

POETRY.

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY.

I dare thee to forget me! go wander where thou wilt,  
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm, or on the  
saber's hilt;  
Away, thou'rt free, o'er land and sea, go rush  
to danger's brink!  
But oh, thou canst not fly from thought, thy  
curse will be—to think!

Remember me, remember all—my long-en-  
during love,  
That link'd itself to perfidy; the vulture and  
the dove!  
Remember in thy utmost need, I never once  
did shrink,  
But clung to thee confidingly; thy curse  
shall be—to think!

Then go, that thought will render thee a  
dastard in the fight,  
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost,  
will fill thee with afright;  
In some vile dungeon mayst thou lie, and  
counting each cold link  
That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall  
be—to think!

Go, seek the merry banquet-hall, where  
younger maidens bloom,  
The thought of me shall make thee there  
endure a deeper gloom;  
That thought shall turn the festive cup to  
poison while you drink,  
And while false smiles are on thy cheek, thy  
curse will be—to think!

Forget me, false one, hope it not! When  
minstrels touch the string,  
The memory of other days will gall thee while  
they sing;  
The airs I used to love will make thy coward  
conscience shrink,  
Ay, ev'ry note will have its sting—thy curse  
will be—to think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be! I'll haunt  
thee in thy sleep,  
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks that  
overhang the deep;  
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm shall  
hurl thee from the brink,  
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay, thy  
curse shall be—to think!

A POET'S LAST SONG.

"The fever of death  
Is enroll'd in my frame;  
And a shade, and a breath,  
And a tear, and a name,—  
Are all that will tell  
To the weeper, ere long,  
That I took my farewell  
In the spirit of song."

Cottage of my early time,  
Round thee ruddy roses blow;  
Sweetly smells thy garden thyme,  
To thy thatch the lilacs grow—  
Banks of verdure, meads of bloom,  
Budding trees, and blossom'd flowers,  
Woodbine, shedding sweet perfume,  
Gold laburnums twining bowers—  
River where my childish choice  
Led me often to thy flood,  
List'ning to thy solemn voice,  
Sighing through the sable wood—  
Birds that haunts the valley lone,  
Early lark and evening dove,  
Softest song and saddest moan,  
All my latent feelings move.  
Weeping o'er the vision'd past,  
Ev'ry bright, romantic hue  
Which my fancy o'er it cast,  
Melteth as the morning's dew.  
Now a better light be mine,  
Rising o'er this earthly gloom,  
An unsetting sun, to shine  
Through the darkness of the tomb.  
Now the burning thirst for fame,  
Kindled by the ardent soul,  
Soon shall quench its fever'd flame  
Where the living waters roll.  
And my ever-panting lyre  
Shall its symphony prolong,  
Joining with a countless choir  
In a never-ceasing song.

SAILOR'S LOVE.

The following is a sailor's description of a  
young lady whom he imagined fell in love  
with him on her passage to Madras.

"Bless your hearts, I lost, or, what's all  
as one as lost, let slip thro' my fingers, on an  
outward-bound voyage to Madras, as nice a  
little craft as ever hit the fancy o' man—and

