No. 40.

THE GARLAND.

The following grand and beautiful lines to the Arctic Dove, are from a volume lately published in London, by the Rev. William L. Bowles. For majesty of diction and loneliness and beauty of sentiment, we think they have seldom been surpassed.—*Boston Statesman*.

THE ARCTIC DOVE.

Ride on:—the ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hall scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!
The ark, from its terrific voyage, rests
On Ararat. The raven is sent forth,—
Send out the dove, and as her wings far off,
Shine in the light, that streaks the sev'ring clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song:—

Go beautiful and gentle dove,
But whither wilt thou go?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below!

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast Held the poor bird and kiss'd it. Many a night When she was listening to the hollow wind, She pressed it to her bosom, with a tear; Or when it murmured in her hand, forgot The long loud tumult of the storm without, She kisses it, and at her father's word, Bids it or forth. Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on! In lonely flight She flies from dawn till dark; And now amid the gloom of night, Comes weary to the ark.

Oh! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone hath been my way;
Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherished it.

She sent it forth again out of the ark;—
Again it came at ev'ning fall, and lo,
An olive leaf plucked off and in its bill,
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill.

And kiss'd its wing's again, and smilingly
Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.

She sent it forth once more; and watched its flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven;
Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung the last farewell:—

Go beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray;
For lo' the sun shines bright above
And night and storm are pass'd away.

No longer drooping, here confined, In this cold prison dwell; Go, free to sunshine and to wind, Sweet bird go forth, and fare thee well.

Oh! beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the leafy tree; Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find, From this cold prison's cell; Go then, to sunshine and the wind. Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

I DO NOT LOVE THEE!

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 doest, 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.

1 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.

THE MISCELLANIST.

THE ELECTION -- A TALE. MISS MITFORD A few years back, a gentleman of the name of Dan

Frenchman) was delighted with Rose. He declares that she was his best pupil, his very best, the best that ever he had in his life.—" Maiv voyez, done monsieur?" said he one day to her father, who would have scorned to know the French for 'Howd'ye do:'—'Voyez, comme elle met de!' aplomb, de la forces de la netlate, dans ses entrenchants! Qu'elle est leste, et legere, et petric de graces la petite!' And Mr. Daaby comprehending only that the artist was praising his darling, swore that Monsieur was a good fellow, and returned the compliment, after the English fashion, by sending him a haunch of venjoon the next day.

But M. Le Grand was 90t the only admirer whom Rose met with at the dancing school.

And Rose blushed an affirmative, and Mr. Danby shook his intended son-in-law's hand, until he almost time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new brone. It is panish S. America, the ladies sometimes for you, for a man must be consistent;—but you're the fellow in the world, and you shall have my Rose. And Rose will be a great lady after at legere, et legere, et legere, et legere, et being formed of the fire-fly, fastened on a black velvet band by the wings, at insect which emits a bright corruscation every time it breathes.

PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.—-6 Red clouds in the west, at subset, especially when they have a tint of purple, portend fine weather.

The reason of which is, that the air, when dry, inhales its breath, and the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new time the new skin l

nearly of a height, and both good dancers, were placed together as partners; and being almost equally prepossessing in person and manner, (for Mary Cardonnel was a sweet, delicate, fair creature, whose mild blue eyes seemed appealing to the kindness of every one they looked upon,) took an immediate and lasting fancy to each other; shook hands at meeting and parting, smiled whenever their glances chanced to encounter; and soon began to exchange a few kind and hurried words in the pauses of the dance, and hold more continuous chat at the conclusion. And Lady Elizabeth, almost as much charmed with Rose as her daughter, seeing in the lovely little girl every thing to like and

moon, which is produced by the precipitated a quarter of an inch."-Am. paper.

But M. Le Grand was soft the only admirer whom Rose met with at the dancing school.

It chanced that Mr. Cardonnel also had an only daughter, a young person, about the same age, bringing up onder the eye of her mother, and a constant attendant at the professor's neademy. The two girls, nearly of a height, and both good dancers, were placed again reflected in the horizon. A copper or yellow sunset generally foretells rain: but as an indication of wet weather approaching, no- in a glass phial. The largest kinds are about thing is more certain than the halo around the two thirds of an inch in length, the other about

SCARCITY OF FODDER. - Here I cannot omit menti Scarcity of Fodder.—Here I cannot omit mentioning a curious circumstance which I witnessed about this time—a consequence of the privation undergone by our unfortunate beast. Lolling one day in my tent ruminating on the hardships of a oldier's life, and on the shifts to which he is often reduced, my eyes and my thoughts were naturally attracted to my poor cattle, who stood picketed at a short distance, with nothing to chew but the end of a cud of disappointment, having waited since morning in expectation of the return of a foraging party. I observed one of these, whose well defined ribs bore testimony to the scantiness of his fare, gradually stretching out his head to a torban, belonging to one of my servants which happened to lie within the length of his tether. After giving it a turn or two with his uose, I suppose to ascertain the possibility of the harm energies. A foregreen from, partners of the name of Justines, and the partners of the same of Justines, and the contraction, and a final flower form of the final flower form of the final flower flower

and fixely threamend to, seen the homesh—that in the district of the construct of the construction of the construction

which a fire was lighted—the delinquent was then hung up in a large iron cage, in company ornament their heads with a bandeau of living in the woods for the purpose. When the heat fire, it being formed of the fire-fly, fastened on of the fire had become intolerable, the whole of the fire had become intolerable, the whole of the ferocious animals flew on the woman, as the cause of the agonizing pains they experienced. In about a quarter of an hour she presented a most shocking spectacle, but continued to live for 20 minutes longer, imploring, but in vain, some of the spectators to despatch her at once. Before she expired twelve of the cats had died, and the other four only lived about two minutes longer .- New-York Courier.

> Scolding.-I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute but steady and

> One hour of the free intercourse of a ship