



The Parterre.

The Widow's Address to the Spirit of her Dead Child.

Written on the Envelope to a Lock of her Hair.

Pledge of a love, as pure as deep.
As ever thrilled in mortal breast!
I would not, could I break thy sleep.
Recall thee from the couch of rest,
Where thou art now in peace reclining:
A stranger to the world's repining!

No—bright as was thy brief career,
In this wild waste of storm and gloom;
And much as I have wished thee here
My soul's dark sorrows to illumine,
In loneliness I'd rather languish
Than have thee partner in my anguish!

Besides would even Heaven allow
Thy advent to this earth again,
That thou to these were cruel now.
Since human life—a "grimy train"—
Would cross thee in thy path of life,
And stir thy young sweet thoughts to strife!

To looking on thy sun-bright tress,
To lucks the source of dried up tears
And thoughts, intense, and maddening
press
On my hot brain—though hopes or fears
Since thou and thy sweet mother per-
ished.

Have never by me been felt or cher-
ished!
Blossom of Love! Yes on my mind
Strange and unusual feeling runs;
The flood-gates of my heart unbind,
And bid its waters wildly run—
As gazing on these strands, I see
The all that now remains of thee!

Blossom of Love! Farewell! Farewell!
I go to join the mighty throng;
But in my soul's deep haunted cell,
Thoughts that to thee and thine belong
Shall ever bloom—as fresh and fair
As when they first were planted there!

And oh! if tears of woe may nourish
The flowers of memory in the breast,
Then those in mine will surely flourish—
And each succeeding hour invest—
Their stems with charms unknown before—
[Miscellaneous Mag.]

THE FORSAKEN.

Oh cast that shadow from thy brow.
My dark eyed love! be glad awhile;
Has Leila's song no music now?

Is there no charm in Leila's smile?
There are young roses in my hair,
And morn & spring are in my bloom;
Yet you have breathed their fragrant air
As some cold vapour from the tomb.

There stands the vase of chrysal light,
Stained with the red wine's crimson
veins—
Has the grape lost its spell to night?
For there the cup untouched remains.

I took my lute for one sad song,
I sang it, though my heart was wrung.
The sweet sad notes we've lov'd so long:
Yet heard you not, though Leila sung.

I press'd my pale, pale cheek to thine—
Though it was wet with many tears,
No pressure came to answer mine,
No murmur breathed to soothe my fears.

Al! silent still! then know I all
My fate! And must we part at last?
In mercy, gentle Heaven, recall
Only the memory of the past!

Never did the first June flower
Bear purer blossoms to the bee,
Than that which yielded to Love's now,
And gave its sweetest wealth to thee.

'Twas a new life! the earth the sky,
Seemed to grow fairer for thy sake;
But this is general destiny,
My heart is withered, bid it break!

My garden will lie desolate,
My flowers will die; my birds will pine,
All I once lov'd I now shall hate,
With thee, dear, every thing of mine.

Oh speak not now, it mocks my heart,
How can Heaven live when Love is o'er?
Only feel that we meet no more!
I only know—we meet no more!

THE ORPHAN.—A FACT.

It was on a pleasant summer's eve,
The Pastor of one of our New-Eng-
land churches took his usual walk after
closing the day in study. He was a
good old man, who had long been faith-
ful to the beloved people of his charge,
and he had been a successful labourer
in the cause of his Master, till his head
and became silvered, and his tottering
movement needed the support of a staff.
The sun had already sunk in the west,
and was pouring his last rays into the
golden sky, as the Pastor entered the
large grave yard. There is some-
thing in this hour of the day, that gives
a pleasing melancholy to the soul—
which, added to the peace in which he
was walking, was peculiarly adapted to
assist the holy man in his meditations;
and, if need be, to raise his thoughts
from this world, and to place them on
that which he felt was his home. The
good man was pressing beneath his soft-

ly trembling steps, the sods which cov-
ered him of his beloved parishoners,
when he came to the spot where lay his
wife and three beautiful daughters,
whose loveliness, like the opening rose,
was blasted ere it was fully exhibited.
The Pastor leaned on his staff, and bent
over these graves, and was just marking
out by their side the spot where he had
died shortly to lie in peace, when he was
startled by hearing the sobs of a child.
He turned, and, at a little distance, be-
hind a lovely little white headed boy,
who was kneeling and sobbing over the
grave of his father, whose ashes had late-
ly been deposited beneath. With a
melting heart the good shepherd ap-
proached the child of his friend, and
with the tenderness of an angel, he rais-
ed and kissed this orphan lamb of his
flock, whose face was pallid through
grief, and whose bright blue eyes were
swollen by weeping. He sat down be-
side the grave, and pressed the weeping
boy to his bosom.

