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Per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, One Dollar; for each additional insertion, Fifty Cents.

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To those who advertise by the year, a liberal discount will be made.

POETRY.



London Churchyard.

I pray thee, lay me not to rest
Among the mouldering bones;
Too heavily the earth is prest
By all these crowded stones.

Life is too gay—life is too near—
With all its pomp and toil;
I pray thee, do not lay me here,
In such a world-struck soil.

The ceaseless roll of wheels would wake
The slumbers of the dead;
I cannot bear for life to make
Its pathway o'er my head.

The flags around are cold and drear—
They stand apart—alone;
And no one ever pauses here,
To sorrow for the gone.

No: lay me in the far green fields
The summer sunshine cheers,
And where the early wild flower yields
The tribute of its tears:

Where shadows the sepulchral yew,
Where droops the willow tree;
Where the long grass is fill'd with dew—
O! make such grave for me!

And passers by, at evening's close,
Will pause beside the grave,
And moralize on the repose
They fear, and yet they crave.

Perhaps some kindly hand may bring
An offering to the tomb,
And say, as fades the rose in spring,
So fade human bloom.

But here there is no kindly thought
To soothe and to relieve;
No fancies and no flowers are brought,
That soften while they grieve.

Here Poesy and Love come not—
It is a world of stone;
The grave is bought—is closed—forgot!
And then life hurries on.

Sorrow and beauty—nature—love,
Redeem man's common breath;
Ah! let them shed the grave above—
Give loveliness to death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

MESCHED AND MORGIANA;

A PERSIAN STORY.

By Morris Matson, Esq.

On the borders of the Caspian sea, in a mountainous district of the country, there lived a rich merchant, who, becoming weary of the world, had withdrawn to this secluded spot to spend the remainder of his days in peace and quietness. He had an only son, a youth about seventeen, called Mesched, who, with a domestic, composed the whole of his family. The chief amusement of the father and son, was either to ramble through the country, or to cultivate a small garden, in which they reared many delicious fruits, such as oranges, dates and melons. This sort of life inspired Mesched with a wild and romantic spirit of adventure. Some one unfortunately told him that he was handsome—he spent much of his time in decorating his person. He believed that all Persia could not furnish his equal in personal beauty, and as vanity is the same craving and exorbitant passion in all countries, it may readily be supposed that our hero esteemed himself a more than ordinary personage. He had a cloak manufactured of the richest cloth, and rode the most beautiful of Persian horses. Mesched, not unlike other young men of his age, was possessed of wild and turbulent passions, which, although sometimes controlled by prudence and foresight, he too often suffered to shoot forth free and unrestrained. He was entirely the creature of imagination. He lived in a world of his own fanciful creation. He could conjure up a thousand beautiful spirits, and exult in their miraculous presence. The air, the earth, and the waters yielded him their treasures. He could plunge into the ocean and wander in groves of sunlit coral, or dive into the earth and possess himself of her richest treasures; or ascend into the heavens and shout in triumph among the stars. These, it must be remembered, were only his dreams. Life is full of strange vicissitudes. Thus it was with Mesched. An event befel him

which we shall proceed to relate. He became enamoured of a dazzling and beautiful creature, named Morgiana. Her history, however, must forever remain unknown. Mortal man never possessed the power to unveil this mighty secret. She was frequently seen among the mountains, bounding from rock to rock; but she would immediately take her flight if any one approached. By some she was supposed to have descended from the clouds, for a great and exalted purpose; but we reach not forth our hands to grasp at such mysteries, for they are better undivulged.

Mesched had mounted his steed, and was riding slowly along a delightful valley; it was nearly sunset, and the olive blossoms were lending a delicious fragrance to the air. He was musing upon the many scenes through which he had passed, during his brief existence, when his horse suddenly stumbled, and he fell to the ground. Immediately, the air resounded with a loud laugh, as though invisible beings were exulting in his misfortune—and he exclaimed—"Verily this is the way of the world; our calamities are made the sport of our fellow mortals, and they rejoice at the downfall of each other." Presently, Mesched heard a slight rustling among the grape vines that clustered about some rocks, near at hand; and in a moment he observed them to part, and a slight female figure came bounding along, scarcely touching the dewy grass, and stood over the prostrate youth.

