

POETRY.

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

Nothing ere they pass away,
The little lines of yesterday.
Life's "little lines," how short, how faint,
How fast they fade away...

Yet, though so changing and so brief,
Our life's eventful page,
It has its charms for every grief,
Its joy for every age.

In youth's, in manhood's golden hours
Loves, friendships strew the way
With April's earliest, sweetest flowers,
And all the bloom of May...

Be ours, then, virtue's deathless charm,
And faith's unflinching light;
Then shall we rise from death's dark sleep
To worlds of cloudless light.

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

[The following is copied from the "New-York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette," published in New-York, by George P. Morris. It is the prize Essay, entitling its author to the reward of 20 dollars, offered sometime since by Mr. M., as a premium, to the writer of the best essay for his valuable and interesting Miscellany. Eight essays were accepted by the committee appointed to judge of their merits and award the premium.]

THE DREAM OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES LUDLOW, OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I have seen a bubble blown into its circular and indescribable beauty; on its brilliant surface were painted the most imitable pictures of light and life; graceful clouds floated in the bosom of the mimic sky; a tiny sun irradiated the little world, and cast all the magic of light and shade over a landscape of most bewitching splendor.

The moon, as she rides on through her infinity of space, has not a greater effect upon the ocean-tide, than has the passion of love upon the tide of human thought—now permitting it to settle down into a state of temporary tranquility—again bidding it heave and swell, by the magic of its viewless power.

I had a young friend, just rising into manhood—fiery and unsettled as a warrior-steel in battle, his career was unguided by prudence or thought.

fore the smile had left your lip—he was all hope and happiness.

Suddenly he stood before me an altered being—his eye had grown melancholy and full of meditation. Its moisture was often succeeded by a flash; and its fire again extinguished in the trembling tear.

When the sun is going down in the west, he leaves behind him a track of bright light, but it is insipid compared to the light of her eye. The fragrance of the rose was not so delicious as the warmth of her breath—music could wake no melody like the thrilling tones of her voice.

No wonder my hero bowed down before her; no wonder that the sound of her voice was always in his ear, that her image was before him in his daily occupations, and bore a part in the mysterious changes of his dream.

There is something very melancholy in the reflection that any woman can die; but to him that she should perish, was the very agony of despair. He had left her for a few days, intending when he returned to have asked her hand.

At first he was not comprehended. A vacant, horrid laugh, that echoed strangely through the still room, was his only answer—then he repeated the words, and the features of my friend became pale and motionless as marble—then he sat down in a chair and covered his face with his hands, but not a word—a breath broke the silence.

The next day was the funeral; and when the sun rose in his same glory, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of day began to beam upon the face of nature, and the merry voice of men sometimes came upon the breeze, and the carts rattled merrily along, and all around was business, and adventure, unaffected by the great event that had come like an ocean of scorching fire upon the paradise of his heart—he recollected, and he said, "to-day is her funeral—her funeral!" His

benumbed mind dwelt upon the words, but there was something undefined, and almost incomprehensible in them. She was to be buried at five in the afternoon. The clock struck four—he put on his hat, and went steadily to her house. He thought twenty times he heard her sweetly-toned, laughing voice, as he passed along. He turned his head over once or twice to see if she was not at his shoulder, but there was nothing, and he walked on. He saw the house, and his eye sought every window—but Elizabeth was not there. He rang the bell—the servant came, weeping—he looked at him and walked on—he passed into the parlour—the chair which she had occupied, when he was there before, was standing in the very same place, and there was her piano—he almost thought he heard music—he listened; a sob from the next room came like ice upon his heart, and he sat down. Her mother came into the room—her face was serene in grief, but the first burst was over, and she was comparatively calm. She asked him if he would look at the corpse. He knew she was dead, but the blunt question shook every nerve in his frame, and seemed to breathe death upon his soul.