for why? Because *miss* was too modest to  
open her mind, and Phill too green, at the  
time, to discover her drift. She was a  
reg'lar-built lady—played on your forty-pia-  
nor, and wore 'nothing but silks and satins  
all the way out to Madras. She'd the wick-  
edest eye, and yet there was never no wick-  
edness in it; for 'twas the most rogishest  
eye I ever seed with a winch. She used to  
look under her lee-lid, as was always on the  
droop, for all the world like the slope of a  
lower-deck port of a rainy day. There was  
never—no, never a craft more beautiful  
built. She wanted no sheathing on her  
bilge, or bends to make her stand up to her  
sticks. Her bearings were in the right place.  
She tumbled in, as in course she should, a  
little aloft. None o' your wall-sided wench-  
es for Phill. I never knew one on'em yet as  
could properly carry their canvass. Her  
run was as clean as a clipper's; and as for  
her bow, the le-la Pomone's herself wasn't  
finer beneath, or fuller above. Whenever  
'was my weather-wheel, she was sure to be  
backing, and filling, and boxing 'bout the  
binnacle, like a cooper round a cask. There  
she'd be, one time larning her compass—  
another seeing which way her head was—  
now axing the name o' that rope, then the  
name o' this; the difference 'twixt a reef,  
and a *true* lover's knot; and then she'd  
send flyin' such a glance at a fellow as would  
either shake the ship up in the wind, or  
make her yaw from her course four or five  
points. Many and many's the blowin' up  
she's a-got me. But I take it Miss Morton  
(for she didn't go by a purser's name) took  
'em all more at heart nor ever did Phill.—  
'I so loves the sea,' says she, a day or two  
after we crosses the Line: 'sailors,' says she,  
'are such kind-hearted men. They've  
such sinnavatin ways with 'em. They takes  
such care o' their hair; and they seem,'  
says she, 'so fond o' children—even among  
the very pigs and poultry they've always a  
pet. Oh, *Mister* Farley,' says she, (for you  
see, and what's more, I never could come at  
the cause, she always would clap a handle to  
my name,) 'you *doesn't* know, Mr. Farley,'  
says she, 'how much I deats upon sailors.  
What would I give,' says she, letting fly  
another flash of her eye—'what would I  
give,' continued Farley, endeavouring to  
imitate the feminine tone of his quondam  
love, 'could I only follow their fortunes.—  
I thinks I now hears her voice—sees her  
fore me with her half-lowered lid fixed on  
her tapered foot (for she'd a foot like a Chi-  
nese child,) as it peeped from under her pet-  
ticoat, shoving the sand, that lay spread up  
on the deck, into the pitchy seams, as bild  
out in spite o' the awning. Well, you know,  
when she says, 'What would I give could I  
only follow their fortunes,'—so much she  
gets hold o' my mind, that I'm blest if the  
ship didn't broach instantly to, and slap  
goes, short in the irons, the fore-topmast,  
and to gallant studden-sail booms.'—*Tales  
of a Tar.*

A HINT TO MATCH-MAKERS.—It may not  
be always much amiss to employ a friend to  
buy one a shandrydan or a trotting poney,  
though even then a man had far better go  
about the bargain himself in a business-like  
way; but when the transaction regards a  
wife, pray keep the pen in your own hand,  
fold and seal with your own hand, put into  
the post-office even with your own hand,  
read the answer with your own eyes, and  
beg your pardon, begin from the beginning  
with consulting your own seven senses, and  
your own seven thousand fancies, and the  
innumerable thoughts and feelings resident  
all the year through in your brain and your  
heart—begin with liking, loving, longing,  
desiring, burning for one object, to you in-  
comprehensibly different from all objects of  
the same name and nature.—Woman—and  
end with suddenly pressing her, by moon-  
light, gas-light, or candle-light, or even sun-  
light, to your bosom, and beseeching her, by  
the pity in the heaven of her eyes, to pro-  
mise, in due season, to become your wife.—  
In all probability you will thus be happy in  
wedlock, and cut a respectable, or even shin-  
ing figure in life, not only as a husband, but  
absolutely as a father. Your children will  
be all like you as so many peas—and your  
funeral will be attended by heaven knows  
how many scores of your posterity. But if  
you employ an amanuensis—a secretary—a  
clerk, not only to write your proposal of  
marriage to your intended, but commission  
him to put his finger on the object proper  
for your choice—you have only to look  
along the "vista of your future years," and  
'tis shut up by that impressive temple—  
Doctors' Commons.

The following interesting anecdote is men-  
tioned by Lady Raffles, on the occasion of  
the death of their first child:—  
"Whilst the editor was almost overwhelm-  
ed with grief for the loss of this favourite  
child, unable to bear the sight of her other  
children—unable to bear the light of day—  
humbled upon her couch with a feeling of  
misery, she was addressed by a poor igno-  
rant uneducated native woman of the low-  
est class (who had been employed about the  
nursery,) in terms of reproach not to be for-  
gotten: 'I am come, because you have been  
here many days shut up in a dark room, and  
no one dares to come near you. Are you

not ashamed to grieve in this manner when  
you ought to be thanking God for having  
given you the most beautiful child that ever  
was seen?—Were you not the envy of every  
body—Did any one ever see him, or speak  
of him, without admiring him?—and in-  
stead of letting this child continue in this  
world, till he should be worn out with trou-  
ble and sorrow, has not God taken him to  
heaven in all his beauty? What would you  
have more? For shame! leave off weeping  
and let me open a window.'"