"Praise be to Allah!" she exclaimed, "the stranger is unhurt?" Mesched answered with a deep sigh, as he endeavored to regain his feet. He extended his hand in salutation and reverence, but she hastily turned to depart.

"Angel of light and loveliness!" exclaimed the youth, in a kneeling attitude, "why leave me thus lonely and sorrowful?"

"It is denied me to remain in the presence of mortal man," returned Morgiana. "Stay, but for a moment!" interrupted Mesched, as she was moving away.

"And why?" she eagerly inquired. "That I may once more hear the music of thy voice," answered the impassioned youth.

"Then, let me warn thee to remember how fickle—how inconstant are human affections!"

As she spoke, darkness came over the eyes of Mesched, and when he regained his sight, the beautiful speaker had vanished. But, alas! who can describe his grief! The sun had gone down, and the moon was pouring her silver and mellow light upon the earth. All around was serene and tranquil. He had permitted his horse to ramble away until it was lost in the distance, and in the agony of his spirit, he hurried to the borders of the sea. He stood upon a cliff that overlooked the mighty deep, and was about to commit himself to the waves, as he was startled by a voice from among the adjacent rocks:

"My son, what would'st thou do?" Mesched looked eagerly in the direction of the voice, and saw a venerable dervish adjusting his long flowing beard, who now approached him.

"Holy Father!" said the youth, "I am full of sorrow. As the sun was setting I was thrown from my steed, and suddenly a female came near me, and proffered me her assistance; but, as I reached out my hand, she quickly disappeared."

"Was she beautiful?" exclaimed the dervish.

"Very beautiful!" returned Mesched. "Her fingers sparkled with diamonds, and her hair was braided with silk of infinite colors. Her delicate arm was entirely exposed, and a white robe, of the slightest texture, was suspended from her dazzling shoulders. Oh, father! I cannot tell how my brain was maddened as I gazed upon her angelic —"

"Peace, my son!" interrupted the dervish—"she of whom you are enamored is forbidden to the unhallowed touch of man. Her name is Morgiana, and she is permitted to assume an appearance upon the earth only at stated periods. Give not way to your foolish passion, for she can never be yours."

"Say not so," returned Mesched, in an impassioned tone. "You kill me with your words. When can I again behold her?—vouchsafe to tell me that, and I will be satisfied."

"Never, my son, never!" solemnly replied the dervish.

"Then life is to me a torment!" exclaimed Mesched, as he was preparing to leap into the waters.

"Hold!" cried the dervish, in a loud voice—"this is frenzy—madness. If you are thus desperate, you shall be permitted, once more, to see Morgiana, but you must remember that it will be many years before she is again visible upon the earth."

The youth expressed great dissatisfaction at this, and could see no reason for delay in a matter of such vital importance; but as the dervish assured him there was no alternative, he reluctantly consented to undergo the unprecedented torture and suspense. He further questioned the holy man about Morgiana, but the dervish could only reiterate that she was a spirit of the air, destined at certain periods to assume a mortal form, and exhibit all the various gradations through which mankind are obliged to pass in their pilgrimage to eternity. Mesched and the dervish now separated, with a mutual pledge that they would see each other again, after

the lapse of thrice three years, upon the same spot.

The youth set out on his travels. The ardor of his feelings gradually abated. He saw and felt how easy it is to become the vassal of our own evil delusions. He discovered that he had been creating images which could no longer have an existence. His judgment, every day, was sobered and strengthened. Morgiana, however, he did not entirely forget. There was a mournful pleasure in his recollection of one so bright and beautiful. She recurred to his memory as a pleasant vision, which he constantly sought to impersonate in his mind. Thus did year after year pass slowly away. He travelled through many countries, and at last returned to the secluded residence of his father.

