POETRY.

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

Noting ere they pass away, The little lines of yesterday." Life's "little lines," how short, how faint, How fast they fade away its highest hopes, its brightest joys, Are compassed in a day

Youth's bright and mild, and morning light, Its sunshine and its showers, Its hopes and fears, its loves and tears, Its heedless, happy hours; And manhood's high and brighten'd noon, Its honors, dangers, cares, 'The parent's pains, the parent's joys, The parent's anxious prayers, Fade in old age's evening gray, The twilight of the mind; Then sink in death's long, dreamless night, And leave no trace behind.

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 carliest, sweetest flowers, And all the bloom of May: And when old age, with wintry hand, Has frosted o'er the head, Virtue's fair fruits survive the blast, When all besides are fled; And faith, with pure unwavering eve, Can pierce the gathering gloom, And smile upon the spoiler's rage, And live beyond the tomb

Be ours, then, virtue's deathless charm, And faith's untiring flight; 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 inimitable 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. A creation, bright as a poet could imagine, glowed before me; but a wave of the air broke the spell of her the first visit, and dwelling in his mind its transitory, but beautiful existence, and it was gone. It was like a dream of love. If there is one happy being in creation, it is the lover in the luxury of his not till the warm, affectionate shake of visionary aspirations-if there is a single blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the shadowy firmament of life, it is that which discovers a long nourished affection to be mutual.

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 thoughtnow permitting if to settle down into a state of temporary tranquility-again bidding it heave and swell, by the magic of its viewless power. Without it, what ould be the world? As a creation with out light; yet, possessing it, as we do, how does it discompose the sober plans of reason! How do the loftiest bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and disappear before the fragrance of its breath? fore it launches its destructive lightning It is the poetry of thought, when reason from its bosom. He beckoned, and wishslumbers on her stately throne, or wanders away in happy dreams. It is scarce-Iv to be defined, for it seems in a perpetual halo of soft light, which it dazzles while it fascinates the mind's eve. It is to the spirit what sunshine is to the flower-laring the fragrance from its bosom, its long hours of sleepless agony. and bringing out all the energies of its young nature, or as the hand of beauty to the slumbering lute passing over the silent chords, till "it doth discourse most cloquent music."

I had a young friend, just rising into manhood-fiery and unsettled as a warrior steed in battle, his career was unguided by prudence or thought. A never failing flow of spirits made him always

all hope and happiness.

Suddenly he stood before me an altered being-his eye had grown melancholy and full of meditation. Its moisture was eften succeeded by a flash; and its fire again extinguished in the trembling tear. He shunned the rude clamor of the bustling world, and would steal away into some solitary recess, and in the still shade of the forest ponder on the sweetness of his own sorrow. His mind became almost a world of itself, and thousands of visions rose obedient, at the call of creative thought-his soul, lifted high on fancy's wing, would explore, in its wild and its magnificent domain. He loved-deeply, devotedly. It was more than love; it was adoration. The object of his passion listened; a sob from the next room came was all that woman could be. There is no object, in all creation, half so splendid Her mother came into the room-her as such a being-the charms that are dif- face was serene in grief, but the first fused through the whole universe seemed gathered together in her.

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. Her motion was more graceful than the heave of the sea, or the change of the cloud, and the magic of mind, gleaming through all her words, and looks, and actions, shed around her a charm more graceful than Arabian incense.

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 was no affectation in her nature, and she confessed she loved him-they seemed created for each other-and who would have believed that fate-but I am digressing.

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. On the morning of his return, he sprang into the stage-coach, in a most delicious reverie. He held no discourse with his fellow passengers, but wrapped himself up in a rich dream of anticipation. His heart was full of happiness. He thought himself, as he entered his house, too happy for a mortal man. He was preparing to pay on her pleasing welcome, when her brother came to see him-he did not observe any thing peculiar about him at first, and the hand was over, did he notice that his eves were filled with tears, and a dismal, gloomy, black crape hung from his hat. He started, and in a hollow voice, that had a desolate dreariness in every tone.

"Elizabeth is dead!"

