

Poetry.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

Here, in this lonely bower, where first I won thee,
I come, beloved, beneath the moon's pale ray,
To gaze once more, through struggling trees, upon thee,
And then to tear my broken heart away:
I do not linger near thee as a brother;
I feel my burning heart would still be thine;
How could I hope my passionate thoughts to smother,
While yielding all thy sweetness to another,
Thou should'st be mine!

But fate hath willed it; the decree is spoken:
Now life may lengthen out its weary chain,
For, rest of thee, its loveliest links are broken;
May we but clasp them all in heaven again!
Yes, thou wilt there be mine, in yon blue Heaven!
There are sweet meetings of the pure and fond;
Oh, joys unspeakable to such are given,
When the sweet ties of love, that there are riven,
Unite beyond.

A glorious charm from Heaven thou dost inherit;
The gift of angels unto thee belongs;
Then breathe thy love in music, that thy spirit
May whisper to me thro' thine own sweet songs;
And though my coming life may soon resemble
The desert spots thro' which my steps will flee,
Tho' round thee then wild worshippers assemble,
My heart will triumph, if thine own but tremble,
Still true to me.

Yet, not when on our bower the light reposes
In golden glory, wilt thou sigh for me;
Nor when the young bee sinks in crimson roses,
And the fair sunbeams tremble o'er the sea;
But when at eve the tender heart grows fonder,
And the full soul with pensive love is fraught,
Then with wet lid o'er these sweet paths thou'lt wander
With tender thought.

And when at times thy bird-like voice entrances
The listening throng with some enchanting lay,
If I am near thee, let thy gentle glances
One tender message to my heart convey;
I ask but this—a happier one has taken
From my lone life the charm which made it dear;
I ask but this, and promise thee, unshaken,
To meet that look of love—but oh! 'twill waken
Such raptures here!

And now farewell! farewell! I dare not lengthen
Those sweet sad moments out; to gaze on thee
Is bliss indeed; yet it but serves to strengthen
The love which now amounts to agony:
This is our last farewell, our last fond meeting;
The world is wide, and we must dwell apart;
My spirit gives thee, now, its last wild greeting,
With lip to lip, while pulse to pulse is beating,
And heart to heart.

Farewell! Farewell! Our dream of bliss is over:
All, save the memory of our blighted love,
I now must yield thee to thy happier lover,
Yet oh, remember, thou art mine above!
'Tis a sweet thought, and, when by distance parted,
'Twill lie upon our hearts, a holy spell;
But the sad tears beneath thy lids have started,
And I—alas, we both are broken-hearted!
Dearest, farewell!

Literature.

(From the Lady's Wreath.)

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

"She lies afar in the forest deep,
Away from her native home,
By the wild-wood stream, in dreamless sleep,
She is resting still and lone."

On a fine morning in May, 18—, two of those large boats in which families emigrating to the west descend our rivers, were seen slowly floating down the Ohio. Built of rough heavy timber, and intended to move only with the current, those unwieldy vessels lay silent and motionless on the wave, that bore them gently towards their destination. At a small village—or rather at a spot intended to be occupied as such—the boats were brought to the shore and moored, and the passengers began to mingle with the people, whom curiosity had drawn to the landing place. It was a missionary family, proceeding to its station among the Osage Indians, that halted thus in the wilderness, to receive a foretaste of the scenes that awaited them in the distant forest.

The place at which they had stopped was a level plain, of rich alluvion, from which the timber had been cleared for the space of a mile along the river, and nearly that depth into the forest. A cluster of cabins, recently built, of rough logs, to which the bark still adhered, presented to the eyes of our travellers a specimen of human existence more nearly approaching the rudeness of savage life than anything they had yet seen. There was nothing here to recall to memory their own lovely homes—the beautiful villages of New England. There was no green spot, shaded with venerable trees, hallowed to the repose of the dead—no church, pointing its spire to heaven, and offering a holy refuge to the living. Here were no rural embellishments, indicating taste, and neatness, and enjoyments—no domestic trees, no honey-suckle bowers, nor any of those ornaments which beautify the village, and give to the humblest cottage an air of elegance. Gardens, and orchards, and meadows, there were none, nor any dwelling that seemed to have been endeared to a human being by the name of house. The ground, newly cleared, was thickly set with stumps, and covered with a rank growth of weeds. The frail and unsightly cabins, standing apart from each other, and destitute of out-houses and enclosures, seemed to be, as they really were, the temporary residence of an unsettled people. But cheerless as this spot appeared, to those who had been accustomed to all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, it was such as all the new towns in the west had once been; such, perhaps, as the hamlets were on the shores of the Atlantic, where the voices of the Pilgrims first ascended in prayer to Him who had brought them in safety out of the land of persecution.

