

Advertisements in advance. All news items, original or reprinted, must be paid for when accepted. For copy price, see the inside of the paper.

POETRY.

ALL THINGS PERISH SAVE VIRTUE. BY THOMAS POWERS. Sweet music—'e'en the lovely song, Which from my harp in window night.

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?

And all that's beautiful and fair On Nature's face—love's melody, That makes the sweet music of the air, All—all must die!

But the bright soul?—That, shrined within— The quenchless light in mortal form— Tho' 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 shap'd—in endless joy or woe— Eternity!"

ON SEEING A CHILD FALL ASLEEP AMID ITS SPORTS.

Wearied with pleasure! Oh, how deep Such slumber seems to be— Thou fairy creature! I could weep As thus I gaze on thee;

Wearied with pleasure! what a sound To greet a world worn ear! Can we who tread life's giddy round, Sleep like the cherub here?

Wearied with pleasure! Does the wing Of angels fan thy brow? Sweet child, do birds about thee sing And blossoms round thee blow?

THE TOMB OF HAFIZ.

[The object of greatest interest at Shiraz is the spot where repose the mortal remains of the poet Hafiz. His Mausoleum is at the heart of the fountain, so celebrated in his poems by the name of Roknabad.]

'Twas a sweet thought to make his grave Beside the limpid fountain's spring, The fountain of whose sparkling wave, He loved so well to sing.

'Twas a sweet thought: than that bright No fitter epitaph could be— [stream Well did its wild sweet waters seem To paint his destiny.

At morn, when on its native bank Its freshness to the air it gave, The flowers of Shiraz: only drank The sweetness of its wave;

The Fifth Wind.

FROM THE PRINCE OF THE VIOLETS, A ROMANCE. IN ONE ACT. BY MISS MARY BAKER FOSTER. In one last-look country, said one day to me a learned professor of Amsterdam, Mr. V.

There's a fifth wind, which the most terrible of all, comes at the same time from the East, West, North and South—it has no fixed direction; for it blows in all—it is as changeable as the scenes of a play, or the opinions of a Frenchman.

THE FIFTH WIND.

In the charming promenade of the Cursal Wiesbaden, was to be met a few years since the beautiful Bertha Von Hamstel. Young and rich, but melancholy and suffering, life had no charms for her.

The Baron Von Hamstel, of a noble German family, was devotedly attached to this, his only child. He consulted the most celebrated physicians, but none of them could cure her.

'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.

'Sir! what do you think of my daughter?' The baron was at Turin with a Sardinian Esculapion. 'A very serious case,' replied the doctor, with an air half serious, half jesting.

'Sir! what do you think of my daughter?' The baron was at Brussels, questioning a Belgian empiric; the invalid was present. 'Sir! replied the doctor, 'the case is not alarming in my opinion.'

THE COMET.

Although the comet itself be a great body, the world burns at the North we understand derive much comfort in support of their theory from the fact that there is said to be something like cities millions of miles of tall reaching down into the ether, and that there is reason to suppose a daily addition to the length of the same in the lateral direction in which a comet's tail will be expected to grow.

Comets—As the dangers to be apprehended from the collision of the earth with a comet, it may in the first place, be shown that the chance that a comet will strike the earth is almost infinitely small, and even if it should meet us, the body is so rare that it could not penetrate the atmosphere.

But in the midst of human felicity, some doubt always disturbs our joys. 'Am I beloved?' she asked herself, and the doubt was only quieted when she added, but she would have preferred that the answer had come from another.

'You have a right to form one of the party,' said the invalid with a smile. 'The necessary preparations were made for their departure. The baron had marked the eager assiduity of Windy, and the tender interest he had excited in Bertha; but he carefully avoided the appearance of observing them.

'Who has just asked me for your hand?' Bertha interrupted him, by a cry of joy and threw herself into his arms. 'What did you reply father?

'Allow me to finish my sentence,' said Baron with a smile. 'I think that young Windy—' 'Ah!

'The daughter of the Baron Von Hamstel placed in her boudoir, the statues of the four winds. They were represented kneeling before a winged figure, with an expression of arch mischief on his countenance—having the attributes of his brothers, but appearing to have dominion over them.

'The Spizler.' A gentleman on one of the wharves at Edgartown, noticed a large spider floating on a chip; the tide was running out of the harbor and the wind blowing on shore, and the spider, after surveying all parts of the wharf, found himself near the outer corner of a wharf, when perceiving that he should drift by, commenced spinning his web.

'Hold on the principle that a citizen, so long as a single pulsation remains, is under an obligation to exert his utmost energies in the service of his country, whether in a private or public station, my friends may rest assured that in either condition I shall stand erect, with a spirit unconquered, while the banner, ready to ascend their exertions in the cause of union and liberty.'

THE LOCOCOFO BANNER.

FRAX TRADE; LOW WAGES; DIRECT TAXATION; NO PROTECTION TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY; HARD MONEY—yes, hard to get and hard to keep!

Another Tyler Meeting: Another of the "Great Tyler Meetings" which are going the rounds of the country, came off at Boston on Friday evening last.

How sweet are the allowances of social kindness! how lovely the influence of that regard which dwells around our friends!

Dignity. The Springfield (Mass.) Gazette says that the Locofoco chairman of the year meeting in Westfield, last week, announced the result of balloting for candidates in the town of Westfield.

THE SPIDER. A gentleman on one of the wharves at Edgartown, noticed a large spider floating on a chip; the tide was running out of the harbor and the wind blowing on shore.

THE SPIDER. A gentleman on one of the wharves at Edgartown, noticed a large spider floating on a chip; the tide was running out of the harbor and the wind blowing on shore.

THE SPIDER. A gentleman on one of the wharves at Edgartown, noticed a large spider floating on a chip; the tide was running out of the harbor and the wind blowing on shore.

THE SPIDER. A gentleman on one of the wharves at Edgartown, noticed a large spider floating on a chip; the tide was running out of the harbor and the wind blowing on shore.

THE SPIDER. A gentleman on one of the wharves at Edgartown, noticed a large spider floating on a chip; the tide was running out of the harbor and the wind blowing on shore.

THE SPIDER. A gentleman on one of the wharves at Edgartown, noticed a large spider floating on a chip; the tide was running out of the harbor and the wind blowing on shore.