At first he was not comprehended. A vacant, horridlaugh, that echoed strange ly 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 n a chair and covered his face with his hands, but not a word-a breath breke the silence. There was something alarming in his calmness; it seemed like the si ience of the heavy, black cloud just beed to be alone. He was left in solitude. I would not profane the subject by any attempt at describing his feelings. There was a dark, horrible confusion in his mind, like some accursed dream glaring around him, and the night rolled away

The next day was the funeral; and when the sun rose in his same glory, and all the "pemp 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 rudely alongs and all around was buiness, and adventure, unaffected by the great event that had come like an ocean of scorching are upon the paradise of his

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 be 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 parlourbeautiful career, the fathomless regions the chair which she had occupied, when of imagination, through all the variety of he was there before, was standing in the very same place, and there was her piano -he almost thought he heard music-he like ice upon his heart, and, he sat down: 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 blant question shook every nerve in his frame, and seemed to breathe death upon his soul. He arose and foilowed the bereaved mother. There was an air of death in the apartment; and a varnished coffin was on the table, a white cloth flung carefully at the head; a few ferends sat and wept in silence, musing on the beauties and virtues of the being they were about to consign to the cold earth. He walked up to the table, and stood as still, and pale, and motionless, as the form that lay stretched before him. He would have torn away the veil that covered that face, but he could not-he felt that he might as well have attempted to heave a mountain from its rocky base. The mother saw-she felt-a mother can feel-and she silently uncovered that beautiful countenance. It broke upon him in all its loveliness. There was the same white forehead-the sleeping eyethe cheek that he had kissed so fondlythe lips that had spoken such sweet sounds-he gazed at her corse with intensity of thought. Her living image was before him-he saw her smiling-he beheld her in the graceful motion-now her figure passed before him, beautiful of it in his own sex. in the mazy dance-and now he gazed in her full black eyes, and read unutterable things. He had a ring on his finger, a present from her-he tried to speak-he looked at the ring, then at her-agony swelled his heart-he gave one long gaze and looked no more. * * * *

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.

DISSECTION OF A BROKEN HEART.

ford 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 inspeet 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 dinds ." 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 ismost core! More constant heart where could be find? Could be on earth a truer meet? Oh! no-and yet with soul unkind, For all my love he gave deceit! Oh! when he gained 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, Wrapped 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 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 childen 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 habitua-tion. 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 markind; 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 res pect ourselves, or our offspring. fo 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 imbibe, 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 siekly devotion to amuse-A short time since a young lady, who ment; that shameful, pitiable dependence was possessed of every virtue that con- on trifling, to help them along, even fers dignity and lustre on the female tolerably, through their present, tedious, character, died. She had long pined dragging existence. Few persons are under the tortures inflicted by that more to be pitied, as certainly few are faithful servant of death, the consump- more to be blamed, than those, who find tion; and, mental dejection seeming to their enjoyment only in diversions; and agreeable—he was full of sease and frolic. heart—he recollected, and he said, "to-have produced her bodily malady, it cling to a ride, a dance, a visit, a play, knavish hypocrite saving his prayers and a false partiet making a haranger."

His was concluded to dissect her heart, in er a novel, to keep them from sinking a haranger.

fore the smile had left your lip-he was benumbed mind dwelt upon the words, order to discover whether it could af- into gloom and despondence. Industri ous persons, who spend their time is useful pursuits, are the only persons, whose minds are serene, contented, and cheerful. If we wish happiness for our children; then; we shall carefully edcate 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 sage apace: 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 our selves, what can we do now to prevent these mischiefs, and to entail blessings on our successors? What shall we da 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.

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 tribubunal, 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 east 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 dl. And the gracious injunction, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart. is a plain intimation, that our Redeemed particularly intended that partion of his own divine character for the most imm diate object, not of our admiration only but of our imitation. It is the temp which of all others he most frequently commends, most uniformly enjoins and which his own pure and holy life most in variably exhibits. If we look into the Old Testament, we see that God, after having described himself as "as the h and holy One which inhabiteth eternit by a transition the most unexpected, a condescension the most inconceival immediately subjoins, that "He dwell with the contrite and the humble;" an this from a motive inexpressibly grad ous, "to revive the spirit of the humbi and to revive the heart of the contrite.

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

There are three sights most detestable