

POETRY.

FAREWELL TO THEE.  
BY J. HAROLD HALSENECK.

The breeze is up,  
The sail is spread,  
The vessel cleaves  
Its watery bed,  
Henceforth I rove,  
The trackless sea;  
Farewell my love!—  
Farewell to thee!

Thy guileless breast  
Hast brought me sorrow,  
But yet shall dawn  
A bright to-morrow.  
And from my heart,  
My song shall be,  
Ere yet we part,  
Farewell to thee!

Our love was young:  
Mine eye was bright;  
For sorrow soon  
Was set in night.  
But I am thine,  
And thou to me  
Art all:—and yet  
Farewell to thee!

Farewell!—farewell!  
Perchance for years;  
But yet dispel  
Thy fruitless tears.  
My soul is hid—  
Thou'rt life to me—  
E'en while I bid  
Farewell to thee!

The breeze is up,  
The sail is spread,  
The vessel cleaves  
Its watery bed.  
Around—above  
Are sky and sea;  
Farewell my love,  
Farewell to thee.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When man is waxing frail,  
And his voice is thin and weak,  
And his lips are parched and pale,  
And wan and white his cheek:  
Oh, then doth woman prove  
Her constancy and love.

She sitteth by his chair,  
And holds his feeble hand;  
She watcheth ever there,  
His wants to understand;  
His yet unspoken will,  
She leads him when the noon  
Is bright o'er dale and hill,  
And all things, save the tune  
Of the honey bees are still.  
Into the garden bowers,  
To sit midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there  
To feast on breath and bloom,  
She brings the roses rare  
Into his darkened room;  
And 'neath his weary head  
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death  
His lamp of life doth dim,  
She never wearieth,  
She never leaveth him;  
Still near him night or day,  
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,  
And the turf is on his breast,  
Deep in her bosom's core  
Lie sorrows unexpressed;  
Her sighs, her tears are weak,  
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise,  
Balm for her spirits pain,  
And though her quiet eyes  
May sometimes smile again,  
Still still she must regret,  
She never can forget.

SKETCH IN FLORENCE.

During the early part of the Fourteenth Century.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

It is well enough known, that Florence gains as much of its interest from having been the birth place of the greatest and earliest of what may be termed the modern poets, as from the picturesque beauty of its towers and the dazzling grandeur which every where glitters beneath its cloudless sky and burning sun.

It was during the early part of the fourteenth century, that an individual, who at-

tracted much attention, was seen standing within the porch of one of the public libraries at Florence. The most ostensible part of his garb was a long black cloak, which completely shrouded his figure. His face was pale and extenuated, and his countenance exhibited a stern melancholy cast. The high and expanded brow, furrowed at intervals with deep lines of thought, gave a grandeur to its expression, which distinguished him in a most striking manner from the common man of the world. He leaned against the shaft of a pillar,—his arms supporting a huge folio volume,—and thus he had stood, without varying his position, from the earliest hour, when the portals of the library had been thrown open.—It was a holiday in Florence. He stood opposite a public place:—gorgeous processions, gay and merry groups, laughing and admiring crowds swept past him. His figure attracted the passing attention of all but his soul was rivetted to the subject before him,—he heeded not, for he saw not, the tide which pressed with so much noise and bustle through the streets.

"See you that man?" said a young female to her friend. "Tread softly and lightly pass him. He has more learning than any of the fathers. He is in league with the spirits of the other world, and can call them to him when he lists."

Her companion looked around with awe. The face of the individual spoken of was raised for an instant. A transient and quiet smile gleamed over it, like the silent lightning which glances through the calm of a summer night, and he resumed his occupation. The maidens passed onward, and mingled in the stirring scene before him.

Not the least distinguished amongst those who, by parade and show courted the admiration of the gazers where many whose sombre clerical habits covered hearts panting as ardently with pride and vanity, as that of the most youthful courtier who pranced along the pavement. A keen observer might have detected, in the countenance of some of these, as they cast their eyes on the individual in question, a smile of malicious and foreboding expression. The latter, however, continued to ponder over his book in silence and abstraction. A procession, glittering with pomp, passed rapidly by. The populace rushed with it, babbling forth exclamations of delight; but even this failed to obtain a passing glance of attention. Immediately following this was an ecclesiastic of proud and haughty bearing, mounted on an ambling mule, richly caparisoned. Nor did he want for bells to his bridle, for golden ornaments to his bit, for silver trappings to his housings, or for such splendid trimmings to his peak toed boots, as the innovation of luxury amongst the priesthood, and the fashion of the times permitted.—Casting his eyes on all sides, in search of that admiration which he courted not in vain,—straining his mule to graceful action, by the application of his huge gold spurs and the almost imperceptible working of his wrist,—just at the execution of a smart gambado, which caused the gaping multitude to give back, he cast his eyes into the porch of the library. His countenance changed. He drew his bridle on the instant, and fixed the student with a glare of mingled scorn and triumph.