SHERIDAN.—Of all orators in the House  
of Commons, Mr Sheridan most excelled in  
exciting merriment, and thus relieving the  
sombre character of grave serious debate.—  
He sought to amuse with as much avidity  
as to convince; he never rose in the House  
without producing laughter by some stroke  
of wit before he sat down; and the audience  
would have been disappointed in his speech  
however eloquent had he concluded without  
making the attempt. With all the resources  
a fruitful genius and brilliant fancy could  
supply he did not disdain to resort even to a  
practical joke to effect this purpose. An  
instance of this kind occurred in a debate  
upon the Dog Tax, in which he either had,  
or made occasion to pass on the floor be-  
tween Mr Pitt and the table. Mr Pitt was  
sitting in his usual seat on the Treasury  
bench, and in his usual attitude, with his  
head thrown back and his legs projecting,  
which not being withdrawn, Mr Sheridan  
as he approached, stooped down, with intent  
as it were to nip them, accompanying the  
action with the appropriate canine bark of  
"bow wow, wow!" sounds well imitated,  
and loud enough to be heard in every part  
of the House. This sally, so aptly associ-  
ated with the subject of debate, had the de-  
sired effect. The House was convulsed  
with laughter.

LARGE FLOWER.—Sir Stamford Raffles in  
describing a journey beyond Bencoolen,  
says:—

"The most important discovery was a gi-  
gantic flower, of which I can hardly attempt  
to give anything like a just description: it  
is perhaps the largest and most magnificent  
flower in the world, and is so distinct from  
every other, that I know not to what I can  
compare it. Its dimensions will astonish  
you—it measured across from the extremity  
of the petals rather more than a yard; the  
nectarium was nine inches wide, and as  
deep—estimated to contain a gallon and a  
half of water; and the weight of the whole  
flower fifteen pounds.

"But the whole vegetable part of the crea-  
tion is here on a magnificent scale.

"There is nothing more striking in the  
Malayan forests, than the grandeur of the  
vegetation; the magnitude of the flowers,  
creepers, and trees, contrasts strikingly with  
the stunted, and I had almost said, pigmy  
vegetation of England. Compared with  
our forest trees, your largest oak is a mere  
dwarf. Here we have creepers and vines  
entwining larger trees, and hanging suspend-  
ed for more than a hundred feet, in girth  
not less than a man's body, and many much  
thicker; the trees seldom under a hundred  
and generally approaching a hundred and  
sixty to two hundred feet in height. One  
tree that we measured was in circumference  
nine yards! and this is nothing to one I  
measured in Java."

EPITAPH ON A MAGISTRATE WHO HAD FOR-  
MERLY BEEN A BARBER.

Here lies Justice;—be this his truest praise  
He wore the wig which once he made, and  
learnt to shave both ways.

FIRST PLAY PRINTED IN ENGLAND.—  
"God Hys Promises:—A Tragedie or Inter-  
lude, manifestyng the chyefe Promises  
of God unto Man in all ages, from the Be-  
gynnyng of the Worlde, to the derthe of  
Jesus Christe, a Myserie, 1588.

The Interlobuters are Patercaestis, Jus-  
tus Noah, Moses Sauctus, Esaias propheta,  
Adam primus homo, Abraham fidelis, Da-  
vid rex pius, Johannes Baptista: "This  
play (says Baker,) was written by Bishop  
Bale, and is the first dramatic piece printed  
in England." It is reprinted by Dodsley  
in his collection. It was printed by Charle-  
wood, in 1577, and was acted by the youths  
upon a Sunday, at the Market Cross of Kil-  
kenny.

MOTIVES FOR LOVE.—We love handsome  
women from inclination, ordinary ones for  
interest, and virtuous ones from reason.

WOMEN.—Women are treated by good  
men as friends, by libertines as playthings  
and by cowards as slaves. Women who de-  
sert the vindication of their own sex, are  
like soldiers who forsake their own cause  
on the field of battle, and standing between  
two armies are exposed to the fire of both.  
Beauty and spirit are women's weapons of  
defence; without them they have nothing to  
shield them from being ill-treated.

TO A CIGAR.

The Indian leaf doth briefly burn—  
So doth man's strength:  
The fire of youth extinguished quite,  
Comes age—like embers dry and white.  
Think of this as you smoke tobacco

Some time ago, in the Court of Common  
Pleas, Mr. Shiel, in an argument relative to  
a matter of account, addressing the Court,  
said, "My Lord, I shall demonstrate this  
point by a *numerical*—" "Mr. Shiel," said  
the learned and facetious Lord who presid-  
ed, "let us have no more *new miracles*!"

