POETRY
AND
PROSE
SELECTED
BY
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The
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Variety is pleasing.
INTRODUCTION

Here's something perhaps will amuse.
Perhaps will defuse a dull hour.
And if so then do not refuse
The good that is now in your power.
Oh dulness! thou foe of all bliss
To dwell with the hermit and sage.
Be banished from circles like this.
And seek out your own native ease.

And critics what are you to me.
Your rage you may have spent in vain.
Tis Byron and Scott that you see.
And others as dear too to fame.
You know that the earth yields its fruits.
And man ever culs out the best.
So here of all authors that suit.
We take and put by all the rest.

A song sung by Phillips you'll find.
The words they are taken from Moore.
An essay perhaps on the mind.
And then to the girl I adore.
And Hyman oft makes a fair speech.
The lover too heaves a deep sigh.
Their joys are peculiar to each.
Their pains none can tell till they try.
An acrostic then six up a page,
An Epigram sixt y and nine;
The wisdom that dwellst in the sage,
And things that make candles burn blue.
The Stoic may here learn to smile,
And man become stoic to care;
The slyly may learn a new sty.
Nor Bachelors ever despair.

This thus that this book is made out,
A medly we call it in rhyme,
Is something like one with the soul,
That hobbles and rules the sublime,
And ye who have patience to read,
Paz read it you can with a grace,
Don't hurry like fai with his blood,
When backward had mounted his seat.

Nor like him maliciously child.
When ponz with hind foot in stirrup,
As Pat thought was meanling to ride,
When all would have done one with a cheer up.
The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than many persons who have supported a course of unceasing rectitude. And this is right; for the single effort by which we stop short in the downward hill to petition is itself a greater exertion of virtue than an hundred acts of justice.

Penitence asks more than a sigh or a tear. It must sorrow indeed, and with a sorrow measured by the purity of that God, whom we have offended, but this is only its first step, in the celestial course. — The second prayer, the animated prayer for the arrow which would reach the clouds, must part from the bent bow, and the strained arm, a stubborn but humble effort at amendment follow these and attest their sincerity. These borne on the incense of a Savior's sufferings shall find their way to Heaven.

Solid love whose root is virtue can no more die Than virtue itself.
I, notice to beauty, wit, and sense,
As ne'erall'd in the present tense,
I, look sternly at me, while I sit,
To imprudent scribbler, void of wit,
To Julia's character to hit.

Greatness of mind, a tender heart,
Of softest passions sharing hence its part,
In refinement both in thought and manners too,
In honour, and justice giving each his due,
All these rich graces, join'd with thousand more,
To make Julia lov'd and honour'd more and more.

I, wrote by a word, a glance a smile a nod,
Of our fine affections idolize this God,
Vows oaths, plights of persuasive prove,
Eyes are the sweetest harbinger of love.

Beauty and wit must die,
Learning will fade away,
But virtue will remain forever.
Soldiers' Grave.

"There rests upon the soldier's grave, 
A form so splendid, and so pure, 
That trace of fond affection love, 
To tell and make the soul endure.

"That sod which binds the narrow cell, 
Shall bloom with foliage evergreen, 
The mind, that whistled by, shall tell 
How brave the tenant one had been.

"The widow shall in grief repair, 
To this, the gloomy field of death, 
The breath to him a bough to war, 
That gave and with drew his breath.

"The orphan too, shall learn to weep, 
And seek the land his sire has trod; 
Where side by side the heroes sleep, 
Drown'd by their country and their God.

"Life is a shadow—soon the sun 
That casts it to the earth, shall set, 
And man a few brief gladsome runs, 
The joy and sorrow shall forget.

Yet there is hope, when life is fled, 
Of blissful meeting and cheering fare; 
And in that hope, through life I've said, 
'Pour on—I will endure.'"
Breath not a sigh for me
When I am gone;
But let my grave place be
Deasy and lone:
Let the rude tempest rave
A requiem o'er my grave;
And sing these lines:
But place a wild rose near
My narrow bed:
(Emblem of one too dear—)
(Still dear though dead.)
cherish its tender root,
Let no rude stranger's foot
Bow down its head.
Yes, 'twas a lovely flower
My bosom wore;
Fast was its beauty's power—
May it ever
Death, in a glowing hour,
Tore it from love's own bower,
To bloom no more
Winter will blight the rose
Thou planted for me;
Spring will new life disclose—
'Twill flourish free;
And my heart's flower shall bloom
Brightly, beyond the tomb.
Eternally!
"Sweet is the manna of the flat
That whispers thru the summer grove;
Soft is the tone of friendship's tale,
And softer still the voice of love.
Yet softer far the tears that flow
To morn — to soothe another's woe!"

"Richer than richest diadem
That glitter on the monarch's brow;
Vaster than ocean's furthest gem
In all that wealth and art can show.
The drop that swells in pity's eye,
The pearl of sensibility.

"Is there a spark in earthly mould,
I fraught with one ray of Heaven's fire?
Dost man one trait of virtue hold,
That even angels must admire?
That, rank in Phoebus' radiant glow,
That trust the tear for others' woe!"

"So sink in nature last decay,
"Without a friend to morn the fall —
To mark its embers die away:
Deprived by none — unrequited all.
Why — this is sorrow's deadliest curse,
Nor hate, nor hell, can form a worse!"
Hail, glorious orb! thou shinest to thy rest
In bright tranquility, yet hast behind
An ever-jaried world, which is a sea
Of griefs, and sorrows, and ills of every kind.

Thou smilest at parting, for that world vanes
And thou unconsolable of its crafty guile.
Thou art that bright gladness which refreshes
And that contentment, sparkles in its smile.

But didst thou not know what coldness of the sea
Its votaries feel, meanwhile their laughingly
Would mimic joy, thou, no em' again wouldst see
Thy beams of radiance from the evening sky
But beild in clouds, or weapt in sadness
Like mourners sad, wouldst it slowly sink away.

