

POETRY.

LINES BY A DYING MOTHER.

I go to the land where the pure spirits dwell
Midst bowers of beauty and bliss—
Then why should I take an unwilling farewell
Of a false fleeting world like this?
Do I wish to live over
The past once again,
That thus I discover
At parting such pain?
Oh no! 'tis not so;
Though my tears overflow,
To my MASTER and MAKER
I long to go.

Soft voices are calling—O haste thee away!
The feast is prepared and the song;
The guests are in waiting, and we only stay
To bear thee in triumph along;
Our pinions have power
Unknown to the wind,
And earth in an hour
We'll leave far behind.

On high, as we fly
To our home in the sky,
The stars seem to whirl
As we pass by.

O, FATHER, forgive the frail being that grieves
As she casts a last look below,
On two that are tender, and one, that she leaves
Alone on a journey of woe!
For a wife and a mother
Perhaps they'll complain,
And the voice of another
Would cheer them in vain.
When deep in my sleep
A sad silence I keep,
They'll call on their lov'd one,
And watch, and weep!

Thou God of all goodness, and mercy, and love,
With my dying breath raised to thee,
I trust that thou wilt to these mourners prove
The guardian thou hast been to me.
Ere the soul shall have broken
Its fetters of clay,
O grant me a token
In answer, I pray!
That I with no sigh
Of regret may then die,
And haste to the heaven
The waits on high.

THE FRAILTY OF BEAUTY.

I must tune up my harp broken string,
For the fair has commanded the strain;
But yet such a theme will I sing,
That I think she'll not ask me again.

For I'll tell her—Youth's blossom is blown,
And that beauty the flower must fade;
And sure, if a lady can frown,
She'll frown at the words I have said.

The smiles of the rose bud how fleet!
They come—and as quickly they fly.
The violet how modest and sweet,
Yet the Spring sees it opened and die.

How snow-white the lily appears!
Yet the life of a lily's a day;
And the snow that it equals, in tears
To-morrow must vanish away.

Ah, Beauty! of all things most dear!
How many thy charms most desire!
Yet Beauty and Youth has its birth,—
And Beauty with Youth must expire.

Ah, fair one's! so sad is the tale,
That my song in my sorrow I steep,
And where I intended to rail,
I must lay down my harp and must weep.

But virtue indignantly seized
The harp as it fell from my hand;
Serene was her look, though displeas'd,
As she utter'd her awful command.

'Thy tears and thy pity employ
For the thoughtless, the giddy, the vain,
But those who my blessings enjoy
Thy tears and thy pity disdain.

For Beauty alone ne'er bestow'd
Such a charm as religion has lent;
And the cheek of a belle never glow'd
With a smile like the smile of content.

'Time's hand and the pestilence rage,
No hue, no complexion e'er brave;
For beauty must yield to old age,
But I will not yield to the grave.'

MALE FLIRTATION.

Love is certainly the mainspring of our action; it is the first dream of our youth; in after-life it is the wild thrill that excites our hopes, arouses our energies, imparts to our souls all its brightest influences and dearest associations; and in later years, it is subdued into the calm and soothing feelings which smooth our painful descent to the tomb. Yet, oh, how often, in the course of our little round of existence, do we fancy that passion is warming our hearts, when, could we calmly and seriously reflect upon, and coolly examine it, we should find the absorbing sensation to be any thing but love. The glow of youthful friendship, the intoxicating dream of fancied preference, and the fickle fleeting smile of giddy beauty, all excite, in our youth, a feeling new and undefinable. We are conscious of its warmth, and immediately call it love; we begin to carve on every tree,

'The good, the fair, the inexpressive she.'
it becomes necessary that we should change our carriage; it is no longer allowed to us

to be gay but when the bright star of our hope beams upon us in our lady's eyes.—We start at once into a new state of existence, attach ourselves to the bright object of our soul's idolatry, follow her at every turn, and unceasingly torment her with quotations from the love minstrel of the Emerald Isle, until the name of an Irish melody recalls to her some speech, some compliment, or some promise we have made to her; in the flowery, starlight phrase of Moore. This continues till the charm of novelty has passed; and then we begin to feel what we imagined love was no more than a transient delirium, a lurid beam of fading light, a vain creation of overheated fancy. What is the consequence of this discovery?—We cease to talk of never-ending dreams of passion—our speeches are no longer drawn from the "Songs of Love and Tales of Hope;" we have ceased to sing to her—

'Remember thee? Yes! while there's life in this heart it ne'er shall forget thee, all torn as thou art.'