"Why do you not admire my daughter?"  
said the late Lady Archer, to a gentleman.—  
"Because," said he, "I am actually no judge  
of painting." "But surely," rejoined her  
ladyship, not in the least disconcerted,  
"you never saw an angle that was not  
painted."

PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.—A young wo-  
man meeting a former fellow-servant, was  
asked how she liked her new place. "Very  
well." "Then you've nothing to complain  
of?" "Nothing; only master and missus  
talks such wery bad grammar."

WHEN TO LEAVE OFF DRINKING.—When  
you feel particularly desirous of having an-  
other glass, leave off; you have had enough.  
When you look at a distant object, and a-  
pear to see two, leave off; you have had too  
much. When you knock over your glass,  
spill your wine upon the table, or are unable  
to recollect the words of a song you have  
been in the habit of singing for the last do-  
zen years, leave the company; you are get-  
ting troublesome. When you nod in the  
chair, fall over on the hearth rug or lurch  
on your neighbours shoulder, go to bed;  
*you are drunk.*

FRIENDSHIP.—When I see leaves drop  
from the trees in the beginning of autumn,  
just such I think is the friendship of the  
world. While the sap of maintenance lasts  
my friends swarm in abundance, but in the  
winter of my need they leave me *naked*.—  
He is a happy man that has a true friend at  
his need—but he is happier that has *no need*  
of one.

The following epigram on Walter Scott's  
poem of "Waterloo," is from the pen of the  
late Lord Erskine:—

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain,  
Full many a gallant man lies slain;  
But none by bullet or by shot,  
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

A story is told by the traveller Carr, out-  
reaches any thing Munchauson ever wrote  
in his proudest day, that in one part of Eu-  
rope it was the custom to tie an ear of corn  
on the shaft of a carriage, extending just be-  
yond the nose of the horse, which the stupid  
animal would run after all day in the hope  
of overtaking.

There is a species of retort so far superior  
to the common run of answers that may be  
very properly styled sublime. Of this kind  
is the following: Frederick the Great, King  
of Prussia, asked Sir Robert Sutton, at a re-  
view of his tall grenadiers, if he thought an  
equal number of Englishmen could beat  
them? Sir, replied Sir Robert, I do not  
venture to assert that, but I believe half the  
number would try.

A fresh imported Irishman, on his first  
shooting excursion, shot a bird, and seeing  
something fall, went to the foot of the tree,  
where he picked up a frog, (supposing it to  
be the bird) and put it in his pocket. The  
frog kept such a continual kicking, that his  
companion asked him what made his bird  
kick so? Oh? said Pat, I shot all the fea-  
thers off and the poor thing is cold.

FILIAL AFFECTION.—That a father's is a  
very bad part, may be proved, amongst  
other instances, by affidavit of the Irishman,  
who, swearing the peace against his three  
sons, thus concluded:—"and this deponent  
further saith, that the only real filial affec-  
tion, was his second son, Mick, for he never  
struck him when he was down."

A veteran dramatist, now alive, distinguish-  
ed for the oddness of his humour, being re-  
quired to state his grounds for exemption  
from serving in the militia, actually wrote  
on the official paper, "Old, lame and a  
coward."

PLEASANT SCHOOL BOOK.—A young Man  
stepped into a bookstore, and said he wanted  
to get "a young Man's Companion."—  
"Well sir," said the book-seller, "here is  
my daughter." As quick as thought, the  
young man (who by the way was a printer)  
replied, "I will take the *work* sir, and en-  
deavour forthwith to *publish* another edi-  
tion."

The best dowry to advance the marriage  
of a young lady, is when she has in her  
countenance mildness; in her speech wis-  
dom; in her behaviour modesty, and in her  
life virtue.

The heart in love, at first sight, is like a  
chop done over a quick fire; the outside is  
scorched, while the inside is hardly warmed  
through.

How small a portion of life it is that we  
really enjoy. In youth, we are looking for-  
ward to things that are to come; in old age,  
we are looking backwards to things that are  
gone by.

A Schoolmaster said of himself "I am  
like a *hone*—I sharpen a number of blades,  
but I wear myself in doing good it."