

POETRY.

From the London Morning Chronicle. THE SALE OF LOVES-A BALLAD. BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

I DREAM'D that in the Paphian groves, My nets by moonlight laying I caught a flight of wanton Loves, Among the rose buds playing. Some just had left their silv'ry shell, While some were full in feather; So pretty a lot of Loves to sell, Were never yet strung together. Come buy my Loves, Come buy my Loves.-Ye dames and rose hpp'd Misses! They're new and bright, The cost is light,

First CLORIS came, with looks sedate, The coin on her lips was ready; "I buy," quoth she, "my love by weight Full grown if you please and steady." Let mine be light," said EANNY, " pray, Such lasting toys undo one, A light little Love that will last a day,

For the coin of this Isle is kisses.

To morrow I'll sport a new one." Come buy my Loves, Come boy my Loves-Ye Dames and rose lipp'd Misses! There's some will keep, Some light and cheap,

At from ten to twenty kisses.

Poor Cloe would give fora well fledg'd pair, Her only eye, if you'd ask it; And Tabitha begg'd, old toothless fair,

For the youngest Love in the basket! Come buy my Loves, Come buy my Loves, Ye dames and rose lipp'd Misses! There's some will keep, Some light and cheap, At from ten to twenty kisses.

But one was left, when Susan came; One worth them altogether, At sight of her dear looks of shame, He smiled and prup'd his feather. She wish'd the boy-'twas more than whim; Her looks her sighs, betrayed it : But kisses were not enough for him, i ask'd a heart, and she paid it !

Good bye, my Loves. Good bye, my Loveswould make you smile to've seeu us Pirst trade for this
Sweet child of bliss,
And then nurse the boy between us !

for the major part of mankind.

and talks, to shew you where his wisdom

Poor Tom! thy conduct is extremely

Miscellaneous.

FROM THE SKETCH BOOK.

Our readers will recollect that we published two or three weeks since, the story the Irish are a people of quick a of the "Wife," from the Shetch-book generous sensibilities. The m Washington Irvine, Esq. The affecting story which follows is from the pen of the same elegant writer. It is Cinn. Inquisicer.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I never heard Of any true affection, but 'twas nip With care, that, like the caterpillar, cats The leaves of the spring's sweetest book,

MIDDLETOS. of the contrary, and have satisfied pleasures of society, still there is a wisely." warm current of affection running through the depths of the coldest heart, that prevents its being utterly congealed. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shal I confess it?—I believe it broken hearts, and in the possible ty of dying of disappointed love!

do not, however, consider it a mala- wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried religious worship, as the bells, with inculcated. When the slothful man grave.

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 F-, the Irish patriot, for it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried condemned, and executed, on charge of treason. His fate made deep impression on public sympathy He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, foo, was so lofty and intrepid.—The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hour of condemnation -all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

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 The learned Prue took a pert young thing, and only love. When every worldly with the solemn assurance, that her feel towards children and relations him to prosperity. maxim arrayed itself against him; heart was unalterably another's. And pluck sometimes a quilt from his wing, when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger clarkened around hoping that a change of scene might all those feelings be when addreshis name, she loved him more ardently for his very sufferings. If, woes. She was an amiable and ex- er of good—the merciful, indulgent then, his fate could awaken the symemplary wife, and made an effort to and omnipotent God. Not with the pathy, even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose soul was occupied by his image! choly that had entered into her very not as dealing damnation to one sect Let those tell who have had the por-sonl. She wasted away into a slow, and blessings to others-not as crushtals of the tomb suddenly close be- but hopeless decline, and at length ing one portion of his creation and tween them and the being they most sunk into the grave, the victim of a elevating another; but as a just and loved on earth who have sat at its broken heart. threshold, as one shut out in a cold that was most levely and leving had lines;

But then the horrors of such grave, so frightfol, so dishonered! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, She sings the wild song of her native that endear the parting scene-nothing to melt the sorrow into those Tow is but weak, yet fain would pass for blessed tears, sent; like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

more desolate she had incurred her A fool, to pass for wise, should hold his 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, for delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth no fiction of Mr. Irvine's imagination, and distinction. She was led into The brother of "young E-" who is society, and they tried by all kinds spoken of is now residing in a neigh- of occupation and amusement to dissipate ner grief, and weap her from the tragical story of her loves.4- but and clustic spirits, the sportive fanstrokes of calamity that scathe and tion, delights to dwell on pensive vital seat of happiness-and blast it, mind and the soul holds communion never again to put forth bud or blos- with the heart : then the frail tenure on human nature have convinced me the world around her.—She carried and are sensible that affliction and

