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SELECTED POETRY.

THOUGHTS.

ON SEEING MISS—— AT PRAYER.

She rose from her untroubled sleep,
And put aside her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer:
Her snow white hands together press'd,
Her blue eyes sheltered on its lid;
The folded linen on her breast

Just swelling with the charms it hid;
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and slender foot
Whose fall upon the earth d d press
Like to a snow-flake soft and mute;
And there from slumber soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed her light and graceful form
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh God! if souls unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy at thy throne,
If she upon her bended knees,
Our loveliest and our purest one,
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light,
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day in her first years
Must kneel and ask for grace from thee
What far, far greater need have we?
How hardly if she win not Heaven
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

N. P. Willis.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENTS.

George Washington died at his own home; the place made illustrious by his associations with it. There, where he had ever gone with such eager enjoyment of its comforts and its employments—more prized and valued than place or power—there, where pilgrims, even while he lived, had gone from all parts of the realms of civilization, that they might know and converse with the greatest and best; there with the voice of a united approbation constantly coming to him from the people, he met the arrow of death. It came suddenly—so suddenly, that the tidings of his decease and sickness came simultaneously to the Halls of Congress.

John Adams come to "the end of all living," at his residence in Quincy, surrounded by the atmosphere of books and of study—to him congenial and delightful. He refreshed his aged mind by the strong tho'ts of the classical past. His conversation was the richest pouring out of the results of an observation from a high and honored and useful position; of the incidents and experience of the stormy and strong day of the Revolution,

"All of which he saw, and part of which he was."

The fourscore years and ten—beyond that verge of old age which comes "by reason of strength"—was a time of usefulness. He remembered what had gone before, and by its light illustrated, to those who were so favored as to enjoy his converse, the present. On the most memorable day of that month, July, which has proved so fatal to Presidential life, he died—realizing what day it was, and rejoicing in it. The lamp of existence went out gradually, and the nation mourned as that great light of the Revolution went out.

It was on the same day that Thomas Jefferson breathed his last. To him the end of life had come with slow and observed progress. His great age withered under no weariness or wreck. He had pledged the full measure of the fame that this earth could afford. Everywhere, in different hemispheres and languages, eminent and illustrious—with the friendship and respect of those most distinguished and worthy of distinction. Monticello was regarded as a locality to which a visit was an era in one's life. There he uttered the matured and perfected judgment—speaking as one confident that he gave no unmeaning oracle. His countrymen sorrowed that he had departed when they heard of his death, but recognized the time as a glorious termination to such a career.

The Man of the Constitution—the wise and accurate Madison—in himself the embodiment of the complete Statesman—finished his earthly career as quietly and calmly as such a character might most fittingly desire. In the service of his country he had grown up, and had filled to the admiration of civilization the long series of public stations which his country insisted he should occupy. He died in his own good State, Virginia, to which for many years, such intellects as that of his and Jefferson, and the rest of the long line of intellectual rank, had secured by an undoubted title, the appellation of the Ancient Dominion. He parted from life rather than was severed from it, and the news of his death came over the nation like the sunset of a glorious day.

It was in this great city—amidst "the pomp and circumstances" of a civil celebration of the Nations Birthday—that the patriot, James Monroe, breathed his last.—The roar of the rejoicing cannon—the manifestation that the men of the Revolution were remembered—rung in his dying ear. He had been one of them. He had enjoyed the confidence of the Father of his Country. "I will send Mr. Monroe," said Washington to that famous Committee of the Democratic party, who called on him respecting the vacant embassy to France. The country saw with astonishment the death of another President on the Anniversary of American Independence. Surrounded by the kindness and attention of his own kindred, his frame yielded to disease, after a struggle of many days. The city turned from its rejoicing to pour unfeigned sorrow over the last of the Presidents who had won a place in the hearts of the People, in the eventful days when Colonies faded and States sprung to being.

And who will—who can ever forget the death of brave Old Tippecanoe? He who had by valor and fidelity, by doing courageously and honestly all his duty, found such a home in the people's heart, that the herculean effort of desperate party machinery could not remove him thence. He who in faithfulness to his principles and his friends, and candor and courtesy to his opponents—conducted a canvass, of such vigor as the like never before was seen, and has not since been experienced. He who, after winning and wearing the laurels of the proudest triumph that ever a civil contest afforded, yielded to the Destroyer. Even yet, it is vivid in our memories, of the intensity of feeling with which the news of his illness was watched, as it came (with a laggard step, which would now be unedurable) day by day, and of the tears that fell from "eyes unused to weep," when the man that never lost a battle, left this world of uncertain happiness and most certain grief. The White House then first felt the tread of the skeleton foot, and the startled heart of the people throbbed with a fervor of sorrow till then unknown.

