

CAROLINE, C. M.

Fow are thy days and full of woo, O man of woman born, Thy doom is written, dust thou art, And shalt to dust return,

CORONATION, C. M.

All hail the power of Jeeus' nam., Lot ange. prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth, &c.

POETRY.

HOW SLEEP THE DEAD?

How sleep the dead in yon Church-yard,
Where chequering moonbeams purely fall?
How sleep the dead beneath the sward?
Calmly—softly—sweetly all!

In mute companionship they lie—
No hearts that ache, no eyes that weep!
Pain, sickness, trouble, come not nigh
The beds of those that yonder sleep.

Around, the world is passion-tost—
War, murder, crime, forever reign;
Of sacred peace alone may boast
The Church-yard's undisturb'd domain.

The stormy sea of human life,
With all its surges, roars around;
Their barrier wall repels its strife—
No wave breaks o'er their hallowed ground.

Around, the summer sun may scorch—
The dead feel not the sultry ray;
Winter may howl in spire and porch—
The dead are reckless of his sway.

Thus sleep the dead in yon Church-yard,
Where chequering moonbeams purely fall;
Thus sleep the dead beneath the sward—
Calmly—softly—sweetly all!

MISCELLANY.

Novels.—Most of the novel-reading of the present day, is a huge mass of useless trash—destructive to morality and a libel upon literature. Will any candid person say, after he has been perusing such works for years, that he has derived any morality or good from them? Nay, let us examine the page upon the other side, and we shall find written in prominent characters, a fastidious taste, trifling with religion, castle building, disordered and polluted

imagination, and profanity in thought and word. These are only a few of the evils of novels. They are a secret underminer, working at the foundation of social society. They destroy the research for truth, and annihilate the love of it from the mind. They dislocate the true affections of the heart, inebriate the brain, and spread confusion throughout the whole mental system.

PUNCHING FIRE.—It is surprising that among the vast variety of discoveries which Phrenologists have made on the territory of the human skull, they have not found the organ of ignitiveness. They may depend upon it, that such an organ is there, and we shall not be surprised if we ourselves hit upon it some of these days, in our explorations through the boundless field of our own, or more modestly speaking, of some of our friends' intellects, and thereby disappoint every body, and immortalize ourselves after all. According to our philosophy, felicity in making fires depends upon organization—and, therefore, a man must be born with a genius for it, or remain a numbskull, so far as its manifestation is concerned. Any blunderer can put a good fire out, but it takes a genius to build up one.

Ladies have been remarkable, from time out of mind, for the dexterity which they often manifest in punching fires. Did you ever see a lady blushing with cold, enter the room without marching straight up to the fire-place, picking up the tongs and banging away at the forestick? If you have seen such a thing, you have seen a female prodigy. The desire of torturing their lovers, is not more natural to the sex, than is the propensity to punch the fire. Sometimes the gratification of this innocent propensity is attended with sad discomforts. For instance—when you have by the aid of constructiveness, succeeded in building up a first rate frame-work for the flames to wreath themselves about, and are just congratulating yourself on your architectural skill, in pops your wife, or sister, or some other lovely being, and picking up the tongs, with one fell

blow will effectually levels the result of your labors. The fire is knocked into a cocked hat, as our friend—would say, and sets up a smoke like a miniature Stromboli. If you are like ourselves, a man of gentle temper, and your amiability being unruffled, you in turn grapple the tongs, and rebuild your fire castle; by the time the flames are beginning to make a meal of it, in rushes another lady of the family, and before you can say Jack Robinson, her pretty foot twinkles, and away she kicks the whole affair into a heap of smouldering ruins.—The thing is done in so graceful a manner, that for your life you can't get angry. You can resume your labor again and so go on *ad infinitum*, as the philosophers say.

HIDDEN TREASURE.—A curious circumstance has occurred at Parr, near Liverpool. An old lady sold a property in land and fancying there were coals beneath the surface reserved her right to them—but offered to sell it to the purchaser for £100. The offer was declined. The old lady died, and left her right as a valuable legacy to some nieces, who were of course greatly annoyed at receiving nothing better. At length they contrived to induce some persons who were supposed to have more money than wit, to undertake the expense of boring on the land (an expensive undertaking,) to ascertain whether there were coals or not. The boring continued for a considerable time, to the great amusement of persons connected with collieries, but at last to their great astonishment, the chagrin of the purchaser and the unbounded delight of the legatees two dells of the best coal in Lancashire, were discovered extending nearly the whole breadth of the land that could easily be worked. The coals were immediately purchased by the proprietors of a neighbouring colliery for £20,000. On subsequent borings three lower dells were found, which the same persons purchased for 15,000.—*Northampton Herald*.

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