

POETRY.

ROME.

FROM THE METROPOLITAN.

By T. Moore.

If e'er you've seen an artist sketching
The purlieus of this ancient city,
I need not tell you how much stretching
There is of truth, to make things pretty;—
How trees are brought, perforce together,
Where never tree was known to grow;
And founts condemn'd to trickle, whether
There's water for said founts, or no;—
How even the wonder of the Thane
In sketching all its wonder loses,
As woods will come to Dunsinane,
Or any where the sketcher chooses.
For instance, if an artist see,—
As at romantic Trivoli,—
A water-fall and ancient shrine,
Beautiful both, but not so plac'd
As that his pencil can combine
Their features, in one whole with taste,—
What does he do? why, without scruple,
He whips the Temple up,—as supple,
As were those angels, who (no doubt)
Carried the Virgin's House about,—
And lands it plump upon the brink
Of the cascade, or wheresoever
It suits his plaguy taste to think
'Twill look most picturesque and clever!

In short, there's no end to the treacheries
Of man or maid who once a sketcher is.
The livelier, too, their fancies are,
The more they'll falsify each spot;
As any dolt can give what's there,
But men of genius give what's not.
Then come your travellers, false as they,—
All Piranesis, in their way;
Eking out bits of truth with fallacies,
And turning pig-sties into palaces.
But, worst of all, that worthy tribe,
Who sit down, hang them, to describe:
Who, if they can but make things fine,
Have consciences, by no means tender
In sinking all that will not shine,
All vulgar facts, that spoil their splendor;
As Irish country squires, they say,
Whene'er the Viceroy travels nigh,
Compound with beggars, on the way,
To be locked up, till he goes by;
And so send back his lordship marvelling,
That Ireland should be deem'd so starvelling.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE WAVE—VISIT TO ST. DOMINGO.

[The Wave having joined the Commodore, both vessels proceeded on their cruise.]

The third day we were off Cape St. Nicholas, and getting a slant of wind from the westward, we ran up the Bight of Leogane all that night, but towards morning it fell calm; we were close in under the highlands, about two miles from the shore, and the night was the darkest I ever was out in any where. There were neither moon nor stars to be seen, and the dark clouds settled down, until they appeared to rest upon our masts-heads, compressing, as it were, the hot steamy air down upon us until it became too dense for breathing. In the early part of the night it had rained in heavy showers now and then, and there were one or two faint flashes of lightning, and some heavy peals of thunder, which rolled amongst the distant hills in loud shaking reverberations, which gradually became fainter and fainter, until they grumbled away in the distance in hoarse murmurs, like the low note of an organ in one of our old Cathedrals; but now there was neither rain nor wind—all nature seemed fearfully hushed; for where we lay, in the smooth Bight, there was no swell, not even a ripple on the glass-like sea; the sound of the shifting of a handspike, or the tread of the men, as they ran to haul on a rope, or the creaking of the rudder, sounded loud and distinct. The sea in our neighbourhood was strongly phosphorescent, so that the smallest chip thrown overboard struck fire from the water, as if it had been a piece of iron cast on flint; and when you looked over the quarter, as I delight to do, and tried to penetrate into the dark clear profound beneath, you every now and then saw a burst of pale light, like a halo far down in the depths of the green sea, caused by the motions of some fish, or of what Jack, no great natural philosopher, usually calls blubbers; and when the dolphin or skip-jack leapt into the air, they sparkled out from the still bosom of the deep, dark water, like rockets, until they fell again into their element in a flash of fire. This evening the corvette had showed no lights, and although I conjectured she was not far from us, still I could not with any certainty indicate her whereabouts. It might now be about three o'clock, and I was standing aft on the star-board side, peering into the impervious darkness on the taffarel, with my dear old dog Sneezzer by my side, nuzzling and fondling after his affectionate fashion, while the pilot, Peter Mangrove, stood within handspike length of me. The dog had been growling, but all in fun, and snapping at me, when in a moment he hauled off, planted his paws on the rail, looked forth into the night, and gave a short anxious bark, like the solitary pop of the sentry's musket, to alarm the mainguard in outpost work.

