

POETRY.

SONG.

Do you ever think of me, love?  
Do you ever think of me,  
When I'm far away from thee, love,  
With my barque upon the sea?

My thoughts are ever turning  
To thee, where'er I roam;  
And my heart is ever yearning  
For the quiet scenes of home.

Then tell me, do you ever,  
When by barque is on the sea,  
Give a thought to him who never  
Can cease to think of thee?

When sailing o'er the billow,  
Do you think I once forget  
The streamlet, and the willow  
Beneath whose shade we met?

No, I fancy thou art near me,  
And I often breathe a sigh,  
Where the waves alone can hear me,  
And the winds alone reply.

Tell me do you ever,  
When my barque is on the sea,  
Give a thought to him who never  
Can cease to think of thee?

YOU ASK ME FOR A PLEDGE LOVE.

You ask me for a pledge, love! but gaze upon my cheek,  
And let its hues, when thou art near, my heart's devotion speak,  
Look on my dim and tearful eye, my pale and rigid brow,  
And list my wild, unbidden sigh—what need of pledge or vow?

You ask me for a pledge, love! some token of my truth,  
Take thou this flower, an emblem meet of woman's blighted youth;—  
The perfume of its withered leaves, triumphant o'er decay,  
May whisper of my changeless love, when I have passed away.

What, yet another pledge, love?—then mark ye while I vow,  
By all this heart hath borne for thee, by all it suffers now,  
In grief or gladness—hope—despair,—in bliss, or misery,  
I'll be—what I have ever been—to thee, to only thee!

**PRACTICAL MEN AND THEORISTS.**—The character of Neckar, compared with that of Turgot, seems to furnish the means of determining the question as to the relative merits of "practical men" and "theorists." The cry has hitherto generally been of the practical men, as they term themselves, against the theorists, by which they mean the philosophers. In Turgot and Neckar is an example of two men, one a theorist, the other a practical man, called to perform the office of statesmen in extremely critical times. Turgot was a man whose previous life had been devoted to the ennobling pursuits of literature and philosophy; and, more especially, to the comprehension of those enlarged views which have for their immediate object the moral and political advancement of mankind; to the study, to use his own expressive words, of "the science of public happiness." Neckar was a successful tradesman, a man who had realized large fortunes as a banker in Paris; he was, in one word, a man of "detail." Unaccustomed and unaccustomed to the comprehension of grand principles, although liberal and, there is reason to believe, upright, he possessed not, to use the language of Sir James Mackintosh, (*Industria Gallica*, p. 30. edit. 1791.) "the direct and untrepid spirit, those enlarged and original views, which adapt themselves to the new combinations of circumstances, and sway in the great convulsions of human affairs." Accustomed to the tranquil accuracy of commerce, or the elegant amusements of literature, he was called on to ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm." Dr. Adam Smith, who on such subjects will be now pretty generally acknowledged to be good authority—"always held," observes Sir James Mackintosh, in a note to the above passage, "this opinion of Neckar, whom he had known intimately when a banker in Paris. He predicted the fall of his fame when his talents should be brought to the test; and always emphatically said, 'he is but a man of detail.'" At a time, adds Sir James, when the commercial abilities of Mr Eden, the present Lord Auckland, were the theme of profuse eulogy, Dr. Smith characterised him in the same words. Living instances might be mentioned similar to the cases of Turgot and Neckar, in which the philosopher when taken from his generalizations and placed at the desk of the practical man, proved himself able, accurate, perfect man of business; and the "practical man," when taken from the details of his counting-house or his money-shop and placed in the bureau of the statesman, became a wretched driveller, generally blundering, and when right, counteracting any good that might have been done, by the miserable "bit by bit" manner in which he did it.—A more striking instance could not be named, than the manner in which those persons who long governed England to their own profit, and the loss and disgrace of the rest of the country opposed the grand mea-

asures of Napoleon. "He," to use the expressive words of a writer (supposed to be Lord Brougham—*omnia si sic*) in the 25th No. of the Edinburgh Review, art. 14, "singles out the vital part of his whole adversary and the point of it which is most exposed.—In that vulnerable heart he plants his dagger; and he knows full well, that the remotest limb will quiver with the shock. He sends forth his host, in the plenitude of its array, to sweep over the interjacent regions, and to pour itself in one grand, deep, but contracted, and therefore irresistible torrent, into the centre of the strength of Europe. Here, as near Berlin and Vienna as he can, he fights his battle; and while you are menacing the western department—or landing and re-embarking in Italy—or capitulating in Holland—or idling in Portugal and Egypt—or butchering your friends in the North—or burying your own men, and planting the slave trade in the West-Indies—he is playing that great game which must place in his hands the sweep of all those small stakes for which you are pretending to throw."

