

POETRY.

[From the New Hampshire Patriot.]

MY NATAL COT.

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee!

Alas! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

And there we liv'd—my friends and I— And play'd and pass'd youth's little days

Friends I have still—such friends they are— Who school gains when youths are gone

For them, with thoughtful gleam play'd Neath our old elm in early hours—

And borne away—my happy times— And age's dawn'd my locks so grey—

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY. A PARODY. Marry, or not to marry? That is the question—

Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer The sullen silence of this cobweb room,

Who would wish to bear The jeering name of Bachelor, But that the dread of something after marriage,

THE ENCHANTED HAT. A British soldier, who had just returned from a long and successful cruise, and was paid off,

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port. Not that Jack liked wine but he had a cumbersome balance in his pocket which impeded his walking.

Boniface made his appearance when Jack, in the fullness of his wisdom, told him that he wished to pay him double.

The necessary orders were given to the servants—Jack paid double, and continued to do so, until he reached the place of his destination and found the vessel gone.

Well—in goes Jack—dines sumptuously—chuckling all the while at the astonishment which his fellow travellers had exhibited at his novel mode of discharging his turpique fare.

They proceeded onward until they reached another of Jack's hotels when the severity of the weather getting the better of the Jew's parsimony, they accompanied him in, and engaged a bed but wished no supper.

Meanwhile our seaman was feasted—shown to the best unoccupied bed in the house—breakfasted in the morning—and three twirls of his hat paid the reckoning.

They pursued their march to the great city, the enchanted hat rendering a purse unnecessary for Jack, until they reached the last stage.

They had already felt his pulse on the subject but he was prepared for it, by what had incautiously escaped them at different times and too cunning a bird to be caught with chaff.

His last inn was now entered, and the same farce acted over again. The virtues of Jack's beaver (by the way it was made of wool) had now ceased, and it would have been an accommodation to him if otherwise situated, to have parted with it for half a crown; but he well knew he could replenish his purse with it, at the expense of the credulous Israelites, who would have sworn upon the old testament, until they were black in the face, that it could enable the holder to eat, and drink, and lodge free, ad infinitum.

They were now within a mile of London, and the hat not purchased. A few minutes more, and they might be forever separated from this eighth wonder of the world—No time was to be lost.—They resolved to strike a bold stroke, and offered 100 guineas for Jack's head piece.

This made the luckless yet more anxious, and after a great deal of higgling, a bargain was struck, whereby Jack got 160 guineas and the new hat of one of the circumcised, (for he was too proud to make his appearance in town bareheaded,) for property not intrinsically worth eighteen pence.

The money in his purse, and the new beaver on his head Jack took the earliest opportunity to dis-

solve the co-partnership, by leaving our pedlars in the lurch—they exulted as he departed, and were not a little tickled at the idea of their having over-reached a christian.—They were now to eat and drink the best, and pay no turnpikes, so long as they both should live.

They forthwith repaired to a barber's, and got well shaved, (for their beards had been in a mourning a twelvemonth) mounted tasty wigs—from thence bent their course to Monmouth street, were accommodated with every fiery requisite—cheap—cheap—dirt cheap—fixed upon a hotel—drove thither in an elegant hired carriage—engaged apartments for a fortnight—ordered a magnificent dinner—and retired to their sitting room, which was furnished with a pair of full length pier glasses.

The coast being clear they viewed themselves in them, and were charmed with their appearance; and well they might, for neither of them had ever before been master of a decent suit.

for my father at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject to me—and contented herself with giving it to all my acquaintance.

How the duce did all this occur so early? where could it originate? I certainly had no sexual ideas for years afterwards; and yet my misery, my love for that girl was so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since.

Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like a thunder stroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of every body.

And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old) which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the recollection (not the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as ever.

I think my mother told the circumstances (on my hearing of her marriage) to the Parkyness, and certainly to the Pigot family, and probably mentioned it in her answer to Miss A. who was well acquainted with my childish penchant, and had sent the news on purpose for me, and thanks to her!

Next to the beginning, the conclusion has often occupied my reflections, in the way of investigation. That the facts are thus, others know as well as I, and my memory yet tells me so, in more than a whisper. But, the more I reflect, the more I am bewildered to assign any cause for this precocity of affection.

The Hon. Jack R—distinguished for his volubility and eloquence, is said to be superstitious. The following tale is told of him: He was once under the necessity of passing after night, a grave yard, which had the reputation of being haunted.

The burying ground was a solitary, gloomy place, and a few gentlemen, concluding that here they would be uninterrupted, had selected it as a convenient place in which to amuse themselves by studying the history of the "four kings."

As he approached this mansion of the dead, he was surprised to see a glimmering light; as he drew nearer, he heard some one say "Jack; ah said he, 'that's me,' another cried 'Low; that's my mule; a third said 'Game; 'ah! we'er game for them.' He determined, however, to proceed, and that he might see nothing frightful, shut his eyes and commenced whipping and spurring his mule.