"Proud Durante Alghieri," said he, "the days of thy resistance to the Fathers are no more. The Pontiff shall seal thy doom, and the Neri shall triumph. Mark me! thou shalt lord it no more with thy hated faction. Dost thy last regards upon Florence, for soon shalt thou cease to have her dust upon thy feet."

Thus saying, he spurred his mule, and ambled forward with a lofty and menacing air. The same peculiar and quiet smile passed over the features of the individual to whom this speech was addressed, and at its conclusion, he once more resumed his task.

The sun had sunk beneath the horizon—the gleams of twilight were setting over the city—the multitude had passed to their several homes, to take refreshments previous to their evening's amusement at the theatres and public places, but still that pale melancholy looking man was seen poring into the volume. The keeper of the library reminded him that it was time to close. With a deep sigh he closed the book, and replaced it on the shelf from which he had taken it in the morning.

It is well known, that during the time of Dante's priority, in his native city, the latter was divided between two parties, the Bianchi and the Neri, (the white and the black.) These contending factions had long kept the city in a ferment, when the Pope was applied to by the latter and weaker party. When he endeavoured to quiet the troubles of Florence, his interference was resisted by Dante, and the fury of the whites and blacks against each other was increased.

Not to trench, however upon the province of history,—the poet passed through the now silent and darkening streets. A friend tapped him on the back.

"Ha! I thought you had left the city."

"Wherefore?"

"Know you not that your enemies have triumphed? your life is in danger. Depart instantly."

"I shall remain."  
"The Neri have sat in conclave. Several of the Bianchi have joined them. Their rage against you is unbounded. Your house is to be burned this very night."  
"Ungrateful Florence! But I shall remain."

"Nay, nay!" replied the friend. "You are fined in a sum which they know you cannot pay, and you are banished the city under pain of death, if you appear in its streets after dawn to-morrow morning.—Will nothing move you? Come with me to my house. We will assemble a few of your friends, and see you past the gates before sunrise."

"I am content. I will live for revenge!"  
The golden morning, which breaks so gorgeously in Italy, was but

"Faintly gleaming in the dappled east" when the poet, already past the boundaries of his native city, prepared to take a farewell of the friends who had accompanied him.

"How will you resent the indignities which have been heaped upon you, and what is the nature of that revenge which you spoke of?"

The poet placed his hand in his bosom, and drew forth a scroll. He held it up to the view, and those present read the words "DAVINIA COMMEDIA." With this he waved his hand, turned his back upon Florence and pursued his way.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES NOT USEFUL TO THE POOR MAN.

To the poor man the study of languages is useless—he is educated not to write but to work; not however to work like the wheels of a steam engine, but like a man who has will, intellect—like a man who belongs to humanity, and knows and feels the place he holds there. His soul alive to beauty, his mind a treasure house of rich thoughts, his heart filled with the good and great deeds of olden time, his memory stored with choice facts, and his judgment strengthened by a knowledge of the history of mankind, and a sense of the necessities of political life,—our pupil labours, as he has ever done, cheerfully. His simple meal satisfies him, his children's education is his evening care, social converse, the public gardens and public buildings, or the more retired country walk, adorn his holiday hours: he has learned to enjoy every thing, and to be disgusted with nothing. Now what can study of languages teach him?—They are useful to the historian, the grammarian, the philosopher; they must be taught therefore, but learned only by the wealthy men who represent the literature of the country.

GREAT MEN.—"Isn't it our own swate Ireland that has given ye all your great men? said a son of the Emerald Isle at a political gathering. "Wasn't Patrick Henry an Irishman? wasn't Franklin, Jefferson, and Monroe, Irishmen? An't Jackson, Clay, and M'Duffie, Irishmen? By the powers! all the great Americans, and more too, are Irishmen."

"Yes," said a person standing by, "and Buonaparte was an Irishman."

"Faith and he was—his name was originally Bony Patrick—but he changed it to PARTY to suit party purposes."

