eet spring so full of shine and shower Is makes the weary spirit sigh, To think, with all thy herbs and flowers, That thou must die.'

And then most,di

THE PROVIDE

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upsid lettern, addressed to the Edit-

my once, he taken from the Post.

L THINGS PERISH SAVE VIRTUE THOMAS FOWERS

e bridal of the earth and sky t dew chall weep thy fall to nigh

m - so cool, so calm, so br

sy free per cent.

hree and a third

Sweet music-e'en the lovely song Which from my harp in window nigh . Is floating on the breeze along, E'en thou must die.

And all the bright and glistening train Of stars that stud the deep blue sky Must they all perish-none remain To glad the eye?

doors and windows it penetrates every where—it rushes in it rages with fury, and it is some times fatal.

where—it rushes in it rages with fury, and it is some times fatal.' 'I hope there are many exceptions to that rule.'

DET AND MAD NOT! LUT ALL THE DADE THOU ALL THE

oil in any had even have and thint she had been ki

WANSHIMM YOSHUGANE AND GROUP HOLEUUT

ry had not recover

y was no worse, and

rule." 'Of course. I have known several, and I will relate one to you, which is the subject of an anecdote. Its title is rather singular. Listen to the story of the Fifth Wind." <u>THE FIFTE WIND.</u> In the charming promenades of the Cursaal Wiesbaden, was to be met a few years since the beautiful Bertha Von Hamstell. Young and fich, but melancholy and suffering, life had no charms for her. A smile was rarely seen on her lips. No amusement had any at (ractions for her-mo emotion of pleasure ev-et caused her heart to throb. Whence proceed-

her life-what mattered its name. Her imagination wis excited, and she no longer doubted that there existed in Holland an atmosphere unknown elsewhere. The country through which she passed appeared to her so different from all others, that it seem-ed natural that it should have its own pecu-liar wind. In short, as Bertha believed in the young Hollander, she also believed in the fifth wind.

", BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY COD'S AND TRUTICS."

r were about to take up their abole intended with his mother. left. Wieshaden for Holland. Berling though

tent. Wiesbaden for Holland. Ber-never examined any had with such interest. She was at once charmed minhod with the oppeurance of this ar-country, intersected with camele, with thad dis shepperds, its villages & their bland dis shepperds, its villages & their bland houses and the joyful chimes

in. It seemed to her that this vast tion in which a cow's tell was wonth evel ground without limits, where its growth I. There is however on a verduce is cooldanded with the postantial in the plorecall, name

e never lasked the st threaten the pre-

SDATS APBILL 20. 104.9.

aulider and the moon, or the stars, or a condicion of there was, what of it ? Did not C

n that regard .- Well, but there are we re Asjors' in the West who can out Crocket, if needs be, in this respector any other. So let not the comet rely upon any assurance from Mr. Miller or any body else to the effect that its 'unreasonable length of tail' will not be cut Telese behind the ears'—if it ventures to Stelese behind the ears'—if it ventures to its surgest of the purpose—in concome near enough for that purpose-in con-sequence of the utimely death of Col. Croc-ket.-Danville Reporter.

with the comet itself be

eral fell. This living chronicle of a which occurred almost one handerd The travellers were received at Bloemen-dall with that frank amenity of the Nether-iends which places strangers at once at ease. There was no freezing etiquette—no useless ceremonies—but Bertha found herself the ob-ject of the most assiduous attentions and the most cordial kindness. The widow seemed in the the chance that a comet will strike the earth is almost infinitely small; and, even if and collision might perhaps cause aplendid meter in the initial initial interview in the initial init day after the General died. At first a there knew him, or would allow him to remaine, but his importunities finally b some of the family out, by whom recognized. At the close of the war General ton gave him one of his military he has carefully presers relic above any is was shown to us. In looking at and talking of ment, the old man brightened coat. He saw the and barely replied, "Don massa." Mr. Morgan, w ness, repeated, "how much you for it, John ?" At the replied with spirit, that if rage to wear, and nothing to eat, all the in the world could not buy that cost. ded, "you may put it on, as a h d gentlemen have done before. Having been with him more the Having been with him more the I spoke of going, but he urged us to stop that we remained much loss ing, with constantly increasing in one who has lived to more than ten venre.

and vales, and fields, and rushing streams, And mountains that invade the sky, Are they as baseless as our dreams? And must they die? And all that's beautiful and fair

On Nature's face-love's melody, That make's sweet music of the air, All-all must die !