We no longer haunt her solitary walks—her public promenades; we have forgotten to speak to her but in the plain formal phrase of common life. Should we have occasion to write to her, the seals bearing such significant mottoes and devices as "Forget me Not," or the pansy, entwined round "a vous," or a cynosure, or a cupid enthroned on an altar, inscribed "bonne foi," are most studiously avoided. In a short time this change of conduct attracts notice, while the fair object of our heartless trifling—probably from her purity and truth the last to suspect such a change—has been betrayed, by her own native innocence, to believe that we really loved, and has opened her heart to receive that glow which can never be repressed, to warm with that flame which, in woman's heart, never can be extinguished but with life. Her heart can know no exchange, and if the love she feels be not returned, then her hopes are at an end; she has no beacon to guide her beyond the light of love, and if that goes out, her future path must be gloom and darkness; she cannot survive her withered hopes, her blighted expectations, and death comes kindly to drop a veil upon the darkling prospect of man's inconstancy. Anticipation of this never enters our minds. We dream not of the consequences of our heedless cruelty, and leave that generous breast to pine, which we first taught to swell with love. That heart which we eagerly sought to obtain, which we regarded as a toy, and delighted ourselves to elate, we as suddenly forsake; like the gather'd flower, for a time it yields us pleasure; then we cast it away, and leave it to perish unheeded and unsolaced.

Could one of these fair, blighted spirits be followed into her hours of solitude—could her grief and anguish be disclosed,—could the intensity of her suffering, and the generous feeling of her soul, be laid open—what would be the sensation excited? Could he, who has reduced her to this state, behold his hapless victim sinking beneath the weight of her sorrows; could he behold her in the height of her wrongs, praying, as she will pray, unceasingly for his prosperity, and never once reproaching him for the gloom he had cast over her, nor once accusing him as the author of her misery, what would be his feelings, his regrets, his sorrows, his remorse? But he sees it not—he knows it not—and unconscious of the misery he has inflicted, seeks another victim, whom he may carry through the same round of hope, fear, and disappointment.

'This is not an overcharged picture; many, many parallel instances lie within the range of my own observation. I could particularize individuals, but who would be benefited? the lovely beings who suffered from such cruelty? assuredly not.—Their beam of love has faded—

"Then what to them is the world beside,
In fleeting joys, its fanied pleasures?"

The shade of disappointment lies darkling in their hearts, the agony of blighted hope is in their bosoms, and what can recall the bright bloom to the withered flower! Nay, even should returning affection again warm the heart of the thoughtless fluttermo who had reduced an ingenuous confiding creature to this state, would it avail? No, it might cast a gleam of joy upon her last hours, but it could not prolong the contracted span of her existence. The glimmering light of her life might flicker for a while, and shed a brighter ray around, but only to foretel the speedy extinction of the flame.

To you, ye fair, whose gentle hearts are ever ready to believe that the brighter shades of man's character preponderate, and to value him for it, I will say—beware! Reflect, before you suffer your eyes to be entangled in a net, from which you will find it impossible to escape. Think of the eastern fable of the spider's web, the wasps, and the flies!
—*Boston Atheneum.*