He knew not how, but he stood by her grave; and they were bearing the coffin towards the dark narrow pit—a heap of fresh earth was piled at its side. Some one said, "Where are the cords?" He heard the answer, "here they are;" and then the coffin was gradually let down into the bottom of the grave—it sat firmly on the ground, and he heard a voice say, "there, that is right—draw up the rope." Then there was the sound, as if the orders were obeyed—in the act of doing it, a few grains of sand and pebble dropped upon the coffin—then all was still—then a handful of soft, damp, heavy clay, was shovelled down. Oh, that sound! that solemn, dreary sound of utter desolation! It broke the horrid spell that kept his voice silent and his eye dry—his lip began to quiver—a sob heaved his aching breast—large tears gushed from his eyes—he stretched out his hands in an agony of weeping—and grasped an old quaker gentleman's nose, in the stage-coach, where he was sleeping, and gave occasion for Obadiah to observe,

"Verily, friend, when thou hast sufficiently amused thyself with my nose, perhaps thou wilt return it to its rightful owner."

The whole horrible creation of fancy passed away like a mist; his heart bounded within him, and he soon took sweet revenge upon those wicked lips that had been so cold and still, yet so beautiful, in the darkness of his dream.

DISECTION OF A BROKEN HEART.

A short time since a young lady, who was possessed of every virtue that confers dignity and lustre on the female character, died. She had long pined under the tortures inflicted by that faithful servant of death, the consumption; and, mental dejection seeming to have produced her bodily malady, it was concluded to dissect her heart, in

order to discover whether it could afford any clue to the mystery which was connected with her illness. Accordingly, a "skilful professor of Anatomy" was engaged to perform the operation, and it was soon discovered that she died of that incurable disease—a broken heart. The heart was very acrid; its juices were dried up by long grief. Although they thus perceived what had been her disease, they feared that the cause of it must ever remain a secret to them. However, they concluded to inspect the core of the heart, and on narrowly investigating it, they saw the likeness of a young man, who seemed formed for the purpose of fascinating the tender sex, but in his eye could be discerned a certain expression which told of perfidy and dark deceit. With the aid of a microscope, the following lines were found punctured on the heart; over them was inscribed Shakspear's beautiful sentiment.

"Love is no love which altereth,
When it alteration finds."
I am a poor broken heart!
I rested all my hopes on one,
Who in me planted sorrow's dart,
And smil'd with joy at what he'd done.
I gave him all that heart should give,
Deep in my folds his form I wore,
For him alone I wished to live;
His image fill'd my inmost core!
More constant heart where could he find?
Could he on earth a truer meet?
Oh! no—and yet with soul unkind,
For all my love he gave deceit!
Oh! when he gain'd this heart a vow
Of Love was given—'twas softly spoken;
It then was gay—what is it now?
A heart which blighted love has broken!
Yet, oh! my Henry, though thy breast
Hath wandered from the love it vowed,
Though cold in earth I soon shall rest,
Wrapp'd in the chill sepulchral shroud,
May heav'n on thee its blessings pour;
May all life's joys await thee here;
May bliss be thine when life is o'er;
Of thee I ask but one—one tear!

From this it was too plainly seen what had caused her death, and the bystanders were more than ever convinced, that though a few, faithless, women, possessing coquettes' hearts, may exist, woman is, in general, a kind and affectionate being, loves with truth and fidelity even when the object of her love is unworthy of it; and the physician remarked that he had in the course of his practice, found many cases of broken hearted females from "blighted love," but he never knew an instance of it in his own sex. Even. Post.

INDUSTRY.