See how beneath the moon beams' smile,
You little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile.
And, murmuring then subdues to rest.
So man, the sport of strife and care,
Rising on time's eventful seas
And, having swelled a moment, they
Sink to then into Eternity.
And once again I asked you what amount

Each cow has, a peculiar to its pasturage. Why

Sheer head much board, reasonableness of

For edin, in the season of a furrow.

If not combine, the principle of godliness worthy

Successful experiments in the sphere

9th quarter, I think the audience. Have

That interest cut, the hedging grace.

The show of Glasgow, and rock glowing. From

The shot from another hand do your

The strength no shoemaker's green. But:

The barn where for his country fill.

Each fellow head and frowning the chime

And thankful not from the spot shall the.

What thought no oak. Josh green hill

Don quay's course to much that dothe.

The delicate roof, numbed with th' east.

Gone from thence all the roosted maid.

That for the country — hurry, why?

Ride for larger the calderet came.

She's with th' shock hang, the shadow bake.

This what though ditch, the ditch. Grace.
Opening Reflection.

Ah! now the shades of night descend,
The busy toil of day is done;
The evening shade some pleasure lend,
For scan sit and muse alone.

Where is the friend with converse sweet,
To charm this silent evening hour?
My thoughts, in answering thoughts to meet,
And soothe my heart with friendship's power.

Have I a friend, a real friend?
Has! I fear there is not one;
And I my life am doomed to spend
Neglected, cheerless, and alone.

Get back my heart! no thus upwring,
In silence all thy sorrow bear
For converse, recreation is thine,
And wretched pride shall check the tear.

Let friends pursue the rich and gay,
And come to seek my humble home,
Perhaps I'm far more beloved than they,
For true no anxious passion come.

Harriet:
Lines:
Written at Twilight.

Dearly I love neath twilight's soften'd shade—
It suits my heart, by various cares oppress'd,
And as amidst the gloom the objects fade,
Steals a soft languor through my pensive breast.

By silent contemplation's favor'd hour,
And as I view yon Heav'n's blue shadowy dome,
I give the reins to sad reflection's power,
And think of pleasures past, and griefs to come.

Indulging thus reflection's mournful sway,
My every feeling is attain'd to rue;
Yet do I love this hour of closing day,
And prize the tears that sadly, silent flow.
Get thee, my heart, from such delights forbear,
For its reflection doth thee to despair.

Ah, throbbing heart! thee I implore,
Let wildly throb— or throb no more!
Oh foolish wish! still let it wildly beat,
The long oblivion it craves being, is sweet;
The silent grave will shelter the distressed;
Throb, wilder, throb, poor heart and let me be at rest!
May no grief distract thee. May the pillow of peace keep thy head, and the pleasures of imagination attend on all thy dreams, and when length of days shall have made the tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death closes gently around thee: May the angel of thy soul take care that the expiring lamp of time receive the rite blast to hasten its extinction."

**A Good Wife.**

Let meekness every action grace,
Nor ever think your husband wrong,
Good humour beautify your face,
And fond affection guide your tongue.

Such are the duties of a wife,
And such are ever due to charm,
By these you'll pass a blissful life.
Nor can the breath of slander harm.
A Lady

Tie these flowers whose purple waving

In the ruined temple grew,

Where the sons of Freedom breasting;

Pioneers' imperial standard set up.

Warriors from the breach of danger,

Pluck no longer laurel wreath,

They but yield the passing stranger,

And flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.
TO.

Oh, come and with the cheering voice
Gain my lonely heart deprived.

Oh, come and with thy cheering voice
End my despising heart's distress;
For in thy presence still can I
The thoughts of worldly we dep.

Thy presence can a balm impart,
To soothe the sorrows of my heart;
And even hiding them from thee,
Contained a secret joy for me;

Thy friendship seems a gift from Heaven,
How rare the boon, how sweetly given.

The blessing of life is one very comparable to the enjoyment of a virtuous friend: it calms and purifies the mind, and clears and improves the understanding; engenders thought and knowledge; animates virtue and good resolutions; soothes and allays the passions and makes improvements for most of the vacant hours of life.

Judge of our friendship, then, conrade till death.
The morning sun cast of his rich golden snow.

There's something I prize far above,

His sweet smile of friendship that melts my soul,

The smile from the friend that I love.

Then why should our hearts ever have a deep sigh?

Since friendship, each sorrow we bear

And the big tears of grief that oft well in the eye

Are soothed by the friends that we love.

Does sickness the pain ever long one of rest?

Then true friends will be like the dove,

Both gentle and kind, and you'll ever be blest

With the tears of affection and love.

Then give me, oh! give me to friends that love,

And then I no longer will sorrow

And he to my bosom will ever be dear

And he too forever I'll love.

Abroad and still let your friend be near,

As if the absent was— In death a friend.
The beauteous rose, by all allow'd,
The sweetest flower to be,
Must hang its blossoming head and own,
'Tis not so sweet as this.

Her blooming charms 'evoke the rose,
And every heart control,
But beauty only charms the sense,
Virtue charms the soul.

She preserved dignity without pride,
Affability without manner, and simple elegance without affectation.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
Whose joys are linked in a heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through life & love on till they die!

One hour of a passion so sacred is worth,
Their ages of beauteous and wandering bliss,
And oh! is there an Elysium on earth,
This is, it is this.
MEMO

Rainful stinging—nothing more.
To-day my life—my pangs to measure;
Enchanting she—exhausted pleasure;
Whose relays once to treasure;
Flitting shadows, long since past,
Of joy too exquisite to last;
Sensations pure, and thought apart,
With all the estates of mind,
Sweet ideas fondly wore
By youthful fancy, joy and love;
Sorrows which attention grieves,
Of which the heart too fondly lives,
Hours more prized than ages flown;
Which to some happy few are known,
Playful groups, and smiling mirth,
To which gay youth and joy gave birth;
Here, through dear, you still enhance,
Viewed through thy retrospective glance;
There thy blessings, know I well,
Thy pangs I feel, but cannot tell.
The Maniac

Yes, calm was her eye, but its lustre had fled,

For the tear of despondence was there;

Gone are the nights that circled her head,

And faded the blush that her features overspread.

