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SELECTED POETRY.

LOVE THAT DIETH NOT.

Love not alone the gay,
The beautiful, the bright;
For youth will fade away,
Like day-beams into night,
But Love the heart that's pure,
How plain soe'er the face:
Such love will long endure—
Such love cannot debase.

Love not alone on earth
Those transient things of life,
Who, like the rainbow's birth,
Soon fade midst shadowy strife.
But love the power that made
All that to man is given—
Whose spirit doth pervade
The Universal Heaven.

Love all things, great and small,
From man to tiny flower;
Created were they all
By an Almighty power.
For "God is love," we know,
Whate'er may be our lot;
In life, then, let us sow
The love that dieth not.

EPIGRAM.

BY JAMES W. WARD.

'Tis said that man o'er woman justly ranks;
This to disprove, will merit woman's thanks.
Upon the claimant's evidence I'll do it—
Himself shall judge if rightly I construe it:—
Woman's an angel, all mankind declares;
To this the witness resolutely swears.
Woman's an angel! let the precept stand—
Mark how its truth his pride will reprimand;
For man—the text, not me, he must upbraid—
Was "*little lower* than the angels made."

TIME.

There is no remedy for time misspent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess,
O, hours of indolence and discontent
Not now to be redeem'd! Ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness—
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems;
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk, adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Marlboro' Gazette.

EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS.

THE TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE.—Life's changes, and with him they had been great and grievous, had been working his salvation. Once, in all these changes, he had discerned nothing but darkness, confusion, chaos; when he reflected on his fate, only things "without form and void," had passed before his bewildered, benighted vision; but as he gazed resolutely upon them, and viewed them with pious fortitude, they had assumed lovely shapes and tangible forms, and grew in beauty more and more the longer he gazed upon them. Wise had he grown, and earnest, and patient; till at length, his trials came to be angels, beckoning him onward to Hope, and Happiness, and Heaven. But, had he turned a deaf ear to the teachings of Adversity, had he shut his eyes upon the angel faces that were gazing on him and longing to do him good, how much more sad would have been his fate! how many more stern teachers would have been sent forth on their mournful errand, commissioned to perform their sad, yet necessary word. Sooner or later, life's mysterious problem must be solved; and he had already learned his hard life-lesson.

TO THE CHILD OF SORROW.—Whoever thou art, to whom the Father is speaking though the voice of sorrow, pause I beseach thee, pause and ponder. Thou art now upon the threshold of life or death—upon the verge of ever increasing light or ever deepening darkness. At such a time, every moment is full of awful meaning, and life is full of such important moments. Ah! Life is a fearfully solemn thing, but be thou not dismayed. God forbid that I should discourage thee; I would only sound a note of warning in thine ear. I would only tell thee that perchance thou dost not realize upon what delicate springs the time-piece of thy life is working, upon what frail hinges thy destinies are turning. Child of sorrow, pause and ponder!

A MOTHER'S POWER.—How little does a Mother realize her power! How seldom does she exercise, day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, her wonderful prerogative! How often does she live and act as though all unaware of it! But she holds as it were in her own hands, the happiness of the whole family. All look up to her, as to the sun of the household, just as the inhabitants of the earth depend upon the material sun for light, and warmth, and cheerfulness. If she smiles, her little world lies in happy sunshine; if she frowns, a dark, heart-glooming cloud seems to rest threateningly over her kingdom. She creates, by the influence she sheds around her, whether of cheerfulness or gloom, the atmosphere of home. Is this merely a poetic fancy? Do I not speak to the experience of all? Do I not find a response in the deepest recesses of every heart that has ever known a home? Wives and Mothers! would that ye could all realize the life-giving, joy-inspiring, soul-cheering influence of your home-born smiles!

M. S. B. S.

A JOKING CLERGYMAN.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript relates the following anecdotes of Rev. Mather Byles, the well-known joking clergyman of Boston. Mr. Byles lived at the time of the revolution, and was a tory.

