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POETRY

A bust of a man in a laurel wreath, with a ribbon around his neck.

THE WRECK.

The sun was down in the horizon, and great clouds covered his setting, as of some stern king. A host preceded the pathway to his rest; And over the vast gathering there rose a faint and doleful glory. On the sea—

The light masts of vessels far away, From a kindled world. The pale stars fall back with the dim veil of the sky, As though frightened by theowering clouds.

A ship was on the waves—her white sail flung like plumes to the loitering winds— Her round-sails mingling with the bending clouds, And her white keel on the marshy sky.

Off the dull canvas sail unspun away, And the low breeze came muttering through the shrouds.

Whose courage had shrunk—when the storm

She seemed some dream-ship on a wave,

Where life was not, and death was how?

Again—she seemed a creature fond of life— And like some thing endow'd with royalty,

She walk'd the waves. Madly from her side Leapt the white billows—and her rented sail

Follow'd to the weird night like the dark hair

Of those that led the flashing deck in crowds.

But they were silent—aye where volumed eye

Can tell or pray on earth—with eloquence

That takes the spirit captive—and with voice

That has no fellow with the tones of men—

“Twas night that could be fit'st of black eclipses.

And like some thing shrivell'd as he went by

Upon the steeds of darkness. There was joy,

Like that which demons gather as they gaze

On ruin; so he tread the e'er to the cry

Of mingled helplessness and power that breaks

From pain'd and curl'd lips. He saw his prey,

Quivering as 'neath the fangs does the bird

Perv'd on the passing cloud!

There, as they boom'd,

A sickly light gleam'd from the staggering mass—

The night-watch lanterns—through the storm!

She struck those great waters—but no hand

Was at that helm—no spirit there to my

Grave! and the gods, through the roaring waste,

From rock to rock, to the flaming pine!

She struck—& a shell flung from a giant's hand—

And the mad sea career'd along her decks,

Drowning in boiling foam the smother'd prayer,

Or in some gurgling pool the quiet farewell.

Down went the groaning mast into the deep—

And parted the dark cable like a thread.

Then from beneath us press'd the pallid crowd

Asking for hope, where yet the elements

Had left a perishing lip the utterance.

From the shivering bulk a frail bark

Shot to the welkin shore, with its white crew

Sift in her gurgling panoply of ice!

The rest was darkness. There was no return

To that black house of sorrow. But a voice

Rose through that night the tempests could not quell—

A voice that reached the mountain and the glen,

Though leaping from the valleys of the sea.

They were the shrieks of a great company

Dying side by side—on all the mere

Roan on the rocks, they sank into the deep—

The eyes of alones?—

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

MY NEW COAT.

A FRAGMENT.—I never was so miserable in all my life, as the day I put on my new coat. My misery was heightened by the circumstance, that I expected to be particularly happy. I put it on after breakfast. It fitted me exceedingly well, and I have rather a handsome figure—at least, so my tailor tells me. I had been reading Miss Landon's "Improvisatrice"; but the moment I put on my new coat, I found that my thoughts wandered to Prince's street, and I could no longer participate in the sorrows of her heroine. I buttoned my new coat; for the greatest natural philosopher inform us, that we should always wear a new coat buttoned, that at may get a habit of sitting close to the body. I buttoned my new coat, and called forth. I passed through the western divisions of George street, it struck me that there was an unusual number of ladies at the windows. I did not care: I was sure that my new coat had a fashionable cut; so I said to myself, "they may look at it if they please." I resolved, however, not to walk as if I were conscious that I wore a new coat. I assumed an easy, good-humored, condescending kind of air; and the expression of my countenance seemed benevolently to indicate that I would have addressed a few words to an old friend, even although he appeared in a coat that I had seen him in six months before. I did not wear my Indian handkerchief in my breast; for I look upon that as a strategem to which men should resort only when the front parts of their coat get threadbare. I put my handkerchief (it is a real India, and I have only one of the sort) into my coat pocket, and I allowed one of the sullen corners to hang out as if by accident. I occasionally conveyed it from my pocket to my face; but when I replaced it to a yellow corner, by the same accident, always hung out.

At the corner of Castle street, several porters touched their hats to me; and two maid servants, who were standing at the top of their area-stair, looked after me till I was out of sight. When I came to where the coaches are, opposite the assembly-rooms, three or four men asked me if I wanted a coach; but, though the compliment rather pleased me, I declined their offers in a dignified and gentlemanly manner. Just as I passed Gardner's shop, without that and M'Darmer's, an individual, rather shabbily dressed, whispered in my ear, "Any old clothes to sell, sir?" I answered, "No" rather gruffly; for my first impression was, that a king of sheer was intended at my new coat; but on reflection, I feel convinced that these old-clothes-men only address persons of gentlemanly appearance; and therefore, I take this opportunity of publicly expressing my regret for my severity to the individual in question, who, I am sorry to repeat, was rather shabbily dressed. Hitherto I had met with little to ruffle me.

Just as I turned into South Hanover street, I rubbed against a white phantom, who passed on as if nothing had happened, but who left the whole of my right arm and shoulder covered with flower and dust. The daring villain was a tinker, and with a ruthless barbarity worthy only of a lineal descendant of

FIRST rate Article. Also, Cinnamon, Cloves,

Amber, Nutmegs, Allspice, Black and Ceyenne Pepper, Rose and ground Ginger, Mustard, Sweet Oil, Extracts of Lemon, Rose, Vanilla, and Orange, Cooper's Gelatine; and many other articles suitable for Christmas times; to store and for sale by

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