Of deep was the gloom of despair.

Yet still was she lovely as graceful, she paced,

Nor heed'd the pitch'd storm.

She, far from her home she was wandering fast,

And letter'd the robe that around her was cast

To conceal her still delicate form.

Long, long from the home of her youth had she stay'd

Three years of enjoyment had past,

But dark is the house where her father is laid,

And her mother lies how 'neath the expiring trees shade

Borne down by adversity's blast.

The friend of her youth soothe'd her sorrows a while

And she thought that her joys would return.

O! sweet was the hour when he came with a smile

The long lingering moments of time to beguile,

O'er her loved parents to mourn.

But gone are the joys she expected to share,

And gone is the peace of past years,
She lives— but she lives in the arms of despair,
For the friend whom she loved, and who promised so fair,
In the grasp of a drunkard appears.

And now, all alone, in the wide world she strays,
And often reclines in a stranger's arms.
She asks for no pity—but kindness she prays
With the thanks of a heart, that in far better days,
Has felt for the destitute stranger.

Parting

Farewell—whatever be my lot,
While feeling burns within my breast,
Although by thee, perhaps, forgot
On thee, remembrance oft I will rest,

In pleasure's time, my heart will say
'Tis brightly move these mountains by,
Yet few, fair, bright and sweet are they,
Then those I knew when thou wert near.

And oft in sorrow's lonely hour,
Thy memory on my soul will steal,
Like music's strain, with magic power,
To chase away each thought of ill.

Farewell—may sorrow never thrill
That heart where truth and peace reside
But unprofit'd by anguish still
May all thy hours in sweet repose glide
When then and is my earliest friend,
Where gay as summer weather,
We then the harmless hours could spend
In converse sweet, together.

And then, our youthful hearts beat right
Untouched by withering sorrow,
Gay pup'd the day, serene the night,
We thought not of to-morrow.

How is it now with thee, my friend—
Is all unclouded weather?
I sometimes think we yet might spend
Some happy hours together.

Yet, no—for when thy cheering smile
Had rais'd the hope, withering bloom,
Memory would come, with cruel vile,
To tantalize my bosom.

I feel my heart was never made
The storms of life to weather,
Yet soon will all its cares be laid
Low in the grave together.
There is a smile more sweetly bright

Than to friendship's eye,

Than the first blush of morning light

When promise's joy is nigh.

Sweet smile; that beams through sorrow's tear,

With what delight its view'd,

It speaks of hope, of banishment's fear—

The smile of grief subdued.

Yet never did narrow minded pride

Invite its sunshine forth,

And ye whose selfish feelings guide,

Can never feel its worth;

But ye who heal a broken heart,

And smile when cares entwine,

To you this smile shall bring a calm;

The smile of grief subdued.

Ye, who but look with pitying eye,

And speak in accents kind,

When sorrow's sob is heaving high,

Deserve this charm to find;

Then may your paths be smooth and gay

No sorrowing thorns intrude;

And may these lips your cares repay,

The smile of grief subdued.
Oh why should we seek to anticipate sorrow,
By throwing the flower of the present away;
And gather the dark rolling clouds of to-morrow,
To darken the generous sun of to-day.

How often we brood over misery, mutterly,
Till we murder the Hope that was sent to invigorate.
And pleasure grown old and decrepit, tears sadly,
To shake his gray locks over the tomb of his sire.

Cherish Hope—and tho' life by affliction be staid,
Still her ray shall shine lovely to gild the scenes,
Like the dew drops that glister on leaves when they rise.
As bright, and as clear as it glistered before.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
While cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grave o'er his brow.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he lies.
And the tear that we shed, though in silence it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.
Remember ye! when bright eyed morn.

Bring joy to all but me,
Remember ye! till life for sake,
Then I'll remember thee.

Remember ye! at noon tide pour.

And when the dew of eve,
Emblem each fading transient flower,
That smiles but to deceive.

Remember ye! when midnight star,

Shines on the ocean swell,
And hears that voice the distant far,
'Which sighs to friends farewell.'

Variety.

Mother Hopkins told me that she heard Greens wife say,
That John Harries' wife told her, that Granny Hopkins heard the widow say,
That Capt. Weed's wife thought, Col. Hopkins wife believed that old Miss Lamb
reckoned, that Sam Dunham's wife had told Spedding's wife, that she heard
Granny Cook say it was a matter of fact.

With the most dangerous talent you

...
The worldling may boast of his rich, golden store,
There's something I prize far above;
'Tis the sweet smile of friendship, that soothes
The smile from the friend that I love.

Then why should our hearts ever know a sad day?
Since friendship each sorrow can move,
And the big tear of grief that oft steals in they're
Are soothed by the friend that we love.

Deep sighs or pain she deny thee of rest,
Then true friends will be like the rose
Both gentle and kind and you'll envied be,
With the tears of affection & love.

Then give me, oh! give me a friend,
And then I no longer will sorrow,
And he to my bosom shall ever be dear,
And he too forever I'll love.
"Tis the sighing son of sorrow.
Vow with me the natural gloom;
Learn from hence your fate to mourn,
Dead perhaps, laid in the tomb.

See all nature fading, dying,
Silent all things seem to mourn,
Life from vegetation flying,
Gone to mind the mouldering urn.

Oft an autumn tempest is rising
Make the lofty forest roost,
Scene of nature, how surprising—
Read in nature, nature's God.

Mournful scenes when vegetation
Dies by cold in autumn's hour;
Doubly mournful when a nation
Dies by neighbouring nation's power.

Nations die, with dread before them;
Through enraged tyrannic kings,
Just like plants, when first is on them,
Felt to rise, in future spring.

"Autumn gives me melancholy,
Sticky objects o'er my soul,"
Oh, I mourn my former folly
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll.

