The Morning Courier.

FOR THE COUNTRY.

Optimus est Reipublicæ status, ubi nihil deest nisi licentia perendi.—SENECA.

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Poetry.

THE PINE AND THE POMEGRANATE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERTOLA.

"How thankful thou should'st be to fate,
Which plac'd thee 'neath this shade of mine,"
Exclaim'd, one day, with looks elate,
A stately and umbrageous pine.
"The angry blast cannot come near,
To injure thy delicacies head;
The tempest's wrath then need'st not fear,
My branches strong are o'er thee spread."

The pomegranate whom she address'd,
Replied, in accents soft and sweet;
And thus her gratitude express'd,
For favours that were deem'd so great—
"I own the truth of what you say;
But while you guard me from the storm,
A greater good you take away,—
The sun that cheers and keeps me warm."

Thus oft it happens among men;
Some self-sufficient patron may
Talk largely of his kindness—when
He leaves you unbeare'd to stay.

M.

ON THE TWO HARVEYS.

Two Harveys had a separate wish
To shine in separate stations;
The one, invented—Sauce for Fish;
The other—Meditations.

They both their pungent parts applied
To aid the dead and dying;
This, relishes a *sole* when fried,
That, saves a *soul* from frying.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ALCOHOL.

"Art thou so *have and full of wretchedness*,
And fear'st *to die? Famine is in thy cheeks*,
Need and Oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back *hangs ragged misery*;
The world is not *thy* friend, nor the world's law.
The world *affords no law to make thee rich*."

Alcohol being very near his end, in consequence of a wound received from the Temperance Association, calls together his associates, Murder, Theft, Insanity, Disease, Blasphemy, Poverty, and makes the following confession of his sins at the suggestion of his attending Physician, Dr. Abstinence.

1. I confess that through my whole existence I have caused more mischief in the world, and been the instrument of occasioning more crimes to be committed, than any person of my standing ever has done before.

2. I have bewildered the senses of all those who have embraced me, and have ultimately destroyed every one of my followers.

3. I have been the means of spreading evil upon evil throughout every clime I have dwelled in, and have attempted to overthrow and ruin the liberty and law.

4. I have approbated the perpetration of murder—encouraged theft—and followed my victims to the gallows.

5. I have invaded the sanctuary of domestic happiness, severed the father from the fireside of his home, blasted the prospects of his family, and thrown his children destitute upon the world.

6. I have seduced from the path of rectitude the virtuous and honorable, and rendered them degraded and miserable.

7. I have separated the husband from the wife, and it was I who advised him to break his marriage vows.

8. I have slain the youth in the vigor of manhood, and followed him to an untimely grave.

9. I have smiled at the taking of the "name of God in vain," and pronounced the Bible a fable.

10. I have encouraged gambling, approved of Sabbath breaking, and been a constant attendant of theatres.

11. I have countenanced horse racing, piratical expeditions, and extended the slave trade.

12. I have been admitted into the highest circles, among the nobles of the land, and have been invited to every public dinner.

13. I dined with the corporation at the last celebration of independence, walked arm in arm with some of the members, and exploded to them the meaning of freedom.

14. I was an advocate of the Eliot dinner, and struck off colonel Webb's name from the list of invited guests.

15. I am against supplying the city with "pure and wholesome water," knowing that many of the inhabitants are in favor of throwing me therein.

16. I cordially approve of the nomination of honorable Martin Van Buren, and will use my influence among my spirited friends to ensure his success.

17. I ardently wish that France may pay the "25,000,000," for if a war would occur, it will prevent my friends *Cognac* and *Champagne* from visiting this country.

18. I forgive all my enemies, and although I dare not come in *their* presence, still I would take my leave of them at a distance.

19. I hope that when I am dead, and "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried," my sins may be forgotten—and that my remains may rest in quiet.

20. I do not wish any harm to my enemy, the honourable Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, although he has used his splendid talents to overthrow me, and proclaimed to his admirers, that I was a wretch and a vagabond.

21. I will forget what Mr. Daniel Webster said of me at the congressional temperance meeting, and hereby appoint him to pronounce my funeral oration, knowing that he will do me justice.