**THE HELLS OF LONDON.**—On an average during the last twenty years, about thirty hells have been regularly open in London for the accommodation of the lowest and most vile set of hazard players. The game of hazard is the principal one played at the low houses, and is, like the characters who play it, the most desperate and ruinous of all games. The wretched men who follow this play are partial to it, because it gives a chance, from a run of good luck, to become possessed speedily of all the money on the table; no man who plays hazard ever desists of making his fortune at some time. Such is the nature of this destructive game, that I can now point out several men, whom you see daily, who were in rags and wretchedness on Monday, and, before the termination of the week, they ride in a newly-purchased Stanhope of their own, having several thousands of pounds in their possession. The few instances of such successes which unfortunately occur are generally known, and consequently encourage the hopes of others who nightly attend these places, sacrificing all considerations of life to the carrying (if it be only a few shillings) their all every twenty-four hours to stake in this great lottery, under the delusive hope of catching Dame Fortune at some time in a merry mood. Thousands annually fall, in health, fame, and fortune, by this maddening infatuation, whilst not one in a thousand finds an oasis in the desert. The generality of the minor gambling-houses are kept by prize-fighters, and other desperate characters, who bully and hector the more timid out of their money by deciding that bets have been lost, when in fact they have been won. Bread, cheese, and beer is supplied to the players, and a glass of gin is handed, when called for, gratis. To these places thieves resort, and such other loose characters as are lost to every feeling of honesty and shame; a table of this nature in full operation is a terrific sight; all the bad passions appertaining to the vicious propensities of mankind are portrayed on the countenance of the players.—An assembly of the most horrible demons could not exhibit a more appalling effect; recklessness and desperation overshadow every noble trait which should enlighten the countenance of a human being. Many, in their desperation, strip themselves on the spot of their clothes, either to stake against money, or to pledge to the table-keeper for a trifle to renew their play; and many instances occur of men going home half-naked, after having lost their all. They assemble in parties of from forty to fifty persons, who probably bring on an average each night from one to twenty shillings to play with.—As the money is lost the players depart, if they cannot borrow or beg more; and this goes on sometimes for fourteen or sixteen hours in succession, so that from 100 to 140 persons may be calculated to visit one gambling-table in the course of the night; and it not unfrequently happens that, ultimately, all the money brought to the table gets into the hands of one or two of the most fortunate adventurers, save that which is paid to the table for box-hands; whilst the losers separate only to devise plans by which a few more shillings may be procured for the next night's play. Every man so engaged is destined either to become by success a more finished and mischievous gambler, or to appear at the bar of the Old Bailey, where, indeed, most of them may be said to have figured already. The successful players by degrees improve their external appearance, and obtain admittance into houses of higher play, where 2s. 6d. or 3s. 4d. is demanded for the box-hands: at these places silver counters are used, representing the aliquot parts of a pound; these are called pieces, one of which is a box-hand. If success attends them in the first step of advancement, they next become initiated into crown houses, and associate with gamblers of respectable exterior; where, if they show talents, they either become confederates in forming schemes of plunder, and in aiding establishments to carry on their concerns in defiance of the law, or fall back to their own station of playing *chicken-hazard*, as the small play is designated. Capital offences result from this horrible system.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