One evening he had passed into the garden to pluck some dates, when he was suddenly accosted by a person unknown.

"Have you forgotten your promise?" asked the stranger.

"Holy Allah! what promise!" inquired Mesched.

Your promise to the dervish many years ago. This is the night for your meeting. He waits for you at the appointed place."

The messenger departed, and Mesched hastened on his way to fulfil his pledge. He found the dervish, wrapped in a cloak, waiting anxiously for his return.

"Your impatience, my son, has worn away," said the dervish. "Have you so easily forgotten Morgiana?"

"Father!" answered Mesched, "since I parted from you, I have learned many valuable lessons. Then I was contending in the hot war of passions; but these, in a measure, have passed away. Still am I impatient to see the adorable Morgiana.—Canst thou summon her to our presence?"

"It is a most auspicious moment!" said the dervish. "The moon is gleaming brightly upon us, and every star looks sweetly down at this blessed and holy hour. The beloved of your soul shall soon appear."

The dervish drew a ring from his pocket, which he held up in the light of the moon, and after a few ceremonies, which none better understood than himself, he threw it violently into the air.

"The charm is good," said he, taking Mesched by the hand, "Lo, she comes—the beautiful Morgiana!"

A thousand raptures thrilled the heart of Mesched; it was indeed Morgiana, in all her simple elegance and beauty, as he had seen her long, long ago.

He was about to rush forward and clasp her in his arms, but the dervish, who still retained his hand, violently withheld him, and exclaimed—

"Be not too impetuous, my son! This has been the greatest evil of your life. The scene must change—you must behold Morgiana in another aspect! This is her last appearance upon the earth—the last gradation through which she is doomed to pass. Look, and be wise!"

The dervish uttered a mysterious word, in a low voice, and the brightness of the heavens were changed into gloom. Around, as far as the eye could reach, the earth assumed the appearance of a black and sterile heath. The dervish took the youth by the hand, and they walked slowly over the desolate and unearthly scene. A bended figure, somewhat resembling a human shape, approached them at a distance. As it drew nigher, they saw that it was an old woman, bearing in her palsied hand a crutch.

"Once more you behold Morgiana!" said the dervish, pointing with his finger to the bended figure.

Mesched looked upon her in silence. A convulsive tremor shook her limbs. The skin was shrivelled upon her face, her eyes were dim and sunken, and a few locks of gray and matted hair fell upon her withered cheeks.

"Listen!" said the dervish, "she speaks." "Come hither," she feebly articulated, addressing herself to Mesched.

In doubt and fear the youth approached her. She extended her long skeleton fingers, but he started back in horror. "Aha!" she exclaimed, "you loath me—you were so eager to receive me to your embrace. Remember you not," and as she spoke, her voice grew feeble and indistinct, and the death-rattle sounded in her throat: remember you not my parting words to you many years ago? I then warned you of the fickleness of all human affection. You best know how faithfully you have attended to my admonition," and as she spoke she fell prostrate upon the earth. Presently, strange voices were heard in every direction, and the panther stole silently over the blasted heath, and banquetted upon her livid corpse; and the leopard also came, and there was a fierce and terrible conflict, and they filled the air with their dismal howlings. The wild beasts of the wilderness struggled for the spoils of humanity. The dervish himself turned pale with fear; and Mesched fled, far and fast, and rested not until he had learned wisdom from the madness of his passion, and breathed a prayer of gratitude to Allah for the instruction of his servant.

Nothing can surpass the emotions of a feeling mind when it bursts the seal of a friendly epistle. They are, indeed, joyful messengers, which mitigate the painful separation of kindred souls.

THE TRIAL OF RICHARD P. ROBINSON.