Peter Mangrove advanced, and put his arm round the dog's neck. "What you see, my shild?" said the black pilot.

Sneezzer uplifted his voice, and gave a long continuous bark.

"Ah!" said Mangrove sharply, "Massa Captain, something near we—never doubt dat—de dog yerie something we can't yerie, and see something we can't see."

I had lived long enough never to despise any caution from what quarter soever it proceeded. So I listened still as a stone. Presently I thought I heard the distant splash of oars. I placed my hand behind my ear, and listened with breathless attention. Presently I saw the sparkling dip of them in the calm black water, as if a boat, and a large one, was pulling very fast towards us. "Look out—hail that boat," said I. "Boat ahoy," sung out the man. No answer. "Coming here?" reiterated the seaman. No better success. The boat or canoe, or whatever it might be, was by this time close aboard of us, within pistol shot at the farthest—no time to the lost, so I hailed myself, and this time the challenge did produce an answer.

"Sore boat—fruit and vegetable."

"Shore boat, with fruit and vegetable, at this time of night—I don't like it," said I. "Boatswain's mate, call the boarders. Cutlasses, men—quick, a piratical row-boat is close to." And verily we had little time to lose, when a large canoe or row-boat, pulling twelve oars at the fittest, and carrying twenty fire-men, or thereabouts, swept upon our larboard quarter, hooked on, and the next moment upwards of twenty unlooked for visitors scrambled up our shallow side, and jumped on board.

All this took place so suddenly that there were not ten of my people ready to receive them, but those ten were the prime men of the ship. "Surrender, you scoundrels—surrender. You have boarded a man-of-war. Down with your arms, or we shall murder you to a man."

But they either did not understand me, or did not believe me, for the answer was a blow from a cutlass, which, if I had not parried with my night-glass, which broke it in pieces, might have effectually stopped my promotion. "Cut them down, boarders, down with them—they are pirates," shouted I; "heave cold shot into their boat alongside—all hands, boatswain's mate—call all hands." We closed. The assailants had no fire-arms, but they were armed with swords and long knives, and as they fought with desperation, several of our people were cruelly haggled; and after the first charge, the combatants on both sides became so blended, that it was impossible to strike a blow, without running the risk of cutting down a friend. By this time all hands were on deck; the boat alongside had been swamped by the cold shot that had been hove crashing through her bottom, when down came a shower from the surcharged clouds, or waterspout—call it which you will—that absolutely deluged the decks, the scuppers being utterly unable to carry off the water. So long as the pirates fought in a body, I had no fears, as dark as it was, our men, who held together, knew where to strike and thrust; but when the torrent of rain descended in buckets-full, the former broke away, and were pursued singly into various corners about the deck, all escape being cut off from the swamping of their boat. Still they were not vanquished, and I ran aft to the binnacle, where a blue light was stowed away,—one of several that we had got on deck to burn that night, in order to point out our whereabouts to the Firebrand. I fired it, and rushing forward cutlass-in-hand, we set on the gang of black desperadoes with such fury, that after killing two of them outright, and wounding and taking prisoners seven, we drove the rest overboard into the sea, where the small-armed men, who by this time had tackled to their muskets, made short work of them, guided as they were by the sparkling of the dark water, as they struck out and swam for their lives. The blue light was immediately answered by another from the corvette, which lay about a mile off; but before her boats, two of which were immediately armed and manned, could reach us, we had defeated our antagonists, and the rain had increased to such a degree, that the heavy drops, as they fell with a strong rushing noise into the sea, flashed it up into one entire sheet of fire.

