

POETRY

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

(BY MRS HEMANS.)

I dream of all things free!
Of a gallant gallant bark
That sweeps through storm and sea,
Like an arrow to its mark;
Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills;
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
A bright eyed mountain king;
In my vision I have heard
The rustling of his wing.
I follow some wild river,
On whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver—
—I dream of all things free!

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading,
Of an archer's greenwood tree—
—My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free!

THE WAKENING.

(BY THE SAME.)

How many thousands are waking now!
Some to the song of the forest bough,
And foam far out on the deep raid sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming
glee.

And some in the camp to the bugle's breath,
And the stamp of the steed on the echoing
heath;

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to sounds from the city borne.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
Each unto light his daily birth;
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or
sweet,

Be the voices which first our upspringing
meet.

But ONE must the sound be, and ONE the
call,
Which from the dust shall wake us all!
ONE though to sever'd and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from their
tombs?

DO EVERY THING AND SAY
NOTHING.

This was the favourite motto of Mrs Nobleways, who was a woman more of deeds than words—that is to say, of unnecessary words. By this expression of unnecessary words, I mean principally words of useless discussion, but more particularly of matrimonial discussion, and which all ladies who wish to have no quarrels with their husbands should be careful, above all things to avoid.

"What!" exclaims some individual of the fair sex, "am I never to talk to my husband? Am I always to sit mum? Am I never to endeavour to talk him over, that I may get my own way?"

On the contrary, my dear voluble lady, you may talk to your husband as much as you like in a pleasant cheerful manner; but if you are fond of having your own way, I advise you not to try to talk him over, but have it by saying nothing about it.

The Lords of the creation have inherently a wish of dominion over their wives; and if they think they have that they do not trouble themselves about trifles, unless they are led to do by useless discussions. For example, whether their wives wear a blue hat or a brown one, or whether they work half an hour at a carpet frame, or an hour at netting a purse, or go out to call on Mrs Somebody or Mrs Anybody, is to them a matter of no consequence. But if they begin to consult, or enter into arguments or disquisitions, the husbands immediately on their part begin to assume dignified dictatorial manner and tone, which presently offends the lady. She gives a snappish answer, which brings an ill natured one in return. She then either bursts into a fit of rage, or a flood of tears; and the husband bounces out of the room, bangs the door after him.

For example: Mrs Wrangways and her husband were one day seated at breakfast, when she commenced the following discourse:—"I intend to go and call upon Mrs Haughty this morning; I suppose you do not want the horse and gig for any thing do you?"

"I don't know whether I do or not," said he, not being pleased with the word *intend*. "What do you want to go to call so often on Mrs Haughty for—a proud disagreeable woman. If Colonel Haughty was not my commanding officer, you *should* never go and call on her at all."

"*Should* not! Well, for my part, I *should* always call on Mrs Haughty, whether she were in our regiment or not. I like her: she is an elegant woman, and the daughter of a peer, and she never gives herself any airs to me, as she does to the other ladies of our corps."

"You fancy, I suppose, she likes you, and thinks you less vulgar than the rest.—But it is no such thing. The colonel I dare say, has ordered her to be civil to you because I am useful in regimental matters."

"Ordered! ordered! Mrs Haughty is not a woman to be ordered by her husband; she has too much spirit and sense."

"Sense! she does not show her sense, if she attempts to have any likings or dislikings her husband does not approve. I wish you would go and see Mrs Nobleways.—Now there is a woman I wish you would imitate."

"Indeed! well, I should be very sorry to imitate Mrs Nobleways. She wears an ugly hat, and is a great friend of that tiresome woman Mrs Rational, who is always teaching her children, and going to market dressed in a gingham gown and straw hat—I hate them both."

"More shame for you. And if you would spend less money in hats and be dressed like Mrs Nobleways, with dignified simplicity, and would spend your time in teaching your children, and study household economy instead of being all day netting purses, I can tell you madam it would be more for your credit and mine."

"Credit! you don't pretend to say sir, that I am discreditable to you! Do you sir?"

Here Mrs Wrangways burst into tears, and the husband rose from table and rung the bell. "John, bring the gig to the door I am going to the barracks and shall want the gig and horse all day."

Now in reality the captain did not want the gig and horse at all that day. He would rather have walked as it was a beautiful clear fine morning; but he was so provoked with his wife, that he was determined to vex her by preventing her going visiting, which was her favourite occupation; neither did he much care whom she visited. He wished her to be on good terms with all the ladies of the regiment: and if the truth were known, he rather wished her to call on Mrs Haughty that very day. But this provoking discussion made him instantly resolve to thwart her. If Mrs Wrangways had said nothing, if she had attended to the proverb *Far Tutto e Dir Niente*, and waited quietly until her husband had gone, walking away to the barracks as he intended, she might have ordered the gig and the horse at what hour she pleased, and visited whom she pleased, and her husband would have been well pleased she had done so—and probably would have said to her, when she returned, "well I am glad you have got all these visits paid, and particularly glad you called on Mrs Haughty, for we must always pay due respect to the wives of our commanding officer."

Therefore my dear military ladies, who are fond of having your own way—which, by the bye, most ladies civil or military are—I recommend you to attend to essential duties, and never discuss trifles; please your husband by attending to important matters, and in all unimportant ones you will be sure to have your own way, if you attend to the Italian motto,

"FAR TUTTO E DIR NIENTE."

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS.

(By Leigh Hunt.)

We forget in what book it was, many years ago that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her.