The distillery of Thomas Hill was at the corner of Essex and South streets, not far from Dr Belknap's residence in Lincoln street. Dr. Byles called on Mr. Hill and inquired—"Do you still?" "That is my business," Mr. Hill replied. "Then," said Dr Byles—"will you go with me, and still my wife?"

As he was once occupied in nailing some list upon his doors to exclude the cold, a parishoner said to him—"the wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth, Dr. Byles." "Yes, sir," replied the Dr. "and man listeth wheresoever the wind bloweth."

He was intimate with General Knox, who was a bookseller before the war. When the American troops took possession of the town after the evacuation, Knox who had become quite corpulent, marched in at the head of his artillery. As he passed on, Byles, who thought himself privileged, on old scores, exclaimed loud enough to be heard—"I never saw *an ox* fatter in my life." But Knox was not in the vein. He felt offended by this freedom, especially from Byles, who was then well-known to be a tory; and replied, in uncourtly terms, that he was a "—— fool."

In May, 1777, Dr. Byles was arrested as a tory, and subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement on board a guard ship, and to be sent to England with his family, in forty days. The sentence was changed by a board of war to confinement in his own house. A guard was placed over him. After a time the sentinel was removed—afterwards replaced—and again removed when the Dr. exclaimed, that he had been guarded—regarded, and disregarded. He called his sentry his *observ-a-tory*.

Perceiving, one morning, that the sentinel, a simple fellow, was absent, and seeing Dr. Byles himself, pacing before his own door, with a musket on his shoulder, the neighbors stepped over to inquire the cause, "you see," said the Dr., "I begged the sentinel to let me go for some milk for my family, but he would not suffer me to stir. I reasoned the matter with him, and he has gone, himself, to get it for me, on condition that I keep guard in his absence."

One bitter December night, he called his daughters from their bed, simply to inquire if they lay warm.

He had a small collection of curiosities. Some visiters called one morning; and Mrs. Byles, unwilling to be found at her ironing board, and in the emergency, desiring to hide herself as she would not be so caught, by these ladies, for the world, the Dr. put her in the closet and buttoned her in. After a few remarks, the ladies expressed a wish to see the Dr's. curiosities, which he proceeded to exhibit; and after entertaining them very agreeably for several hours, he told them he had kept the greatest curiosity to the last; and proceeded to the closet, unbuttoned the door, and exhibited Mrs. Byles.

He had complained long, often, and fruitlessly to the selectmen of a quagmire in front of his dwelling. One morning, two of the fathers of the town, after a violent rain, passing with their chaise became stuck in the bog. As they were trying to extricate themselves, and pulling to the right and to the left, the Dr. came forth, and bowing, with great politeness, exclaimed—"I am delighted gentlemen to see you *stirring* in this matter, at last."

A candidate for fame proposed to fly, from the North Church steeple, and had already mounted, and was clapping his wings to the great delight of the mob. Dr. Byles, mingling with the crowd inquired what was the object of the gathering—"We have come sir," said one "to see a man fly." "Poh, poh," said the Dr. "I have seen a *horse fly*."

Upon the 19th of May, 1780, the memorable dark day, a lady wrote to the Dr. as follows—"Dear Dr. How do you account for this darkness?" and received his immediate reply—"Dear Madam, I am as much in the dark as you are." This for sententious brevity has never been surpassed, unless by the correspondence between the comedian Sam Foote and his mother—"Dear Sam, I'm in jail"—"Dear Mother, So am I."

He had at one time, a remarkable stupid, and illiterate Irish girl, as a domestic. With a look and voice of terror, he said to her in haste—"Go and say to your mistress, Dr. Byles has put an end to himself. The girl flew up stairs, and with a face of horror, exclaimed at the top of her lungs—"Dr. Byles has put an end to himself!" The astonished wife and daughters rushed into the parlor—and there was the Dr. calmly walking about with a part of a cow's tail, that he had picked up, in the street tied to his coat or cassock behind.