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grown and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

The following is a proclamation said to have been once issued at Kenmore.—"A one time ho yes! and a two time ho yes! and a three time ho yes! To a them wha hae gotten the spoke (English), no person, at no time after nor before, will put peats nor hawthorn on my Lord Preatalappin's moss, or my lordship to be surely will prougt them before her to be peheatet and syne haught; and gin she'll come back, till pe waur done till her nor a' tat"

A Celt, passing a road, saw a snail, which he supposed to be a piece of fruit. He accordingly lifted it, and bit off a piece, when, discovering his mistake, and anxious to conceal, under an affected feeling, the real nature of his sensations, he threw away the remainder, saying, in a tone of great indignation—"Tak ye, tat, for being sae like a ploombh-taimas!"

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature, and in all causes of passions admit reason to govern.

Charity makes the best constauction of things and persons, excuses weakness, extenuates miscarriages, makes the best of every thing, forgives every one, and serves all.

A Lawyer wrote RASCAL in the hat of a brother lawyer, who on discovering it, entered a complaint in open Court against the trespasser, who he said had not only taken his hat but had written his own name on it

A young Highlander, seeing a black man standing at a door in Glasgow, drew near, and began to feel the hands and clothes of the negro, muttering to himself all the while, "Aib, Cot a mercy on us all! what is made up for te pawpee here!" At length he began to handle the black's face, on which the latter gave him a rude push, and cried, "Stand back, sir!" The young Highlander uttered a loud shriek, and sprung almost to the middle of the street, and then, turning round in utter astonishment, he exclaimed, "Aih! aih! wha ever saw'd the like of tat? I'll be hang'd if I didna thought she was a timber."

An honest Highlander, paying a visit one day to a friend, was hailed as follows—"Come along, my good fellow—glad to see you've made out this visit at last, and that you have come at a time when we are to have some good weather. The barometer has been rising for a week." "The barometer!" exclaimed the Celt; "and do you keep a barometer?" "Oh, yes," answered his friend. "Well, I've kept a barometer too, for many a long day, and, for my part, I do not think it has any effect on the weather at all, at all."

A gentleman of Strathdon said to his maid one night, "Tell Finlay to rise very early to-morrow morning, and go down to Aberdeen for the upholsterer." "Yes, sir. For the what did you say sir?" "For the upholsterer. He knows him." "Finlay, you are to rise very early, master says; and you are to call on me to make you a brose, and you are to go down to Aberdeen, and bring home a polsterer." "A polsterer? What's that?" "Master says you have seen him, and know what he is like." "Me seen him? In truth, I never did!" So, next morning, Finlay comes in to his master very early, with his great coat and long whip, and says, "Master, must I take a one-horse cart or a two-horse cart for that fulthy bhaist?" "What beast, you blockhead?" "Whoy, that viled lubberly bhaist the polsterer."

SUPERSTITIONS ON THE DANUBE. A Superstition prevails in Upper Austria, that the Danube requires a young man for a yearly victim. I, myself, saw a man fall overboard and drown, after a long struggle, during which neither the crew of the vessel nor his comrades made the slightest effort to save him. While he was battling against the impetuous waves the crew stood quite composedly on the deck, and cried out in chorus, "Jack, Jack, give in—does not see 'tis what pleases God?"

LOGOGRAPH.

I'm wonderful, marvellous, all that's uncommon,  
Sometimes I'm a man and sometimes a woman;  
When whole, I'm always a subject for wonder,  
So now please to guess at my parts when asunder.

In the fens, I'm an insect, in barns a single beast,  
To birds I'm a house, and I'm none of the least;  
I catch fishes, make leather, hear all that is said,  
And many a pair come to me to be wed;  
Tho' with science oft coupled, I'm grim and look wild  
And yet you will own I am far from a child  
My passions you see by what fall from my eyes,  
And my wrath is two-fold, tho I'm known to be wise;

In revenge I'm a goddess, in the forest a deer,  
To one point of the compass I always can veer;  
In the north I'm a bridge many travellers see,  
And nuns in the convent are guarded by me  
On board ship you smell me and see me all round  
And then in your wake I am sure to be found;  
On the lace of your stays I'm on one end or both,  
I'm the emblem of Industry, symptom of sloth.

What the enemy sowed when the husbandman slept,  
What at dinner do, and where fire is kept.  
You ride in me, ride on me, ride at me, nay more,  
You sometimes ride through me I'm just half a score;  
I'm in dress like a Quaker, and always at hand,  
Beneath you when sitting but not when you stand;  
Each morning you take me, each quarter you pay,  
To poor sailors at midnight I oft show the way.

I'm dispatched, I'm dissever'd, a gift of crown land,  
In what boys do by heart, and what men do by hand;  
The sun is like me, when he makes you his bow,  
And I'm sure 'twill be strange if you can't guess me now.