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COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE STAR. THE PASSIONS.

When Moore, heavenly maid, was young, While yet in early bloom she sang, 'Tis passions oft, to hear her shell, Through'd around her magic cell.

They snatch'd her instruments of sound, LOVE.

'Yes, Love indeed is light from Heaven; A spark of that immortal fire With angels shared, by Alla given, To lift from earth our low desires. To motion wake the mind above, But Heaven itself descends in Love; A feeling from the Godhead caught, To warm from self each aortal thought; A ray of him who form'd the whole; A glory circling round the soul!'

'The Gleaner'—BRONX.

'This is one of the master passions of the human soul, and when experienced in the plenitude of its power, its devotees embrace with ecstatic energy and uncontrolled dominion all the complicated and powerful faculties of man. It was implanted in the human bosom for the noblest and most beneficent of purposes; and when restricted to its legitimate objects, and restrained within due bounds by moral sentiment, may be called the great fountain of human happiness.

No passion incidental to humanity embraces so vast a space, and such an infinite multiplicity of objects. It commences in the cradle with tender emotions of filial attachment and veneration for our parents; it accompanies and animates us through all the chequered vicissitudes of life, attaching itself to every object which can afford us enjoyment or happiness, and finally in accompanying us to the last resort of all the living, it concentrates all its pure and sublime energies at the great fountain of existence, the throne of the living God.

Like all other elementary principles of human nature the essence of love is the keener research of philosophy and science, and its existence can only be recognized by consciousness of its presence, and the effects which are manifested in every department of life, by multiplied exhibitions of its energies. It attaches the infant to its parent, and the domicile of its earliest days of helplessness and dependence; it attaches the youth to the objects of his playful years, to the companions of his innocent and festive mirth, and to the first objects of his youthful fancy.

The beneficent and heavenly aspirations of Love are every where to be found; they kindle the solitary and warlike savage to his native forests; the Moor, the Arab, and the Negro, to the burning plains of the torrid zone; the Russian, the Swede, the Norwegian, and Laplander, to the snows and glaciers of the polar regions, and the courtly and civilized European and American to the refinements and comforts of the more temperate regions of the globe.

If you require proofs of the truth of this universal doctrine of love, ask the parent what price would induce him to part with his children; ask the husband of a woman of elevated and noble character, what sum in gold jewels he would consider equivalent to her value; ask the savage what would induce him to abandon the dangers of the chase, and the deep and silent solitudes of nature, and to reside in your crowded cities, amidst the hum of business and the confusion of assembled multitudes. Ask the Samoian and Laplander what would induce them to change the fogs and snows of the north, for the mild and balmy temperatures of countries presenting eternal spring and unending verdure. They will tell you that they love their parents, their wives, their friends, their country.

The writer goes on to speak of involuntary Love; and very conclusively demonstrates its existence and effects. He remarks:

'No two human beings, especially of different sexes, and more especially if their affections were engaged by previous prepossessions, were ever yet in the presence of each other for any length of time, without experiencing the force, in a greater or less degree, of the sympathy or antipathy before noticed. When the attraction is mutually strong, the parties soon become conscious of a congeniality of temper, disposition, taste, and sensibilities. This sympathetic attraction has by some writers on the subject, been denominated 'love at first sight.' When on the other hand, the physical, moral and intellectual characters of the parties are essentially and radically different from each other, in other words, and in more fashionable phraseology, when the natural characters of the parties are the direct antipodes of each other, the repulsive powers of natural antipathy are so strongly experienced as to produce involuntary hatred, if not fixed and unalterable sentiments of contempt and detestation. I am thus particular in giving my opinions on these subjects, not only because I know that their correctness will be sanctioned by the actual experience of thousands, but because I trust they will be of service to many, in disclosing the extreme danger to human happiness, which invariably arises from uniting those to each other, by merely artificial and factitious ties whom God and nature have put asunder. By opposition of native character, I mean a plain dissimilarity of temperaments, tastes, and intellectual and moral qualities. Can physical and moral beauty be in love with physical deformity, and moral depravity of character? Can intelligence be in love with stupidity? Innocence and spotless purity with guilt and corruption? Love is a mysterious passion, and often involuntary; but the writer has ascribed an influence rather too powerful and decisive to attractive and repulsive principles. Some individuals, of both sexes, are perpetually changing in their devotions—they are easily captivated by, and as easily diverted to some other object; and if such ever love it is at first slightly involuntary, and afterwards kept alive by flattery