**ARRIVAL OF CONVICTS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.**—On the Convict's arrival he is assigned to a settler; registers of the applications are kept in the proper office, and the convicts as they arrive are given to the applicants in rotation, so that the convict cannot choose his master, as appears to be understood in England. After his arrival at the farm, he is worked from sunrise to sunset for six days in the week, with an interval of one hour for dinner, and in the summer season, of half an hour for breakfast; but in many establishments an hour is given for that purpose. The work of this new country is of the most laborious description,—cutting down trees, the wood of which is of such a hardness that the English-made tools break like glass before the strokes of the workman; making these trees into fires, and attending them, with the thermometer usually ranging, in the middle of the day, from 80 to 100 degrees for eight months in the year; grubbing up the stumps by the roots, the difficulty of which would appal an English workman; splitting this hard wood into posts and rails, and erecting them into fences. The convict is not permitted to leave his master's farm without a passport. For neglect of work, insolent words, or any turbulent or insubordinate behaviour, he is liable to be taken before a magistrate and flogged, or confined in a solitary cell, or worked in irons on the public road. He receives from his master seven pounds of beef and nine pounds of flour per week; the more liberal allow their servants two or three pounds of the latter in addition, with a quart of milk per diem, and two ounces of tobacco weekly. The last-mentioned allowances are given only during good behaviour, and are consequently liable to stoppage at the will and pleasure of the master.—*New South Wales Magazine.*

**CIVILIZED PEOPLE STRONGER THAN SAVAGES.**—Many travellers, Pagan in particular, have mentioned a fact which is worthy of notice, viz. that savages, far from being stronger than civilized people, are weaker; an additional proof that civilization is beneficial to the destiny of human nature, and that the state of nature of which Rousseau in his disgust at a corrupt state of society, has formed an ideal state of felicity, as far from bringing us in contact with physical perfections, every thing demonstrates, that man is sociable, and in a progressing state; but this progress is often shackled, his sociability rendered torturous by individual egotism, and by the vicious nature of our institutions.

**INFLUENCE OF THE MOON ON RAIN.**—From the comparison of a series of observations, continued for twenty-eight years, at Munich, Stuttgart, and Augsburg, by Professor Schubler, it appears that the maximum number of rainy days takes place between the first quarter, and the new moon. The number of rainy days in the last of these intervals, is to that in the first, as 696 to 845, or in round numbers as 5 to 6. And this proportion is not only true of the twenty years taken together, but also of the separate groups of four years, which give analogous numbers; we therefore conclude that it rains more frequently during the increase, than during the wane of the moon. The results obtained by Schubler receive support from a series of observations made by Pilgram at Vienna. On 100 repetitions of the same phase, Pilgram found the falls of rain to be as follows:—New moon 26, mean of the two quarters 25, full moon 29; consequently, at Vienna, as well as at Augsburg and Stuttgart, it rains more frequently on the day of the full, than on that of the new moon. Arago remarks in regard to the observations, "confining ourselves to the principal results, it seems difficult to resist the conclusion, that the moon exercises an influence on our atmosphere; that in virtue of this influence, rain falls more frequently towards the second octant, than at any other epoch of the lunar month; and lastly, that the chances of rain are fewest between the last quarter and the fourth octant."

**ANCIENT STATUE.**—There is now preserved in the Carmelite Church, in White Friar-street, Dublin, a very interesting sample of ancient sculpture—a statue of the Virgin, with the *Infant Jesus in her arms*, carved in Irish oak as large as life. The style of the execution is dry and gothic, yet it has considerable merit, and is by many attributed to some pupil of Albert Durer's school, to whose time and manner it seems to belong. There are some traditional circumstances relative to the preservation of this statue which are interesting. It was originally a distinguished ornament in St. Mary's Abbey, at the north side of Dublin, where it was not less an object of religious reverence, than of admiration for the beauty of its construction. (See Archdall's *Monasticon*.) Its fame, however, was lost when the religious house in which it was deposited, was suppressed. The Abbey was given to the Earl of Ormond for stables for his train, and the beautiful relic alluded to was condemned, and supposed to have been consigned to the flames. One half of the statue was actually burnt, but it was fortunately the less important half, and when placed in a niche, the deficiency is somewhat concealed. The portion remaining was carried by some persons to a neighbouring inn-yard, where with its face buried

