

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!
I was 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.

The present aspect of the world

Never did the earth present so magnificent a scene to be swept over by the eye of conjecture, as at this hour. The Greeks, a people whose name is associated with all that is astonishing and glorious in early history, are making almost a dying struggle for the mastery over their oppressors, that compels us to think of the poverty and distress which, at one portion of our revolution, urged more than a thousand of the most patriotic and the bravest of our fathers, to withdraw together from the army, and caused a hundred bayonets to be pointed in insubordination at their beloved commander. A new monarch has ascended the throne of an empire, whose territories extend, in one continuous range, from the shores of the Baltic to the western mountains of America, more than half encircling the globe. A million of men, in arms, stand ready to march at his bidding, either for the relief of the oppressed, and confusion of the oppressor, or for the desolation of the world. On this continent, the millions of freemen whose habitations are scattered from the great lakes of the north to the wilds of Patagonia at the south, yet stand gazing at each other, & wonder how they achieved so much, determined, however, to press onward in the path of political renovation, until no vestige of usurped authority, shall remain among them. The progress of intellectual improvement in Asia, is rapid, even beyond the most earnest expectations of the philanthropist & christian. A generation is fast growing up among its population qualified to establish government and laws, and prepared to spurn at the absurdities of

their superstitions, and resist the cruelty & exertions of their rules. Colonies are beginning to be planted in Africa, which may yet extend themselves over the whole of its uncultivated regions, and like those, which, two hundred years ago, were planted in New England, become at length "the glory and the praise of the whole earth." Finally, the church of Christ acknowledging 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 beneficence, 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 ruinous, and fostering, with a kind hand, whatever is exalting and conducive to the best and immortal interests of man. We shrink from the task of uttering the conjectures 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 recommendation.—"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, marry a long year, and I know she's come of a good stock." The kind-hearted being looked up into my face with a little anxiety in his air, but more of a laugh in his countenance.—"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 chimney, 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 apples—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 apples. And she looked like a sloven, 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 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 yourself 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 important 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 miserable 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 farmer's daughter. One that can take care of your house the moment she gets into it, & who can always 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 father 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 favorable or unfavorable. If Molly had looked neat and tidy, there's no saying what would have become 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 direction 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 surface 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 distinguishes 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 denoting the fruit which the tree produces. This fruit, when fresh, is about the size and figure of a common nectarine. It consists of an outward rind, between which and the inward shell is found a reticulated 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 party were about entering the gate, a respectable medical gentleman was coming up, upon observing him the relations of the (apparently) deceased stopped the procession, & 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 decidedly 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 again became red. Several physicians examine the body daily.

Since writing the above we have heard that mortification has commenced.

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 excessively republican, that he will let none of his friends think for themselves.

The sectarian, who has no charity 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 beauty 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 & patience; for the tooth ache, pluck it out, and for love matrimony.

Honorable Munificence—The Liverpool Mercury says; "A gentleman, who assumes the anonymous signature of Londonensis, has remitted for the relief of the distressed artizans of Sheffield, a second donation of 1500! This gentleman, who is yet undiscovered, is far more worthy the title of 'The Great Unknown,' than the author of the Scotch novels.

BLANK DEEDS for sale at this office.