

THE PAST.

The past gives me not upon the days
That have been past away;
The days seem buried in sorrow cloud,
And painful was their stay.
Loud was the pleasure bright, but grief
Saves time the longing eye,
And leaves the soul unknown to care
In silent brooding the night.
When life was seen in early days
The hopes that gladded bright,
First all with his eager breath—
Then imitation his sight—
Who that has seen some well loved friend
Like leaves of autumn fall,
Will still dim the years of youth
And scarce to recall.

THE CHILD AND THE SUNBEAM.

Some one was gliding through darkness that hung
In dismal gloom, that lay it in the day,
And the bright sunbeams waked a child, who sung
As he revels, and began his play.

And as he with the glee-borne beam that shod
His bright mornamented head:

“Come harken to me that child so fair,

She is like a littlest plaything seen,

So dimly dimly given;

She is like a delicate link between

The creation of earth and heaven;

Her form is dimly closed by an angry cloud,

And the glistening dust in the shadowy street,

And the child looks down upon the bright things fled,

And is gone—her tears were shed.

A gentle child, in the infant play,

So dimly dimly seen;

The eyes are like embers—more fleeting than they,

And sorrow and melancholy between;

And dimly dimly seen—brightnesses are won,

Like summer, only summer—in the sun;

Or a summer dream of sadness may

Be dimly dimly seen child at play!

VARIETY.

Especially at the Head of the Class. We are about to tell an anecdote of a gentleman, now in New York—remarkable as much for his wit as his poetic genius—in sum, I mean now, but, at one time, somewhat puffed by fortune and the vanities.

During his sojourn, the day previous to the sailing of the ship, Williams saw our friend, and several other gentlemen, on the steps of the City Hall—then the Hotel. The thought struck him, that if he presented his demand, “then and there,” the chance was that it would be paid—he remained quietly waiting before all his friends. So much for Williams.

“Good morning, Mr. —,” said the tailor.

“Good morning,” the cold reply, “what may be your name?”

“Especially,” said the astonished tailor; “my name is —. I’ve made coats for you, sir, some three or four years, sir; you never owe a balance of two hundred and odd dollars, sir—I want the money, sir—my name, sir, my name is Williams.”

Williams didn’t put himself in a position. I’ll sat, and wait in a moment. I’ve made arrangements to settle the difference, and, as you are among the best, I don’t think you’ll let yours set.”

Williams went away.—Picayune.

Not uncommon by any Means. Among the numerous petitions for divorce presented during the present session of the Legislature of Connecticut, one came from an individual praying to be released from her better half, because he was married to her without his knowledge or consent! It appears from evidence produced on the investigation of the case, that the unfortunate man was the dupe of some of the commonest impurities. They had taken him in a state of misery, no intoxication, we don’t know, whiles, and married him to his present wife. He admitted it fully with her, although his intentions were very prudential, and wished and willing to undergo almost any self-sacrifice for the sake of peace, but the bad temper of his dame demanded that he live with her longer and therefore he sought the Legislature to grant him happiness. As the discussion on the part of the bill seems now concluded, that he was not the only man who was married while insane.—N. Y. Star.

Frolics.—In this translation of one of the Fables of La Fontaine, as much of the point and humor of the original is preserved as possible.—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE END OF THE STREETS.

AS the pleasure is to state, that this long waited for

EATABLES AND DRINKABLES,

Charleston, have arrived; and that he will now

take great pleasure in waiting upon his friends at his

RESTAURATEUR, when called on.

Among the articles which has just come to hand, he

names the following:

Oranges, Can Fish,

Lemons, Herring,

Raisins, Mackerel,

Almonds, Sardines,

Sweet Crackers, Anchovies,

Sugar & Coffey, Lamp Juice,

Newark Cider, Lemon Syrup,

Albany Ale, and Wines and Liqueurs

of the best qualities, and of the latest importations.

Salisbury, April 18, 1839.

J. W. RAINY.

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