"O, Sir," said the child, "let me cry
for my father—he lies deep in that grave,
they tell me he will never again be my
father—I fear that I have offended him
that he will no more be my father, and I
want to ask him to forgive me, and to
kiss me as he used to do—Oh if he
would once more be my father, I would
never again offend him. But they say
he is dead! O, I would sit here and
cry all night—I would never stop if my
poor father would come to me! But he
will not come—for a few days before
they put him in this hole, he told me
—O, I do remember it—he told me he
was going to leave me, and I should
never have a father any more; and he
stroked my hair with his sock hand, and
told me when he was buried in the ground
I must be a good boy and love God! Oh!
my poor good father!"

The feeling Pastor pressed the hand
of the sorrowing child within his—
and he could answer him, he had wept
for him. His first object was to soothe
him into confidence, and then to direct
him to a father who would never forsake
him. With patience he satisfied his cur-
iosity, res, crying death—now that it is
a long sleep, but that the voice of God
will one day awaken even the dead—
He told him how death was introduced
into the world, and made him under-
stand that it was the consequence of sin.
He explained to him the natural de-
privacy of the heart—how we, "like
sheep have all gone astray." He la-
boured to impress on him a correct view
of the character of God—his attributes
of love, mercy, justice, &c. and then
explained how we might be saved by Je-
sus Christ. He next strove deeply to
impress upon the listening boy what "is
the chief end of man?" & thus conclud-
ed his first lesson—And now, my dear little
boy, you have indeed lost a tender father,
but I have been trying to point you to
Father, who has promised never to for-
sake the poor orphan. "But," says the
child, "what is it to be an orphan?"

"It is to be destitute of Parents while
we are yet children."
"I think I understand; but what is a
poor orphan?"
The clergyman was affected but re-
plied, "It is a child who is left de-
stitute of property as well as friends."
"Oh, I wish," said the child, in the
simplicity of his heart, "I wish that I
was a poor orphan, if God would be my
father."

"The good minister wept—for he knew
that the child's wish respecting property
would be fully satisfied.—I trust, my
dear child, that God will be your father.
You know how short are our lives—how
certain our death—how much we have
to do to prepare for death—and how
we should devote our lives to God, that
we may meet death with peace. I hope
you will not only be good, and live so
as to meet your poor father in heaven,
but I hope your life will be spent in
trying to do good to others."

The clergyman held the hand of the
child, and they knelt in prayer on the
grave. The petition that God would
provide for the little orphan. It was
now dark, except what light was afford-
ed by the bright twinkling of the stars.
As they left the grave yard, the shep-
herd directed the attention of his lambs
to these wonderful works of God, and
his heart beat with joy when he ex-
claimed—

"My Father made them all."

He led the orphan to his place of resi-
dence—soothed his grief—assuaged his
sorrows—and determined to adopt and
make him his child. But God had other-
wise determined. The faithful Pas-
tor was soon after laid upon the bed of
death, and from the chamber which had,
for many years, been the witness of the
piety of his heart, and which was

"Privileged above the common walks of
virtuous life."

his spirit as we trust, flew from the
snares, the corruptions, and the sins of
this transitory world, and found a shel-
ter in the bosom of his Redeemer—and
left the child a second time an orphan—
At the death of the clergyman, the lit-
tle boy was thrown upon the wide world
with but few friends—his patron was
dead, and he was forgotten.—Many who
saw, felt compassion for him. They
saw sorrow often brooding over his coun-
tenance, and the big tear often gush
from his eyes: they saw and pitied—
though he would be provided for—and
left him as they found him. But it
should be a matter of consolation to dy-
ing parents, that there is One who hear-

eth even the young sparrows when they
cry, and will provide for the fatherless.
I have only to add, that to the subject
of this narrative God was ever near—
He was placed in many difficult situa-
tions, passed through many trials, but
was ever protected through the tender
mercies of God. At the age of sixteen it
is believed he experienced the operations
of the spirit of God upon his heart: he
thought of his interview with the good
Clergyman, and of his advice, his pray-
ers and his wishes; and he dedicated
his life to the service of God.