So! I hear the air resounding
With expiring insect's cries,
Oh! their mourns to me how wounding
Emblem of my aged sighs.

Hollow sounds about are roaring,
Noisy waves around me deep,
While I sit my fate deplores
Tears fast falling from my eye.

Then what to me is autumn's treasure
Since I have no earthly joy,
Long I have lost all youthful pleasure,
Time must youth and health destroy.

Pleasure once I fondly counted,
Becoming as the declining age,
Now to view the scenes I have spited,
Oh! emblaze all my woes.

Age and sorrow since have blazed
Every youthful pleasing dream,
Quivering age with youth contrasted,
Oh! how short the glory scene.
"Up the annual briskly cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the tree,
So my friends are yearly dropping
With old age and dire disease.

Former friends oh how I have sought them,
Just to soothe my drooping mind,
But they’re gone, like leaves in autumn,
Driven before the driving wind.

When a few more years I be wasted,
When a few more springs are over,
When a few more griefs I’ve tasted,
I shall fall to rise no more.

So, my sun of lights declining,
Soon will set in endless night,
But my hopes are pure, refining,
Rest in future light and life.

Beast they fearing, trembling, sighing,
Death shall break the solemn gloom,
Soon my spirit fluttering, flying,
Shall be wasted to the tomb."
An Attempt at a Poem

"One morn, when earth was free from snow,
And spring had not forgot to flow,
A man went forth to plow and hoe;
His name was Ichabod Beekly.

His hat was in condition sad,
What'er his thoughts were good or bad,
He there recorded all he had,
Of Chalk was made his memory.

Tall was his form—his hair coal black,
Hung like a satch pin down his back;
And all skin kept it in its rack,
With grace of French fret-ornament.

He met a man, and I know who,
Said he kind friend, how do you do?
I'm pretty well—how's it with you?
I thank you, I am cleverly.
“Applies us to view death, no more than a temporary exile from our friends. They whom we have loved, still live, though not present to us. They are only removed into a different mansion in the house of the common Father. The toils of their pilgrimage are finished, and they are gone to the land of rest and peace—they are gone from this dark and troubled world to join the great assembly of the just; and to dwell in the midst of everlasting light. In due time we hope to be associated with them in these blessed habitations. Until this season of re-union arrives, no principle of religion discourages our holding correspondence of affection with them by means of faith and hope.

DP. When the cold sleep of death shall envelope the vine.
And the lamps of the grave die this hour; When the smile, glowing no longer, and far, far away, Flies the spirit that lightens it now:

I ask not the trophies of grandeur to shine The dust that, with dust join in silent tend; I ask not for vases—be the cenotaph mine, The remembrance—the tear of a FRIEND.
"Reflection chained me to that heart,  
Ambition tore the links apart."

One struggle more, and I am free  
From pangs which rend my heart in twain;  
One long last sigh to love and thee,  
Then back to busy life again. — Byron.

Lo, the only link  
Which bound me to earth's chain,  
In thee is broke — and sweet deceit  
To wickedness again.

The world to me is but a wild,  
Sad, desolate, and lone;  
The flowers which once in beauty smiled,  
Are wither'd, faded, gone.

And Hope's green no longer sails  
The wanderer on his way;  
The sun has set, and midnight gales  
Are sweeping o'er life's sea.

My childish fancies and wayward youth  
A heavy penance pay;  
With but one being who can smite  
And who that being I say.
Oh lady! ne'er these lips again
May kiss that precious name—
What'er my fortune might have been,
On thee, I've now no claim.

Ye fare thee well! no more we meet—
May pleasure hover o'er thee!
This heart though pierced, can never forget,
To love thee — to adore thee.

JULIAN.

LINES

Ye are alike! and yet 'tis not the same,
To say what likeness I discover,
For that which seems to me so plain
Was never seen by any other

'tis not in figure, voice, or face,
In no one feature can I place it;
'tis dwells in no foregone grace,
And yet how plainly Dean trace it?

'tis trace it in the transient smile,
That ever-varying quick expression,
'Gainst, as I look, 'tis gone the while,
And I alone retain the impression.

...
To my Friend.

Now while thy heart is fill'd with sorrow,
Would it were mine to soothe thy care,
Assure thee of a happier morrow;
Or if not soothe thy grief — to share.

Do not share whatever grieves thee?
Yes, though in silence and unknown,
thy image never — never leaves me;
Thou dost not bear thy ills alone.

There is a heart that still would prize thee,
Though thou all other hearts shouldst lose,
Though fortune be false smile denies thee.
There's one can ne'er her tears refuse.

From the Italian of Metastasio

If everyone's eternal care,
Where written on his brow
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now?

The fatal secret when reveal'd,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while conceal'd
Their lot appears the best.
Landscape at Home

The sun's last beams have just faded in air,
And the mantle of twilight around still spread.
But my heart is o'ercrowded with sorrow and care,
For I think on the days that forever have fled.

Oh! I think that when last I beheld the soft view,
That hope promised fair and my soul was serene.
And the friends of my youth were watching it too,
And that home shed its magic around the mild scene.

And still I will hope that as time rolls around,
I shall bury my cares in oblivion's tomb,
That a pure hour of happiness yet will be found,
And I with my friends see the landscape at home.
How vain the wish, in words to tell,
The love that binds my heart to thee,
Thy heart alone can read the spell,
In that pure warmth it feels for me.

Thou know'st, that thro' the cheerful day,
Thy image palest heroes the track,
And in the midst of morning gray,
The dreams of goodness bring it back.

And now whatever this world can give,
Is worthless all with thee compar'd,
Lost is the very wish to live.
"Unless that life with thee be shared,"

Far from the busy world she sits,
To taste that peace the world denies.
Entranced she sits, from youth to age,
Reviewing his earthful page.
And noting 'tis they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.
Sweet emblem of modesty, beautiful flower,
That bashfully hidst thy sweet head,
I plucked and have kept thee but one little hour,
And now all thy beauties are fled

'Tis the fate of too many who leave their retreat,
To embark upon life's restless sea;
The charms of the mind, if they're ever so sweet,
Too often alas! fade away.

