

## POETRY.

## OCTOBER.

*Solemn, yet beautiful to view,  
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,  
With sad and faded leaves to strew  
The Summer's melancholy bier.  
The moanings of thy winds I hear,  
As the red sunset dies afar,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.*

*Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice—  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When but to live was to rejoice—  
When earth was lovely to my gaze!  
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,  
Where are their living raptures now?—  
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—  
I ask my pale and fevered brow!*

*I look to Nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,  
In hues of crimson and of gold—  
The year's dead honors on the ground:  
And sighing with the winds, I feel,  
While their low pinions murmur by,  
How much their sweeping tones reveal  
Of life and human destiny.*

*When Spring's delightful moments shone,  
They came in Zephyrs from the West,—  
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,  
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast:  
Through Summer fainting in the heat,  
They lingered in the forest shade;  
But changed and strengthened now, they beat  
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.*

*How like those transports of the breast  
When life is fresh and joy is new—  
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,  
And transient all as they are true!  
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath,  
Which Hope about her forehead twines,  
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe—  
Then Pleasure's lip its smiles resigns.*

*Alas for Time, and Death, and Care,—  
What gloom about our way they fling!  
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,  
The burial pageant of the Spring.  
The dreams that each successive year  
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered leaves appear,  
And sleep in darkness, side by side.*

## VARIETIES.

CHRISTIANITY, considered simply as an agent for civilizing and ameliorating society, an instrument for repressing the passions, softening the manners, and refining the pleasures of the human race, is abundantly entitled to the respect and gratitude of the benevolent and philanthropic; but, when regarded as having dispelled the darkness and uncertainty that shrouded the high-

est intellect of the Pagan world, and opened to the vision a new existence, in very deed bringing life and immortality to light, affording the sincere believer in its truths, amidst the heaviest misfortunes and severest afflictions, an unfailing and triumphant source of consolation and support in the hope of a blessed hereafter, it should command the strongest affection and profoundest veneration of all mankind.

YOUTHFUL LIFE.—Whenever I want to be exquisitely happy, I call to my recollection the passionate emotions which throbbed in the bosom when it counted about eighteen summer suns. The age of romance, fancy and imagination too often ceases at five and twenty, but there is no pleasure so exquisite as the first sensation which female loveliness excites in the bosom of a romantic youth. It approaches to the extacies of a higher existence. The object of his thoughts seen afar off is sufficient to put him in a flame. The very green sward which she treads acquires the character of holy ground. The house in which she resides kindles the flame of devotion. But how soon all these fine feelings subside in the bosom of man! The flame of love, as it is called, is only of a short duration in the breasts of the male sex. It glows, and flames, and hurls for a few short years on both sides of twenty, and then sinks down forever. The heart of women is different. Love and affection are the absorbents of her whole existence. Man has a hundred other objects.

OUT OF SORTS.—When a man is worried, and gets into an ill humor at matters going wrong, we sometimes say, "he is out of sorts." The origin of this expression is to be found, we think, in the technicality of a printing-office. The term "sorts" is applied by printers, to types, in reference to the due proportions of the various letters which they must have before them in composing. Type foundries, in furnishing a font of types, have certain rules to go by in making up the proportions of the different letters, some being used much more than others, and this assortment is called "sorts." When, therefore, a compositor runs out of any particular letter, so as to be obstructed in his work, he is said to be "out of sorts."

How to multiply Courage.—A gentleman passing through a certain street, spied a little boy busily employed in inflicting rather heavy blows on his pate, just behind the ear, with a brickbat. Being desirous of knowing what sin so young a child had committed, which required so extraordinary a penance, he asked the boy why he was pounding his head so violently. "Oh, sir," said the lad earnestly, while the big tears chased each other down his cheeks, that great Bill Smith called me a har yesterday, and I'm tryin' to raise the bump of

combaticness, so as to give him a good lickin to-morrow."

SAGACITY IN A DOG.—An officer in the 41th regiment, who had occasion, in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a man that was stationed on the bridge and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watched for a person with polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice—and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England.—He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight after he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

Time.—An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that *time was his estate*; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

LOW COMPANY.—He that sinks into a familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connections; and though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it almost impossible ever to rise again.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our family our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

Society is cemented by laws, upheld by religion, endeared by manners, and adorned by arts.

Happiness is the health of the mind, produced by its virtuous exercise.

## WRITE WRITTEN RIGHT.

Write we know is written right,  
When we see it written write;  
But when we see it written wright,  
We know it is not written right;  
For write, to have it written right,  
Must not be written right or wright,  
Nor yet should it be written rite,  
But write, for so 'tis written right.