From the Trenton Emporium. THE LOG CABIN.

"Mercy on us! who is that female so
loud on our rights? Of a surely she must
be the original woman who lived here
—I to teach her how to out-cold her
neighbors."—Bartholomew Fair.

My tale is not so much about the cabin
as its contents, though every one who
has travelled from Alesbury to Burling-
ford, must remember the three cornered
log hut, at the foot of Red Ridge,
roofed with loose slabs, with a mud and
straw chimney, and a large hole cut out
of one side for the double purpose of
door and window. And if there was
not such another cabin in the country,
neither was there just such another pair
as the loneliest couple who inhabited it.
The land on which it stood belonged to
a distant proprietor, and as such lands
were considered "free," the present ten-
ant, Peter Keltzer, had put up the
dwelling himself, with such assistance
as two quarts of whiskey commanded
on raising day, and lived, as one would
readily imagine from his mode of living,
unencumbered with ground rent.

Peter had scarcely troubled himself to
cut away the log, and then the grubbing
hoe nor the pruning knife, his only in-
strument of husbandry, if I may so say,
was a rough bored rifle, which he kept
in admirable order, and with which he
never failed to do excellent service
whenever necessity or whim drove him
to scour the forests, and climb the rag-
ged mountains, or trace up the winding
streams in pursuit of game, and in truth,
necessity or whim kept the poor man
pretty constantly on the scout, for when
the venison was not out, Madame Kel-
tzer's temper always was, and the failure
of the one or the other was an equal
misfortune to Peter.

James Keltzer was a thin, sharp visag-
ed lad, about five feet two inches tall,
with a black piercing eye, and but three teeth,
the others, as Peter alleged, having been
utterly worn out of her mouth by the
constant convulsions of her tongue,
which also were three in number, if his
word might pass for value—indeed he
gravely asserted that it was in conse-
quence of these remarkable and coincid-
ing anomalies, that the dame had com-
pelled him, after a year's fire, to build a
three-cornered house, she having fallen
upon the resolution, since her husband
had conceived a mortal antipathy to the
number three, on her account, to oblige
him to tolerate another trio in the chain
of his misfortunes. Peter himself, though
he possessed but a comparatively small
portion of his mate's valubility, was a
man of much courage, and while in the
frequent rencounters between himself
and Madame Keltzer, to which he was
subjected, he was uniformly obliged to
beat the retreat, he turned his back with
an air of lordly defiance, and his visage
showed evident signs of threatening re-
taliation.

Between parties so often belligerent, it
was hardly to be expected that every
contest should end in smoke. Peter
complained to all his neighbors of his
wife's unreasonable war upon his liberty,
and accused her with a design of reduc-
ing him to do a right slavery while she
was not less prompt in charging him
with an idle rambling disposition, an
entire neglect of all home affairs, and
even being guilty of amours with some
of her good neighbors' wives, whom he
had occasionally furnished with a saddle
of venison or a string of squab-
les. As the dame's suspicions seemed found-
ed on this, the last charge was probably
untrue, but the others were doubtless
substantial, and incontrovertible on ei-
ther side.

No one who has seen any thing of the
world need be told what kind of ad-
vice the friends of our honest couple
gave them on these occasions, or that its
tendency was not in the smallest de-
gree of a conciliatory kind; instead of
growing better, things grew eviler
and worse, and place of place threats on
both sides, placed off execution were re-
volved in the minds of both. Peter and
his wife.—The Dame in one particular,
acquired herself with honor; she im-
proved the humble dwelling mightily in
the course of a few years, and instead of
a ground floor she introduced one of
boards, and finally had a kind of trap
door cut in the middle, directly under
which she commenced hollowing out
something like a cellar, and made such
progress during one of Peter's long ram-
bles, that on his return, he began to
suspect the object of so much secrecy
and despatch had some reference to
himself. He seriously believed Dame
Keltzer designed a dungeon in which to
immerse him, soul and body, and there-
fore by execute a long standing wish, and
she would break up his rambling. In
the confidence of his strength therefore,
he determined to assist her, and on the
slightest symptom of the out breaking of
the conspiracy, to turn the punishment
upon her.