And yet the scene was not destitute of attraction. Art had done little to spoil, and nothing to embellish it, but nature had been prodigal of her bounties. As the travellers stood on the bank, they beheld the "beautiful river" for miles above and below them, rolling gently along, with a surface as smooth as polished crystal. The shores were lightly curved, swelling out on the one side, and receding upon the other, so as to exhibit a series of long and graceful bends. The hues of the forest were as various as they were beautiful. Here was the melancholy cypress, with a dark trunk and sombre leaf, and the tall sycamore, with a stem of snowy whiteness, and a foliage of light green. The poplar, the elm, the maple, and the gum, with numerous other trees, exhibited every variety of verdure between these extremes. The luxuriant soil, while it fondled itself with a gigantic vegetation, gave a depth and vividness to the coloring of the landscape, that imparted a peculiar strength and character to the scene. But if the eye was charmed, there was a loveliness, a stillness, and a silence, reigning throughout this scene, that touched the heart. The very beauties that delighted, and the quietness that soothed, testified that man was a stranger here, and told the traveller that he was alone with his God.

Such were the feelings of the Missionaries, as they gazed on this gentle stream, and its wild shore. They had left their homes and their friends, their pious companions, their cherished relatives, and the scenes of their childhood, and they were going beyond the confines of civil society, to dwell with the savage in his own wild woods. As they travelled to the west, they had seen the traces of civilization becoming every day more faint—every day they had found the villages ruder and more distant from each other—until at last they had reached the abodes of the hunter, where the rifle and the axe furnished the means of subsistence and of defence. An immense tract of wilderness was yet to be traversed, before they could reach the scene of their future labors, and they felt sad to think how seldom the smile of a countryman, or the voice of a brother, would cheer them on their way. Their spirits sunk, as they looked at the boundless extent of forest—gorgeous as it was to the eye, it was

still but a blooming desert, containing nothing to warm the heart or cherish the affections. Every object around them was strange, and they felt like exiles wandering far from the land of their birth.

These were trials, however, that had been anticipated; and it was easy to see, in the mournful countenances of these humble Christians, as they wandered along the shore, that a heavier visitation was pending over them than those which were necessarily incident to their situation. One of their companions, a beloved sister, was about to breathe her last sigh. The messenger of death had arrested her in the wilderness; giving a solemn warning to those who journeyed with her, that although they had forsaken the haunts of men, they had not escaped the casualties of human existence. Even here, where nature bloomed so fresh, where every surrounding object teemed with youth, and vigour, and fragrance, the messenger of fate could reach its victim. Bound on a mission of love, and bearing the tidings of life to thousands, yet they also bore with them the evidence of their own mortality. Death was silently pursuing their footsteps; watching his own appointed time, to claim the tribute which all must pay to the insatiate king of terrors.

The situation of the dying missionary was soon known to the villagers, and a few of them went to offer, in their own homely way, the offices of hospitality; but they came too late; the sufferer was too feeble to be removed, and the mourning strangers said that they needed nothing from human kindness but a grave for their companion. The visitors were deeply affected. The death-bed exhibits at all times a solemn and a touching scene, and though of daily occurrence, its frequency does not destroy its fearful interest. There are few who reason coldly in the chamber of dissolution; and the imagination is easily excited by any incidental circumstance which brings an additional pang to the parting of the living and the dying. The present scene was one of no ordinary interest. The sufferer was a young and delicate female. A husband watched over her pallet, and two lovely children, unconscious of the loss they were about to sustain, were with difficulty withheld from her embrace. The severing of hearts wedded in love—the parting of a mother from her infant children—are events which the most callous cannot view without emotion; but on ordinary occasions there is a melancholy pleasure in the reflection, that the survivors will often visit the grave of the deceased, to drop the unseen tear of affection. Even this mournful consolation was now wanting; and those who sorrowed, felt that when the soul of their friend should have departed, they must abandon her earthly remains, retaining no relic of her whom they had dearly loved. Her tomb would be on the wild shore, where no kindred ashes slept, and where they who dwelt near the spot, could only point it out as a stranger's grave.