And Jackson, the brave warrior who never lost the enthusiastic confidence of the people—a confidence against the giving of which able men reasoned well—but which was fully yielded to the last; the man of determined will, and whose energy wrote strong records in his country's history, died in the midst of a peaceful home; those around him, who were spared to attend his declining years, and with their kindness making radient life's last hour.

In the Hermitage, the President who had wielded power, so fully and freely bestowed, by a popularity, between the era of Washington and his own, without parallel—in this retreat from the cares that do so wait upon place and station, Gen. Jackson died. He had lingered long; he felt and acknowledged the slow and sure step of decay, His fame belongs to the country. He must have been a great man, indeed, who could so cluster the affections of the people around him.

In the Capitol itself—within the arches that had echoed back his words of surpassing wisdom and eloquence, he died—who

"His sire a sage—himself a greater was."

As, from his very boyhood, he had been identified with the public service, so the halls of the public council heard his dying words. The business of the Nation was hushed in silence, least its progress should disturb the parting spirit, and the assembled Representatives knew it was a reflection of the will of the People, that they should gather around his coffin, as children when a father dies.

Though health forsook him in a moment, there was time for the Nation to hear tidings that it was about to lose its highest intellect—its most valuable memory—Freedom's veteran—he who never faltered in a good cause, or spared a bad one. John Quincy Adams seemed, though aged, to be of the class of life's busiy men, and in the midst of energetic action, he died. There were none to fill his place, and it remains unfilled.

Mr. Polk, when he met the fate that comes to all, was the tenant of a happy home, surrounded by all the circumstances that tend to make life a condition of good. He had achieved, at an age much younger than that of his predecessors, the highest honor his country could bestow on him. That he became President by a popular election, is an evidence—which a thousand theories are powerless to gainsay—that he was a man of ability, of talent. He had an eventful administration, the history of which in wisdom and impartiality it is not yet the time to write. Its anxieties and cares wrote their sad impress on his physical frame.—His decease—so soon after the expiration of his term of office—seemed painfully sudden, and all other feelings merged into an universal and unfeigned regret. There was a consoling remembrance in this—that it was at his own home, in the State whose annals he had honored, that he went to his rest. There hearts that had known him best, were ready to console the bereaved—and reflections such as these, soothed and softened the last struggle.

And of the last and keenest blow that has fallen on the Presidential ranks, what adequate words can be uttered? It is the commander dying in the midst of the battle—the man at the wheel shot down when the struggle is fiercest.

Everywhere the pen of power and the voice of eloquence are speaking to the full heart of the people.

The thread of Destiny seemed woven into a warp of mystery, by events such as that which even yet have scarcely lost their feature of wonder.

The manner of the death of President Taylor is known to all. The future has its own light or shadow.

One only of those who was elected to the office of President remains—and with vigorous health. Long and happy be the evening of his days. He has passed from the arena of his competitors. One who has borne the highest of earth's honors may well rest satisfied.

JERSEY AGAINST THE FIELD.

In Walnut street below Second, the thoroughfare is much obstructed at present by pieces of bricks and other building materials—introduced to be used in repairing several houses in that neighborhood. These deposites make the carriage way so narrow that two vehicles cannot pass each other at a certain point. On Saturday afternoon—a Jerseyman driving a dearborn, met a jockeyish looking gentleman in a gig, in the middle of the narrow defile—when the following conversation took place: Gent. in Gig—Mister, you'll have to give way, I guess. My horse won't back.

Jerseyman—Won't he? Well, I like his humor:—I'm pretty much of the same way of thinking, myself.

Gent in Gig—I won't give an inch, if we stop here all day.

Jerseyman—It will suit me very well to wait here for a week. I've got twenty or thirty fine water-millions in my wagon, and I can live on them as long as they last:—and as for a sleeping place, there is nothing better, at this season than a good covered dearborn.

Gent. in Gig—If you're going to be so rusty, old fellow, I'll stick it out till your horse drops for want of fodder.

Jerseyman—Oh don't trouble yourself about my cretur. The water-million rinds are enough for him—he's amazin' fond of 'em. S'pose now we have some talk, to improve ourselves a little, while we are such nigh neighbors. What's the last news from the gold diggings?