and deception. Hence, their happiness is ever in extreme jeopardy. A lady of this character is addressed by a gentleman of fashion, and of handsome appearance; at first, she may even avoid and view him with disgust; but let him just converse with her five minutes, and she regards him with tolerable complacency; five minutes more, and her vanity is excited, and her feelings are to her apparently in kind unison with his own! Ladies, is it not so? But beware! Such a man is borne on passion's restless whirl—link your life with his, and those smiles and words that flattered and excited your vanity, will degenerate into sarcastic sneers and cutting reproach! There are others, of both sexes, who feel involuntarily love, but it is chilled and turned into hate by a repulse, or the reflection that the object is high and unapproachable; but if the object of their love should deign to stoop to them, the warm reaction of love is mingled with gratitude, and they even wonder that there are many things in heaven and earth that have not been dreamt of in their philosophy!'

But it is not safe that any of either sex should depend altogether upon involuntary love. The gentleman may slide smoothly on from 18 to 25—sustained and animated by this principle, but still unsuccessful; at 30 he will become wide awake—at 35 or 40 still wake, but still more insensible to the gentle emotions of love. Perhaps, if youth had ventured far into the lazy dance of life—participated in the riotous throng, or payed devotion to virtue in unobtrusive garb—made one virtue when even his heart was cold, to the object, the blandishments of reciprocated love might have enlisted his nobler feelings, and given him 'heaven's last best gift.'

But that Love which can alone bear scathed the fiery ordeal of life must be refined in the holy fire of Virtue, and be founded upon known qualities of excellence in the object. Upon this principle, should the virtuous and refined seek congeniality with the vicious and illiterate? No. Well, why is it then? The fairest flowers are crushed by these unnatural associations; and it will ever be thus, unless the ladies learn to distinguish between virtue and vice. True,

'Vice is a monster of such frightful mien, That to be hated needs but to be seen.'

But how can a lady see vice in the fascinating smile of her admirer—or listen to his loud laugh of midnight revelry? Can she mark the remorse that chills the wild tide of life, and leaves the deep groan, when he is alone, in his chamber? She cannot. But he, an shaker of this fell deception, and address her with studied art and deep design; she may marry him; but the tender wild-vine hath embraced the tough and rotten oak, soon to be riven by the storms of contending elements. We might have remained sinless and immortal had not the arch-fiend approached her in the brilliant folds and unning flattery of the serpent—she might have escaped vice had the same mon-spirit remained unchanged as Milton describes him when descending from the sun. Let the ladies, if they would secure wedded happiness, avoid all from upon the licentious and abandoned—for they may rest assured that a man may smile and be a villain to! As to them, they smile enough, as some of them more than enough, but whether deception lurks beneath the smile I do not pretend to say! 'Thy have their faults—but woman! 'Wh all thy faults I love thee still!'

H.

For the Star.

An Editor.—Sir, I have observed and proved of the fidelity and perseverance of your correspondents in their laudable efforts for the reformation of that part of our species, bearing the antiquated name of "BACKSLIDERS."

'Itates' especially has abundant cause for rejoicing, by observing the success he has met with; and for his encouragement, be pleased to publish to the world, the luminous epistle of a learner, Abecedarian, who, although his loci are bleached by storms of 60 winters has the courage to address an accomplished, and highly beautiful young lady of the same profession. It is a true copy, and may serve as a specimen for others of a like "mind." You cannot but observe how modestly he poses the question, and how he raises his expectation of felicity—giving the best of precedents for his passion; and scattering any objections she may have about his age to the winds! Whether he succeeded, report sayeth; but taking his learning, modest and decondescension, but above all, an exalted opinion of the fair sex, in consideration, his lady love, on its receipt, must have spoken and looked—"unutterable things!"—But to the document:

DEAR MISS.