In the mean time, the noise became louder and more appalling. A row had begun among the gamblers. But the obstinate animal, in no way alarmed and unused to kicking and beating, refused to go on.

In this extremity, the rider seeing that the ghosts would inevitably have him, bethought himself of praying; and while he was whipping and spurring with all his might, he began, as he could think of nothing else, "Here I lay me down to sleep," and continued repeating this supplication, until the increasing clamor and uproar of the gamblers convinced him, they were mere mortals; when he and his mule laying aside their alarm, resumed their journey.

A Potatoe Story. The National Intelligencer after repeating a statement in a Vermont paper that a man had raised a little short of three bushels from a single potatoe, and which the Intelligencer disbelieves, tells the story of a farmer near Washington who planted 80 bushels of seed potatoes and gathered from them, a crop of less than fifty bushels.

This latter agriculturalist was hardly as successful as an old fellow of our acquaintance in Connecticut. He insisted upon it that he could always tell to a single potatoe, the amount of his crop.

"That Wicks, is a very improbable story" says one of his neighbors. "Not at all," replies Wicks, "I always raise just as many as I plant, for I'll be darned to darnation if my land is strong enough to rot em."

Two or three little anecdotes related to me of General Paez, which the character of the man. On one occasion, he overtook a Major of cavalry, who was riding bravely; but when the General saw him in the act of running the Major, he exclaimed, "Oh! General! you had not been better mounted on I should have been an over-matcher."

An Irish lodger being asked how he had passed the night, replied, "Aye indeed, well enough for I slept so cold, I was awake the whole night."

A man without fortitude, is like an oyster without a shell—liable to be swallowed by every wave that washes away by every wave.

MAMMON. There is nothing falls with such a withering blight upon human susceptibilities and the fine sympathies of the heart, as the milderews of self interest.

This is a sorry world we live in, aye a most villainous world. To find an honest man in these degenerate times—a man who would scorn to take the advantage of his neighbour for the sake of lucre, is a search equivalent in difficulty to that of the philosopher's stone.

Almost all men are naturally or artificially villains. Within a twelve month I have known a would be pink of morality swindle his brother out of all his earthly possessions and then chuckle at the fraud.

In this case both brothers were knaves, and the one, strange as it may seem, considered it a merit to outreach the other, even in vice. Still after the fashion of the world they are loving brothers.

But the ties of consanguinity cannot cope with those of self interest. They melt like wax before the fire of the furnace. The motto of these men is, "get money honestly if you can but by all means get money."

Their lives unfold the practice of this doctrine. Yet I never knew a villain who did not sooner or later overreach himself. Hypocrisy and vice of every character are inseparable, and be that habitually takes advantage of another's goodness of heart will ultimately betray himself.

As the end of guilt is infamy, so the utmost daring of a hypocrite will eventuate in his own inward wretchedness. Man may pretend to defy and scorn the wrath to come, but there is a destiny upon him that bids his soul tremble at the watches of midnight; a terror in his fate, that calls tremulous thoughts into his toward bosom, and makes him recoil like a slave beneath the lash, from the crowd of bewildering phantoms that press themselves before his mental eye.

Yet mammon is to man a terrible god; a Juggernaut that destroys the fine tendrils of the heart, rather than crushes and deforms the outward man. The young, the fair, the gifted—the brightest and most beautiful of God's creatures, are victims and votaries to the shrine of Plutus.

Faculties are wasted—virtues are sacrificed; affections are broken down—hearts are broken, and heaven is lost, and all for the transitory pageantry of an hour—all for a grasp of the gilded straw that floats upon life's surface, when perchance that grasp may welm us in interminable ruin. It is not well for man to be above his wants. Indolence naturally nurtures vice, and he on whom fortune lavishes her favours, loses his proper dependence upon heaven. Misfortune and penury are generally productive either of the despair of desperation, or the subsmissiveness to a divine will, which has an affinity to that meekness of heart so characteristic of a true christian.

The effects of affluence are for the most part precisely opposite. Yet the power of mammon is the paramount power on the earth. Mind may occasionally rise above the turbulent waves of oppression, and shine with the effulgence of midday. But the reign of mind is regulated by a fluctuating ordeal—the fortuitous circumstances of life are altogether accessory to its development, as well as appreciation. Even when Maturin was entirely engaged in the most brilliant productions of human genius—his wants were satisfied in a manner too horrible to be detailed. Away from the busy hum of city life—in secluded villages and retired hamlets, there may be some pure waters of nature—some hearts uninfluenced by the all absorbing passions of self interest—but here, in this thronged city, where numberless beings are congregated together in the daily pursuits of life—all are bowing low at the feet of mammon—all are led away from the path of virtue, honour and religion, by that eternal curse—"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."

[Phil. Album.]

[Col. Hamilton's Colombia.]

[Phil. Album.]

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