Gent. in Gig—The last news is that an old whelp got horse-whipped for stopping up the road before his betters.

Jerseyman—Raly!—How I would like to see something of that kind *tried* in our parts! And what are they going to do with Professor Webster?

Gent. in Gig—Hang him; and I wish a few more were bound on the same voyage. If the gallows had got its due a few years ago—*you* would'nt be sitting there where you have no business!

Jerseyman—That's a fact—I might have been in market before this time selling my water-millions. What's the last accounts of the cholera?

Gent. in Gig—It's spreading very fast since the water-melon season's commenced. I hope you'll make a good heavy dinner on them in your dearborn.

Jerseyman—Thank ye;—I jest will.—What about the admission of California?

Gent. in Gig—Oh criminy!—Well, Jersey, I'm beat out, I confess. If you've got on *that* subject I'll compromise at once, and clear the track for you. We can't make eight dollars a day, as they do in Congress—by staying here to discuss that topic, so take the road and be hanged to you. He backed out accordingly and the persevering Jerseyman was proclaimed victor by the miscellaneous crowd which had assembled to hear the dialogue.—*Pennsylvanian.*

FILE YOUR NEWSPAPERS.—A sexagenarian regretting that he did not begin in early life to file away his newspapers, says: How interesting it would be to an old man to look into the paper which he read when he was twelve, or sixteen, or twenty years old! How many events would this call to mind which he has entirely forgotten! How many interesting associations and feelings would it revive! What a view it would give one of past years! What a knowledge it would preserve by assisting the memory! And how many valuable purposes of a literary kind even might it be rendered subservient to.

AN ORIGINAL PRAYER.—A correspondent, in a recent letter, tells a good story of a rough sea-captain in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition heaven for a cessation of the tempest, preferred the following brief request: "Oh Lord! I haven't been in the habit of calling upon thee often; and if you'll just shift the wind from sou'east to a leetle more sou' I won't trouble you ag'in."

HORSE JOCKEYS.

If any of our unsophiscated readers have ever had anything to do with a genuine, unmitigated, bana-fide horse jockey, they will possibly be able to sympathize with a certain Frenchman, a passage of whose history has recently come to our knowledge.

The emigrant in question, having adopted this country as his residence wanted to procure for himself an animal, the use of whose legs should serve instead of his own, in the various pregrinations he designed making in the prosecution of his search after knowledge. Being little acquainted with either horse jockeys or horse flesh, he was grievously taken in by a cheat in the purchase of a steed. He gave him a hundred dollars for a miserable jade of an old mare, that had been fattened up to sell, and turned out to be ring-boned, spavined, blind and wind-broken. The Frenchman, on discovering that he had been cheated, went to request the jockey to take back the animal and refund the money.

"Sare," said he, "I 'ave fetch back the mare-horse vat you sell me, and I vant de money in my pocket back."

"Your pocket back!" returned the jockey, feigning surprise, "I don't understand you."

"You not stand under me!" exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to gesticulate furiously, "you not stand under me!—Sare, by gar, you be one grand rascalle—you lie like Sam—like Sam—vat you call de leetle mountain? eh!"

"Sam Hill, I suppose you mean."

"Oui, Monsieur—Sam de Hill—yes, sare, you lie like two Sam Hill. You sell me one mare-horse for one hundred dollar—he no vort one hundred cent by gar."

"What's the matter with the beast?"

"Mattair! Sacre mattair, do you say?—Vy he is all mattair—he no go at all—he got no leg—no feet, no vind—he blind like one stone vid dat eye—he go veheeze-e, veheeze-o, like one forge-hammer-bellows—he no go over all de ground—he no travelle two miles in tree day. Oui, sare, he is one grand sheat. You must take him, and fund de money back."

"Refund the money! Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing."

"Vat! You no fund him back de money? You sheaty me vid one hundred dollar horse, dat no can go at all!"

"I never promised you that he would go."

"By gar! vat is one horse good for ven he no go! He is no better as one dead shackass, by gar. Vill you, sare, take the mare-horse back and give me my money vat I pay for him?"

"No sir, I cannot—'twas a fair bargain—your eyes were your own market, as we gentlemen of the turf say."

"Gentilman de turf! You be no gentilman at all—you be no turf—mon Dieu! you be one Turque—one Shew—one sacre dam deceptione. You sheaty your own born moder—you play one rascalle trick on your gotten fader. You 'ave no principalle—"

"The *interest* is what I look at."