From th small acquaintance I have had with you I am convinced you are qualified to make me man happy for learning and good sense is two great qualifications to make persons married state happy; now Miss consider th each one following the same occupation life might make it more agreeable even in inversion. For a clown

to converse with a Lady of a refined mind would not be agreeable or for a lady in limited circumstance to marry a rich man and be should be a drinking character then in that case she would be compelled to stand under; For if she undertook to reprimand him he would abuse, and even mention he had taken her out of the ashes; as he considers a little property is more valuable than good qualities or a cultivated mind. As I have seen within my own eyes and have heard with my ears. So I am determined to marry no woman for her property and this to be thrown up to me when even there being a small portion to make them & companions happy through life. I hope Miss, you will take these things into consideration and just as you may think proper, and if I should be so good as to answer this letter in writing, As I address Ladies of learning by way of Letter and those who are not viva voce! (that is verbally). I have a large House unoccupied by a Female—Teacher! As I think you may be an advantage through life I will try to make you as happy as I can. Perhaps you may find some fault of my age; But remember Miss that the greater man was ever raised in N. America his mother was sixteen and his father forty five; take all these things into consideration and write me by the first safe opportunity.

So I conclude by saying I am a friend to all females of a refined mind; for I think they are like marble brought out of the quarry.

SAM PATHEPIC.

The language and punctuation are Sam's, the italics are yours truly, ICHABOD.

From the New York Mirror.

THE CURSE OF NEPTUNE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

'What ho!' cried Neptune, one calm night, 'Death and fire! Pluto! Jupiter! Juno! Amphitrite! what ho!'

Never was monarch in such a rage; never was rage so powerful. The blue sky began to be blackened with heavy clouds. The winds rose, the waves heaved, and distant thunders muttered along the horizon. The rivers and fountains poured their troubled waters more furiously into the ocean; the dolphins and sea-horses which drew his chariot-shell, snorted, and splashed, and pricked up their ears; the mountains and the forests trembled; whales, sea-serpents, and other marine monsters tumbled up in haste and terror from their profound grottoes, and all the tritons, nereides and sea divinities which inhabit his watery kingdom, collected around the wrathful god to know what the deuce was the matter. Even the great deep itself gave forth a low tone of fear at the sudden fury of its king.

'I have been robbed!' cried the monarch, stamping his foot, whereat three or four islands were raised from the bottom to the surface of the waves. Some daring land-lubber has stolen my trident; but, by the beard of my father Saturn, he shall feel what it is to trifle with old Neptune! What ho! Jupiter, awake, and bear a hand with your thunder.

Even while he spoke an earthquake shook three quarters of the globe, and disturbed the sleep of Jupiter himself on the summit of Olympus. There was throughout the whole universe the very deuce to pay. Jupiter in rising, yawned so loud, that several temples were shaken down, and Juno screamed—'What on earth is the matter?' in such an angry and shrill tone, that the inferior gods and goddesses could not help covering their ears with their hands and making horrible faces at the discord. Those supernaturals are none of them remarkable for moderation or self-control, but when Juno once gets her temper up, she is the very old satan.

'What is the matter?' exclaimed all at once. After a moment's silence, a report was received that Neptune had raised all this clamor because he had lost his trident.

'Confound the fellow! He might at least have waited till morning,' said Jupiter, with another yawn.

'He is an infernal old fool,' said Juno.

'I will break his head with a sledge-hammer,' cried Vulcan.

'By heaven! he shall give me the satisfaction of a gentleman,' muttered Mars, in a fury.

'Cupid, my love,' said Venus, re-tying her night-cap, 'we'll plague him well for this to-morrow.'

'Where is my sceptre?' cried Jupiter. 'I'll call a council this instant. To disturb us in this style—the whole assembly of the gods—for a loss merely private! Where the deuce is my sceptre?'

But the sceptre was gone. Jupiter turned pale with rage.

'Why, gods,' cried he, 'it is not possible! Juno, my dear, look about—curse that eagle—he's always in the way when he's not wanted—look behind the throne. By the Styx! Who has dared? All Tartary shall stir for this! Hand me those thunderbolts! What ho! my sceptre!'

'Oh, ho!' said Venus, slyly smiling, 'how much more severely we feel our own losses than those of others.'

'Mamma,' said Cupid, 'shall I plague Jupiter too?'

