand no more chance than a bob tail'd hoss in fly time. With that, he tried to bite me. Then the rest on'em cum up and got all round me. Blare flung a chaw to bakur at me, and Lewis giv me a crack aside the head, that made my ear hum like a spinin wheel. Findin I was in the enemy's camp, and bayonets pintered at me on all sides, I made up my mind to retreat; so I bolted out the door in less than no time. I soon heered that Mr. Vanburen had backed out, but yit I felt a little nettled at the General, for allowin me to be serv'd so ruff in the White house; so I staid away some time. At last the General sent for me, and says he, Major what's the rubbub between you and Mr. Vanburen? says I, General, that are Kinderhooker is always at me about the Bank, and I'm determined I wont take it no longer, no how. I looked over them are accounts a whole week, and they're all as strait as a three foot rule. I defy Mr. Vanburen or any body else, to find a single mistake in 'em. Well, well, Major, says he, Major what's the rubbub between you and Mr. Vanburen? says I, General, that are Kinderhooker is always at me about the Bank, and I'm determined I wont take it no longer, no how. I looked over them are accounts a whole week, and they're all as strait as a three foot rule. I defy Mr. Vanburen or any body else, to find a single mistake in 'em. Well, well, Major,

It is contrary to order to talk loud, to shut doors hard, to spit on the floor, or make unnecessary noise.—Every man and woman must be employed, and work steadily. Trifling as these rules may appear, their adoption would have a very important effect upon any household or community.

The Shakers.—Amidst all the singularities of the Shakers, they have some rules which it would be well for the people of all denominations to adopt.

It is contrary to order, or the gift, as they call it, (says Professor Sullivan,) to leave any bars down or gates open,

or to leave any thing they use out of its proper place; consequently, they seldom have any thing lost.

Cleanliness in every respect, is strongly enforced. A dirty, careless, slovenly or indolent person, they say, cannot travel in the way of God, or be religious.

It is contrary to order to talk loud, to shut doors hard, to spit on the floor, or make unnecessary noise.—Every man and woman must be employed, and work steadily. Trifling as these

rules may appear, their adoption would have a very important effect upon any household or community.

Original and true.—A servant woman, near our office, was employed to do the cooking for a family. When the hour for dining arrived, the lady inquired whether dinner was ready?

"No man," was the reply—

"I have not yet finished stringing the beans." The cook was industriously at work sewing the beans on strings.

"Lord, what shall I do, the company are waiting?" "Indeed, mam, I don't know; you told me to string the beans, which I am doing with all my might."

New York Gazette.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

P. S. if the Editor of the Portland Courier should take it hard that I had this printed in your paper, just tell him how it happened, will you?

TO YOUNG MEN.

Modesty is considered one of the chief ornaments of youth, and has ever been viewed as a presage of rising merit.

When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reigns of government as yet, into your own hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you.

Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospects of its future prosperity and greatness, more than *self-conceit*.

By checking its natural progress in improvement, it fixes it in long maturity, and frequently produces misery which can never be repaired. Yet this is a vice too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise, and elated with hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves.—

Having confidence in their own abilities, they treat with contempt the admissions given them by their friends, thinking them to be the rash counsels of a moment, or theimerous suggestions of age. With too much wisdom to be learned, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge headlong with precipitate

indecision, into all the dangers with which life abounds. Positive as you now are in your own opinions, and your own assertions, be assured the time will approach when both men

and things will appear to you in a difficult light. Many characters which you now admire, will by and by, sink mother he'd just about as lief cheat the Parson as the Printer."

A New Adventure.—We heard of a little occurrence which took place in Oswego, some day last week, which is too good to be lost. It is something after this sort: An Irish woman, in the upper part of the village, who had more children than spare moments to take care of them, be思ought herself, at a busy moment, of a way in which she could keep one of her little 'blessings' out of mischief; so, with all a mother's care, she put him very snugly in a barrel near the door, the lower portion full of rags.

For some time the little fellow was as happy as could be desired, and the good woman almost banished the thought of him from her mind. But, at length, thinking to go out and praise him for his stillness, she looked about for the barrel—but lo! it was not! Barrel, child and rags, had all vanished together!

She became alarmed—and for some time ran about, inquiring for the dear little jewel, sure that he was—until after some time spent in this way, it was re-collected, by one of the neighbors, that the barrel had been seen an hour or so before, rolling with considerable speed down the bank adjoining the house into the river. All at once the whole flashed across her mind—the barrel had been carelessly placed upon a pose on the verge of the hill—by the merry movements of her boy it had been started from its place, and the little darling was probably before that time a lifeless corpse beneath the waves. She hastened down the bank, which at this place is not far from one hundred feet in height, with a descent of from 60 to 80 degrees—and there found her little fellow just crowding from his play house which was partly floating in the water. What adds to the singularity of the affair is the fact that just before touching the water, the barrel must have a leap off an abrupt cliff, of about 10 feet, and it is one of the remarkable things that the little fellow's life was preserved; but not only this, we believe he received not the slightest injury.

Mothers should take this as a warning to be cautious how they 'barrel up' their children; for although in this case it did not end fatally, yet it is not every boy that will bear such a banging as the one in question must have experienced.

Auburn Journal.

NEW GOODS

IN JACKSONVILLE. THE subscriber having purchased of

Messrs. STOREY & CASE their store, and having just received a large and splendid assortm't of

GOODS,

suited to the country and season, he offers them to the public on as reasonable terms and as *cheap* as can be purchased at any other store in the country. Among his articles are the following—

Black, Blue, Brown, *BROAD*
Bottle Green, Drab, *CLOTHS.*
Dark & light steel mixed, *CASSI-*

SNUFF colored and striped, *NETS.*

FLANNELS.

Red, Yellow, White, Green, Canton.

Green Baize, *VELVETS.*

Satins, *CIRCASSIANS.*

Bombazett, *BOMBAZONES.*

Gingham, *CRAPES.*

Silks, *PAIDS.*

Shirting, *CHECKS.*

Sheeting, *BOBINI.*

CALICOES, of different figures, qualities, and prices.

Dress Handkerchiefs, Pocket Handkerchiefs, and Cravats.

Silk and Cotton Hose, *JACONETTS*, Ribbons and Laces, side and hair Combs

Parasols, Beads, ladies and gentlemen's Gloves, &c. &c. &c.

A general assortm't of

Hardware & Queensware,

Iron, Steel, Nails, *TRAC* Chains, Locks

and Hinges, Piankives, Handsaws, Ad-

mons &c. Gilt China, &c.

CUTTERLY, GLASSWARE, &c.