gay-to see it dressed out in the of people which, in every direction, manded the admiration of the work

dy often fatal to my own sex : but I in vain to cheat the poor heart into a their iron tongues and brazen'r flects on the unwearied exercions splendid rooms and giddy crowd a noble and illustrious institution is (Upon this position the author makes with an air of other abstraction, she that of Sabbath! Millions of beings sat herself down on the steps of an scattered over the globe; shuning, orchestra, and looking about for at the same moment, the allurements some time with a vacant air, that of pleasure, the avidity of gain, the showed her insensibility to the garish habit of labor, and uniting in revery one into tears.

wear out the rememberance of early sing the fountain of life-the disposcure the silent and devouring melan-penances of temporal authority

and lovely world, from whence all Irish poet, coroposed the following considence of a pure heart-whom

She is far from the land where her young And lovers around her are sighing;

but coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying.

Every note which she lov'd awaking-Ah! little they think, who delight in her

How the heart of the minstrel is break

They were all that to life had entwined dried.

Nor long will his love stay behind him !

beams rest, When they p. omise a glorious morrow hey'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west.

From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

FROM THE NATIONAL ADVOCATES DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

reflection is a luxury-when the gay The person who told me the story, melancholy, trace behind, which had seen her at a masquerade, There tempers that lively disposition which can be no exhibition of far gone should be judiciously controlled, not wretchedness more striking and pain- effectually destroyed. Under the ful than to meet it in such a scene, influence of such sober feelings, I To find it wandering like a spectre, was seated at my window last Sun- This advice, given by a man whose onely and joyless, where all around day, and contemplated the concourse experience and wisdom has com-

you call upon for salvation and blessings with that freedom which arises from an unsullied conscience. This is indeed, a luxuary: and those in dress, of fashion, and of folly, in our planet. stead of encouraging and maturing pious reflections, while in a place of worship, loses sight of the great object and end of religion. There is purity, and there is nothing appaling furthing in the pound. or soon shall the tears of his country be in its sacred character. Should we not, then, encourage it? Should we perity, let us be grateful-in our ad-|county, Indiana. versity, resigned : gratefully receiving the good and ill with which our

lives are chequered. There are moments when serious hastening to church on Sunday. I stood, that the laws of that State refollowed, in imagination, the various cognize this as a civil institution alsects, having one object in view-I together. Until the year 1:33, none it was all in vain. There are some cy, the lively and exuberant imagina- listened to the prayer of the pious but civil officers were authorised to perlate-I dwelt with pleasure on sanction marriage contracts-in that scorch the soul—that penetrate to the subjects—when the eye pierces the the discourse of the able Theologian year, the authority was extended to It is a common thing to laugh at som. She never object to frequent of existence, the helpless condition, frankinsence hovering over the altar; and marked the curling smoke of a matter of convenience merely. all love stories, and to treat the tales the haunts of pleasure, but she was the dependant state of man, are seen the full swell of the deep toned orof romantic passion as mere fiction as much alone there, as in the depths and felt—then the monarch, the lead-gan, reverberating through the petof poets and novelists, that never of solitude. She walked about in a er, and all those "dressed in brief ted roof, burst on the ear—the hymn existed in real life .- My observations sad reverie, apparently unconcious of authority," shrink into equal stations, of the choristers floated through the aisles, and even the angels and chewith her an inward wo that mocked death reaches alike the sovereign and rubims joined their voices in sacred me that however the surface of the at all the blandishments of friend-the peasant. Whenever such feel- harmony of praise and devotion, character may be chilled and frozen ship, and "heeded not the song of ings steal o'er my mind, I do not while with one voice, the multitude by the cares of the world, and the the charmer, charm he never so wish to check them: they "come cried aloud, "Our Father which tike shadows," and leave a soft, yet art, in heaven hallowed be thy name."

HOWARD.