We have now the worthy couple,
each, in the other's absence, alternately
embracing the opportunity of following
out a deep cavern under the floor of the
log cabin; and it was persisted in, un-
till it was actually, as found by subse-
quent measurement, nine feet deep. A
ladder was now thrust into it, and the
dame made use of it as a temporary cel-
lar, using great precaution, however,
never to mention it while Peter was at
home, and at the same time seiz-
ing occasional opportunities of persuad-
ing him to go down himself, under one
pretence or another, for all of which she
found him too wisely cautious. At length
weary with hope deferred, and Peter be-
coming in no wise reformed from his old
inverate habits, on his return to the
cabin one dull damp evening, she took
care to sit up in reading. The mo-
ment he set foot on the threshold, she
seized his arms, and made a desper-
ate attempt to accomplish by force
what she had been unable to accom-
plish by stratagem. A doubtful struggle
ensued, and Peter partly disengaged
himself so that as he fell he seized and
dragged the good woman after him, and
she catching at the door to stay herself
precipitated it down over them both.—
The fall did no injury. The dame in
tenderness for her husband had deposi-
ted a quantity of flax which she had ta-
ken to spin, so that it received them
both, when they fairly recovered
themselves from their feet, they found
neither had sustained damage, and both
were fairly vanquished.

At first they took separate corners of
the cell, avowing themselves quite con-
tented and comfortable. Then the
dame, began a commentary on Peter's
evil life which lasted until noon next
day; though noon brought small change
from night to them. Hunger began to
work; nothing to cut or drink was to be
had. The business of mutual punish-
ment went on a pace, and a long time
was borne with unacknowledged obsti-
nacy—finally, however, neither could
stand it longer, a truce was agreed upon—
mutual acknowledgments passed;
and the parties, thoroughly reconciled,
agreed to assist each other out of this
dreadful confinement. This was no easy
task, and had they not abandoned all
their jealousies and ill-will, and labored
in the closest concert it would never
have been accomplished. Finally by
gathering a considerable pile of gravel
below, Peter took his wife upon his
shoulders and she succeeded from thence
in climbing out. The ladder was then
put down and Peter himself obtained
deliverance. What all the arguments
in the world could never have effected,
this single incident did effect, a thorough
reform; and whenever, afterwards, Peter
was about doing amiss, or dame Kel-
tzer's vice exceeded a common key, the
recollection of the nine foot cellar, and
the three days and nights passed there-
in, set all matters right.

Peter told me the story himself—
and since, whenever I see a man and
wife pulling different ways, or complain-
ing of one another to strangers, or quar-
relling at home, or forever staying ab-
road, I think what a pity it is they can-
not have the use of dame Keltzer's cel-
lar for a short time. When I see an in-
dolent husband or spendthrift wife, who
have nothing but idleness and economy
to depend upon—neglecting business or
running in debt; I conclude that, to a
certainly, they will wind up their affairs
in dame Keltzer's cellar, or one of their
own digging very much like it.—At the
end of every evil and improvident course
there is a corresponding punishment;
and they are comparatively happy, who,
like Peter and Polly Keltzer are made
wise by misfortune while there is yet
time to profit by repentance.

ON DUELLING.