To receive advice, reproach, and instruction properly is the
sign of a sincere and humble heart; and shows a
greatness of mind, which commands our respect and
reverence, while it appears so willing to yield to us the
superiority.

Jealous friendship.
That friendship which makes the least noise is
often the most useful; and a prudent friend is gener-
ally of more service than a Jealous one.

Amiable manners and a well-regulated
mind, are the only truly valuable ornaments.
To youth, beloved in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find,
Yet sometimes deign midst fairer maidens,
To think on her, tho' least behind.
 Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not, forget me not.

Yet should the thought of my distress,
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Grant not the wish I now exprest,
Nor ever deign to think on me.
But, oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not.

True benevolence expands like a wide stream into ten thousand different channels; it flows from the fountain of divinity, and is as most blessed in the power of blessing. To shut the heart against the soft sympathies of nature is to be avaricious of the chief riches of humanity.
Extracts.

"Women want the ways to praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise."

I do not mean merely admire woman as the most beautiful object of creation, or love them as the sole source of happiness, but reverence them as the redeeming glory of humanity, the sanctuaries of the virtues, the pledges and antecedent of those perfect qualities of the head and heart, combined with attractive external charm which, by their union, almost exalt them into the angelic character."

Eloquy.

"She has no head, and cannot think—no heart, and cannot feel!—When she moves, it is in wrath—when she prays, it is amid cursing—her prayers are curses—her God is a demon—her communion is death—her vengeance is eternity. Her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims—and if she stops a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture fang—and replume her wing for more sanguinary desolation."

Phillips.
Did not the tear in Hagar's eye,
As on her dying son she bent,
A speechless, silent agony,
Show what the anxious mother felt?

And when she softly breathed a prayer,
Her tearful eye upraised to Heaven,
Did not the anguish, burning there,
Show how the mother's heart was given?

Then when the sweetest accents fell,
'The voice from Heaven — 'thy son shall live'
I think ye the angel's tongue could tell,
'The joy that gave her heart revive?
Oh! there's something in the tear,
That drops a mother's kindling eye;
A charm so fraught with love — so dear.
We weep — we know not — care not — why.

Yes! if a spark was ever given
So mortal, from the fire above;
If ever a flower that bloomed in Heaven
It is a mother's tender love.
To my Father

There is a flower that loves to curl,
Its tendrils round the blasted tree,
And all its brightest gems as usual,
Where winter frowns most drearily—
And often is thy beauty seen,
Encrusted with snow—sweet evergreen.

There is a flower that loves to bind,
The limb that bow'd beneath the blast,
And kindly round its fragrant wind
'Til all the tempest's rage is past—
And sweetly does the mourner lean,
On thy kind arm—sweet evergreen—

Thou windest not thy gentle stem
Around the branch that needs thee not—
'Is not thy pride to honor them,
By whom thou soon wouldst be forgot—
As no—thy smile is oft seen
While weep'st the oppressed—sweet evergreen.

And O, where like the blasted tree,
My father's verdure fades away;
My greenness shall his beauty be,
My love shall be his food and stay.
And still like thee wilt I be seen,
Eft'son's flowers—sweet evergreen.
Extracts

"How many heart-aches should we spare ourselves, if we were careful to check every unkind word offered towards those we love, by this anticipating reflection, that time may soon arrive, when the being whom I am now going to afflict, may be watched from me forever to the cold receipes of the grave, secured from the assaults of my remissness, and deaf to the voice of my remorseful penitence."

"Love is the shadow of the morning which decreases as the day advances. — Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting sun."

"As the tenderness of a Mother in the hour of distress, as the love of a Father in the day of trouble, so is the help of a friend in the time of need."

In Acrostic

"Hark! the MUSIC steals in softest note, over the sweet purling number; lightly on the listening ear its floats; mute in wonder, thousands catch the strain; as soft, they tremble thro' the swelling wave now fancy wakes, now sorrow slumbers!"
"Oh! Lady lay these budding flowers,
For I am sad, and sick and weary;
I gathered them ere break of day.

When I was lonely, still and dreary;
And long I've sought to sell them here,
To purchase clothes, and food and dwelling,
For wiser's wretched orphan girls—

Pooe me and my young sister Ellen.

Oh! those who tread life's thorny way,
In fortune's golden sunshine basking,
May deem my wants require no aid,
Because my life is marked unseeing:
They have no heart for woes like mine.
Each word, each look, is cold—repelling.
Yet once a cloud of flatterers frowned,
And fortune smiled on me and Ellen.

Oh! buy my flowers, they're fair and fresh,
As mine and morning tears could keep them.
Tomorrow's sun shall set them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to sweep them!
Yet this sweet bud, if nursed with care,
Soon into fulness would be swelling,
And nurtured by some generous hand,
So might my little sister Ellen! She's.
She's sleeping in the hollow tree,
Her only home, its leaves her bedding,
And I've no food to carry there,
To soothe the tears she will be shedding,
Or that these mourners' tears that fall;
That bell which heavily is knelling;
And that deep grave, were meant for me,
And my poor little sister Ellen.

When we in silence are laid down,
In life's last fearless, blest sleep,
No tears will fall upon our grave,
Save those of pitying Heaven's own weeping.
Unknown we've lived, unknown we die,
No tongue the mournful tale be telling,
Of two young broken hearted girls—
From Mary and her sister Ellen.

No one had bought of me to day,
And night is now the town in shadow,
And I like these from drooping flowers,
Unnoticed and unrept am feeling,
My soul is struggling to be free—
It loaths its earthly witched dwelling,
My limbs refuse to bear their weight,
Oh God! support the orphan Ellen.
To

"Didst thou think, when life's pathway seemed strewn
ied with flowers,
That those bright, stainless roses could never decay?
Didst thou think, when affection and joy dwelt in the bowk
That those blessings so valued could we'er pass away?
Hast thou seen the flowers wither—those bright moment
free?
If so, thou hast felt, and must still feel like me.

