

## Poetical.

### THE CONTRAST.

*And this is love:*

Can you then say that love is happiness?  
There were two portraits; one was of a girl  
Just blushing into woman; it was not  
A face of perfect beauty, but it had  
A most bewildering smile—there was a  
glance

Of such arch playfulness and innocence,  
That as you looked a pleasant feeling came  
Over the heart as when you hear a sound  
Of cheerful music. Rich and glossy curls  
Were bound with roses, and her sparkling  
eyes

Gleamed like Thalia's when some quick de-  
vice

Of mirth is in her laugh. Her light step  
seemed

Bounding upon the air with all the life,

The buoyant life of one untouched by sorrow.

There was another, drawn in after years;  
The face was young still; but its happy look  
Was gone: the cheek had lost its color, and  
The lip its smile—the light that once had  
played

Like sunshine in those eyes, was quenched  
and dim,

For tears had wasted it; her long dark hair  
Floated upon her forehead in loose waves  
Unbraided; and upon her pale thin hand  
Her head was bent as if in pain—no trace  
Was left of that sweet gaiety which once  
Seemed as if grief could not darken it, as  
care

Would pass and leave behind no memory.

There was one whom she loved undoubting-  
ly,

As you will ever love—he sought her smile,  
And said most gentle things, altho' he knew  
Another had his vows—Oh! there are some  
Can trifle, in cold vanity, with all  
The warm soul's precious throbs, to whom it  
is

A triumph that a fond devoted heart  
Is breaking for them—who can bear to call  
Young flowers into beauty, and then crush  
them!

Affection trampled on, and hope destroyed,  
Tears wrung from bitterness, and sighs  
That waste the breath of life—these all were  
her's

Whose image is before me. She had given  
Life's hope to a most fragile bark, to love!  
'Twas wrecked—wrecked by love's treach-  
ery; she knew

Yet spoke not of his falsehood, but the charm  
That bound her to existence was dispelled—  
Her days were numbered—She is sleeping  
now.

their superstitions, and resist the  
cruelty & exertions of their rules

Colonies are beginning to be plan-  
ted in Africa, which may yet ex-  
tend themselves over the whole of  
its uncultivated regions, and like  
those, which, two hundred years  
ago, were planted in New Eng-  
land, become at length “the glory  
and the praise of the whole earth.”  
Finally, the church of Christ ack-  
nowledging what it once denied—  
the duty of subjection to the civil  
authority; is gathering together  
its resources and concentrating  
its powers, and visiting, with its  
benignity, every place of misery,  
and ignorance, & vice; endeavoring  
to make an atonement for past  
inactivity, by two-fold ardor and  
energy in the cause of humanity:—  
striking every where a death blow  
at whatever is debasing and ruin-  
ous, and fostering, with a kind  
hand, whatever is exalting and  
conducive to the best and immor-  
tal interests of man. We shrink  
from the task of uttering the con-  
jectures to which these thoughts  
would lead us.—Man, is short  
sighted, and his anticipation, vain.  
The fathoming of futurity belongs  
only to Him, whose controlling  
power resists, or modifies at his  
pleasure the machinations of his  
creatures.

### Vermont Watchman.

#### From the Buck's county Patriot.

“Well John,” said my father  
to me, the other night, as I came  
from paying a first visit to the  
daughter of one of his old friends,  
who had lately moved into our  
neighborhood and whom I had  
been to see, at my father's recom-  
mendation.—“Well John, does  
she seem to court well? Is she  
pretty? Is she smart? and will  
she suit, do you think? I've known  
the old man, her father, many a  
long year, and I know she's come  
of a good stock.” The kind-hear-  
ted being looked up into my face  
with a little anxiety in his air, but  
more of a laugh in his coun-  
tenance—“Why I don't know but  
what she does,” I replied. “When  
I got into the house I found her  
paring apples, with the old lady  
down along side of her, in one  
corner of the wide kitchen chim-  
ney, so I told them who I was.”

“And did you tell 'em too, what  
you came for?” eagerly enquired  
my father. “No! let me go on  
my story. Where was I? Oh!  
in the kitchen—well, that's where  
I generally like to get. But, as I  
was saying, I found her and her  
mother paring a few wilted up ap-  
ples—so I told 'em my name, and  
where I lived. Why, sure said  
the old lady, and she opened her  
mouth so wide that I thought she  
would have thrown off the upper  
half of her head, do come and sit  
down by us. Here Molly, do get  
a chair for John. John, how do  
you do?—this is my Molly; & I  
went up and shook hands with  
her; her hand felt as if she knew  
how to work; so I thought that  
would do pretty well. Then I sat  
down by 'em, and began to pare  
apples too. But I didn't like the  
looks of things about me. Every-  
thing looked dirty, and I thought  
the kitchen smelt dirty too—and  
I'm sure Molly's face wasn't clean.