And man, frail form of senseless clay, The' now his glance is proud and high, Perchance upon this passing day He too may die!

But the bright soul ?- that, shrined within-The quenchless light in mortal form-The' dimm'd by misery and sin, Defies the worm.

When all the stars shall fade away, And suns in their own blaze expire And trackless comets cease to stray With wand'ring fire,

The lapse of time, but dwell on high, And share-in endless joy or woe-Eternity."

ON SEEING A CHILD FALL ASLEEP AMID ITS SPORTS. BY MISS PARDOE. Wearied with pleasure! Oh, how deep Such slumber seems to be-Thou fairy creature ! I could weep As thus I gaze on thee; Ay, weep, with most bitter tears, Wrung from the spirit's core, To think that in a few short years Thou'lt sleep that sleep no more.

Wearied with pleasure ! what a sound To greet a world worn ear ! Can we who tread life's giddy roun Sleep like the cherub here Alas I for us joy's brightest hours All fever as they fly, And leave a blight-as sun struck flower Of too much glory die.

Wearied with pleasure ! Does the wing Of angels fan thy brow? Sweet child, do birds about thee sing, And blossoms round thee blow? Is thy calm sleep with gladness rife? Do stars above thee shine? Oh, I would give whole years of life To dream such dreams as thine !

tractions for her—no emotion of pleasance to et caused her heart to throb. Whence proceed-ed the profound sadness which was wearing away her youth and undermining her beauty? From her health, the physician said. The pale & languid Bertha felt that her days were num-bered. When she was fifteen, Heaven de-prived her of her mother; and from that day, when for the first time grief entered her soul, the had gradually faded away.

she had gradually laded away. The Baron Von Hamstell, of a noble Ger-man family, was devotedly attached to this, his only child. He consulted the most cele-brated physicians, but none of them could cure her. He then determined to travel, in the tive. her. He then determined to travel, in the hope that change of air, excitement, or even fatigue might succeed in rousing her from her mournful apathy. He hoped, also, that in the different countries through which they passed, he might obtain the advice of the most learned disciple of Hippocrates.— Perhaps a ray of hope might shine on him. 'Sirl what do think of my daughter ?' The baron was at Vienna, at the house of a famous physician.

a famous physician. Sir was the answer, in a solemn voice, 'I consider her case as a serious one. Made-moiselle Von Hamstell suffers from an oppres-sion proceeding from a defective circulation. She must breath a bracine air. She wants

the wind of the mountains. The baron set off for Switzerland. He took his daughter to Mont Blanc-he made took his daughter to Mont Blanc—he made her walk on the Mer de Glace—he induced her to climb the most rugged cliffs—he fixed his abode in the midst of the clouds—but poor Bertha more oppressed than ever after these climbing exertions, seemed descending near-er to the tomb. They were obliged to leave the mountains.

'Sir! what do you think of my daughter?' The baron was at Paris, consulting one of the most shining lights of the faculty. 'The case is very serious,' replied the great man. 'Mademoiselle Hamstell's lungs are affected—a hot climate is necessary—she must try the winds of the South.' The baron posted to Naples. He took a house at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, looking towards the south-he exposed Bertha to the meridian heat of the sun over the ashes of Pompeli-but more exhuasted than ever, she

can scarcely breath in the warm air of Italy. They must fly to the torrid zone. "Sie! what do you think of my daugter ?"

The baron was at Turin with a Sardinian Esculapeus.