"Yes, sare, your interest is no principalle. You be one grand rascalle sheat. Mon Dieu! vere you die ven you go to? heh! Le Diable black he fetch you no time quick, by gar."

Failing to obtain redress from the jockey, the poor Frenchman sent his "mare-horse" to an auctioneer to be sold. But the auctioneer proved to be as great a rogue as the jockey; for he took care that the fees for selling should eat up the price he got for the animal.

"By gar!" said the Frenchman, in relating the story, "I be sheaty all round. De shockey horse, he sheaty me in trade; and the auctioneer, he sheaty me in dispose of the hanimalle. He sell me de mare-horse, for ten dollar, and by gar, he sharzge me 'leven dollar for sell him. Mon Dieu! so I be take all round in. I lose 'leven and one hundred dollar all in my pocket clear, for one sacre dam, limp-lump, veheeze-vind, no see at all, good for nothing shade of a mare-horse, vorse as nineteen dead shackasses, by gar!" And so we leave him.

NEWSPAPERS.—W. C Bryant, speaking of newspapers, said: "Books are the precious metals in masses—newspapers coin them for general use, put them into the most convenient forms and pass them hand to hand." "Newspapers," he said, "are the ushers of books; who would know when a book was published but for the friendly information of the newspaper?"—He added "that he had been sometimes tempted to regret that the wise, witty, or eloquent things which appeared in these "folios of four pages," as they are called by Cowper, should not be inscribed on more durable tablets, instead of going the next morning to wrap parcels or light kitchen fires; but he was fully satisfied with their fate, when he reflected that they had first been read by thousands, and watever was good in them had passed into the general mind."

The London Punch tells the following way to play "All Fours":—"Drink some bottled stout, two bottles of port, a glass Marashino, a jorum of whiskey punch, and a tumbler of British brandy, and you will find, before you get home, how very easy it is to play at *all-fours.*"

OCCUPATIONS.

The following excellent remarks from the Waverly Magazine, are so strongly characterized with good sense and every day applications, we have at once set them down as sound doctrine:

There is a most radical error pervading society at the present in regard to plain, honest, hardy industry. A greater or more foolish mistake never associated itself with the popular prejudices, than that it is the nature of his avocation that gives character and dignity to man. For our part we should be sadly puzzled to discover the distinction between any two of the varied occupations which employ the industry of man, that would raise the operative in the one case above the one in the other. One occupation is precisely as creditable in itself, and as commendable to its industrious pursuer as another, provided it be honorable, and in perfect harmony with the laws of God and man. It is the man that ennobles the occupation, not the occupation that dignifies the man. It is well that we are not all fitted by habit, education and taste, for the same avocation. However, these natural divisions are by no means distinctions. It is the diversity of taste, together with good and wholesome laws and regulations that harmonize this vast workshop of intricate industry, the world. Without this diversity, all would be riot and confusion, and physical power alone would reap the benefits of labor. As it is, the weak and strong have each their several and appropriate allotments.

The man who follows in the wake of the plowshare, in his striped frock, and with bronzed and toughened hands, plants his seed—the man with smutty face and leather apron, who, with strong and vigorous sinews, swings his clanging sledge from early morn to twilight eve—or the man who bends over his ringing lapstone the live long day, is not one whit below the smoothed-faced, keen-eyed merchant who follows the feminine employment of measuring tape and ribbon—the eagle-eyed barrister who expounds, or rather mystifies the law, or he whose stately tread resounds in the halls of legislation. Still, there exists in the community a low and baneful prejudice in regard to this matter of labor. Why, fathers now-a-days must keep a sharp eye on their sons, least they stray from "the learned profession," and take up the degrading occupation of a mechanic, and thus entail a calamity upon the family which can never be wiped out. The daughters, too, must have a maternal spy upon their every glance and footstep, least she be "tipping the light o'her'ee upon some poor mechanic!" Horrible! Why, the good lady would as soon think of linking her daughter with a Patagonian heathen as a mechanic.

Are not the use of the trowel, the anvil, the spade, and the hammer, just as laudable employments wherewith to build up our comforts in life, as the yard-stick, the pestle and mortar, or library? Equally as honorable and respectable, since they are all employed for the same purpose. Labor is labor, whether performed in the field and workshop, or behind the counter, and in the study. Honesty and honorable labor are the same, whether performed by the king or the peasant, by the priest or layman; it is just as honorable in the one as the other, and as worthy of the respect and admiration of the world.

