



POETRY.

THE SALE OF LOVES—A BALLAD.

From the London Morning Chronicle. I DREAM'D that in the Paphian groves, My nets by moonlight laying...

First CLORIS came, with looks sedate, The coin on her lips was ready; "I buy," quoth she, "my love by weight..."

The learned Prue took a pert young thing, To divert her virgin muse with, And pluck sometimes a quill from his wing...

But one was left, when Susan came, One worth them all together, At sight of her dear looks of shame...

A maxim for the major part of mankind, 'Tis but weak, yet vain would pass for...

Miscellaneous.

FROM THE SKETCH BOOK. Our readers will recollect that we published two or three weeks since, the story of the "Wife," from the Sketch-book of Washington Irving...

THE BROKEN HEART. I never heard Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats The leaves of the spring's sweetest book...

It is a common thing to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fiction of poets and novelists, that never existed in real life.

do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex: but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

(Upon this position the author makes some very pertinent remarks—and, further to illustrate the subject, finally closes with the following pathetic story:)

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E., the Irish patriot, for it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be in vain to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister.

But then the horrors of such a grave, so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene.

To render her widowed situation more desolate she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation.

The person who told me the story, had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene.

wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul.

It was on her, that Moore, the Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps And lovers around her are sighing; But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps. For her heart in his grave is lying.

FROM THE NATIONAL ADVOCATE. DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

There are moments when serious reflection is a luxury—when the gay and elastic spirits, the sportive fancy, the lively and exuberant imagination, delights to dwell on pensive subjects—when the eye pierces the mind and the soul holds communion with the heart.

religious worship, as the bells, with their iron tongues and brazen mouths," called them to the fulfilment of their sacred duty. What a noble and illustrious institution is that of Sabbath! Millions of beings scattered over the globe; shunning, at the same moment, the allurements of pleasure, the avidity of gain, the habit of labor, and uniting in returning thanks to the Disposer of all good for his manifold blessings, and his paternal protection.

These sentiments were awakened by the sight of a crowded population hastening to church on Sunday. I followed, in imagination, the various sects, having one object in view—I listened to the prayer of the pious perlate—I dwelt with pleasure on the discourse of the able Theologian—I saw the Priest heave high in air, and marked the curling smoke of frankincense hovering over the altar.

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INDUSTRY. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."—This advice, given by a man whose experience and wisdom has commanded the admiration of the world for centuries, cannot be too rigidly

ingulated. When the slothful man reflects on the unwearied exertions of the ants, and compares their activity with his indolence, the blush of shame ought to crimson his cheek: the ants pursue with unabated industry their daily employment merely for sustenance; the prospect of gain does not stimulate; ambition does not actuate, and none of those powerful inducements which operate on the human species, can have any influence upon the actions of these insects.

The late Comet.—The Journal Des Debats remarks:—"We have had a narrow escape!—The earth was, on the 26th of June, in the direction of the tail of the comet.—This wandering star, our globe, and the sun, were then on the same line, and M. Olbers, a celebrated astronomer of Bremen, observed the passage of the comet over the sun's disc.—The nucleus of the comet entered by the southern extremity, at 22 minutes after five o'clock, real time, and came out by the northern extremity at 21 minutes after nine o'clock. During this passage, the comet was seven millions of German miles from the sun, and fourteen millions from our planet.

In a late debate in the British House of Commons, it was stated without contradiction, that since 1817, the benefit of the insolvent laws had been taken to the amount of fifteen millions pounds sterling, the dividends on which were not one farthing in the pound.

Among the numerous new towns now erecting in our extensive country, we observe one to be called the town of Napoleon; situated on a branch of Laughery creek, in Ripley county, Indiana.

Much interest has been recently excited on the subject of matrimony, in the community of Rhode-Island. It is not perhaps generally understood, that the laws of that State recognize this as a civil institution altogether. Until the year 1783, none but civil officers were authorised to sanction marriage contracts—in that year, the authority was extended to ministers and elders of churches, as a matter of convenience merely.

Aphorisms. Honesty is a person's best robe; our choicest apparel; many people, as fearful of wearing it out, lay it carefully by like their Sunday coat. The silence of a dishonorable person is always desirable, but you are more safe in his hatred than friendship.

Popularity is like the rain-bow, it flies the pursuer and pursues the flier. A Hint to Tattlers.—Whether an approbious tale be true or false, it can never be honorable or justifiable to circulate a story, the publicity of which would injure another's reputation, or retard his return to virtue.