Did thy life, like the back of an unruffled stream,
 Glide smoothly along, with Hope's gay colours deck'd?
Didst thou start in wild anguish as if from a dream,
When the tempest was near, that thy blessings had
wrecked?

Did the world then appear a wild desert to thee?
Was there no ray of hope? thou hast felt them like
me,

Hast thou struggled with anguish, and strive to begay
And miss'd in the world's pleasing follies, once more
Hast thou lost from these scenes oftentimes stole
away?
Unseen, unsuspected, past days to deplore?
Dost thou feel that the world thy soul's anguish
should see?
Dost thou scorn its cold pity? thou feel it like me!

[Signature]
I think of thee oft, when the gray morn is breaking,
and wish I with thee through green meadows might roam;
I think of thee oft, when the moon beams are sleeping
on the woods, hills, and streams, that encircle my home.

I think of thee oft, when surrounded by pleasure,
I think of thee oft, when unceasing reflection
Drives peace from my pillow, and peace from my breast;
And my image is mingled with each recollection
Of all that is kindest and dearest and best.

When enliven’d by pleasure, or sadden’d by sorrow,
Each hour some remembrance rises of thee;
And still with the thought pleasing solace I borrow;
And thou, dost thou not sometimes think upon me?
In the Indian Style, on the death of
Commodore Euler,
Composed by a Marine Female,
in the cells of the
Alms' House.

The warrior of the waters had gone to the land of spirits, and the ghosts of his fathers rejoice, not in his coming, for he came not in the storm of battle.

The Warrior of the waters was a great Lion. When he was in his rage and shook himself, the green hills trembled. When in anger he thundered with his voice, the storm did follow. He bounded over the waters, and the beasts of other mountains hid in fear. He stretched his paw over the great waters and gored the Lion of the East.

He was mighty and great as the Alleghany; he was strong and fierce as the torrent down the steps of Niagara. Mighty and great he was. Yet a little Bee did overcome him. Public Opinion was a little Bee, and the Lion might have crushed it with his foot. But the little Bee crept into the ear of the great Lion and stung him on the strings of life. The Lion was vanquished and the little Bee still lives and burses of his conquest.

The
The warrior of the waters has gone to the
land of spirits, and the ghosts of his fathers
rejoice not in his coming, for he came not
in the shroud of sleep.

Christians end.

The sun is going down,
Its lovely light to see;
And sweet to hear the song that is poured
From every bush and tree.

But there’s a lovelier sight than that,
And one but seldom seen’d;
It is to see a Christian’s life,
Approaching to its end.

The twilight’s softness all is there;
And song is never heard
That sounds so sweet as praise and prayer
By Christian’s dying word.

And there two is a glory shed,
That beams celestial light,
But it proclaims a coming dawn,
Rather than shades of night.
The Moon

Hail! lovely orb, whose placid light
Illumes the lonely winter's night,
And shone on sea or clime;
Which makes the dazzling snow more white,
And lends a faithful steady light,
To guide the traveller home.

Hail! lovely orb, whose beams serene,
Illumes the summer evening scene,
When friends together meet,
Conversing by the silver light,
Each smiling face appears more bright,
Each friendly word more sweet.

"Sweet orb, I love thy beams to see;
Look on the moon and think of me;"
My friend has often said,
And now my friend is far away,
When'er I see thy welcome ray,
The mandate is obey'd."
To—

Doth thou think because I smile,
When all and every surround me
There is no troubling thought the while,
That with its secret power can wound me?

Oh! know then, I have schooled my heart,
To stifle every wayward feeling;
And dearly have I bought the art,
Not that of conquering, but concealing.

Yet, when I see the joyous smile
In other eyes so brightly beam.
I feel a transient joy the while,
Till real then, it is not seeming.

But memory, with her thousand things,
Wipes every present joy as snow;
And soothes anticipation's wing,
Thoughts which from hope to solace bow.

I wish

I could find a kindred heart,
Whose feeling would respond to mine,
Would bear in all my joys a part,
And in my griefs as freely share.

That kindred heart how would I love!
And guard it with a miser's care;
And that I never in love might prove.
Would be my first, my fondest prayer.
Thou pretty nosegay — oh! how sweet!
Art thou in various hues.
With fragrant odours all replete?
All wet with silvery dews.

But prettier, sweeter, lovelier far,
Is she the blushing donor,
Shining like some bright evening star,
At the shrine of love and honour.

Has you soon must fade away
Your fragrance all depart,
But she shall last while you display,
A bleeding broken heart.
Say hast thou seen a trembling plant,
Of feeble bloom and lowly birth,
Which every passing blast might bend,
In sadness to its Mother earth;

Till some kind hand would pierce the shade,
That hid it from the cheering sky;
There is that gentle culturing hand;
The weak and trembling plant and I.

And while that plant of life shall taste,
And press this low and earthly spot,
The hand that reared it from the waste,
Shall never, never, be forgot!

The rush resolve, the headlong course,
The heart too quickly set,
Make bitter work for deep remorse;
And for a long regret.

Then bow to hear this lesson meek,
And let it check thy pride,
Be swift to hear, and slow to speak,
And cautious to decide.
Bring flowers, pale flowers, for the fateful board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine as pour'd;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood's vale,
Their breath flows out the southern gale;
And the touch of the sun-beam hath waken'd them
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—
The earth shakes his thrones with his stormy wrath,
The comes with the spoils of nations back;
The vines he crush'd in his chariot's track;
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world, shut from his languid eye.
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth,— bring him flowers,—
— wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear.
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth.
Her place is now by another's side,
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier she
Crown for the brow of the early dead,
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nurt.