LOOK, YOUNG MEN.—In this country most young men are poor. Time is the rock from which they are to hew out their fortunes; and health, enterprise and integrity the instruments with which to do it.—To young men without patrimony, there are few higher earthly duties than to obtain a competency. For this, diligence in business, abstinence in pleasures, privation even, of everything that does not endanger health are to be joyful, welcomed and borne. When we look around us, and see how much of the wickedness of the world springs from poverty, it seems to sanctify all honest efforts for the acquisition of an independance. But when an independance is acquired, then comes the moral crisis—then comes an ethurial test—which shows whether a man is higher than a common man, or lower than a common reptile. In the duty of accumulation, competence is valuable, and its acquisition most laudible. But all above a fortune is a misfortune to him who amasses it.

A doctor calling upon a gentleman who had been some time ailing, put a fee into patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man; he was not made sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill, and the patient getting better.

You have no business to have any business with other people's business;—but mind your own business, that is business enough.

"The Last Dollar" is attracting attention at the Boston Museum. It would be no curiosity to us; we have seen it many a time.

POETRY.—The music of Thought conveyed to us in the music of Language.

From the Marlboro' Gazette.

AUTUMN.

We mind the time when we loved AUTUMN more than any season of the year.—When we lived in "the place where we were born at" we hailed the sere and yellow leaves of Autumn as being indisputable symptoms of huge piles of big brown chestnuts and illimitable quantities of mellow pippins—occasionally seasoned with a full mug of brown October. And we loved so much to see the fantastic dress auld Nature puts on—seeming as though she wishes to play the harlequin a little while, as an interlude between the comedy of Summer and the tragedy of Winter. Yes, we loved much to see

"The fading many color'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark."

It may appear quite *outre* to most of our readers, but we may say that we now dread the approach of what we once thought the loveliest season of the "varied year," for the moaning winds herald the approach of WINTER;—and now that we take a wider view of the field of nature, the heart will sadden at the contemplation of the suffering in store for those whose scanty pittance makes them shudder at the thought of the snow-covered earth and ice-bound stream. Thus we advance in age, the fancied pleasures of childhood vanish before the matured thought.

But this is a season full of incidents and incitements to reflection. That mind must, indeed, be barren, which cannot elicit, from almost every thing he sees around him in Nature, material for useful and sober reflection. The gradual decay of Nature's ephemeral products indicates to man but too truly that he is also an ephemeral product, and that he too must soon decline into "the sere and yellow leaf" of life, and then drop from the stem into the grave. But this kind of moralizing is

"Like a twice told tale,
Vexing the ear of a drowsy man;"

and we will desist.

THE EXERCISE OF DILIGENCE.—It is wonderful how much is done in a short space, provided we set about it properly, and give our minds wholly to it. Let every one devote himself to any art or science ever so strenuously, and he will still have leisure to make considerable progress in half a dozen other acquirements. Leonard de Vinci was a mathematician, a musician, a poet, and an anatomist, besides being one of the greatest painters of his age. Michael Angelo was a prodigy of versatility of talent—a writer of sonnets (which Wordsworth thought worthy of translating) and the friend of Dante. Salvator was a lutenist and satirist. Titian was an elegant letter writer, and a finished gentleman. Sir Joshua Reynold's discourses are more classical and polished than any of his pictures. Let a man do all he can in any one branch of study, he must either exhaust himself and a dozen over it, or vary his pursuits, or else lie idle. All our real labor lies in a nutshell. The mind makes, at some period or other, one Herculean effort, and the rest is mechanical. We have to climb a steep and narrow precipice at first; but after that the way is broad and easy, where we drive several accomplishments abreast. Men should have one principal pursuit, which may both agreeably and advantageously be diversified with lighter ones.—*Hazlett.*

THE PROPHETIC DEW DROP.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning, that the poor dew drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew drops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand the dew drops gloriously reset—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child thou art taught that what withers on earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew drop into heaven.—*J. Paul Richter.*

HUMAN NATURE.—Great disappointment and exceeding viciousness may talk as they please about the badness of human nature. For my part, I am now in my sixty-fifth year, and I have seen a good deal of the world, the dark side as well as the light, and I say that human nature is a very kindly thing, and capable of all sorts of virtues. *Leigh Hunt.*

"Tom, what are you doing there?" "Venerable relict of a departed generation, I am engaged, in imbibing the liquid contained in this ligenous cylinder." "What, sucking cider out o' that 'ere bar'l?" Tom ceases to breathe for five minutes.

Somebody calls quack doctors "the drivers of the last stage of consumption."