"The Jews are said, during some period, at least, of their existence as a people, to have educated their children, universally, in active business; and to have adopted, proverbially, this aphorism, that he, who does not bring up his child to useful industry, brings him up to be a beggar, and a nuisance. It is to be fervently wished, that all Christian Parents would adopt the same maxim, and thus prepare their children to become blessings both to themselves and mankind. It has been repeatedly observed in these discourses, that Industry and Economy are not natural to man, and can only be established by habituation. These habits must both be begun in the morning of life; or there is danger, that they will never be begun successfully. As no man, consistently with his plain duty, can be excused from being industrious and economical, himself; so no man can be justified for a moment, who does not effectually communicate both Industry and Economy to his children. He, who, at the first, made labour the employment of mankind; and who afterwards commanded to gather up the fragments, that nothing might be lost; will admit no excuse for the neglect of these duties; whether they respect ourselves, or our offspring. In this subject, parents and children of both sexes are equally concerned. Both parents are bound to teach their children; and their children, of both sexes, are bound to learn, to be industrious, and to be economical; to fill up their time with useful employments; to methodize it, that it may be thus filled up; and to feel, that the loss of time, the neglect of talents, and the waste of property, are all serious violations of their duty to God. The parents are bound to inspire, and the children to imitate, a contempt, an abhorrence, for that silly, worthless frivolity, to which so many children, of fashionable parents especially, are trained; that sinful waste of the golden hours of life; that sickly devotion to amusement; that shameful, pitiable dependence on trifling, to help them along, even tolerably, through their present, tedious, dragging existence. Few persons are more to be pitied, as certainly few are more to be blamed, than those, who find their enjoyment only in diversions; and cling to a ride, a dance, a visit, a play, or a novel, to keep them from sinking

into gloom and despondence. Industrious persons, who spend their time in useful pursuits, are the only persons, whose minds are serene, contented, and cheerful. If we wish happiness for our children, then; we shall carefully educate them to an industrious life. Dwight's Sermons.

MORAL.

IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.

The children of the present age are the hope of the age to come. We who are now acting our several parts in the busy scenes of life, are hastening off the stage: months and days are sweeping us away from the business and the surface of this earth, and continually laying some of us to sleep under ground. The circle of thirty years will plant another generation in our room; another set of mortals will be the chief actors in all the greater and lesser affairs of this life, and will fill the world with blessings, or with mischiefs, when our heads lie low in the dust.

Shall we not then consider with ourselves, what can we do now to prevent these mischiefs, and to entail blessings on our successors? What shall we do, to secure wisdom, goodness, and religion, among the next generation of men? Have we any concern for the glory of God, in the rising age? any solicitude for the propagation of virtue and happiness to those who shall stand up in our stead? let us then hearken to the voice of God and Solomon, and we shall learn how this may be done: the all-wise God, and the wisest of men, join to give us this advice: "Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The sense of it may be expressed more at large in this proposition, viz: let children have a good education given them in the younger parts of life, and this is the most likely way to establish them in virtue and piety in their elder years. Watts.

We, our concerns and names, will soon be shrouded in forgetfulness, and those who succeed us, gifted hopefully with better dispositions, regard our collisions with melancholy pity. Let us remember that we must stand at the same tribunal, where our opinions and actions will be weighed in the balances of unwavering justice. Let the consideration of that hour absorb all small thoughts. While individually so deserving the rebukes of Heaven, let us not be prone to condemn others, recollecting that he who lacks benevolence, must expect judgment without mercy. While opportunity is given, let us retrieve our own characters, raise the reputation of our common christianity, and leave the legacy of the Christian, a peaceful temper to our children.

As a large and familiar intercourse with men of different habits and dispositions never fails, in characters of any force or generosity, to dispel the prejudices with which we at first regard them, and to lower our estimate of our own superior happiness and wisdom; so a very ample and extensive course of reading in any department of letters, tends naturally to enlarge our narrow principles of judgment, and not only to cast down the idols before which we had formerly abased ourselves, but to disclose to us the might and the majesty of much that we had mistaken and contemned.

HUMILITY.

Humility stands at the head of the beatitudes, and is incorporated with them all. And the gracious injunction, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart," is a plain intimation, that our Redeemer particularly intended that portion of his own divine character for the most immediate object, not of our admiration only, but of our imitation. It is the temper which of all others he most frequently commends, most uniformly enjoins, and which his own pure and holy life most invariably exhibits. If we look into the Old Testament, we see that God, after having described himself as "as the high and holy One which inhabiteth eternity," by a transition the most unexpected, and a condescension the most inconceivable, immediately subjoins, that "He dwelleth with the contrite and the humble;" and this from a motive inexpressibly gracious, "to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite."

Jesting upon serious subjects is always the mark of a shallow and superficial mind, poor in its ideas, and still poorer in its judgment.

There are three sights most detestable—a proud priest giving his blessing, a knavish hypocrite saying his prayers, and a false patriot making a bargain.