'Be quiet, my child,' said Venus.

'I really thought Jupiter had more dignity,' said Mars; 'he is just as furious as old Neptune him elf.'

'I wish he would be a little careful how he handles these thunderbolts though,' whispered Venus, in some alarm!

'Hang him!' said Mars, 'he'll let them off at me next. Oh! if battle's the word, I'll not be behindhand; but halloo—what the deuce—where's my sword—halloo—traitors—thunder—death—famine and fire—who has got my sword! Vulcan, you black rascal!'

'No jaw,' said Vulcan.

'I demand my sword,' cried Mars.

'Don't bully me!' said Vulcan, 'but heaven and earth!' and he turned white as a sheet through the soot which begrimed his face, 'some person has broken into my shop and made off with my best hammer, two anvils, and a new pair of patent bellows.'

Venus laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

'Was ever such a scene!' cried she, 'all heaven turned upside down by the loss of a few paltry trifles which will be found again, doubtless, in the morning.'

'But, mama, it's very curious you could have stolen them,' cried Cupid.

'Very, my dear; and, new I think of it, I am glad I did not take off my girdle last night before I went to bed; let me see, it could scarcely be abstracted, I think, while clasped around my waist—ah!'

She uttered a terrible scream. The girl was gone.

'Well!' said Minerva, with great dignity 'here's a pretty kettle of fish.' At the same time she quietly retired to a respectful distance from Jupiter, his thunderbolts, and the rest of the highly excited assembly; 'it's all very fine,' continued the grave goddess, placing her finger on her nose, 'D. L. O.'

It is not easy to say exactly how this would have turned out, for Mars was stamping about like a raving madman; Vulcan, armed with a huge iron bar, was rushing to and fro in desperate wrath, and Jupiter had raised his thunderbolts high in air, and was just going to let fly among the crowd promiscuously, when a cry arose that the thief was taken. A fierce-looking under deity; the Jacob Hays of Olympus, walked into the assembly, having one hand upon the throat of a young man, and on the other arm a parcel of things which, on being thrown down at the foot of Jupiter's ivory throne, proved to be the missing articles. Juno handed up the sceptre which her royal consort received with a smile; Venus fastened on her girdle, sobbing all the while; Vulcan seized his welcome property, and struck a tremendous blow on the ground with his hammer, which came near mashing Juno's toes; and Mars unheeded his blade with a savage grin, gave three or four flourishes in the air, and returned it to the scabbard with a violence which made the whole heavens ring again. Neptune's trident alone remained on the floor.

'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' said Jupiter, with more than his usual composure, 'you see the folly of getting into a passion. Take example by me, and be always calm and philosophical under every vicissitude.'

The gods looked at each other in silence, and Cupid winked to his mother, and coughed slightly.

'Be silent, you impudent young scoundrel,' said Jupiter, 'and now let us see who is that audacious varlet of a thief. Come here, sir, step up; who the deuce are you?'

'My name is Mercury,' said the handsome youth.

'And pray, Mr. Mercury, how dared you steal my sceptre?'

'And my girdle, monster,' said Venus.

'And my sword, wretch?' thundered Mars.

'And my new patent bellows, you rascal,' added Vulcan.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said the prisoner, with a sweet smile, 'keep—oh; and you, father of men and gods, hear my story. I was born of a very genteel family; my grandfather was Atlas, a great landholder; my mother was the beautiful Maia—'

'And who was your father?' demanded Juno, somewhat briskly.

'Shut your fly-trap,' said Jupiter.

'My father is the honorable monarch of men and gods, before whom I have now the mortification to stand a captive.'

'So, ho!' said Juno.

'I possessed myself of these articles, continued the prisoner, 'not from any desire to retain them, but in order to recommend myself to your notice, oh gods, whom I had an ambition to serve.'

'You are a charming fellow,' said Jupiter; 'Juno, be quiet; I like you, and will employ you. You shall be my messenger, interpreter, and cup bearer. I present you this winged cap, and these wings for your feet. With them you may go wherever you please with the greatest celerity, and be invisible when you desire. You shall be my ambassador and plenipotentiary, and your first duty shall be to seek Neptune, and return to him the trident with my compliments.'