The solemn moment had arrived when none affected to doubt the truth which was too evident, or sought to detain the spirit in its earthly abode. That spirit had begun to assume its celestial character, and was already invested, in the eyes of the beholders, with the attributes of a brighter existence. An angel seemed to be lingering among men, as if unwilling to sever too rudely the cords of affection, with which she had been united to human beings. She spoke little; but her words shewed that her thoughts partook of the change she was about to undergo. Her affections alternately lingered on the earth, and soared towards a better existence. The bosom of the wife and mother swelled with a holy joy—but the heart of the wife and mother clung to the dearly cherished objects of its purest and strongest earthly passion.

The mission family embraced a number of persons of both sexes, and it was gratifying to see in their deportment, how efficient is religion in the hour of sorrow. Though deeply afflicted, there was a decent composure, a quiet humility, and an entire resignation, in all their words and actions. They spoke not of death as the loathsome companion of disease, or the precursor of corruption, but as the natural consummation of all earthly being. They sorrowed not for her who was going to a better world, but for those who remained. Their voices were firm and cheerful—and even the timid soul was fluttering in the hope and fear, and joy and sorrow, of the dying moment, acquiring calmness from the serenity of others.

Such was the day. Evening came, and the sufferer still lived. Prayer and hymn were heard at intervals throughout the night, but all else was silent; and at a late hour they who cast a look at the shore beheld a dim light still emanating from the chamber of death, and appearing as a bright speck in the surrounding gloom—like the lingering soul whose feeble radiance still gleamed in the dark "valley of the shadow of death."

The following day was the Sabbath. At the dawn, the villagers hastened to the boats. The missionaries were already engaged at their morning devotions. The voice of prayer was heard ascending through the stillness of that quiet hour. The accents were low and trembling, but distinctly audible. The speaker alluded to her whose spirit had gone to the mansions of the blessed, and prayed for the bereaved husband and the orphan children; and the villagers then knew that she in whose fate they had felt so deeply interested, suffered no longer. After a moment's pause, the notes of sacred song were heard floating over the tide—so sweet, so mournful, that every heart was touched, and every eye moistened.

At sunset the same day, the remains of the stranger were borne to the place of burial, by her late companions, followed by the inhabitants of the village. A large Indian mound in the rear of the town, had been selected, as the only spot not subject to inundation. The grave was opened on the summit of this eminence, and here was the body of a Christian female deposited among the relics of heathen warriors. The inhabitants, and the mission family, stood around, with their heads reverently uncovered, while the whole company joined, chanting with solemn fervor, as if a flood of devotional feeling had burst spontaneously from every bosom at the same instant—and when they all knelt upon the mound, it was not from any signal or invitation given by man, but God touched their hearts, and as the song of praise ceased, they all involuntarily prostrated themselves before His throne.

When the people rose, and the officiating minister had dismissed them with the usual benediction, the widowed husband stepped forward, leading one of his children in each hand. For a moment he stood by the newly filled grave, gazing on it with an agony, which he strove in vain to subdue. In a broken voice he thanked the people of the village for their kindness, and committed the remains of his wife to their protection. He begged them to mark and remember the place of interment, in order that "if hereafter a stranger in passing through their village should ask them for the grave of Maria —, they could lead him to the spot."

THE WIDOW'S LAST TRIAL.

A TRUE STORY—BY MRS. N. SARGENT.

"He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

"And to-morrow you are to be taken into the firm as a partner." This was uttered by an aged female, who was sitting with one of her withered hands clasped in that of her son's, a young man of two and twenty, who sat looking in her face, with eyes beaming with affectionate interest. "This fully repays me, my beloved son, for all I have suffered."

For a moment the son's features appeared clouded with sorrow; he thought what that suffering had been—of the years long past, when the mother now sitting beside him, so beloved, had submitted to toil and privation, enduring all this for his sake; his eye glistened with tears, till brushing them away hastily, a smile broke over his countenance.

"True, mother," he said; "but let these recollections be forgotten now. The memory of the past will bury in oblivion, and think only of the days to come."
"But you will not allow present prosperity to harden your heart, William; you will not let your good fortune make you high-minded, and forget him who has been a friend in the hour of trouble."

"No, mother, I will not forget that I am the child of God: yet should temptation assail me, I have only to think of your precepts and example, and they would always deter me from doing wrong. But think, mother," he continued, a bright

gleam lighting up every feature, "how happy I shall be in being enabled to place you in the sphere of life to which your virtues entitle you. If you knew how often busy fancy has pictured this hour—how often I have dwelt upon the idea of one day being able to place you in a home equal to your merit, you would not wonder that now, when I see my wishes on the eve of accomplishment, it should thus subdue me."