In the entire absence of all important news, of either a political or commercial nature, we appropriate a column to a subject, on which we have been rather sparing in comments—the trial of Richard P. Robinson, at New York, for the alleged murder of Ellen Jewett. The excitement occasioned by this event seems to have been revived in that city, incidentally, by the trial of a fellow named Gray, at the Court of Sessions, on Thursday last. He was arraigned on three several indictments, two for petit larceny, and one for grand larceny. This Gray is the individual whose cloak Richard P. Robinson had on the night of the murder, and whose cloak was found in the yard in the rear of Thomas street. While Robinson was in prison at Bellevue, Gray was also there, and they contrived, during that time, to keep up a correspondence by letter, with each other. After Gray's arrest, a letter, written by Robinson to him, whilst both of them were in prison, was found upon him, in which Robinson states that he himself would be tried on such a day, acquitted on such a day, and that he, Gray, wanted to get clear of his wife, and to get married again; that he would be able, when he got out, to get a divorce from his wife, as he, Robinson, after his acquittal, would go and seduce her, and be an evidence for him to prove the criminal conversation, adding, that it was not the first time he had obliged a friend in that way. This letter was written only a few days before Robinson was to be tried for his life.

In reference to these facts, the Commercial Advertiser has the following remarks:

"And this young man (Robinson) is the 'boy' in whose behalf such efforts were made to enlist the public sympathies! The court-room was packed with his licentious associates, to hiss and applaud as opportunity might occur, in furtherance of the design, which was manifest from the beginning, to browbeat the community, mock public justice, and procure his acquittal at all events. The young man verily appears to stand out alone and above all others in his iniquity—a monster of the human species. History affords not a parallel to his case. We have said, however, and we say it again—although not a particle of doubt exists in this community as to his guilt in the 'taking off' of Ellen Jewett—that the jury did right in his acquittal, under the circumstances of the case, as presented to them by the public prosecutor. On the testimony laid before them, they could do no otherwise. We are aware that the District Attorney has, over and over again, been charged with corruption in this matter. We believe no such thing. He probably supposed he should be able faithfully to try the young man, and convict him, and yet spare the feelings and characters of the 'gentlemen' who lodged with Rosina Townsend and her precious household on the night of the murder. The counsel opposed were, moreover, an overmatch for him, and his humane feelings and truly amiable temper, enabled his sagacious and eloquent opponents to persuade him to yield too much.

There is one fact in regard to the depravity of Robinson, which we believe has never been published. His private journal, which is a loathsome record of his licentiousness, and his consequent diseases, was inscribed to his —; but our pen revolts from the office of carrying out the record of his, if possible, deeper infamy.

On the acquittal of Robinson, a great flourish was made about his falling upon his father's neck and weeping. If so, it must have been sheer acting. His conduct, immediately afterward, was that of indecent levity; and on the day following, his language respecting his father—when the gaoler was making out his bill—was not only disrespectful, but unfeeling.

We cannot repress a smile at this feeble attempt to exculpate the district attorney from the charge of corruption, and to "sugar over" his willingness to spare the feelings and characters of the gentlemen who lodged at Rosina Townsend's house on the night of the murder. But who can read the following, from the Times of Monday, without a smile of contempt at the perversion of language, which pronounces the abandoned paramours of the abandoned prostitutes "genteel men," "young merchants of respectability," &c. &c.?

The late disclosures in regard to Richard P. Robinson, his letter to Gray relative to the latter's wife, and other circumstances, has caused the public mind to become again in some measure excited, and to revolt with horror at the idea that one so well brought up, one so young, and possessing so many real advantages in life, could have reached the degree of depravity which he appears to have attained.

The inquiry is repeatedly made, if Robinson did not murder Ellen Jewett, who is the murderer? Did the District Attorney, it has been asked, do his duty in conducting the trial—could he have produced witnesses whose testimony would have been unanswerable, yet forbore to do so—did he exert himself with that energy which belongs to his character, or urged the prosecution with the eloquence and the ability for which he is justly famed? We answer unequivocally and decidedly, that he did—that the interests of the people were well taken care of by him, and that a sincere desire to perform his duty to the public, blending with