'But, sire, perhaps the old fellow will be less indulgent than you, for my jest.'

'Fear not, he shall not harm you; make yourself scarce—tramp, begone!'

And Mercury, with a bound disappeared.

Old Neptune was in a snorting rage. He had turned the ocean upside down; he had swept off villages and towns, and shattered a score of rocky coasts and mountains to pieces. The sea gods entreated his majesty to be calm, and intimated that he was only injuring his own subjects. He replied—

'Variety and vagabonds, bring me my trident!'

At length Mercury appeared, and with three bows, (for Mercury had travelled, and was wonderfully polite, returned the trident, and related the story.

'Why, you desperate thief,' cried the watery god, the brine dripping from his hoary beard, 'you impudent varlet, Jupiter's compliments?—that for Jupiter; you his ambassador? you his confidant? you be hanged! by Olympus! you are a plebeian.'

I tell you what; old chap,' said the ambassador, 'you might about as well keep a civil tongue in your head.'

'Earthquakes and thunder! you rascal,' rejoined the enraged king, 'if ever I catch you upon my realms again, I'll give you to my monsters; you shall make a bonne bouche for one of my whales; avant, you ragamuffin.'

'That for you!' said Mercury, snapping his thumb and finger under the very nose of the god, 'that—that—that for you! your monsters and you may go to Pluto. Oh, o-d chap, no bragging, no bullying with me, I'm none of your dolphins.'

'Why, you unutterable son of a gun!' cried Neptune, bursting with wrath, 'so help me Saturn my father, if ever I catch you an inch on my domain again, I'll drown you like a blind kitten—you're a scaramouch; curse me if ever I saw such a harlequin.'

'Oh, you vulgar old fool,' said Mercury, in the most tantalizing manner, lighting on the edge of the chariot, and sticking his chin defiantly in the face of his enemy, 'you're a regular loafer, and so far from refraining to come myself upon your kingdom, I'll teach man to traverse it as a high-road; I'll have it overrun with boats, ships—whole fleets. By the Styx! I'll people it with steam boats.'

So saying, and snapping his fingers again at his foe, now altogether speechless with rage, he leaped into the air, and was off in the twinkling of an eye. Neptune ducked beneath the flood. My pen is mortal—it cannot paint his feelings.

In about three minutes Mercury alighted in Phœnicia on the banks of the river Eleutherus, which falls into the Mediterranean below the island of Aradus. He there saw a shepherd standing on the shore contemplating some trees on the other side of the stream.

'What are you looking at?' cried Mercury.

'That fine fruit,' answered the shepherd. 'I have been here all my life tending flocks.—There are no fruit trees on this side the stream. Every Autumn that fruit ripens and falls, and is eaten by the birds, and though I behold it for ever, I can never reach it.'

'Can't you swim?' asked the god.

'No,' said the shepherd, 'and if I could, it is too far for a swimmer.'

'Look here!' said Mercury; just lend me your axe.'

'Straightway he went and cut down a tree, chopped off the branches, hewed out the trunk, constructed a pair of oars—and behold, a boat!'

'Jump in,' said Mercury; 'don't be afraid.'

'In five minutes the shepherd reached the long desired spot, and had soon eaten as much as he wished.

'Now,' said Mercury, 'where are you going?'

'Back again to my sheep, to be sure,' replied the shepherd.

'What! won't you take some fruit for your wife and children. You can carry it in the boat, you know.'

'L!' said the simple shepherd, 'do teel—'

'You can do more,' rejoined Mercury; 'you can take over not only enough for your wife and children, but enough to sell to the other shepherds. You can make them barter for it their flocks and hamlets; and you can supply the towns and villages of the surrounding country; you can make yourself a rich man.'

'Now, only think of that!' said the shepherd. 'Heaven bless your worship, there's learning.'

'Good morning to you,' cried Mercury.

'Good morning to your worship,' cried the swain, who was busily picking the fruit; that Mercury leaped up and was off, before he was aware of it.

'Heaved'! he's gone!' said the shepherd. 'That fellow's a screamer; wonder who he is; but no matter; now for it.'

By the time the sun set, he had a dozen loads piled up safely on the other side of the stream.