Though they smile in vain for what once was, they are love's last gift—bring flowers, pale flowers.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel
— in prayer;
They are nature's offering—their place is near.
They speak of hope to the failing heart.
With a voice of promise they come and go;
They sleep in dust through the wintery hours;
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bring flowers.
No breeze was on the mirror wave.
   The spangled pendant idly hung,
As in the burial of the brave,
   Wide o'er the sea our requiem rung;
No scutcheon glittered on his breast,—
   No coffin cased his senseless clay—
No kindred heard his last request,
   His prayer for one far, far away.

Slow rolled the smoke of funeral gun
   O'er ocean's tranquil blue—
An instant veil'd the blood red sun,
   As near the wave it drew;
Then mingling with the fleecy clouds,
   On which the bright beam darted;
It seem'd to form a golden shroud,
   For the Spirit of him departed.

I marked the circle of ripple rise,
   As in the sea the body fell,—
They seemed to shake the evening skies,
   Reflected in the trembling swell.
Like them his being pass'd away,—
   He ruffled life's broad scene—
Then like them ceased, and few could say,
   That he or they had been.
This is the hour when Memory wakes,
Visions of joy, that could not last;
This is the hour when Fancy takes
A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind
The hallowed scenes of earlier years,
And friends who long have been consigned
To silence and to tears.

The few we liked—the one we loved,
A sacred band, come stealing on,
And many a form far hence removed.
And many a pleasure gone.

Friendships that now in death are hush'd,
And youth and affection's broken chains,
And hopes that fate too quickly crush'd,
In memory bloom again.

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
But muse on hopes as quickly flown;
Tint after tint they fade away,
Till all at last are gone.
This is the hour when Fancy wakes,
Her spell-bound joys, that could not last;
This is the hour that Memory breathes,
A sigh to pleasures past.

The past week has fled, and the evening is come,
That precedes the sabbatical rest;
Like the day of the years now departed and gone,
Like the that descends to the west.

Like a voice from the grave bidding mortals beware,
Of the waste of the hours as they fly,
Time silently us to watch and prepare,
For the moment that calls us to die.

Each year, and each month, and each day like—a friend,
In the language of wisdom convey,
Some type of the shadows of death, that attend,
On the steps of the aged and gay.

Oh! who then can think of the week that is gone,
That precedes the sabbatical rest,
And not call to mind the repose of the tomb,
As he sees the sun set in the west.
The scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had array'd it.
The land-breeze blew mild & the azure and sky
Look'd gay as the spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed,
On the shadowy waves playful motion,
From the dim distant isle, till the Light-

House fire blessed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast.
Was heard in the wildly breathed number
The sea bird had flown to his wave girdome.
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

One moment I look'd from the hills gent:

-slope;
(All hush'd was the billows commotion)
And thought that the Light-house look'd

lovely as Hope,
That star of life's turbulent ocean.
The time is far past, and the scene is afar,
But when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the bellow.

In life's closing hours when the trembling soul flees,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh! then may the seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a star on Eternity's ocean!

When the bloom of thy cheek shall have faded,
And death's gloomy inspirits shall darken thy brow,
When that love lighted soul shall be cold in the clay,
And that eye lose its lightning which play from it now.
Oh! think not that when thou art pilfered in earth,
And thy soul to the bowers of bliss shall have fled,
That remembrance less fondly shall dwell on the worth.

When the green grass shall flourish & wave ov'r thy head
I'll cherish thy name with no splendor of woe.
No flowers on thy grave shall be planted by me
But while the life blood in this bosom shall flow,
Each thought of affection shall linger with Thee.
They grew in beauty side by side,  
They fill'd one home with glee.  
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,  
By mount and stream and sea.

The same fond mother, bent at night  
By each fair sleeping brow;  
The head each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?

One, midst the forests of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid?  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
There in the cedar shade.

The sea, the lone sea, hath one,  
She lies where pearls lie deep—  
He was the lord of all, yet none  
Can his low bed may weep.
One sleeps where southern vines are best
Above the noble plain;
He wrapped his colors round his head,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one o'er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned it;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright land.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
'Round one parent knee.

They that with smiles fill'd up the hall
And che'er'd with song the hearth.
Alas! for love, if thou art all,
And sought beyond, O heart!
5352 = 5352

[Text continues on the page]
1. Why is the letter T like a sailor?
2. Why are Old Sinners like Comets?
3. Why are Teeth like Bulls?
4. What is Majesty divested of its externals?
5. Why are Algiers and Malta like light and darkness?
6. Why is Athens like the wick of a candle?
7. Why is Ireland like an unopened bottle?
8. When is a door no door?
9. Why is rebellion like a crow's nest?
10. What is that without which a goath cannot be made, nor can it be made, and yet is no use to it?
11. Why is a discourse from the deck of a ship an ornament?
12. In every moment comes twice and not once in a hundred years?
13. Why is a nail driven fast in a wall like a sick man?
14. Seventeen pronouns, twenty nine adjectives, a child of five years old, a bonnet, a ribbon, a little horse, a great man can all be expressed by a kind of liquid?
15. Where did Noah drive the first nail in the Ark?
16. Why is a kiss through mistletoe like an arrow like a weapon?
17. Why is it that if it is diseased like an English corn disease?
18. Why was the Tower when Sir Francis Burdett was in it like a woman's mouth?
19. When is a man over head and ears in debt?
20. From five and fifty five subtract and it will open to your eyes what you are, what you think, what, and what you always do?
23 When was B the first letter of the Alphabet?
24 Why is a Blacksmith's apron like the gate of a convent?
25 Why is a man of Honour like a man upstairs whistling his wife?
26 Why is the river Delaware like a man's great coat?
27 Why is the United States like a Horse's neck?
28 Why is love like a potato?
29 Why is a fixed star like pen, ink, and paper?
30 Why is a handsome woman like bread?
31 Why is the letter T like bread?
32 Why is the letter L like London?
33 Why is a hollow Chandler like the worst and most unfortunate of men?
34 Why is the steeple of a Church like a Minister?
35 Why is the letter H like a honeysuckle?
36 Why is a love letter like a chemist's shop?
37 Why are the three first vowels like a careless person?
38 Why is the letter S like a military furnace?
39 Why is a Clergyman's horse liking'st?
40 Why do white sheep eat more than black sheep?
41 Why does a Miller wear a white hat?
42 Why is a room full of married people like an empty one?
43 Why is anavaricious man like one with a short memory?
44 Why is an ape like coffee?
45 Why are lovers sighs like long stockings?
46 In which side of the church does the priest stand?
47 Of what trade is the Sun?
48 What is highest and handsomest when the head is off?
49 Why is a handsome girl like a patent printing press?
50 Why are old stockings like heroes of the last century?
51 Why is the Devil riding on a mule like one and the same thing?
Although this poor fellow seems badly distur'd.

