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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

SONG.

Oh! say not sing a careless lay,
When clouds are on thy brow;
I once could warble them away,
But oh! I cannot now!
I cannot meet thine earnest gaze
So full of mournful light,
And not remember other days
More blessed and more bright.

Thy smile has lost the winning grace
Which once it ever wore;
I cannot bring it back to thee
By music, as of yore.
How can I breathe a gladsome song,
Thy sadness to beguile,
When other thoughts thy bosom throng,
And I could weep the while?

Then bid me not sing joyously,
But let it be a strain
That may recall the past to thee,
Of love that loved in vain.
Oh! let it be of hopes that met
With dark and early blight;
Of hearts that beat but to regret—
But not of joy to-night.

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

The leaves on the bough stirr'd
Are fading and falling,
And the wind and the wood-bird
Are mournfully calling;
And music around us,
Of landscape and river,
And feelings that bound us,
Are passing forever.

The mists of the mountain,
With morning unspringing,
The chime of the fountain,
Its melody ringing;
The foam where the river burst
Up to the day,
And all by the sweet stream nurs'd,
Passing away!

So hearts we have cherished
When life was before us,
Are grown cold or perish'd,
As years have roll'd o'er us;
And we look in the faces
Once glowing with gladness
And we find in their places,
But sorrow and sadness.

O, life, it is fearful!
We're all of us sighing,
The moment we're cheerful,
That moment we're dying;
And all we have tasted,
And all we have spoken,
Are hopes that are wasted,
And hearts that are broken.

Miscellaneous.

Seeing a Friend off in a Packet.

One of the commonest incidents in life for a New Yorker, is to find himself occasionally at the foot of Market field st., in the midst of a crowd of mail bags, trunks, porters and poultry, making his way to a friend about to sail in a packet for Europe. There is certainly nothing very remarkable in the thing itself. Packets sail almost every day; friends depart and come back again with exemplary punctuality. Broadway, with its thronging thousands, scarcely misses a single foot-print; one's every day affairs fill up the gap of absence, and there is little time or necessity for moralizing. Yet we have always found something characteristic about these departures, and no two of these exactly alike in the incident, much less the sentiment. A slight circumstance colors the little event. Any formal act which breaks up the accustomed routine of life, comes upon us painfully, it throws us upon hope and conjecture, we fancy all sorts of possibilities, and the older we grow, with a greater experience of evil, we shrunk the more from such occasions. To many people, a wedding is as painful as a funeral, out of this sense of uncertainty, apparently, it is the happiest thing in the world; joy, laughter, and congratulation, abound on all sides, but within are doubt and dismay. The implied necessity of being happy, destroys the happiness itself. We can wish a man good day or grasp his hand, or perform any familiar act of kindness with zest and unction; but set us upon any thing out of the track, to bid him God-speed on a journey, or wish him joy in a marriage, and the good faith of the thing is immediately paralyzed; we stand trembling on the brink of a vast unknown future, and seem to be commemorating some deed which invites the sure coming evil powers of the world, hastening disappointment and unerring fate. We have faith in our daily life, to which we are accustomed; we have none in what lies outside of it, the unknown. Happy man who jogs on thro' the vale of life in undisturbed serenity, content with the well known foot-path, the familiar meadow, without even penetrating the wilds, or crossing the oceans beyond; for whom the sun rises and sets on the spot where his eyes first beheld the miracle in childhood; who sits under the wide-spreading tree when old, he planted when young; who knows no cares sleep cannot remedy, or the smile of friends assuage.

For the most part, set occasions of formality are to be eschewed. The world thinks differently, and admires every opportunity for display. It prides itself on its mere formalists. It sets apart the man who makes the most boys as the truest gentleman, the preacher with the stiffest cravat and worst pronounced surplice for the highest living. A physician's prescriptions are valued according to his mysterious-ness; and an author who keeps up all the forms of reputation, the coat, the dinner, the puff, the biography and engraved portrait, has ten times the glory of the poet & proud scorner who sits at home and writes all the books. Posterity judges the dead. But what is posterity to the man who knows not where he shall go? [illegible] respect for form [illegible] comfortably, supporting every [illegible] kindnesses of other [illegible] like the distressed German, and thinking it more substantial than the substance, because strange paradox, we find it the more tangible of the two. Truth, shy maiden, sits in her well and seldom comes forth to sparkle in the sunshine; when she does appear among men, it is as the capricious, beautiful Undine, courted and sought, but misunderstood, soon abandoned for the baser earth-born, and quickly vanishing from the embrace of mortals.