From the time of the stamp act, in 1755, to the period of the revolution, the cry had been repeated, in every form of phraseology that our grievances should be redressed. One fine morning, when the multitude had gathered on the common to see a regiment of red coats paraded there, who had recently arrived—"Well," said the Dr. gazing at the spectacle, "I think we can no longer complain, that our grievances are not *red dressed*." "True said one of the laughers who were standing near, "but you had two ds, Dr. Byles." "To be sure sir, I have." the Dr. instantly replied, "I had them from Aberdeen, in 1765."

These pleasantries will probably survive "THE CONFLAGRATION." Had not this eccentric man possessed some very excellent and amiable qualities, he could not have maintained his clerical relation to the Hollis-street Church and society for three and forty years, from 1733 to 1776, and have separated from them at last for political considerations alone.

THE EDITOR AND HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

"I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby. "He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim—"How so?" said my uncle. "Because, in the first place," continued the corporal, looking full upon my uncle, "Because he must endeavor to please everybody. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps, a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily hands it to the compositor; it is inserted: and he is ruined, to all intents and purposes."—"Too much the case, Trim," said my uncle, with a deep sigh; "too—much—the—case." "And please your honour," continued Trim." elevating his voice and striking into an imploring attitude, "this is not the whole."—"Go on Trim," said my uncle, feelingly. "The printer, sometimes," pursued the corporal, "hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily; and thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers. But alas! Sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and it is all over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, 'Why don't you give us more poetry, marriages, and *bon mots!*—away with these stale pieces.' The politician clasps his specks on his nose, and reads it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none, takes specks off, folds them, and sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes, every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet, after all this complaining, would you believe it, sir," says the corporal beseechingly,—"would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay? Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything so bad as that!" "Never!" said my uncle Toby emphatically.—*Sterne.*

TOBACCO JUICE.—We just now think what an ocean of tobacco juice is squirted away by a sensible people! Rivers and oceans, what a flood! Who can compute it, or the amount of the most nauseous weed in the vegetable kingdom, chewed up and spit out? Wonder the earth don't become stained with filth and burdened with old quids. Speaking of quids, reminds us of one we found in our office the other morning, in size such as was never read of. It lay lengthways in the hall. A shilling paper of fine cut was there entombed, we'll wager. The Street Commissioner has been called in with an inquest of shovels. Tobacco quids put us in mind of an incident which last winter happened at a prayer meeting in this city. An old enemy of the weed, who had destroyed it by wholesale, was called upon to pray. With much care he rolled away a monster roll from his mouth to the bench, there to lie till the prayer had been made. A waggish brother, not having the fear of wry faces before his eyes, but plenty of powdered cayenne pepper in his pocket, slyly peppered o'er the innocent quid, most plenteously. Prayer was made, and the old soldier again placed on duty. Sphit! sphit! sp-SIT! s-i-p-whew! STHOWTH! and the highly-seasoned morsel fell upon the floor, while the tears rolled down the devoted man's cheeks.—*Cayuga Chief.*

"Here, you little rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself! Where have you been?"

"After the gals, father."

"Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy."

"No, sir—but mother did."

SOCRATES.

The following passage gives to the common reader a truer idea of Socrates, than some large treatises heavy with cumbrous learning, and bristling all over with quotations from Xenophon and Plato, Plutarch and Plotinus:

"Socrates was, in truth, not very fond of subtle and refined speculations; and upon the intellectual part of our nature little or nothing of his opinions is recorded. If we may infer anything from the clearness and simplicity of his opinions on moral subjects, and from the bent which his genius had received for the useful and the practical, he would certainly have laid a strong foundation for rational metaphysics. The slight sketch I have given of his moral doctrines contains nothing very brilliant, but comprehends those moral doctrines which every person of education has been accustomed to hear from his childhood; but two thousand years ago they were great discoveries; two thousand years since, were not invented. If Orpheus, or Linus, or any of those melodious moralists, sung in bad verses such advice as a grandmamma would now give to a child of six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the god, and statues and stars erected to his memory. In Hesiod there is a very grave exhortation to mankind to wash their faces; and I have discovered a very strong analogy between the precepts of Pythagoras and Mrs. Trimmer; both think that a son ought to obey his father, and both are clear that a good man is better than a bad one. Therefore, to measure aright this extraordinary man, we must remember the period at which he lived; that he was the first who called the attention of mankind, from the pernicious subtleties which engaged and perplexed their wandering understandings, to the practical rules of life; he was the great father and inventor of common sense, as Ceres was of the plough, and Bacchus of intoxication. First, he taught his contemporaries that they did not know what they pretended to know; then he showed them that they knew nothing; then he told them what they ought to know.—Lastly, to sum up the praise of Socrates, remember that he lived two thousand years ago, while men were worshipping the stones on which they trod, and the insects which crawled beneath their feet; two thousand years ago, with the bowl of poison in his hand, Socrates said, "I am persuaded that my death, which is now just coming, will conduct me into the presence of the gods, who are the most righteous governors, and into the society of just and good men; and I derive confidence from the hope that something of man remains after death, and that the condition of good men will then be much better than that of bad." Soon after this he covered himself up with his cloak and expired.—*Sydney Smith.*