22. I shall leave this world under the impression that the editor of the *Morning Star*, has never spoken ill of me, and has always excluded from his paper all communications which were calculated to injure me. Although the major has often staggered in his political opinions, still I hope he may receive a "fair business" patronage, and a steady support so as not to be favored by the "great magician."

23. I tender my thanks to the editor of the *Journal of Commerce* for the flattering manner in which he has spoken of me from time to time, and hope that when he wishes a settlement of his bills, his subscribers may be within "Hale."

24. I bequeath unto Col. Stone, all the money that has been expended in my behalf, and although he has banished the Rum his table, still I hope he may rob us in honour and to greatness.

25. I am indebted to our worthy mayor for his kindness in confining me within doors of a Sabbath, and I will advise all my associates who do not wish to swallow such a nasty pill, to bestow their votes at the next election for the office of Mayor upon the Hon. Job Haskell.

26. I hereby appoint the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, Mr. Attorney-General Butler, Dr. David M. Reese, and Uriah H. Judah, my pall bearers; and lastly, I would that the day of my death may henceforth be observed as a day of merriment and rejoicing—that my body may be quietly interred in the "Potter's field" of the city—that a stone may be erected that shall proclaim to the world the misery and wretchedness I have occasioned—the *crime* that has been committed through my influence—of the *rivers of blood* which have flowed at my mandate—of the untimely *graves* that have opened at my bidding—of the *prisons* that have been peopled at my instance—of the *gallows*' that have been erected through my instrumentality—of the *lunatics* who lost their reason through my treachery—of the *orphans* which have sprung up by my direction—of the *widows* who mourn the death of their protectors—of the *orphans* who have been thrown destitute upon the world—of the *poor* whose sorrows I have increased.

BY THE BEHOLDERS.

"Hang out the banner on the outward wall."—Bacchus, aye Bacchus, the god of contention, the inventor of quarrels, the destroyer of happiness, is dying. Yea, he that has slain his thousands and his tens of thousands, will be crushed in the deep sea of moral reformation, and a victim to the unceasing efforts, the untiring exertion, the praiseworthy example, and the devoted attachment of the friends of temperance to the cause of the rich and the poor, to the cause of the widow and the orphan, to the cause of the high and the low, the cause of suffering humanity.—*Journal of Commerce.*

SURGICAL OPERATIONS IN THE LONDON HOSPITALS.—The operations on a crowded theatre just as a favourite actor steps upon the boards of Covent Garden—home to the company, and eyes his patient like an hungry man eyeing a fowl he is about the point of dismembering. Every thing is ready—one assistant holds the knife, another the saw, a third the retractor, a fourth the tenaculum, a fifth stands ready with the ligatures, and the dressings are all laid in exact order. The tourniquet is now screwed down, watches are pulled out, and all in breathless expectation to see *how soon he can get through*. He takes hold of the knife, crosses it round the limb, uses his saw, and lo! five minutes and the theatre is evacuated. And this is trumpeted forth as the perfection of skill! Philip of Macedon ordered the man who, by dint of unwearied practice, could throw a pea with unerring exactness through the eye of a large needle, a bag of peas as a recompense. James the Second gave the adventurer who clambered in safety up the outside of a church tower a patent to enable him to practice his hair breadth feats without competition; and I would advise these quick operators to carry a coat of arms, bearing a figure of death, supporting an hour glass just ran out. It would be a curious inquiry to seek out how many lives have been lost by such measures; they a proper degree of speed is desirable in operations so confidently painful, we cannot of shortening the painting agony which has to be undergone, is inhumanity. The miserable wretch is on the rack; and he knows his throes one second beyond what his agony dictates would be a refinement of cruelty deserving the severest reprobation; but this affords him no argument for neglecting the object, on which the surgeon may display his dexterity and acquire notoriety, which may subsequently be useful. The story of the operations on Mr. Abernethy, and Dupuytren, and many other, is fresh in every mind, and strongly illustrative of the principle. Mr. Abernethy, when a student, was ordered by his master to dissect a dead body, which was in a state of putrefaction, and he was unable to do so, from the effluvia arising from it. The master, to prove to him the necessity of his being able to do so, ordered him to dissect a living one, which he did, and succeeded in the operation, and saved the patient's life. Dupuytren