Esculapeus. 'A very serious case,' replied the doctor, with an air half serious, half jesting, half sci-entific, half quizzing. Mademoiselle Von Ham-stell, is attacked by a sort of cerebral hypochon-driasis; her muscles are relaxed, and she must have tonics. Avoid mild climates and laxatine food. A cold climate will cure her. She must try the cold winds of the North.' The baron went to Moscow, when the northeast wind was blowing with a fury to-wards the Kremlin. He travelled with his daughter in the midst of the snow, when the daughter in the midst of the snow, when the thermometer was twenty-seven degrees be-low zero. The north wind roared, as in

'You are much better,' said he. 'What a happy place is Wiesbaden!' 'Why then do you sigh when you say

Why then do you sigh when you say so? asked the young girl. 'Because Wiesbaden is act my home, and I am jealous for my country.' 'But I am not yet saved. A change of scene has often proved a temporary improvement which afterwards disappeared. This may be only what I have experienced elsewhere, a passing hope—a deceitful and momentary ray—I dare not yield to the illusion.' 'You have then travelled much?'

"Too much-from one end of Europe to the other by the orders of my physicians. One assured me that I needed the wind of the north, another declared that the wind of the south of the mountains' a fourth the wind of the

'And you tried all these winds?' 'Yes, and not one of them, was of any ser-

Because the fifth was wanting.' Windvyfuttered these words with perfect seriousness. Bertha looked at him perfectly surprised. 'The fifth,' said she; 'and where is it to be found ?' 'In Holland.'

Indeed, its name.' 'The Togt.'

That is new to me. I thought there were only four winds known. The east, west, north and south. Who has changed this received

octrine? 'Holland. She has created another.' 'And is this other the best of all ?'

"At least it is the most prevalent in our flat country where no mountains or forests interrupt its course.—It never changes like the others, or it is from all points; it reigns in all places constantly and without interruption.³ "And you think it might be of use to me?" 'And you think it might be of use to me ? 'I would not presume to advise. 'Howev-er, I have seen members of the faculty admin-ister such singular remedies, and succeed by such unforeseen expedients, that the Togt as well as any other—' 'Might complete my cure,' cried Bertha.— 'Why not? Let us make a trial of it, father.'

'Be it so,' said the baron ; 'but where ?' 'In Holland.'

'I will go wherever you please, my child, 'May I be permitted to follow you?' asked the handsome Hollander.

You have a right to form one of the party, said the invalid with a emile. The necessary preperations were made fo

to feel for her the ten

The lesson was not finished.

Sentha became agitated and thoughtful-i was no longer the state of her health which disturbed her other cares occupied her mind. She so longer passed her hours in indolence. The best remedy for ennui is study to love. Each moment now had its occupation, its obon, its ob-

owever charming we may find Bloemendall

Bertha turned pale and trembled-she murmured hurriedly-'Do you think so? I do not-on the contrary-' The poor girl knew not what she was say-

'Allow me to finish my sentence' suid Baron with a smile. 'I think that young Windvyf.-'Ah !

Who has just asked me for your hand

it should me

by one of them. It is reasonable to presume that they will continue to move on harmoni-ously.-Professor Olmstead's Lecture.

Sinbad Outdone.-A letter received here from the Pacific contains an account of the following adventure and almost miracu-lous preservation of a boat's crew of the ship lussell, of Dartmouth, in June last, Whe

gust with life. She had only begun to live, since she knew Windvyft—her existence da-ted from Wiesbaden. But in the midst of human felicity, some doubt always disturbs our joys. 'Am I belov-ed ?' she asked herself, and the doubt was misery. 'Yes, he loves me,' she added, but she would have prefered that the answer had come from another. She knew that she was noble and rich, and she teared lest these concome from another. She knew that she was nohle and rich, and she leared lest these con-siderations had biased her lover. While she thus tormented herself, the Baron observed herin secret, and said to himself, 'she is saved.' Love is superstitious—it was clear to the beautiful German that the stranger at Wies-baden, had spoken to her of the *fifth wind*, on-ly in the design of enticing her to Holland, and becoming himself the fortunate and effica-cions panacea which would restore her to health. Besides, what a number of coinciden-ces were united—he was a *fifth* son : the cabanearth. Besides, what a number of coinciden-ces were united—he was a *fifth* son; the caba-lastic cypher—the mysterious number *five* was found in his name. She remembered that she had already refused four offers for mar-riage, and believed that she was destined to the *fifth* suiter. time the wind blew a gale. On the fourth day, the wind having abated, they succeeded in righting the boat and bailing out the water, made for land, and arrived at Tecamas. Meantime the ship had unsuccessfully cruised for several days in search of the boatand crew, when they put away for Tecamas, which