EVILS OF TIMIDITY AND HESITATION.—A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble thro' as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances. It did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time left to follow their advice.

TOMB OF LAFAYETTE.—A recent letter from Paris contains the following extract:

"We went in the direction of the Faubourg St. Antoine; and as it was not very far from the Rue Picpus, and I wanted to see the grave of Lafayette, and S—— having never seen it, we drove thither. It is not far from the Barriere du Throne. It is a very small, obscure spot, beyond a beautiful garden belonging to a body of *religieuses*. It contains the tombs of some of the oldest and most celebrated of the French nobility—the Montmorencies, &c. All the family of Lafayette repose here. He is side by side with his wife, and at their head is the stone slab of G. W. Lafayette. They are all mere stone slabs. Lafayette's is the last, close by the wall, and rests on stones and pebbles. Not a single blade of grass grows near it. I felt sorry to see it so neglected. I asked our guide if it was visited by many people. He said, 'No; sometimes the Americans visit it.' I thought that was very strange."

Of all excellencies that make conversation good, peace and good nature are the most necessary, humor the most pleasant.

Where merit appears do justice to it without scruple.

HOW TO GET TO SLEEP.—How to get to sleep is, to many persons, a matter of high importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a rash towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or sponge bath, and rubbing, or a good run or rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times, just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple, and easy of application in castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

MACAULEY.—Speaking of the Catholic Church, he says: "The members of her community are certainly not fewer than two hundred millions, and it will not be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and feels no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple at Mecca; and she may still exist in undimished vigour when some traveller shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take a stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

THE SUNNY SIDE.—How much more pleasant it is to the pure heart to do good—to kindle the more gentle and noble feelings of our nature, than by misrepresentations, hints, or dark inuendoes, to break in upon long established friendship, and disturb the good feeling of years of intimacy. In all our associations, commend us to him who ever presents the sunny side of life's picture to the gaze; he who has always a pleasant word to speak, and is ever disposed to fling the mantle of oblivion over the foibles of erring man; such a man we could wear in our "heart's core—aye, in our heart of hearts." But from the mischief-maker, whose bosom is filled with a canker-worm which knows no pleasure except that which torments others, "good Lord deliver us!"

THINK.—Thought engenders thought.—Place one idea upon paper, another will follow it, and still another until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind; there is a well of thought there which has no bottom! The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps, homely and shapeless; but no matter; time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think and you will soon learn to write: the more you think, the better you will express poor ideas.

DEATH.—Heavens! what a moment must be that when the last flutter expires on our lips. What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new world are we born! Whither has that spark, that unseen, that incomprehensible intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was but a shell, a gross earthly covering, which held the immortal essence that has now left us; left no range perhaps, through illimitable space; to receive new capacities to delight; new powers of conception, new glories of beatitude! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imaginations, hopes and fears, it is the consummation that clears up all mystery—solves all doubts—which removes contradiction and destroys errors. Great God! What a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul. The unclouded brightness of the celestial region—the solemn secrets of Nature may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past, the present, forms of imperishable beauty may then suddenly disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted sense, and bathing them in immeasurable bliss.