We secured our prisoners, all blacks and mulattoes, the most villainous-looking scoundrels I had ever seen, and presently it came on to thunder and lighten, as if heaven and earth had been falling together. A most vivid flash—it almost blinded me. Presently the Firebrand burnt another blue light, whereby we saw that her maintopmast was gone close by the cap, with the topsail, and upper spars, and yards, and gear, all hanging down in a lumbering mass of confused wreck; she had been struck by the levin brand, which had killed four men, and stunned several more. By this time the cold grey streaks of morning appeared in the eastern horizon, and presently the day broke, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, both corvette and schooner were at anchor at Go-naives. The village, for town it could not

be called, stood on a low hot plain, as if the washing of the mountains on the left hand side as we stood in, had been carried out into the sea, and formed into a white plateau of sand; all was hot, and stunted, and scrubby.

We brought up inside of the corvette, in three fathoms of water. My superior officer had made the private signal to come on board and dine, which, in the assured intimacy in which we were now linked, could not on any plea be declined. I dressed, and the boat was lowered down, and we pulled for the corvette, but our course lay under the stern of the two English ships that were lying there loading cargoes of coffee.

"Pray, sir," said a decent-looking man, who leant on the taffarel of one of them—"Pray, sir, are you going on board of the Commodore?"

"I am," I answered.

"I am invited there too, sir; will you have the kindness to say I will be there presently?"

"Certainly—give way men."

Presently we were alongside the corvette, and the next moment we stood on her deck, holystoned white and clean, with my stanch friend Captain N— and his officers, all in full fig, walking to and fro under the awning, a most magnificent naval lounge, being thirty-two feet wide at the gangway, and extending fifty feet or more aft, until it narrowed to twenty at the taffarel. We were all, and two masters of the merchantmen, decent respectable men in their way, included, graciously received, and sat down to an excellent dinner, Mr. Bang taking the lead as usual in all the fun; and we were just on the verge of cigars and cold grog, when the first lieutenant came down and said that the Captain of the port had come off, and was then on board.

"Shew him in," said Captain N—, and a tall, vulgar-looking blackamoor, dressed apparently in the cast-off coat of a French grenadier officer, entered the cabin with his chapeau in his hand, and a Madras handkerchief tied round his woolly skull. He made his bow, and remained standing near the door.

"You are the Captain of the port?" said Captain N—, in French. The man nodded. "Why, then, take a chair, sir, if you please."

He begged to be excused, and after tipping off his bumper of claret, and receiving the Captain's report, he made his bow and departed.

I returned to the Wave, and next morning I breakfasted on the deck.

wharf, which, by the by, was terribly out of repair, yet they all appeared ill clad, and in no way so well furnished as the blackies in Jamaica; and when we marched up through a hot, sandy, unpaved street into the town, the low, one-story, shabby-looking houses were falling into decay, and the streets more resembled river-courses than thoroughfares, while the large carrion crows were picking garbage on the very crown of the causeway, without apparently entertaining the least fear of us, or of the negro children who were playing close to them, so near, in fact, that every now and then the urchins would aim a blow at one of the obscene birds, when it would give a loud discordant croak, and jump a pace or two, with outspread wings, but without taking wing. Still many of the women, who were sitting under the small piazzas, or projecting eaves of the houses, with their little stalls, filled with pullicate handkerchiefs, and pieces of muslin, and gingham for sale, were healthy-looking, and appeared comfortable and happy. As we advanced into the town, almost every male we met was a soldier, all rigged and well dressed, too, in the French uniform; in fact, the remarkable man, King Henry, or Christophe, took care to have his troops well fed and clothed in every case. On our way we had to pass by the Commandant, Baron B—'s house, when it occurred to Captain N— that we ought to stop and pay our respects; but Mr. Bang being bound by no such etiquette, bore up for his friend Monsieur B—'s. As we approached the house—a long, low, one-story building, with a narrow piazza, and a range of unglazed windows, staring open, with their wooden shutters, like ports in a ship's side, towards the street—we found a sentry at the door, who, when we announced ourselves, carried arms all in regular style. Presently a very good-looking negro, in a handsome aide-de-camp's uniform, appeared, and, hat in hand, with all the grace in the world, ushered us into the presence of the Baron, who was lounging in a Spanish chair half asleep, but on hearing us announced he rose, and received us with great amenity. He was a fat elderly negro, so far as I could judge, about sixty years of age, and was dressed in very wide jean trowsers, over which a pair of well polished Hessian boots were drawn, which, by adhering close to his legs, gave him, in contrast with the wide puffing of his gar-

