

POETRY.

TURN THE CARPET ; OR THE TWO WEAVERS.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN DICK AND JOHN.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

What with my brats and sickly wife,
Quoth Dick, I'm almost tired of life :
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

How glorious is the rich man's state :
His house so fine ! his wealth so great !
Heaven is unjust, you must agree,
Why all to him ? Why none to me :

In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the Person preaches,
This world—indeed I've thought so long—
Is ruled methinks, extremely wrong.

Where'er I look, where'er I range,
'Tis all confused and hard and strange,
The good are troubled and oppressed
And all the wicked are the blessed.

Quoth John our ignorance is the cause,
Why thus to blame our Makers laws
Part of his ways we only know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

See'st thou that carpet not half done,
Which thou dear Dick, hast well begun ?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass, it makes one stare !

A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there conveyed,
For where's the middle, where's the border,
The carpet now is all disorder.

Quoth Dick, my work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits,
Because you reason like a lout,
Why, man, my carpet's inside out.

Says John, thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen ;
This world which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, strength and grace
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beautiful upper side.

But when we reach the world of light
And view the works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear
Then shall we praise what here we've spurned,
For then the carpet shall be turned.

Thou'rt right quoth Dick no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble
My impious doubts are put to flight
For my own carpet sets me right.

SKETCH OF NEW-ORLEANS.

[We copy the following from the Cincinnati Journal. It is an extract from a letter written by a correspondent of that paper.]

New-Orleans was settled by the French 116 years ago. It has been a theatre on which all the passions of the human heart have had full play. Here many have become rich, and many ruined. Here some have stood like the ocean rock, and breast the current of vice : while others have been dashed and destroyed.—The city stands on the circumference of a deep curve formed by the Mississippi. It is about 3 miles long, and is intersected by 9 streets running parallel with the river, and 12 perpendicular to it. In the middle of the curve is a large square, or place d' armes, surrounded by an iron palisade and adorned by three venerable edifices—the cathedral, city hall, and a building in which the courts of the state are held.—Among the prominent objects which meet the eye as you pass through the city, are 2 markets, apparently well supplied with meats, and vegetables, fruits and flowers—3 banks beside the branch bank of the United States, two hotels, two orphan asylums—the one for males containing about fifty orphans, and that for females 115—a court-house, a jail, a custom-house, two theatres, a nunnery, and a hospital, which is an ornament to the city, and an honor to the state. During the last year more than six thousand patients have been the inmates of this monument of Christianity. Besides the Catholic churches, there are in the city, one English, and one French Protestant Episcopal church—one Baptist—one Methodist.

The forest of masts which crown the vessels that fill the bosom of the city, furnish an imposing spectacle. About 250 vessels, 20 steam boats, and 2500 sailors are now in port. On some weeks the arrivals and departures of vessels are at least 75.

The gambling houses in this city, licensed by the powers that be, are said to pay each to the city, from 5,000 to 7,000 dollars yearly ! But who can calculate the loss of morals, and industry, and happiness, and character, and souls, which is the natural and necessary result !

The other day I attended a sale of slaves in the exchange. In one unaccustomed to such scenes, it excited no enviable feelings. The first spontaneous emotion of my heart was, that God never made men and women to be sold like beasts, or bales of cotton, and to be separated from each other, and from their children, as I saw them separated.

There were 33 in the Lot to be sold. As a specimen, I subjoin the prices of a few. Willis, 18 years old, brought 1400 Dollars ; Jack, 29, 1200 Dollars ; Adams, 20, 1300 Dollars ; Tom, 16, 1175 Dollars ; Dick, 30, 1000 Dollars ; Bill, 14, 660 Dollars ; Mañinda, 29, 500 Dollars.

LETTERS.—People should be careful in writing familiar letters, that no improper thought, no coarse or vulgar expression escape them. Spoken in familiar conversation, it would soon be forgotten. Once written, it is on record against them, and may be read and judged long after the mind that conceived, and the hand that wrote have passed from the remembrance of the world. Write familiarly—write affectionately—write playfully, if you will—but never vulgarly. It matters but little that you tell your friend to burn your letters—nine times in ten he does not comply with your request—the letter is mislaid, or your friend dies, and your thoughts, intenaed but for one eye, are seen perhaps by many—perhaps by some who will use them to your hurt. Never write what you would blush to speak.

A GOLDEN RULE.—Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find him strings for it. Neither the purse nor string will cost him any thing. He who has it should only draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny, at the bottom. The servants of industry are known by their livery ; it is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, 't poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the rugged slaves of idleness, and judge which is the best master to serve—industry or idleness.

MORAL HABITS.—Education without moral principle is a curse rather than a blessing. It is like putting a sword sharpened and furbished into the hands of a maniac. It is giving nerve to the arm, whilst scattering firebrands, arrows and death. Soon, alas ! too soon, the child becomes the creature of habit. No parental influence is necessary to turn his feet into evil. You need not only sleep over his character and condition for a few of the first years of his life, and his bent to vice and ruin has become strong. You may see in his almost infant bosom the growth of unholy passions, and of base propensities, which forbode a prodigious harvest of all that can wring and break a parent's heart. Leave your darling son without moral instruction, and while others are drinking of the ' wells of salvation' let him spend his Sabbath as he lists, and you will not be permitted to wait until the uplifted veil of eternity discloses to your agonized eye the curse. No, you will see it—you will taste something of its bitterness in this world. This neglected son will break out in frequent and angry strife with his little brothers and sisters ; he will be coarse and profane among his playfellows ; he will be loud and insolent towards his parents, and in all human probability plunge deeper and deeper in shame, and obduracy, and crime, until an early grave will cover a loathsome wretch from the view.