If you wish to be truly polite, exhibit real kindness in the kindest manner. Do this, and you will pass at par in any society without studying rules of etiquette.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

There is no readier way for a man to bring his worth into question, than to detract from the worth of other men.

FAMILY QUARRELS.—RAT OR MOUSE.

We once heard the famous Lorenzo Dow, in a sermon we shall never forget, relate a story in illustration of the folly of family disagreements, and the fact that violent quarrels are frequently the effect of passionate and unyielding tempers, excited by the most trivial incidents.

I knew, said he, an exceedingly happy and affectionate young couple, who had but recently commenced house-keeping in the luxury of newly wedded love, and elegant plenty.

As they sat together in their parlor, exchanging the little tender nothings of reciprocal love, a sleek little mouse ran across the apartment.

"My dear," cried the lady, "did you see that mouse?"

"I saw it, my dear," replied the husband "but it was a rat."

"Oh, no, love," said the wife, "it certainly was a mouse."

"Madam, I tell you it was a rat," thundered the husband.

"It was a mouse," asserted the lady, "I saw it very distinctly."

"I saw it also, madam, and my eyes are as good as yours."

"Your eyes may be as good, sir, but if they are, your judgment is not," retorted the lady. And so, said Dow, the quarrel progressed, until the couple so incensed each other, that they separated.

The mutual friends succeeded in effecting a reconciliation, and the harmony of affection seemed restored; but one evening as they sat chatting, toying, and saying how much they loved, the wife remarked—

"How foolish it was for us to have such a quarrel about that silly mouse."

"Mouse!" cried the husband, "I say it was a rat!"

So the quarrel was renewed, and the loving pair separated the second time.

Now reader, if you are quarrelsome, here is an example for you. You see that although the creature's being rat or mouse was not of the least consequence to the parties or any body else, here or hereafter, was yet sufficient to excite two stubborn unyielding spirits so much as to destroy young love, and sever the holy bonds of conjugal affection.

A LARGE THROAT.—The Morning [illegible] published at Cincinnati, relates the following anecdote of a young gentleman of the south, who expended a large fortune—money, lands, negroes; every thing, in a course of intemperance and profligacy.

He had just paid a last year's grog bill of $800; one day he was walking in the street very leisurely, when seeing a physician on the opposite side he called out to him to come over.

"Doctor," said he "I wish you'd just take a look into my throat."

"I don't discover any thing, sir," said the doctor.

"You don't!" said he, "why that's strange; will you be just kind enough, sir, to give another look?"

"Really, sir," said the doctor, after a second look, "I don't see anything."

"No? why doctor, there is a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes gone down my throat!"

DIGNITY, GRAVITY, ETC.—Professor Boyle of the Dublin *Freeholder*, says: "I have seen the gravity of parsons in the pulpit—lawyers in court—judges on the bench—Quakers at conventicle—demagogues at public meetings—the chancellor in the Lords—the speaker in the Commons—soldiers at drill—doctors near a patient—clients at a law suit—auctioneers puffing a worthless daub—antiquarians over a brass farthing—old gentlemen at funerals—young gentlemen at tailor's bills—bailiffs at an execution—and the hangman at the gallows—I have seen the gravity of an author when his play was damned, and of a coxcomb taking his place at twelve paces—of an attorney drawing out bills of costs, and of an alderman adjusting his napkin at a city feast; I have seen Mr. Rogers and Belzoni's mummy; but the gravity of each and all, taken together, does not equal the gravity of a *cow chewing her cud!*"

"These Californey fellers talk about going round the horn!" soliloquised Skeesicks, the other night on the canal bridge. "Ketch me goin' round a horn. I never went round a horn in my life! Venever I find one in my way I drinks it up—I does."

"Tom, you sot," said a temperance man to a tippling friend "what makes you drink such stuff as you do? Why the very hogs wouldn't touch that brandy." "That's cause they is brutes," said Tom. "Poor creatures! they donno what's good."

Trees are migratory in their habits, for wherever they winter, they are sure to leave in the spring; most of them are polite and full of boughs.

Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him *hold his jaw!*

As the bloom of woman's cheeks fades the bloom of her heart ought to increase.