ments above, the appearance of being underlimbed, which he by no means was, as he was a stout old Turk.

After a profusion of bows and fine speeches, and superabundant assurances of the esteem in which his master King Henry held our master King George, we made our bows and repaired to Monsieur B—'s, where I engaged to dine. As for Captain N—, he went on board that evening to superintend the repairs of the ship.

There was no one to meet us but Monsieur B— and his daughter, a tall and very elegant brown girl, who had been educated in France, and did the honours incomparably well. We sat down, Massa Aaron whispering in my lug, that in Jamaica it was not quite the thing to introduce brown ladies at dinner; but, as he said, "Why not? Neither you nor I are high cast Creoles—so en avant." Dinner was nearly over, when Baron B—'s aide-de-camp slid into the room. Monsieur B— rose. "Captain Latour, you are welcome—be seated. I hope you have not dined?"

"Why, no," said the officer, as he drew a chair, while he exchanged glances with the beautiful Eugénie, and sat himself down close to *El Señor* Bang.

"Hilloo, Quashie! Whereaway, my lad? a little above the salt, an't you?" ejaculated our *Amigo*; while Pegtop who had just come on shore, and was standing behind his master, stared and gaped in the greatest wonderment. But Mr. Bang's natural good breeding, and knowledge of the world, instantly recalled him to time and circumstances; and when the young officer looked at him and regarded him with some surprise, he bowed, and invited him, in the best French he could muster, to drink wine.—The aide-de-camp was, as I have said, jet-black as the ace of spades, but he was, notwithstanding, so far as figure went, a very handsome man—tall and well framed, especially about the shoulders, which were beautifully formed, and, in the estimation of statury, would probably have balanced the cucumber curve of the shin; his face, however, was regular negro—flat nose, heavy lips, fine eyes, and beautiful teeth, and he wore two immense gold earrings. His woolly head was bound round with a pullicate handkerchief, which he had not noticed until he took off his laced cocked hat. His coat was the exact pattern of the French staff uniform at the time—plain blue, without lace, except at the cape and cuffs, which were of scarlet cloth, covered with rich embroidery. He wore a very handsome straight sword with steel scabbard, and the white trowsers, and long Hessian boots, already described as part of the costume of his general.

(To be continued.)

SELECTIONS.

THE TIGER AND THE MOUSE.—Captain Basil Hall relates a curious anecdote of a fine tiger kept at the British residency, who ate a sheep every day for dinner:—"But what annoyed him far more than our poking him up with a stick, or tantalizing him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. Our mischievous plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it he leaped to the opposite side, and when the mouse made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such ecstasy of fear that we were always obliged to desist from sheer pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move, till at length, I believe by the help of a squib, we obliged him to start; but instead of pacing leisurely about his den, or making a detour to avoid the object of alarm, he generally made a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage."

SIMPLICITY.—At the marriage of the Queen of the Belgians, the French King, Louis Philippe, announced that several sums were to be given to portion off young women; and proper testimonials of good character and conduct were required, in the damsels who were candidates for the doweries. A very plain but respectable young woman presented herself, and laid before the committee the most unexceptionable references of praiseworthy conduct; and when requested to name her intended, that he might be registered, she made a low curtsy, and replied, with the utmost naïveté—"Oh, gentlemen, I thought the government found every thing."

A BAD NAME.—It is a general rule, without exception, that all writers are blockheads who sign themselves Vindex.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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