"Nor do I—nor do I, my son," the mother said, with tearful eyes; "but you think more favorably, my boy, of your aged mother than she deserves. I doubt not many will think and say the old woman has now more than she merits; and really, though I am proud of your advancement, I should not murmur at never having a more comfortable home than the present one you have provided me."

The night was pitchy dark, not a star being visible, while the wind, blowing in fitful gusts, portended a storm of unusual violence.

"I will be a stormy night, I fear," said the young man, rising and going towards the door, to look out. "The river is already swollen, and if the rain falls as it did the other evening, I fear much damage will ensue. You heard of the poor fellow drowned in the canal last evening?"

"Yes," the mother replied. "I hope he had friends to care for him. 'Tis a dreadful death to die," she added, musingly.

"They say not," said William; "many who have encountered it, assert that the being brought to is the most painful part to endure."

"It may be so," the mother answered; "but I fervently trust no one dear to me may ever be submitted to the experience."

A vivid flash of lightning, followed by the low rumbling thunder, caused William now to retire, and observing again that the river would be very high, he closed the door.

The mother of William had been left a widow while he was in his second year. But, by dint of hard labour, she had managed to keep her boy at school until he had arrived at his fifteenth year, when she obtained a situation for him with a merchant residing at the flourishing town of Rochester, in the State of New York. William's good conduct and steady application to business, won the favourite opinion of his employer. The merchant was a man of great benevolence; he could appreciate merit in whatever station it was to be met; and when he saw the lad supporting an aged mother on his earnings, never mingling with the low and vicious, and practising a fidelity to business unusual in one so young, it was impossible to avoid feeling an involuntary respect for his character. William was aware of the merchant's kindness; he knew that his salary exceeded that given to other boys; still he never presumed on the merchant's disinterestedness, but was alike respectful to his employer and his customers. On the day in which he was introduced to the reader's notice, he had been offered a share in the merchant's lucrative business.

Never had his brightest vision pictured such a result; but even then, when it would have been more natural to suppose him greatly elated by his good fortune, he thought only of his mother; and while his expressions of gratitude were poured in eloquent language into the ear of his benefactor, there was a mingling of thanks that she would be reaper of his unexampled kindness.

To-morrow? Who may boast of to-morrow?

The widow and her son parted from each other with happiness bright in the perspective. The storm of the preceding evening had been succeeded by a morning of unusual mildness for the season, for it was the middle of January; and telling his mother he would not return to dinner, but that she would see him early in the evening, William bade her farewell.

It was the close of the day that a traveller went forth to view the picturesque and beautiful falls of the Genesee. He proceeded slowly, gazing upon the surrounding country with the eye of a connoisseur; and had gained the point at which the fall could be seen to the greatest advantage, when his attention became engrossed by an object of exceeding interest. Near to the aqueduct was a man employed in endeavouring to collect some drift-wood. He had stretched forth his arm to seize a floating log, when, the place being slippery, he lost his balance, and fell into the water. At first, the stranger thought him justly punished for his temerity, and felt inclined to smile at what he deemed his foolhardiness; but soon other feelings predominated. The river was very high, and the current running strong, soon brought the rash youth towards the rapids.

Who, oh! who may paint the anguish of that hapless being, knowing himself to be doomed to inevitable destruction! On, on the rapids drove him. There was not a ray of hope to cheer his drooping heart; but as the moment of impending fate drew near, desperation gave him strength to grapple with a death grasp; on the very top of the falls he stood bolt upright upon his feet, and, giving one wild and dreadful shriek went over. Faint and dizzy, the traveller had closed his eyes, to shut out the dreadful sight. He knew that the hapless being had seen him, that the last agonizing appeal the unfortunate youth had made for aid was to him; and, sick at heart, he returned to the hotel.

When the melancholy fact became spread through the town, it was said to be a poor youth, who had been in the habit of nightly carrying home a supply of drift-wood to his mother. All spoke highly of him, of his devotion to her, and of his subsequent good conduct. It was mentioned that his prospects had improved; and many conjectured that the force of habit, more than actual necessity, had occasioned the fatal catastrophe. Reader, the poor drowned youth was the widow's only son!