But we are trespassing even upon the liberal indulgence allowed to essayists in wandering from our text, who, in their most errant flights, like the balloonists, must be careful not to let go entirely of the string which is to bring them to the earth again. The chief tho't which occurred to us in our last excursion in the bay, as we glanced up from the petty steamer to the mighty vessel lifting its anchor to drop it again in the old world, was the diminution of interest with which literary men, every year, look outward to the shores of England as her great authors of the century, one by one, fall into their graves. The living man hallows the soil. It is something, as Washington Irving said of the sexton at Stratsford, to see even the ashes of Shakspeare, but how much more would it have been to approach the land of which he was the living breath, which existed in him and became poor and beggarly, and was handed over to commoner men when he died! It is so now, that the great men of the first half of the nineteenth century are vanishing away. The present is robbed to enrich the past. A few years ago, and Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Macintosh, Hazlitt, Keats, Shelley, Sydney, Smith, Arnold, Hemans, and Landon, made up the mighty fame of London. They are gone. Their books are with us, and their memory, and they belong to our past. A new hall is opened for us on the threshold of that deep vista through which we pass by their statues to the great images of the olden time.—Shakspeare midway, Dante a little farther on, and the vast Homer in the farthest perspective. England is no longer to our imagination the Great England she was when men like those who have passed away breathed her air and partook of her fruits. What is the Cathedral pulpit at St. Paul's to us without the echoing creak of Sydney Smith the reverend "joker of jokes?" What is Abbotsford without Scott?—what, alas! will Ambleside be without Wordsworth? To an American who has grown up in daily familiarity with these men, in intimacy with their thoughts and feelings, their departure makes England emphatically a land of strangers. This is not the regret of lion hunters—those most miserable and selfish egotists; it is not necessary to see a great author to revere him, to share in his existence but it is the pain we feel when a part of our existence is invaded. A portion of our mental and moral nature seems plucked away when a Byron or Scott dies. It is a real wo, which a mesmerist might attribute to the loss of vital power in the world by which all are sustained, the man of genius being the great mesmerizer. What invisible currents there may be passing to and fro in the world, we know not, which connect man with man; but we cannot look upon the magnet, tending by its mysterious law, to the north, and say that no such communication exists. If the one, the spiritual is a great problem—the other, the material, is a greater.—[Dem. Review.

AN INFIDEL AND HIS FAMILY.

The New York Evening Mirror of the 16th ult., contains an interesting communication from Grant Thorburn, a distinguished New Yorker—being his reminiscences of N. York fifty one years ago. We make the following extract, relative to an Infidel, which conveys its own moral—and an excellent one too, for all who choose to profit by it.

There came a man to work in our shop by the name of Williams. He bro't with him from England, a nice little woman for a wife, and also two young children. Williams was a genuine radical of the "new school"—could talk long and loud about the "perfectability of human nature"—the "power of the mind," & the "sound sense of the people" who had the power to convert this world of ours to a paradise. He was soon taken up by the pure republicans of that day, and honored with a seat in the wigwam, by the side of Burr, Fellows, and other philosophers of the French School. Such an honor, heaped upon the head of an English Manchester journeyman blacksmith, nearly turned his brain.

Soon after this event there appeared in our streets a blind man, who was either born so or who had lost his sight by the visitation of Divine Providence. His name was Palmer. He was a preacher of infidelity. His church was the Assembly room, in Walnut street, which stood where Cedar street was opened a few years ago.