We think the scene was in Switzerland, but the mountain though high enough to tax his stoutest heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill, in the summer time. It was at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn he bade him do it and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard, but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small landed proprietor who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility,) stood respectful looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure he contemplated with such

transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how dispensing with formality ennobles and makes grateful respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her, nevertheless she knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eye now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers ends, which she doubled up towards her with pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now sir, to put an end to this mummery;" and the lover turning pale for the first time took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill, they proceeded well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point shifts the lady from one side to the other.—The spectators gave a great shout. The baron with an air of indifference, bites the top of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble in its step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again, he is half way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he steps he staggers, but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes.—The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seems to be sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifted up her arms as if to lighten him. See he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top; he halts again, he is fixed, he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front toward the top, it is luckily almost a level, he staggers but it is forward. Yes every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See at last, he is on the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! he has won—he has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, thou hast practised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me; arise!"

"You cannot expect it sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: "Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them," said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them but to congratulate them and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down, they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they can never be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron: "Sir, THEY ARE DEAD!"

QUEEN-SQUARE.

Yesterday Caleb Ludford, a master chimney-sweeper in Duck-lane, Westminster came before Mr White, to ask his advice how he was to proceed with his business.

Caleb made a low bow and said, "Please your Vortship, I feel myself quite done up and conglomerated by this here new Hact of Parliament, wot everybody is chattering about, and I want a bit of advice."

Mr White asked him what Act he meant? Caleb—Your Vortship, I mean the hact of Parliament men have been making about us chimney-sweepers. They tells me it is called the chimney-sweepers' hact but I'm blest if its any hact of mine, for I knows nothing about it.

Caleb was informed to his great astonishment that there was such an act of Parliament, which had just come into operation.

Caleb—Well, I'm blest if it is not a pretty go. Vy, they tells me if any of my chaps call *sweep* in the streets, he must tip forty bob.

Mr White told him that it was a penalty of 40s.

Caleb—Vell, vat a reform here is! But I'm up to 'em. I thought as how I'd come and ax about it; but I tells my chaps never to call *sweep* now, but shout *soot*, ho. They can't make me tip the blunt then.

Mr White told him that he was still liable to the penalty.—The words of the Act were—"No person acting as a chimney-sweeper to call or hawk for employment as a chimney sweeper under a penalty for every offence of not less than forty shillings."

Caleb—Vell then, vat are ve to do? There is a gemman in the same perfussion as myself, vot is set up like in hopposition to me. He d—ns the hact, and says as his chaps shall call *sweep* as long as they likes; and so they does now, and spiles all my reglar custom. I've got nine young kids to keep and ve shall all be ruined.

Mr White told him that his opponent (if allowed his boys to call *sweep*) was liable to a fine of 40s.

Caleb—Then I says as this, that the whole country will be completely ruined by this here hact of Parliament. I suppose as how a man may'n't speak a civil word in the street but they'll fine him by hact of Parliament. I'll go into the City to-morrow and buy the hact, and if such be the case, I'm blowed if I don't, sell off my traps and bolt out of the country.

Caleb then made a low bow and walked out of the office, declaring that the country was ruined.

A NEW RULE FOR SUBTRACTION.—A labouring man purchased a cow of a farmer in the state of Maine, for thirty dollars, one half to be paid in cash, the other half in labor. One day while at work threshing in the farmer's barn, not knowing that any one was near him, he began to soliloquise in the following manner: take one from two leaves four; and three from two leaves five.—That's the case, and I am afraid my master's cow never will be paid for. The farmer overhearing the soliloquy, stepped into the barn, and told the labourer if he would prove it to be the case, he would give him the cow, and pay him for what labour he had done. The labourer readily agreed to it, and began in the following manner:—I have now been married nearly four years, the first year my wife had a child—that's one from two and leaves three; the second year she had another—that's two from two and leaves four; the third year she had another—which is three from two and leaves five. Now I have five to support, and I fear I never shall be able to pay for the cow. The farmer immediately paid him for his labour and gave him his note for the cow.

A witness examined in Illinois court, concerning a horse trade, was asked by the counsel for the defendant how the plaintiff generally rode, "He generally rides a-straddle sir." "How does he ride in company?" "If he has a good horse he generally keeps up." "How does he ride when he is alone?" "Really sir I cannot say; for I was never in company with him when he rode by himself." "You may stand aside sir."

AN IRISH WEDDING.—A wedding recently took place in Tipperary, at which the guests amounted to about 200, all of whom, except three, were of the names of the married parties, to wit: Ryan and Foley. The tables groaned under 148 pounds of beef, 118 pounds of mutton, with the usual relays of geese, turkeys, ducks, chickens, hams, &c. There were eight pipers and five fiddlers who figured away on the light fantastic toe. Dancing was kept up till a late hour in the morning.

A RUNAWAY.—A banker in Paris, returning home some evenings ago, from a ball, missed three things,—his wife, his cashier, and the contents of his strong box. Having by some means ascertained that the fugitives were gone to Havre, he followed them and arrived at the hotel in which they had taken up their abode, where he learned they were to sail the next day for America. Making a confidant of the landlord, the banker went to the chamber in which the two culprits were. At the first summons, the recreant cashier opened the door—and throwing himself at the feet of his injured benefactor, acknowledged his criminality, and only supplicated mercy for his guilty companion who lay trembling in the bed he had just left.—"Don't be alarmed my worthy fellow," said the banker, "all I want is my money."—The whole of this was immediately given up. The banker having ascertained that nothing was kept back, turned to the delinquent and offered him notes to the amount of 10,000*l.* saying, this is for the service you have rendered me in ridding me of a vicious wife. You may set off with her to-morrow for New York on condition that you sign an acknowledgment that you have received the money for the expenses of the voyage of yourself and Madam —, to the U. S."—The paper was signed, the door was closed, and the banker having remained not much more than a quarter of an hour in Havre, set out on his road back to Paris.