Could not I the same place we should think ourselves loafed?

Y's wR Y's wB S C wR Y Y's for me.

The

E & xx marriage, &c. XX.

The following couplet was written over the ten commandments in one of the English churches, and remained for a century an inexplicable mystery; at length it was deciphered by interposing one of the vowels between the letters, and is now thought good advice.

PR. Wm. T. PR. ED. M. N. —
PR. Wm. T. PR. ED. T. W. —

Ser. Ser.
Ser. is Ser.
Ser. Ser.

Hanover in Germany
Riddles.

1st. Im always true I never sway,
     I guide the sailor on his way.
     Where'er I'm placed it is my boast,
     My constancy is never lost.

2nd. Neversill for a month, but seen mostly at night.

3rd. I bear much, devour much, and reach from pole to pole.

4th. I am of slight texture, but great worth, can procure both
     the necessaries and luxuries of life, and change into various
     metals at the will of my possessor.

5th. Ever on the wing I fly,
     Yet never touch the earth or sky.
     Nothing can my freedom bind,
     Nor can search my dwelling find.

6th. I am taken from the mine, confined in a wooden case,
     And am used by many people.

7th. I am fished from the sea, and procured at great price,
     Am fit for the richest you meet;
     And was by a Queen, who loved every thing nice,
     Devoured for a delicate taste.
1st. My first's an amusement, my second's an habituation; my third's a place of entertainment.

2nd. My first though no hammer, yet sailors admire, my second to reach is most people's desire; in my whole most found, what in riches is rare, for you meet with contentment and hearts free from care.

3rd. My first's of small value; my second is never, dark, my whole is very useful in darkness.

4th. You cannot do wrong, if you are in my first, in your dealings, my second is slippery and dangerous; and my whole is oft difficult to obtain.

5th. There's hardly a person but asks for my first. And my second's of use from the worst to the best. My third is a mixture, of falsehood and truth. A companion much fitter for age than for youth.

6th. From my first you gain knowledge, my second you tell, your danger, in my third you pass my first.

7th. My first is not whole; my second is part of a house and my whole is a tedious bird.
Puzzling Verse.

1st. Find out the vowel you should join, and with the letters here combine.

Make a sentence:
TH N. V. W. A. F. C. E. T. W. Y. S. O. B. W. N. D.

2nd. To the letters below add one consonant more.

And they'll tell you a sentence that may deplore.
C. W. C. E. L. OR AL. L. N. A. O. U. R. I. S. E. D.

3rd. If you don't quit you soon will see
The letter that should placed be,
Among the others here below,
Which then a little verse will show.
F. A. W. S. T. K. J. N. L. B. R. X.

4th. I vowel placed rightly will easily show,
The names of two people you certainly know.
1. A tyrannical passion, facilities, and an operation in surgery.

2. The enemy of mankind, a place of rest on a journey, a vowel, and four sixths of a measure.

3. Two sixths of a monster slain by Hercules, a vowel, three eighths of a spirit, and two thirds of an article.

4. Four sixths of a fixed look, a preposition and the birthplace of our Saviour.

5. The seat of sin, a crooked letter, and what most people in pain wish for.

6. What honey is, a lawful method of leaving property, a vowel, and two thirds of what a sportsman does.
A material used by birds in building nests, two fifths of what never should go unpunished, and two thirds of an immense collection of water.

Three sevenths of not straight, and half of what authors raise many things.

Three sixths of the goddess who opens the gates of day, a vowel, three fourths of to select from others, and the first letter taught children.

Two thirds of the production of a hen, three fourths of what farmers cannot do without, and a river in the north of England, changing a letter.

Transpositions.

1. All great sin.

2. Men bar me rest.

3. Grim cant. Do I count?

4. Ten mad men.

5. A mild bear.

6. He's creep on.
1st. Rats in deep rains.

2nd. It lies in sugar.

3rd. Men die in a trot.

4th. Serve Saint Peter.


6th. San a Lion.

7th. It is a fact. Son. Son a fact it is.

8th. O I taste no gin. O Gin I no Taste.

9th. O I send pastry. Pastry o I send.

10th. I can't tell soon. I can neither.

11th. I secret no sport.

12th. Saint Lucy heals it.

13th. The wig. Might.

14th. The mark.

15th. Eat cherry.
22.° Our Vis' nens.

23.° Coolchees.

24.° Peter's cable.

25.° Island game.

26.° Stripes. Spites

27.° Fly more. Lawyers
Tears whispered in heaven's muffled in hell
And Echo caught softly the sound as it fell.
In the confines of Earth, twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence attest.
Tears seen in the lightning's heart in the thunder,
Tears will be found in the sphere when driven adrift.
Tears given to man with his earliest breath.
It grieves at his birth and attends him at death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health.
Is the prop of his house & the end of his wealth.
It begins every hope, every wish it must sound,
And though umbasing with monarchs is found,
In the heaps of the miser his hoarded with care.
But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir.
Without it the soldier & sailor may roam.
But love to the witch that repels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience, its voice side be found.
Nor are in the softest wind of passion be drowned.
It softens the heart & though, deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely, and instantly hear.
But in the shades let it rest like an elegant flower.
Oh! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.
All that does not concern

[Signature: Public]