in the ground, and the hollow trunk appearing uppermost, it was appropriated to the ignoble purpose of a *pig-trough*! In this situation it remained until the irreligious tempest had subsided, and the vandalism of the Iconoclasts had passed away, and then it was restored to its ancient respect in the humble chapel of St. Michan's parish (Mary's-lane), which had timidly ventured to rise out of the ruins of the great monastery, to which it originally belonged. During the long night of its obscurity a great change had, however taken place in the spirit of the times, more dangerous to its safety than even the abhorrence of its Iconoclast enemies. No longer an object of admiration of any except the curious antiquary it was, considered of such little value by its owners, that within the last few years the ancient silver crown which adorned the head was sold, for its mere intrinsic value, melted down as old plate. The statue itself would most probably have shared the fate of its coronet, had it been composed of an equally precious material, but fortunately it was rescued for a trifling sum, by the Rev. John Spratt, Prior of the Carmelite Convent White Friar-street, where it is at present deposited, at the Epistle side of the High Altar.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

**ANECDOTE OF THE KING.**—An opinion has generally prevailed in the naval service, though erroneous in every respect, that our naval Monarch, when Prince William Henry, and a youngster, under the care of the late Sir Richard Keates, was mast headed by that excellent officer and rigid disciplinarian for some slight breach of duty; but Sir Richard, who always bore testimony to His Royal Highness's innate love and respect for order and obedience, and that exemplary conduct so indispensable in a man of war, explained the circumstance which gave rise to this misconception, in the following manner:—During a stormy night in winter, as the gale increased, Sir Richard, then Lieutenant of the watch, to make all snug, ordered the topmen aloft, to close reef the top-sails. The night was dark and squally; and his Royal Highness, who unperceived had entered the rigging among the first, was in the act of mounting the ratlings with the seamen, (who crowded round their Prince, to prevent his falling overboard,) was recognised by Sir Richard. This trust-worthy officer, anxious for the safety of his charge, immediately called to his Royal Highness and said, "There is no necessity for your Royal Highness to expose yourself in this weather, nor do I wish you to venture aloft at night." But our Monarch who was then stationed aloft, at reefing top-sails, and knowing it to be the duty of a midshipman to head and accompany the men, unhesitatingly and heroically replied, "thank you Sir Keates, but where the men go I go."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

**THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—On one morning of the past week Mrs —, residing within three miles of Torpoint, left her residence to make a call on the lady of the clergyman of the parish. She had not gone far when she discovered that her boa had fallen from her shoulders, and sent her man servant back the road to look for it. The servant met a countryman, of whom he enquired, "Have you seen a boa in the road?" To which the bumpkin replied, in amazement, "A *boa*! I've seen no *boa*, nor anything else, but a great long hairy snake in the road; I've pelted it with stones for this last ten minutes, but can't kill the thing; I've cut it in two, but its tail moves now." On the servant arriving at the spot described by the countryman, he actually found the lady's valuable fur literally cut to pieces with stones, with which it was nearly covered.

An Oxford student joined, without invitation, a party dining at an inn; after dinner he boasted so much of his abilities, that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do, tell us something you cannot do." "Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning."

**A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF A HUNT.**—Going to see my father the other day, he ax'd me to a voyage a-hunting with him; so when the swabber had rigged the horses, they brought me one to stow myself on board of, that, they told me, she was in such right and tight trim, she would go as fast upon tack, as a Fulkstone cutter; so I got up aloft, and clapt myself athwart the ship's this'n, and made as much way as the best of 'em. After some time, to the windward of a gravel pit, we espied a hare at anchor; on getting within hail she weighed and bore away. We held her in chace a long time, and just as I had come up with her, my horse came bump ashore upon a stone. The backstay broke, she pitched me over the forecastle, came keel upward, and unshipped my shoulder—so sink me if ever I set sail on a bad privateer again.

**A CHEAP HUSBAND.**—A young servant girl, who had conducted herself very much to the satisfaction of her mistress, was presented by her with five pounds, to serve as a marriage portion. Some time after her mistress desired to see her lover. He was ugly and mis-shapen. "My good lass," said the lady, "what a comical husband you have chosen." "Ah! Madam," replied the girl, with much simplicity, "what can one expect to get for five pounds."