HYDROPHOBIA CAUSED BY A BITE OF A CAT.—A man was admitted on Monday, Oct 20, into Charing cross Hospital, under the care of the physicians of that establishment labouring under symptoms of hydrophobic disease. It appeared upon examination that the patient, who appeared to be of the age of 35, was accustomed to sell apples and ginger beer in the new English Opera-house. About two months ago he was assisting some others

in endeavouring to drive a cat out of the house, when the cat flew at him and bit him in his hand. The injury was but slight and after a little inflammation it completely healed. On Sunday as he was seated with his wife at dinner, he experienced a singular sensation in his throat, accompanied with an inability to swallow. These symptoms increasing in violence he became alarmed, and applied for admission to Charing-cross Hospital. The physicians when they became acquainted with the particulars, pronounced the case to be one of decided hydrophobia, and he was accordingly admitted, and placed in a ward by himself. His symptoms were a spasmodic condition of the pharynx, trachea, and diaphragm; he had also a great dread of liquids. When he attempted to take drink as the liquid approached his lips he experienced a sudden convulsive sob, or catch in his breath, with momentary sensation of choking. The physicians asked him to place his hands in some cold water, which he attempted to do, and a violent spasmodic attack immediately followed. The man had no idea of the disease under which he was labouring, and it was thought advisable not to acquaint him with the fact, fearing it might aggravate his symptoms and accelerate his death. The first medicine given to him, was strychnine the alcoholic part of nuxvomica. This is a very powerful medicinal agent, which has a peculiar action on the nervous system, and generally given in cases of paralysis. Dr Christison observes, in his treatise on poisons, that "except the prussic acid, no poison is endowed with such destructive energy as strychnia. I have killed a dog in two minutes with the 6th part of a grain, injected in the form of alcoholic solution in the chest; I have seen a third of a grain kill a wild boar in ten minutes; and I have no doubt that half a grain thrust into a wound would kill a man in less than quarter of an hour. It acts, in whatever way it is introduced into the system, but most energetically when injected into a vein." An eighth part of a grain of strychnia was given; after he had taken two doses, it had a marked effect on the nervous system, but the spasms were not relieved. Mr Pettigrew then suggested tobacco injection, as he had found this produce some relief in a similar case of hydrophobia which was under his care some years ago. This was accordingly tried, but without producing any beneficial result. So astonishingly did these tobacco injections reduce the vital powers that the patient on being visited on Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, there could not be perceived any pulsation at the wrist. The poor man appeared at times unconscious of those around him. There was to have been a meeting of the medical officers of the hospital on Wednesday evening, to take the patient's case into consideration; but this was rendered unnecessary by the patient dying the same evening at five. A *Post Mortem* examination took place yesterday at one o'clock, but nothing very remarkable was discovered. The membranes of the brain were partially inflamed, and the 7th, 8th, and 9th pair of nerves were rather red in appearance. The spinal cord was very healthy and so was the brain.

FROLIC EXTRAORDINARY.—About twenty years ago, the frolics of the Honourable Mr — made a great noise in the newspapers. The following records one of his most whimsical and amusing acts of folly:—

One morning having danced all night at an assembly, he sauntered out, with the Marquis of — leaning on his arm; and in crossing St. Andrew's square, found an old rustic standing before the door of Dumreck's Hotel, with his cart full of butter-milk barrels. He quickly concerted with the Marquis a scheme of fun, whereby the milk of the old man found a very different destiny to what its owner intended. They first jumped up in front of the cart, seized the halter, and galloped off, leaving the poor man to follow as best he could—they took out all the spigotts, and in grand style drove along George-street, past the Assembly Rooms to the astonishment of the fashionable whom he had just left, then down Frederick-street, along Prince's-street, and back again to St. Andrew's square, all the time followed by the old milkman, who in the agony of his heart, at seeing his valuable property deluging the causeway, exhausted his whole vocabulary of exclamations in giving vent to his indignation. With his sky-blue top coat flying behind him, and his rough shod heels striking fire from the pavement, he pursued his ravished cart, shouting as loud as his exhausted lungs would permit, "O, ye unchained blackguards—ye villains!—ye de'il's buckies!—I'll ha'e the law o' ye, gin there be law in Edinburgh ye vagabonds!—I'll get ye a better house than your father ever biggit ye rascals!—I'll get ye clapped up as sure as ye're leevin', ye rampaging Edinburgh hallanshakers!" As soon as he arrived at the Hotel, the Marquis delivered the reins into his hand; but blue-bocket vowed he would not quit him, till he had ascertained his name and that of his companion. Mr — put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a piece of paper, which he said contained the required addresses; and while the old man unfolded it, our heroes took the opportunity to escape. The

bit of paper turned out to be a ten poun note, "An stop, my bonny lads," cries it appealed milkman, "I've something to sa t'ye—Will ye need any mair milk t' morn?"