Are then the impulses of shame, the
emotions of humanity, or energy of rea-
son insufficient to bind the arm, and re-
strain the heart of the Duellist? Is this
third fold cord, like Sampson's green
withre, snapped assunder by the strong
hands of the u-rper, Honor? by no
means. This boasted Honor is too weak
for such a task. Why then does it not
bind the arm of the duellist? Because
he is a slave to false honor, and this con-
science and influences only the votaries
of the true. Let the duellist but be convin-
ced that his honor is real disgrace, & the
weapon of murder drops from his hand.
Send them kind Heaven! from their right
hand, arrayed in gentle majesty, the che-
rub regiment. But her upon the volume,
and show the murderer for honor, that
consists in obedience to thy laws which
breathes benevolence even to enemies;
that the fear of thy displeasure, and supe-
riority to the reproach of man's the most
heroic; that the dupes of false honor, in
spite of their vaunted bravery, are ab-
ject cowards; afraid to obey the dic-
tates of humanity, of reason, of heaven,
lest the children of vice and folly should
point at them their polluted fingers!—
Did not show the champion of mock
honor that pride degrades, while feeling
to exalt her votaries; that revenge is her
own tormentor; that to love an enemy
pity his folly, forgive his malice, is heav-
enly revenge, sweet to the possessor,
and like coals of fire on the head of its
objects, shall consume his malice, and
kindles shame in his heart, or melt his
anger into love.

Fine Fancy.—Mr. B. speaking of Mrs.
T. who is a remarkably comely old dame,
about eighty, made use of the following

sublime and singular expression:
"would not have her," said he, "if
sun was a diamond, the moon a
and every star a ruby, set in a dia-
and she crowned withal, I would
have her, no by the main, not a
warranted deed of creation!"

Moral Chronicle.

FOR THE MORAL CHRONICLE.

Messrs. Editors.—About
years ago I happened to be in
conversation with a clergyman
and to speak of some persons
persons as Christians. (Christ-
ians! said he. We are all Chris-
tians! I hope every body is a
good Christian. I thought it
strange that wearers of drab
linns, rogues, and all sinners
without exception, should be
what some conscientious people
have thought a rare character,
as transcending the ordinary ef-
forts of morality. The spleen
and the sour I give up; and
less like other disordered persons
they call for our forbearance and
compassion, they ought to be
taught that they are as valu-
able as other people, and that
censure would be as incorre-
ct to them as any body if
edges were turned upon the
selves. But as little as I like
everlasting complainer there
an opposite extreme, which is
is not as offensive, is as foolish.

I have sometimes wondered
whether that high consideration
which some people have for ev-
ery body was for want of know-
ing better, or for want of that
dependency which a man should
maintain amongst men. As to the
mutual concessions of civility
the reason and experience of
mankind have put their proprie-
ty and expediency out of the
pute. If I should think my neigh-
bor a bad man it does not follow
that I must either quarrel or fight
with him. As long as the one
authority tolerates him, it will
be something more than officious-
ness for me to make war upon
him, and that, under the influ-
ence of an opinion which may be
over-charged, or entirely mis-
taken. While I have that opinion
I should only not be inconsistent.

I should not deceive him or any
body else by flattering attention
or deceitful commendations.
I like good nature, but I have
seen an unqualified complacency
that I do not like. If any one
should say that sugar was sweet
I should agree with him and ad-
mit that his taste was natural and
right; but if he should say that
that wormwood was sweet, that
every thing pleased him ex-
ceedingly, I should either dis-
believe him or think that, in re-
ality, he tasted nothing; and
so a man who approves of a
man either dissembles or is
contrived to overlook all dis-
tinction between right & wrong.

He cannot be pleased with a
man who should abuse; either the
person or reputation, he cannot
be pleased with a man who picks
his pocket or makes woe in his
roads upon the peace of his fam-
ily; and so, idly out of the ques-
tion, when he trusts that every
body is a good man, when a carol
offered to this unwarrantable cred-
ulity shocks the fine texture of
his delicate soul, there is more
deceit than philanthropy in the
business. The sign is to re-
quire either money or popu-
larity; and tho' the world may seem
at first not unwilling to be im-
posed upon, if coaxed beyond a
certain point it loses its temper,
and leaves the object of its most
struck admiration sprawling
in the dirt.

Then whether it be excessive
politeness, or ignorance, or a
desire of obtaining the good will
of every body, it makes but a
silly character. A compliment
from a man who compliments
every body I should not value.
If he should really approve, a
known habit of expending as
much to every body would natu-
ralize the effect, and make me
feel just as much obliged as if he
had said nothing at all.