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POETRY.



From the Boston Literary Magazine.

MEMORY.

There is an idle where lingering plays The sunlight of those earlier days...

Moments there are when we must brood O'er broken vows in solitude; Then, who does not delight to turn A fearful eye to friendship's urn...

The falling tear that chrysalis gem Set in the warm heart's diadem, Were but a cold, a senseless thing...

If there's a music can control The softer breathings of the soul— Whose magic chords have power to bare The mysteries recorded there...

SEMICLARNEDS.

From the Georgia Scenes, &c.

A SAGE CONVERSATION.

I love the aged matrons of our land. As a class, they are most pious, the most benevolent, the most careful, and the most harmless of the human family...

When I seated myself to the sheet now before me, my intention was merely to detail a conversation between three ladies, which I heard many years since, confining myself only to so much of it, as sprung from the ladies' own thoughts...

what did the man mean by saying they raised a fine parcel of children? Mrs. R. Why, bless your heart and soul honey!

Mrs. S. Well, it seems to me some how or other. I can't study it out now. Mrs. S. The man must be jokin' certainly.

Mrs. B. No, he was't jokin', for I looked at him, and he was just as much in earnest as any body I ever seed; and besides no Christian man would tell such a story in that solemn way.

Mrs. R. Well, it would be a fine thing, if it was true; but it's a wonder you should believe it. Mrs. S. I've been thinkin' the thing all over in my mind, and I reckon—I don't say it is so, for I don't know nothing at all about it.

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don't know about it. Some people don't believe in it. Mrs. S. Well, Davy Cooper's wife told me she did believe in it; but she tried it, and it cured her sound and well.

Mrs. R. I've heard of many folks being cured in that way. And what did they do for Lucy's cough, Mis' Barney?

Mrs. B. Why dear me, they gin' her a powerful chance o' trick. I reckon, grist and last, she took at least a pint o' lodiny.

Mrs. S. And so to J, Mis' Reed. Indeed I have a great leanin' to sweats of yers, in all ailments such as colds, and rheumaty pains, and pleurisies, and sich—

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Mrs. B. I reckon they must have eat somethin' did'nt agree with them. Mrs. S. No they didn't, for she fed 'em every morin' with her own hand.

Mrs. B. Well, it's mighty curious! A short pause ensued, which was broken by Mrs. Barney, with—'And brother Smith married Mourin' Hooper'.

The next morning, when we rose from our beds, we found the good ladies sitting round the fire just as I left them, for they rose long before us.

Mrs. Barney was just in the act of ejaculating, 'And brother Smith married Mourin' Hooper'—when she was interrupted by our entry into the dining room.

We were here informed that our horses were in waiting, and we bade the good ladies farewell.

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It has been urged by some, that any attempt upon the part of the northern states to enact laws to suppress the proceedings of the Abolition Societies and the publication of their opinions, could be a violation of the rights and liberties of the press.

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