When Williams sailed from England he brought with him a large quantity of anti-baptist divinity, both in his head and chest of books. For some months I observed that he was [illegible] away by the hoary headed pilgrims to the "Temple of Reason," to hear the preacher of Palmer—that blind leader of the blind. He drank deeply of the cold and cheerless waters of that well [illegible] and shortly after [illegible] the church bell chimed its [illegible] his wife sat at home like the mother of desolation on the mount of misery—his children wandered through the byways of the town like sheep without a shepherd, whilst he himself descended into some wretched tavern to deal out, under the sacred name of liberty, death and deism to his gaping companions.

Williams was an excellent workman, and he was the first man who made a coach spring in N. York. Previously to entering the den of death in Walnut street, he had commenced business on his own account, and was in a thriving way. Now everything went wrong with him. In his eagerness to propagate his new doctrines, he neglected his bellows and business—his affairs went to decay, and he removed to the upper part of the city, pennyless and friendless.

I had not seen him for some years, when one morning he came to my store about eleven o'clock. He asked me for a quarter of a dollar to purchase something to eat.

"Williams," said I, "has it come to this with you. Have you no friend—no child?"

"I have neither friend not child to help me," was the sad reply.

This occurred in the early part of June. I was then doing business in the Friends (late) meeting house in Liberty st. The appearance of the place, and the season made every thing look like a garden which the Lord had blessed. My three sons were behind the counter waiting on the customers. I asked Williams about his children, and called them all by name. Some were dead—some were gone away, he knew not where, and all, boys and girls, had turned out good for nothing.

"Williams," said I, "here are my three children; they have never given me a pang in all their lives. No neighbor has never bro't a complaint against them; and I have nothing to reproach them with. They are the staff of my age. We are old acquaintances, and your children and mine grew up together; they were next door neighbors. Why should your children be so different from mine?"

"How can I tell," replied he.

"Do you remember, Williams," said I, "the day you bro't your Bible, your Gospel Magazines, and your huge volumes of Baptist divinity in our workshops, that you laid them on the fire and began to blow the bellows. I interposed and bo't them all from you for three dollars, to save them from the flames. I told you then that you would run your children in this world, whether there was another world or not. You remember this?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Was I not right then? You sent your children forth into the streets where they were exposed to every evil. I led mine to church, where, if the sermon did them no good, it kept them from mischief, you exposed your children to evil example. I kept mine under my own eye until they were old enough to judge and reason for themselves."

He confessed that the event had shown that I was right, and that he was wrong.

"But" said he, "it is now too late to retract. Had I adhered to the religious principles I brought with me from England, I believe that I, this day, would have been in as comfortable circumstances as any mechanic in New York."

I believed so, too.

Williams, however, continued steadfast in his deistical opinions to the last. He sheltered Thos. Paine, when, on account of dissipated habits and slovenly dress but few persons would allow the philosopher to enter their doors. Williams continued to live thro' poverty and pain, sometimes out of the alms house—sometimes in. At length, however, both philosophers slept with their fathers, leaving their example of the "perfectability of human nature" to speak for itself.

LOVELINESS IN WOMAN.—It is not the smile of a pretty face, nor the beauty and the symmetry of thy person, nor yet the costly decorations that compose thy artificial beauty. No! nor the enchanting glances which thou bestowest with such lustre on the man thou deignest worthy of thine affection. It is thy pleasing deportment—thy chaste conversation, thy sensibility, and the purity of thy thoughts—thy affable and open disposition—sympathising with those in adversity—comforting the afflicted—relieving the distressed—and, above all, that humility of soul, that unfeigned and perfect regard for the precepts of Christianity. These virtues constitute thy loveliness. Adorned with but those of nature and simplicity, they will shine like the refulgent sun; and display that the loveliness of the person is not to be found in the tinsel ornaments of the body, but in the reflections of the rectitude and the scrutiny of a well spent life, that soars above the transient vanities of the world.

THE HUMORIST.

"DON'T LAUGH SO LOUD."

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—The Comic Grammar says:—

But remember, though box
In the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox
Should be *oxen*, not oxes,
To which an exchange adds:—
And remember, though fleece
In the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose
Are'nt *gooses* nor *geeses*.
Another exchange [illegible] the following:
And remember, though house
In the plural is *houses*,
Yet the plural of louse
Should be *lice* and not *louces*.
We of the 'Star' would also say—
And forget not, though rat
In the plural is rats,
That the plural of mouse
Is *mice* and not *mouses*.

LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.

In the new melodrama recently got up at the Chatam Theatre, a famous robber is takin and beheaded, and his head is exhibited to the audience by being placed on a table in the centre of the stage. To accomplish this to the life, the robber's body is fitted in the body of the table, and his neck is fitted into a hole in the centre of the baf, so that to the audience it looks precsely as though the man's head had beencut off and stood up in a pool of its own blood upon the table. On the fifth night of the exhibition, a wag got into the third tier of the stage boxes, and by some unexplained manoeuvre, managed to blow a lot of Scotch snuff over the stage, just at the time the head was placed on the table. As soon as the snuff had began to settle down, the head commenced sneezing, to the no small amusement of the audience; and as the sneezing could not be stopped, the curtain fell amid roars of laughter and confusion.

The Irish Mode of Raising a 'Row.'—Sure, we always do challenge each other to phy a match of ball or another cuts it, and thin there's a dispute about it; or in hurlin', the same way, in the hate of the game, may be the fellow before you is jist goin' to have the ball all to himself, and you after him, hot foot, what can you do but give him a thrip? and away he goes heat over heels, and if he's a chance he loses his timper, and comes to thrip you—when, may be he is not so necessiated to thrip you as you wor to thrip him, and that losen't stand to rayson in your opinion, and may be you can't help givin' him a clip o' the heel, and down he goes, and thin, may be, one o' his barony sees that, and doesn't think it raysonable, and slaps at you—and so on it goes like fire among flax, and the play turns into a fight in no time; and, indeed, in the long-run we find 'tis the best way of arguin' the point: for there might be some fractious sperits would dispute about the fairness o' this play, or the fairness o' that play, and that it was an accident settled the game, but when it cums to rale fightin' there can be no words about it, for, you see, when yon dhrive every mother's son o'them before you, and fairly lather them out of the field, there can be no mistake about it.

LICKING AN EDITOR.

The following described affair is said to have come off somewhere 'out west' lately.

[Editor in his sanctum, discovered writing—and enter a 'six foot customer,' with a newspaper in his hand.]

Visiter—(Pointing out a certain article) Look here, Mister, did you write that thar.

Editor.—I did.

V. (Laying off his coat,)—Well I've got to whip you—so you'd better peel.

ED. Indeed! But I prefer not being whipped.

V. Can't help it—got to do it! You'd better be pullin' off that coat, or I mought spile it for you.

Ed. (drawing a 'revolver,')—Thank you sir—I believe I'll keep my coat on.

V. What! You'r not a-going to use that shootin' iron, be you?

ED. Not unless you render it necessary

V. Now see here stranger—that's not gentlemanly. Just lay that thing aside, and lets take it out in a way that's becomin.'

ED. Sorry not to be able to oblige you—but can't possibly.

V. (Putting on his coat and retiring)—Well, if you're that sort of a feller, I want nothin' to do with you. You're beneath the notice of a respectable citizen!—(Exit.)

CHANGING A GUINEA.

An Irish gentleman who was very much annoyed at the late hours kept by his sons, gave strict orders to John, a faithful old butler, to lock the door every night at eleven o'clock and not to open it after that time; for a time the young gentlemen were punctual to the hour; but one morning master Tom wasn't at home till one, when, seeing a light in the hall, he tapped gently at the door, and the following dialogue took place between Master Tom and the butler.

'Who's there?'

'It's I, John, it is I, open the door.'

'I couldn't indeed Master Tom, 'twould be as much as my place is worth.'

'O, for God's sake, let me in, John.'

'I couldn't, indeed Master Tom; but have you a guinea in your pocket?'

'I have, John, I have.'

'Put it in the key-hole, Master Tom and I think it will open the door.'

Master Tom did as he was told, and the door instantly opened.

'Thank you, John, thank you, John.—That's a good fellow, and now here's half a crown for you, and just run round to the stable with my horse.'

'Yes, Master Tom,' and upon John's return he found the door shut, and tapped for admission, when Master Tom, played the butler over again, and told him there was alteration in the clock, but if he'd put a guinea and a [illegible] down in, they would open it. That was good fit for tat.