SWALLOWING A BULL.—When Urban V excommunicated the Visconti as the perpetual disturber of Italy, the Pope's declaration of war was conveyed to Bernabo Visconti by two legates in the shape of a bull of excommunication. Bernabo received it with apparent composure, and himself honoured the legates by escorting them through Milan, as far as one of the bridges of the city. When they reached this spot, he suddenly stopt, and turning to them desired them to take their choice whether they would eat or drink before they quitted him. The legates were mute with surprise at this abrupt address. "Be assured," continued the tyrant with tremendous oaths, "that we do not separate before you have eaten or drunk in such a manner, as that you shall have cause to remember me." The legates cast their eyes around them; they saw themselves encompassed by the guards of the tyrant and a hostile multitude, and observed the river beneath them; and one of them at length answered that "he would rather eat, than ask for drink where there was so much water." "Good" returned Bernabo, "here then are the bulls of excommunication which you have brought me; and I swear unto you that you shall not quit this bridge before you have eaten in my presence the parchment on which they are written; the leaden seals attached to them, and the silken strings by which these hang." It was in vain that the legates earnestly protested against this outrage, in their double capacity of ambassadors and priests. They were obliged to make the strange trial of their digestion before the tyrant and the assemblage.

THE RATIONALE OF COLD.—What we have considered relates only to the *insensible* perspiration. That which is caused by great heat or severe exercise is evolved in much greater quantity; and by accumulating at the surface becomes visible, and forms sweat. In this way, a robust man may lose two or three pounds weight in the course of one hour's severe exertion; and if this be suddenly checked, the consequences in certain cases of the system are often of the most serious description. When the surface of the body is chilled by cold, the blood-vessels of the skin become contracted in their diameter, and hinder the free entrance of the red particles of the blood, which are therefore of necessity collected and retained in greater quantity in the internal organs, where the heat varies very little. The skin consequently becomes pale, and its papillae contract, forming by their erection what is called the goose's skin! In this state it becomes less fit for its uses, the sense of touch can no longer nicely discriminate the qualities of bodies, and a cut or bruise may be received with comparatively little pain.—From the oppression of too much blood, the internal organs, on the other hand, work heavily; the mental faculties are weakened, sleepiness is induced, respiration is oppressed, the circulation languishes, and digestion ceases; and if the cold be very severe, the vital functions are at last extinguished, without pain and without struggle. This is a picture of the extreme degree; but the same causes, which, in an aggravated form, occasion death, produce, when applied in a minor degree, effects equally certain, although not equally marked or speedy in their appearance.—*Crabbe's Physiology.*

An ingenious mechanic at Brussels has just applied a new power to mechanics, from which great results appear to be expected. This new power is galvanism. Across a fly-wheel, which is to give motion to the machine, he has placed a metallic bar, previously magnetised by a galvanic pile, and within the attraction of two very powerful magnets. The moment that the bar arrives in a rotatory course at the limit of the attractive power, and where it would necessarily stand still, the inventor, by the application of galvanism, suddenly converts the attractive into a repulsive power, which continues the motion in the same direction, and by these alterations well managed, the wheel acquires a rapid rotation. The experiment is said to have been completely successful, and the machine worked for a whole hour.

M. Lagrand, a type-founder at Paris, has finished the engraving in steel of a set of matrices of Chinese characters, amounting to 2,000, which can be augmented afterwards to any extent. The want hitherto felt of such a set of characters has tended greatly to impede the progress of Chinese works in Europe. The desideratum is now supplied.

A mad princess of the House of Bourbon, on being asked why the reigns of queens were in general more prosperous than the reigns of kings, replied, "Because under kings women govern—under queens, men."

Mrs. Boehm, who a quarter of a century ago took the lead in fashionable life, is now an inmate of apartments in the Palace of Hampton Court, given her by George IV. Her dinners in St. James's-square to Royalty will long be remembered.