the fifth suiter. The Baron, one day, entered her apartment. My dear Bertha,' said he in a solemn tone, we cannot fix ourselves for an indefinite time, we cannot fix ourselves for an indefinite time,

Bs Something, no matter what, Thr

aside all collateral aids—off with your costs —and determine to work your way to— Providence, Providence has provided the ladder; there it is before you:—come mount, mount. Don't fold your arms until you can find something that suits your talents. Take the chisel—the saw—the axe—the hammer. We recollect a young gentleman, an intimate friend—who was a few years since wealthy, ton and g and his only com five in a cabin which he bullt I

The Bill which has passed the Hader the auspices of Col. Taliaferro, Briggs gives a pension of 380 per annimencing in 1842.

MAINE-The legislature rote of 100 to 19 has nd resolved 99 to 23 to maintain the Which will recede remains to be seen : time, we suppose, the People must be

THE TOMB OF HAFIZ.	and more oppressed than ever, Bertha grew weaker, day by day. They must leave the	enger assiduities of Windvyf, and the tender interest he had excited in Bertha; but he care- fully avoided the appearance of observing	and threw herself into his arms. "What did you reply father ?" "Nothing decisive as yet-however four		N.Y.
The object of greatest interest at Shiraz, is the spot where repose the mortal remains of the post Hafiz. His Mausolem is at the heart of	region of ice. 'Sir I what do you think of my daughter?' The baron was at Vienna, before an illustri-	them, lest he should check the growing af- fection, on which he founded his hopes of his daughter's health and hannings. His neter-	powerful motives, in my opinion, plead in his	No. He braced himself up for a fresh struggle, He minded not his delicate hands, but worked his passage from a Western port to New	Fazz trade ; low wages ; direc no protection to American indi
the fountain, so celebrated in his poems by the name of Roknabad.]	ous professor of the healing art. 'Sir I the case is rather serious. Made- moiselle has a derangement of the directive organs which has an injurious effect on the	nal solicitude had induced from to make inquir- iss concerning the young man, whole family he knew to be one of the most honorable in	The lovers were puited-Love had restor-	Orleans. Finding nothing to do there, he worked his way up to New York. There we found him busy and contented as of old	What will come of the above 1- bard bread, a hard bed, and hard
"Twas a sweet thought to make his grave Beside the limpid fountain's spring,	economy of her delicate constitution. Sea- bathing appears to me to be the only remedy.	an independent fortune, and was esteemed irreproachable in conduct, and the baron be-	the health of the beautiful traveller, and hap- piness followed love. Must we conclude from this accedots that	'What are you at now, Bill ?' 'At !oh, I'm porter to a broker in Wall.	Another Tyler Meeting Ano "Great Tyler Meetings" which a
The fountain of whose sparkling wave, He loved so well to sing.	said be to himself. This will be the last	and made an exercice to the Tenne. They	Love is the best physician, under whatever	'Why enough to live on. I receive nice	Briday evening last. The Bash Journal, which has been neeved
"Twas a sweet thought: than that bright No fitter epitaph could be- [stream Well did its wild sweet waters seem	shall have visited four cardinal points. ² He embarked for England—he selected the most celebrated bathing-placeon the Brit- ish coast. And entrusted his daughter to the	arrived at the fortress of Appatein. The rock on which it is built, was formerly, according to the legend, the abode of a horrible giant.	the Togt! I will not attempt to decide the question. The daughter of the Baron Von Hamstell placed in her boudoir, the statutes of the four	ing on his counter at night. Hal-hal-hal-hal -a broker's counter makes rather a hard bed.'	The whole proceeding was a for ginning to end, and the true friend ministration, if there were any pro-