PHRENOLOGY.—We find the following in the East Mississippian [illegible] smart piece from here down to where I live, but lights of scientifics is shed abroad, and I am willing to do my part, to assist the young idea and show it how to shoot.—Just as the twig is declined, so the tree will grow; but, without any further explains or circumlocutions, we'll proceed to lectorize on this here Freenology, which is a human critter's head cut off of a monkey, (the lecturer here exhibited the head of a dog,) the eyes dug out, the hair all off, and the interestings all out of the inside. Leaving the monkey genus, we'll descend down to the human specie. Now, why its called so, is, because man is the only critter that's fond of money. The first preposition preparatory to the preceding lector, I shall digest for your observation in this ere anatomy, (the lecturer points out successively the various organs) we'll begin with this part which is called the fore-head, and is written down as the Paricatell bone, because it is so much nearer the mouth here, than what the hindet part of the skull are. This bump in the centre is called Comparisonness, and is very useful in buying two punkins, to tell which is the biggest—these two bumps on the side is called Causiality, and shows when a man's got a great eal of larnin, for as fast as larnin comes into his ears here, these two bumps suck it up, and causes it to swell out till its ready to bust. We'll now recede as far forward as back of the head, which is called the frontall bone, because when people gits affronted, the two bumps is called combats, and there is always a great eal of dander on this part of the head. These two bumps on the back of the head, comprises the human specie, and is common to no other criters on the face of the earth except it's men and boys and girls, folks got these two bumps large, can make Love Powders, such as Sonderifics, and Hydrostatics, it is covered all over with fine net work, called the oil factory nerves, which runs up thro' the veins of the spinals back bone. These is the only numatics of the science, but as we git along in the old matics of it we'll find that freenology is gwine to make a desperate change in society, which the human specie wont find out till this science was first exploded in Boston, and ever since that time Boston has been called the Literary Opium of Science. The man who first invented these here bumps, will be expatofihied, eulogoted, and obliterated, and called as great a Philosopher as General Bonaparte or Julius Cæsar, and even they, would not be half so much known and respected as the preachers of this here science, of whom I am an humble though faithful impostor.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

AIM HIGH.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Aim high. What you do, perform well, and labor to improve. Are you a lawyer? Rest not satisfied with being merely a pettifogger, a collector of bills, a pleader in the lower courts. Study, that you may take a high rank. Aim to be a Parsons, a Hale, or a Greenleaf. Are you a minister? Preach well & study your subject. Don't be a lazy, drawling Pastor of a meagre Church; elevate your people and put energy into them by your discourses; there is no reason why you should not be a Baxter or a Bunyan, a Payson, or a Beecher. Are you a mechanic? Let an Arkwright and a Watt stimulate you; do your work well, and charge accordingly; never suffer an article to go from your shop, that will not bear examination—that you would not be willing to stamp the maker's name upon it. Are you a merchant? Be attentive to your business; understand perfectly what you are about; leave not your offices too much in the hands of clerks; suffer not your accounts to go to loose ends; let a Gray, or a Parker, be your pattern—a Dana, or a Brown. Are you a lumper or a laborer? a fisherman or a clam-digger? Be faithful to your business and do everything well; 'tis the only way to succeed.

Aim high. Go beyond others if you can; but study and labor that no one outstep you in your profession or business.—Never be idle; never lose a moment by sloth and a lazy spirit; up and on should be your motto by day and by night—year in and out.

——'your projects high,
Link not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.'

With such a course you will never be a drone—never sink in the gutter—never call upon Hercules to assist you. Facing opposition, slaying lions in your paths, scaling mountains and leaping seas, you will conquer mightily—omnipotently we had almost said. Who will not aim high, and make as it were earth and heaven subject to his control?

WIRT vs. TANEY.

The following extract is from a well written sketch of the life of William Wirt, by F. W. Thomas, Esq., published in the Broadway Journal.