In a short time the rivers were covered with boats. Mercury chuckled over the success of his plan. At length a rich Phœnician built a vessel, with which he determined to cross to a neighboring country. All the gods watched the enterprise with interest,

and Neptune with indignation. The vessel was built, launched, rigged, manned, and a party of the owner's friends came on board to put forth. It was the first time the sea had ever been profaned by mortal presence. A confused horror pervaded the deep. The nereides and tritons shook with fear; the sea monsters rose from their dark abysses to the surface of the water and tumbled about in agitation, while Neptune, calling around him all his force, whipped up his terrified dolphins and startled steeds, determined to execute vengeance on each one of the rash mortals who had dared to intrude into his solemn dominion. The adventurers put forth. They were no sooner embarked than the tempest was loosened; the billows rolled in liquid mountains, the wind blew a hurricane, the frail boat was enveloped in foam, and buried beneath the briny deep.

tune swore great guns. At length the clouds cleared away, the laughing, blue sky appeared, and the waves subsided.

'So, ho!' said Neptune, nearly out of breath, taking off his tarpawlin hat and hanging it on one of the corners of his chariot, 'let them put that in their pipe and smoke it.'

What was his astonishment on beholding that the daring bark still floated safely on the bosom of the ocean, and that the mariners, having furl'd the sails during the gale, were now unfolding them to the gentle zephyrs which wafted them directly on their course.

'My eye!' said the frowning god, 'you don't say so! We'll try you another tack, then! Tritons, nereides, nymphs, attend! those detestable and audacious mortals come in spite of me; down with the intruders into my kingdom. Each become invisible, each select your victim and strike, with your unseen power, every mother's son of them.'

The unsuspecting mortals advanced; the fatal spirits surrounded the vessel; the crew and passengers were abandoning themselves to gaily, when lo! the dreadful signal was given; the curse of the god descended; the strength forsook their limbs; the blood left their cheeks and lips; death was in their hearts! The deck was covered with the bodies of the expiring wretches, when Mercury, who had been on a distant expedition, suddenly perceived what was going on, darted to Jupiter with the velocity of light, knelt and prayed for the deliverance of his protégés.

'I cannot undo that which my royal brother has done in his own kingdom,' said Jupiter.

'Then, oh! arrest his hand,' cried Mercury; 'at least spare their lives.' His tears moved the omnipotent ruler of all things.

'Be it so,' he said; 'they shall not die, let them live! And the next moment the winged messenger of heaven was in the chariot of the ocean god.

'Oh, ho! you have come, old Beeswax, have you; but you are a little late in the day!' cried Neptune, with a grim smile.

'Belay your jaw,' replied Mercury; 'know that there is a limit even to your power; they shall not die. It is the decree of Jupiter.'

'I am satisfied,' said Neptune, who had been regarding the agonies of his victims; 'I am satisfied; let them live; much good may it do them. When they first appeared on my free and untrodden billows, I thought death was their only doom; but I see there is a worse penalty. Foul these wretches are praying for death to release them from sufferings more than infernal.—Let them live then. They shall never find that sweet repose under my hand; but, mark me, they shall not, in after ages, intrude with impunity into my empire. I command you, spirits of the deep, to hover ever over the borders of my realm; watch the appearance of these hardy adventurers; strike them with the horrors that shall make death a vain hope, a fruitless prayer. Bend their proud souls to acknowledge our power. Let them feel the presence of an insulted god. Laugh at their livid lips, their blanched cheeks, their glassy and up turned eyes, their trembling and sinking frames. Mock their groans, and add to their despair. Let that which has been their delight, become their horror. Transmute the most savoury food into worse than poison; and let the beverage which generally inspires them with rapture, now make them faint to think of it. Let them experience all the anguish and agony of death, without its relief, and suffer the tortures of Tartarus, even surrounded by the luxuries of earth. Let their anguish be without sympathy among each other; but let cruel laughter ring in their ears, till the scuffer in his turn, falls beneath my power.—The fates decree that I cannot exclude them from the sea; but I can punish their unhallowed boldness. I curse them with sea-sickness! and so be they cursed.'

Mercury was about to reply, when he heard Jupiter roaring for a goblet of nectar. Knowing his royal master to be of a somewhat impatient disposition, and not feeling disposed to take

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