—Though these are mere trifles,  
yet I couldn't help observing  
them; and then Molly snuffed the  
candle with her fingers, and didn't  
wipe 'em, but went on paring ap-  
ples. And she looked like a slo-  
ven, for her dress was all loose and  
flying about her ears; and it look-

ed, too, as if it had never been  
washed. This I didn't like; nor  
I did not like Molly's mother, for  
she took snuff over the cut apples,  
and half of it fell down into them,  
and she blew her nose with her  
fingers—and I didn't like the  
kitchen, nor any thing there; so I  
think Molly won't do—she's not  
the girl for me.”—“Well, John,”

the old gentleman began again,  
—“you must judge for your-  
self in this case. Nobody has so  
much to lose in a bargain of this  
kind as you have. If you marry  
Molly, you must live with her.—  
So look well about you before  
you make yourself fast. A young  
man about to begin the world,  
should be cautious in so impor-  
tant an affair as marrying. It is  
the most important epoch of his  
life; he stakes every thing on the  
mere throw of the dice. He may  
think he likes the lass he intends  
to marry, but he ought to be sure  
that he loves her. If he does not,  
he should never marry her. So  
John you must remember this.—

You will find yourself in a misera-  
ble predicament if you link with  
one who has nothing to boast of  
but those charms which please a  
giddy young man. But you are  
not a giddy one, neither; I'll say  
that much for you, John. You  
are a farmer, and you want a far-  
mer's daughter. One that can  
take care of your house the mom-  
ent she gets into it, & who can al-  
ways wear a smiling face, even if  
things go ever so wrong. This  
disposition is worth all the fine  
accomplishments that some girls  
possess. You'll find it so John.  
But accomplishments are well  
enough for accomplished men,  
not for a farmer's son like you,  
John. Now, John, don't forget  
this. If you don't like Molly, then  
don't have her. You tell a strange  
story about Molly & her mother.  
When the old woman was a  
young girl, she was a sweet pretty  
lass, & had come very near being  
your mother, John. But your  
mother, as it now is, John, is  
worth a hundred of them that  
might have been her. You should  
look out for one like her. But  
it's getting late, John, so we had  
better all go to bed. See that the  
fire is safe, John.” So my father  
concluded his harangue, which if  
it had not been eleven o'clock, &  
he almost nodding in his chair,  
might have continued for an hour  
longer. But I lost no word of it,  
for I always regard what my fath-  
er says, as more worth learning  
and attending to than that  
which any person utters. I bolted  
all the doors and windows, and  
went up to bed, and long before I  
fell asleep made up my mind that  
Molly was not the girl for me—

So true it is that first impressions  
are generally strong, whether fa-  
vorable or unfavorable. If Molly  
had looked neat and tidy, there's  
no saying what would have be-  
come of

A LOOKER OUT.

The Nutmeg.—The Nutmeg  
tree is a beautiful vegetable. The  
stem, with a smooth brown bark,  
rises perfectly straight. Its strong  
and numerous branches proceed  
regularly from it in an oblique di-  
rection upwards. They bear large  
oval leaves, pendulous from them,  
some a foot in length. The upper  
and outer surface of the leaf is  
smooth, and of a deep agreeable  
green. The under and inner sur-  
face is marked with a strong nerve  
in the middle of the leaf, from the  
forestalk to the point; and from

this middle nerve others proceed  
obliquely towards the point and  
edges of the leaf; but what dis-  
tinguishes most this inner surface,  
is its uniform bright brown color,  
without the least intermixture of  
green, and as if strewed all over  
with a fine brown powder. The  
whole leaf is characterized by its  
fragrant odour, sufficiently deno-  
ting the fruit which the tree produ-  
ces. This fruit, when fresh, is a  
bout the size and figure of a com-  
mon nectarine. It consists of an  
outward rind, between which and  
the inward shell is found a reticu-  
lated membrane, or divided skin,  
which when dried is called the  
Mace. What is known by the  
name of Nutmeg, is the kernel  
within the shell, and is left in its  
original state.

Remarkable Circumstance.—  
On Tuesday last the body of a  
young woman was conveyed to  
the English burying ground for  
interment. When the funeral par-  
ty were about entering the gate,  
a respectable medical gentleman  
was coming up, upon observing  
him the relations of the (apparent-  
ly) deceased stopped the process-  
ion, & begged that Dr. R. would  
examine the body, as from the  
color of the face they suspected  
that vitality was not really extinct.  
On examining the body in the  
dead house, the doctor was de-  
cidedly of opinion that she was not  
dead. The face is as fresh like as  
ever it looked the lips are red, but  
there is no pulse nor animation  
since Tuesday. The body is  
kept in the coffin in the dead  
room, which is heated to a high  
degree, that putrefaction may be  
caused. But since the time when  
the body was placed there there  
has been no change. Yesterday  
forenoon, her mouth was of a  
blackish hue in the evening it a-  
gain became red. Several physi-  
cians examine the body daily.

Since writing the above we have  
heard that mortification has com-  
menced.

Montreal Gaz.

Disagreeables.—The dandy,  
who, forgetting that he is God's  
creature, becomes the workman-  
ship of the tailor.

The politician who is so exces-  
sively republican, that he will let  
none of his friends think for them-  
selves.

The sectarian, who has no char-  
ity but for himself.

The mother, who is so fond of  
a noisy troublesome child, that  
she makes every visiter assent to  
twenty falsehoods, about its beau-  
ty and extraordinary qualities.

The young woman who visits  
her neighbors with the charitable  
object of finding fault with every-  
thing she sees.

Remedies.—For the gout, toast &  
water; for corns, easy shoes; for  
rheumatism, new flannel & pati-  
ence; for the tooth ache, pluck it  
out, and for love matrimony.

Honorable Muni-  
ficence.—The  
Liverpool Mercury says; “A  
gentleman, who assumes the an-  
onymous signature of London-  
ensis, has remitted for the relief of  
the distressed artizans of Shef-  
field, a second donation of 1500!  
This gentleman, who is yet undis-  
covered, is far more worthy the  
title of “The Great Unknown,”  
than the author of the Scotch no-  
vels.

BLANK DEEDS for sale at  
this office.