

POETRY.

JOY AND GRIEF.

One summer morn, when dewy flowers
Displayed their fairest smile,
Young Joy forsook his happy bowers,
To frolick forth awhile ;
He hied him to a silver stream,
That rippled down the glade,
And there along its verdant brim,
His thoughtless gambols play'd

High o'er his head the willow flung
Its golden stems in air,
While many a cheerful warbler sung
His jocund matin there ;
He laugh'd to list the bee's soft hum,
Far from the haunts of men,
And the wild partridge's distant drum
Swell echoing through the glen.

And oft his airy form he threw
Sheer in the dancing tide,
To pluck wild water-flowers that grew
Along the streamlet's side ;
Soon on his far unclouded brow
A lovely wreath appears,
Pure as the pearls of winter's snow,
And wet with night's own tears.

Thus play'd he many a jocund hour,
With bosom glad and free,
Till tired he sought a neighb'ring bower,
And slumber'd peacefully.
Deep from her cypress circled cell,
Grief spied the form of Joy,
And softly stealing down the dell,
Knelt by the sleeping boy.

Aside she flung her locks of gold,
And gazed with deep'ning sigh,
Till from her cheeks the tear-drop rolled,
And dew'd his half closed eye :
He woke and sought with ready hand,
To wipe the tear away,
But ah ! no power at his command,
Could dry that cank'ring spray.

Pensive he left the sweet recess,
And his bright home regain'd,
Where still mid all his gladness,
That hapless guest remain'd :
And thus whene'er his form we seek,
In scenes beneath the sky,
We find a smile upon his cheek,
A tear-drop in his eye.

LINES.—By Miss SHERIDAN.

I do not love thee!—no ! I do not love thee !
And yet when thou art absent I am sad,
And envy even the blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!—yet I know not why
Whate'er thou dost seems well done to me—
And often in my solitude I sigh—

That those I do love are not more like thee !

I do not love thee!—yet when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be
dear,)

Which breaks the lingering echo of the
tone,

Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive
blue—

Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee!—yet, alas !
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart ;
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

VARIETY.

Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was son of a blacksmith ; and being raised to the highest honors of the kingdom, was so far from forgetting " what he once was, and from whence he came," that he took all occasions to remember them. Riding in his coach through Cheapside, accompanied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, he saw a poor woman, an inhabitant of Hounslow, which put him in mind, that in his younger years he had run in debt to her the sum of forty shillings. He caused her to be brought to him, and inquired if she was not his creditor. She said " yes ; but was afraid to ask for the money, though she was in great necessity." His lordship bid her to go to his house, and stay till he came ; when he not only paid her debt with interest but gave her a pension of four pounds per annum, and a livery once a year for life. Mr. Frescobaldi, a merchant of Florence who had assisted him in his younger days, being fallen into poverty, he not only relieved with a liberal hand, but gave him money to pay his debts and live handsomely in the world. At another time, being at a dinner with some other great men at the monastery of Sheen, he saw far off a poor fellow that rung the bell, and did the drudgery of the convent for his bread. His lordship called to him, and before all the noblemen at the table shook him by the hand, saying, " my lords, this poor creature's father was a good friend of mine, and gave me many a meal's victuals when I wanted it." Then he said to the poor man, " come to my house, my friend, and I will make a handsome provision for thee ;" and did it accordingly.—*Clark's Marrow of Excel. Hist. part ii. p. 49.*

A FEMALE HUSBAND.—The London papers contain an account of a curious discovery made on examining the body of a laborer, named James Allen, who was killed whilst working as a shipwright at Dock-head. The body turned out to be that of

a female, and yet, strange to say, Allen has been married 21 years, and his wife deposed that she suspected, but did not positively know, that her husband was a woman ! Allen was a strong, active, ingenious workman, (or workwoman,) of an affectionate disposition, but warm temper ; and her fellow workmen never suspected her sex.

A lady seamstress, an acquaintance of the editor of the Boston Statesman, has counted the stitches in a common shirt, and finds the number to be 15,532. The editor says—" this seems a large number." It seems a shiftless business, this counting of stitches ; the attempt would wear the patience of some of our female acquaintance threadbare.

AMUSEMENT.—A fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose ; one in particular has found that eating fire is the most ready way to live ; and another, who jingles several bells fixed to his cap, is the only man that I know of who has received emolument from the labors of his head. A young author, a man of good nature and learning, was complaining to me some nights ago, of this misplaced generosity of the times. Here, says he, have I spent part of my youth in attempting to instruct and benefit my fellow creatures, and all my reward has been solitude, poverty and reproach ; while a fellow possessed of even the smallest share of fiddling merit, or who has perhaps learned to whistle double, is rewarded, caressed. Pr'ythee, young man, says I to him, are you ignorant that in so large a city as this, it is better to be an amusing than a useful member of society ? Can you leap up and touch your feet four times before you come to the ground ? No sir. Can you stand upon four horses at full speed ? No sir. Can you swallow a pen-knife ? No sir, I can do none of these tricks. Why, then, cried I, there is no other prudent means of subsistence left, but to apprise the town that you speedily intend to eat up your own nose by subscription.—*Citizen of the World.*

A THANK ILL-PLACED.—" How do you do, sare ?" said a Frenchman to an English acquaintance. " Rather poorly, thank you," answered the other. " Nay, my dear sare," said the Frenchman, " don't thank me for your illness, I cannot help it."

A country girl recently asked a city acquaintance to go with her to purchase some articles, and to act as spokeswoman. They entered a shop in Washington-st. " Have you any hose ?" asked the city girl. " I don't want hoses, said the country maiden, " I want stockings."—*Boston Pat.*