To paint his destiny. At morn, when on its native bank	ocean. She was plunged into the salt-waters —tossed about by the waves and exposed to to the heavy fog—but more an invalid than	the depths of his cave, and took him prisoner in an iron net. To preserve this tradition, the	the second se	Your talents should make you look higher?	treme at the result of what will
Its freshness to the air it gave, The flowers of Shiraz only drank The sweetness of its wave;	ever in this climate of storms, Bertha seemed approaching the hour of the final conflict.— They were forced to leave the shores of the	Pended at the gate. "Farewell, beautiful Wiesbaden," murmer- ed Bertha.	attributes of his brothers, but appearing to have dominion over them. In his hand was a bandage, which had, no doubt fallen from his eves. At his feet were two garlands bearing	risk of starving, out of respect to my intents? I must do something. All I want is a foot- hold. Inquire for me in a year from now. In a year he had worked his way, up to	How sweet are the affections of ness! how helmy the influence of
But when inhaled by mid-day sun, It fell on earth in freshening showers,	mighty deep. 'Sir! what do you think of my daughter ?' The baron was at Brussels, questioning a Belgian empiric; the invalid was present.	'Do you regret to leave it ? asked Wind- vyf. 'Yes. I cannot be ungrateful.' 'You believe, then, that you have much to	the names of Bertha and Windwyf, and be- low was inscribed in letters of gold, nouses	be confidential book keeper in a large New York establishment. He will be admitted as a partner soon, and will acquire unother	which dwells around our fire who and doubt darket not the brights sity the cravings of interest and jo
For other lands it rained upon, And freshen'd other flowers.	'Sir !' replied the doctor, 'the case is not alarming in my opinion. Mademoiselle Von Hamstell has an affection of the liver. No wa-	thank it for.	The Spider A gentleman on one of the wharves at Edgartown, noticed a large spider	fortune. He adopted the true method to keep out of mischief.	kindness and filial affection bloss all the freshness of an eteranl sprit
The poet's lot! the Persian maids Breathed the first sweetness of his lay;	tering places, no drugs, no physic. We must try the effects of the different winds.' 'Say no more,' cried Bertha with indigna-	'Windvyf was filled with joy at these words. I have a favor to ask you,' said he with some embarransment. 'My mother who is a wid-	floating on a chip; the tide was rouning out of the harbor and the wind blowing on shore, and the spider, after surveying all parts of his	"HENRY CLAY. "Holome the principle that a citizen, so long as a single pulsation remains, is under	to our dear circle, and tak mairent
But when from Shiraz' pleasant shades His spirit passed away,	tion. From that day the baron attempted no more	ow and fond of retirement, lives at a charm- ing country-seat near Harlasm. She has sent to me to place her house at your disposal. She	vessal, found himself near the outer corner of a wharf, when perceiving that he should drift	an obligation to exert his utmost energies in the service of his country, whether in a pri-	Dignity. The Springfield (M
His song of love, and flower, and hird, To distant nations softly came, Till scarce a land that hath not heard	her desire of visiting the Rhine, and thus it was that the herress of the house of Von Ham- stell happened to be at the baths of Wiesba-	would be happy and proud to receive you. A refusal would give her pain. The offer was accepted. Windwyf was at the sumit of heppiness.	were fortunately blown against the pile, and firmly fixed. Having thus successed in ma- king fast to the whart, the ingenious voyager	assured that in either condition I shall stand erect, with a spirit unconquered, while, life endures, ready to accoud their exertions in the cause of union and liberty,"- Hearn Class	meeting in Westitets, last wonit, the result of balleting for solars following manage: Gunileman, we of the cotes, and our licket a sig
The Persian Poet's name!	I nor				