For a long time Mr. Wirt's chief opponent at the Baltimore bar, was Mr. Taney, the present chief justice of the U. States. Mr. Taney removed to Baltimore from Frederick, on the death of Mr. Pinckney, and there Mr. Wirt and himself were the great forensic rivals. No two men of the same profession could be more different in their intellectual endowments than were these gentlemen. They were as unlike in these regards as they were in their personal appearance. Mr. Taney was very thin. He stooped, and his voice was weak; and such was the precarious condition of his health, that he had to station himself immediately before and near the jury, to make himself heard by them. Mr. Wirt always placed himself in front of the trial table, opposite the jury, in oratorical position. Mr. Taney's manner of speaking was slow and firm—never using the least rhetorical ornament, but pressing into the heart of the case with powerful arguments, like a great leader with unbroken phalanx into the heart of a besieged city. His style was plain, unadorned, and s forcible and direct [illegible] used snuff—compressed in his closed hands, he reasoned for hours without the least attempt at wit or eloquence. And yet at times, he was truly eloquent, from his deep yet subdued earnestness. In a question of bail in the case of a youth who shot at his teacher, I remember, though then a youthful student, that a crowded auditory were suffused in tears. It was the fervor of his own feelings, speaking directly, that made him eloquent. He did not appear to know that he was eloquent himself. It was an inspiration which came to him, if it came at all, unbidden—and which would no more answer to his call than Gendower's

"Spirits from the vasty deep."

One of the most interesting cases ever witnessed at the Baltimore bar, was a trial in a *mandamus* case, in which the right to a church was contested. Mr. Duncan had been established in the ministry in Baltimore, by a number of Scotch Presbyterians in an obscure edifice. His talents drew such a congregation that it soon became necessary to build a larger one. It was done; and in the progress of events, the pastor preached a more liberal doctrine than he had at first inculcated. His early supporters remained not only unchanged in their faith, but they resolved to have it preached to them by one with whom they could entirely agree upon religious matters. The majority of the congregation agreed with Mr. Duncan. A deep schism arose in the divided flock which was eventually, by a writ of *mandamus*, carried before a legal tribunal. Mr. Taney was counsel for the old school side, and Mr. Wirt for the defendants. The court room, during the trial, was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the Monumental city. It was such a display of eloquence, and a full appreciation of it, as is seldom witnessed. Mr. Wirt was always happy in making a quotation; and in concluding this cause he made one of his happiest. After alluding the old school members who, as it has been said, were Scotchmen, and after dwelling upon the tragedy of Macbeth, the scenes of which are laid in Scotland, he described their preacher as being in the condition of Macbeth's guest; and said, after a stern rebuke to them, that though they should succeed in their cause, which he felt confident they would not, they would feel like the guilty Thane:—

"This *Duncan*
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued ag'st
The deep damnation of his taking off."

This quotation was made with such oratorical effect that there was a deep silence when Mr. Wirt took his seat, which was succeeded by repeated outbreaks of applause. Mr. Wirt gained the case.

THIS IS THE DOCTRINE.

Elevate the masses. Build up instead of pulling down. Equality means something else than bringing down every thing that is exalted to the grovelling standard of ignorance. Let us point our sons upward and onward.

"*Elevate the Masses.*—The importance of making every man of our country a freeholder, cannot be, in our judgement, too highly appreciated. It not only places him beyond the contingency of poverty, but identifies him with the interest and well being of the country, and serves to make him a better citizen, as well as a happier man.

When education is placed within the reach of the masses, and when they become the owners of the soil, we need have no fear about the perpetuity of our freedom, or of our institutions; the former will give him a just conception of the blessings to be derived from freedom, and the latter that can be needed to sacredly preserve the same.

The blessings enjoyed by the people with a proper moral and religious restraint, form the strongest safeguard against external and internal foes, that can in any event be made by a nation. Standing armies, navies and fortifications, are as nothing in comparison; these, in the hands of mercenary soldiery may spread for a time thro' any country, destruction; but they are not the elements for building up and protecting permanently a country of freemen.—Elevating the condition of the masses ought to be the great desideratum of our legislators; for in the accomplishment of this almost every great object of legislation is attained."

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

The life of a rich old bachelor consists of a splendid breakfast, a tolerable dinner, and a most miserable supper.

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