Not many days after, a coffin was seen slowly emerging from the widow's now desolate mansion. The body of the young man had been found many miles below the spot at which he perished. Not a trace of his once pleasant countenance was perceptible; but his clothes were identified by many.—There was but one who would have recognised him under any circumstances—the heart-broken mother. When all shrunk and turned away with horror from viewing the mutilated limbs, she clung to them, and wept over them in the most bitter agony. The earth went over his loved remains. It was the widow's last trial.
Soon she was sleeping beside him!

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.—A criminal is at this moment, although respited during the Queen's pleasure, under sentence of death in Newgate. The crime of which he has been guilty is one of the most aggravated nature, and for which a very severe punishment is due. The question is, whether society puts to death for the sake of example, or to avenge itself upon those who dare violate its most sacred laws. Decidedly the former aim is aspired to; anything bordering upon a mere sanguinary system of retaliation being below the dignified consideration of a civilized community. Individuals may act from motives of vengeance, because they obey a passion which serves as an impulse; but society at large cannot know nor recognise any such selfish principle. If, then, society strike the vital blow, through the medium of the public executioner, it is for the sake of example—viz., to deter others from committing similar crimes for which the guilty are suffering. By all means let public executions take place, if they answer the proposed end, it being better to annihilate one criminal than that a dozen innocent men should stand the chance of assassination. But if it can be proved that public executions are no example—that they hold out no terrors, either to those who contemplate them visually near, or mentally at a distance;—if it be shown, on the contrary, that they are demoralising and pernicious to a degree, we think that no one will then support the system, seeing that human life is too serious a thing to compromise, unless with the certainty of effecting some ulterior good. What scene does a public execution present to view? Thousands of the worst description of people congregate together around the fatal gibbet, and pass obscene jokes, and indulge in ribald jests, and shout at horrible witticisms; and then, when the whole scene is over, and the dread diorama of human suffering has passed away, that motley crowd separates to the public houses, where the hideous jesting is prolonged, and the abhorrent jocularity stimulated with ardent spirits. Women and children are seen amongst the dense multitude surrounding the fatal scaffold; and thus those who may be supposed

to possess feelings of softness and humanity, are hardened and brutalized by the abominable spectacle. Where, then, is the moral in a public execution? Neither in England, nor France, nor any other country termed civilized, do public executions exercise the remotest influence upon the multitude; and it is very certain the same mode of punishment produces no effect upon the more polished and better educated. The punishment of death is a relic of the sanguinary codes of feudal times, and is rapidly falling more and more into disrepute. The only argument in favour of it which seems at all tenable, is, that it is necessary to cut off from society an offending member, whose conduct is dangerous; but this reason also holds good when perpetual imprisonment is substituted for the penalty of death. "If the solidity of iron bars cannot be trusted to," as Victor Hugo has observed, "how do we happen to have manergeries?" Society cannot, as before noticed, want to avenge itself; all it requires to do is to punish just so far as to strike the world with the force of an example. An example cannot be found in a penalty which hardens the heart and brutalises the mind. Time was when malefactors in England were strung up by sixes and sevens; and when the punishment of death was awarded for the smallest theft upon the highway. At that period our code was notoriously the most sanguinary in Europe! and yet at that epoch were crimes of violence far more numerous and frequent than they are now. The law has mitigated the severity of punishments, and turpitude has actually decreased. Crimes of ingenuity and artfulness are now the characteristics of society, instead of crimes of blood and horror. And yet the scaffold is seldom erected, and a human oblation is seldom given to the demon of revenge. Surely these facts are powerful arguments in favour of the total abolition of the punishment of death; it being apparent to every impartial mind that the public spectacle of human strangulation has actually the tendency to augment turpitude of a violent nature, rather than to diminish it. Amongst the multitudes that throng around the gibbet are invariably gathered all the pickpockets and worthless characters of the Metropolis; and yet the public spectacle does not appear to exercise any salutary influence upon them, for they actually pursue their avocations, and ply their trade beneath the very scaffold whose terrors are intended to make an impression upon their minds. The daring malefactor who "dies game" (in the slang language of the characters just alluded to) is almost an object of envy, and certainly of admiration, with the juvenile pickpockets who collect to behold his exit; and their achievements afterwards grow more daring, and their conduct more desperate, instead of undergoing the slightest reformation. We might adduce numerous additional arguments to support our theory that the punishment of death is unnecessary, and consequently cruel and inhuman, but our limits compel us to leave the remainder until a future period, and in the meantime to the imagination of our readers, who, probably from those above recorded, will gather enough materials for meditation to induce them to converse with us in our view upon the subject.