INDUSTRY. "Go to the aut, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."-

in mly believe that it withers down a momentary forgetfulnes. of sor-mouths," called them to the fulfil- " the auts, and compares their acmany a lovely woman into an early row. After strolling through the ment of their sacred duty. What vity with his indolence, the blush shame ought to crimson his cheek : the ants pursue with unabated n their daily employment merely r sustenance; the prospect of gain hes not stimulate; ambition does actuate, and none of those powscene, she began, with the caprici-turning thanks to the Disposer of all all inducements which operate ousness of a sickly heart, to war-good for his manifold blessings, and a on the human species, can have le a little plaintive air. She had his paternal protection. On this day, any influence upon the actions of an exquisite voice; but on this occa-man disincumbers himself of care; these insects. The regularity and sion it was so simple, so touching, it all temporal concerns are forgotten method which distinguish the operabreathed forth such a soul of wretch- -all vexations crosses are no longer trons of the auts, are convincing eduess, that she drew a crowd, mute remembered this wearied limbs find proofs tha tindustry & perseverance and silent around her, and melted repose, and all is sunshine around are the basis of civil order : for they him. He who does not, at proper pursue, without the smallest incon-The story of one so true and tend-times, commune with his God, loses venience, although living together in er, cold not but excite great inter- a great temporal luxury and hazards swarms, their daily occupations. est in a country remarkable for en his eternal happiness. You may be A desire of assisting one anothe apthusiasm. It completely won the free in your religious opinious, in pears to animate all; for we have heart of a brave officer, who paid different as to the strict performance frequently observed one of them his addresses to her, and thought of its duties-you may philoso hize struggleing beneath a heavy burden, that one so true to the dead, could on its mysteries, and coldly comply, and after repeated attempts to reach not but prove affectionate to the for form-sake, with what morality the place of distination failing, one living .- She declined his attentions, requires: but there is more than of his companions would run to his for her thought's were irrevocably en-form, or fashion, or sentiment, which support, and assist in carrying the grossed by the memory of her for God requires of his creatures; and burden. From this let man, the mer lover. He, however, persisted there are times when the most free proud monarch of all creation, learn in his suit. He solicited not her and indifferent call upon him for pro- a useful lesson, and follow the extenderness, but her esteem. He tection and support. We may part-lample of this little insect, and when was assisted by her conviction of his ly judge, from common relations if he beholds his neighbour oppressed worth, and her sense of her own life, how pleasing it is to be sincere- with a heavy burden and sinking of a beautiful and interesting girl, the destitute and dependent situation, ly and truly pious in our orisons.— under accumulated misery, let him daughter of a late celebrated Irish for she was existing on the kindness We bail the friend who has served proffer the hand of friendship and barrister. She loved him with the of friends. In a word, he at length us with gratitude-we gaze upon our alleviate his misfortunes by relieving disinterested fervor of a woman's first succeeded in gaining her hand, the companion in life with affection we him from despondency and raising

Plough Boy.

The late Comet .- The Journal Des Debats remarks :- "We have had a narrow escape! - The carth emplary wife, and made an effort to and omnipotent God. Not with the was, on the 26th of June, in the di-This wandering star, our globe, and the sun, were then on the same line, and M. Olbers, a celebrathed astronomer of Bremen, observed the pasrighteous God whom you fear to of- The nucleus of the comet entered sage of the comet over the sun's disc. It was on her, that Moore, the fend-whom you approach with the 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 the gay throug, who think only of the sun, and fourteen millions from

In a late debate in the British House of Commons, it was stated nothing in religiou which is repulsive without contradiction, that since to human nature: it is alike foreign 1817, the benefit of the insolvent from the gloomy air of the monastry laws had been taken to the amount To render her widowed situation He had liv'd for his love-for country he or the fastidious injunctions of the of fifteen millions pounds sterling, higot: religion is ever cheerful in its the dividends on which were not one

> Among the numerous new towns wait until the hour of tribulation ar- now crecting in our extensive coun-Oh! make her a grave where the stin-rives? Should we forget our God try, we observe one to be called the until affliction warnes us of our help-town of Napoleon; situated on a less condition ?- No-In our pros- branch of Laughery creek, in Ripley

> > Much interest has been recently excited on the subject of matrimony, These sentiments were awakened in the community of Rhode-Island. by the sight of a crowded population It is not perhaps generally under--I saw the Priest heave high in air, ministers and elders of churches, as

> > > Aphorisms.

Honesty is a person's best robe: or choicest apparel; many people, s . fearful of wearing it out, lay it arefully by like their Sunday coat.

The silence of a dishonorable peron is always desirable, but you are more sufe in his hatred than friend-

Popularity is like the rain-bow, it flies the pursuer and pursues the flier.

A Hint to Tattlers .- Whether an pprobious tale be true or false, it an never be henorable or justifiable a circulate a story, the publicity of which would injure anothers' reputacappings of mirth, and looking so was passing to the several places of for centuries, cannot be too rigidly laion, or retard his return to virtue