SODA AND SOAP.—Soda has been used from time immemorial in the manufacture of soap and glass, two chemical productions which employ and keep in circulation an immense amount of capital. The quantity of soap consumed by a nation would be no inaccurate measure whereby to estimate its wealth and civilization. Of two countries with an equal amount of population, the wealthiest and most highly civilized will consume the greatest weight of soap. This consumption does not subservise sensual gratification, nor depend upon fashion, but upon the feeling of the beauty, comfort, and welfare attendant upon cleanliness; and a regard to this feeling is coincident with wealth and civilization. The rich in the middle ages concealed a want of cleanliness in their clothes and persons under a profusion of costly scents and essences, whilst they were more luxurious in eating and drinking, in apparel and horses. With us a want of cleanliness is equivalent to insupportable misery and misfortune. Soap belongs to those manufactured products, the money value of which continually disappears from circulation, and requires to be continually renewed. It is one of the few substances which are entirely consumed by use, leaving no product of any worth. Broken glass and bottles are by no means absolutely worthless; for rags we may purchase new cloth; but soap-water has no value whatever. It would be interesting to know accurately the amount of capital involved in the manufacture of soap; it is certainly as large as that employed in the coffee trade, with this important difference, as respects Germany, that it is entirely derived from our own soil. France formerly imported soda from Spain, Spanish soda being of the best quality, at an annual expenditure of twenty to thirty millions of francs. During the war with England, the price of soda, and consequently of soap and glass, rose continually; and all manufactures suffered in consequence. The present method of making soda from common salt, was discovered by Le Blanc, at the end of the last century. It was a rich boon for France, and became of the highest importance during the wars of Napoleon. In a very short time, it was manufactured to an extraordinary extent, especially at the seat of the soap manufacturers, Marseilles possessed for a time a monopoly of soda and soap. The policy of Napoleon deprived that city of the advantages derived from this great source of commerce, and thus excited the hostility of the population to his dynasty, which became favourable to the restoration of the Bourbons: a curious result of an improvement in a chemical manufacture. It was not long, however, in reaching England. In order to prepare the soda of commerce (which is the carbonate from common salt, it is first converted into glauher salt (sulphate of soda). For this purpose, eighty pounds weight of concentrated sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) are required to one hundred pounds of common salt.—Liebig's Letters on Chemistry.

THE MAN OF GENIUS.—Extreme sensibility, combined with intellectual superiority, form the soul of the man of genius; his spirit aspires to things above the common level; his imaginations soars far beyond the petty concerns that engross and occupy the mass of mankind; he views all things through a different medium; to him the whole creation teems with beauty and sublimity. When he turns his eyes to heaven, and gazes on the retinue of worlds that roll around him, his mind expands in contemplating the immensity of the universe, until he almost forgets he is a child of earth. The majestic ocean, bearing on its billows the ships of all nations, animates his spirit by its grandeur; the earth clothed with verdure; the breathing calm of a rural scene, arrayed in the glories of a summer's evening—the forest shade—the green bough—the bird's voice—the freshness of spring, the fervor and glory of summer—the richness of autumn with its golden fields—and even barren winter, the grave of the year—all awaken emotions of delight in his mind. There is a harmony in nature not heard by common ears; a vastness and a grandeur not comprehended by common minds; there is a perfect order in the scale of creation, from an atom to a world; from the meanest insect to the highest created intelligence, the chain is complete. These things afford nutriment to the gifted mind, and exalt it, but make it feel more lonely; the contemplation of nature refines and purifies the heart, but renders it painfully susceptible to the desolation that surrounds it. It wants a kindred spirit to share its meditations, and follow it in all its wayward wanderings to complete its happiness.

THE CARES OF THE WORLD.—A young man who was paying his addresses to an Irish girl had gained so far on her affections that she had consented to attend him to the temple of Hymen, when some economical fears arose in his breast which cooled the flame Cupid had kindled; he, therefore, waited on his destined bride, talked of hard times, household expenses, &c., till her patience being exhausted, she very politely turned him out of the house. Her mistress hearing the noise, called to know what it was. "Nothing, madam," replied she, "but kicking the cares of the world out of doors."

"Why is a newspaper like a tooth-brush?" Because every body should have one of his own, and not borrow from his neighbor's.