

POETRY.

FANNY.

"I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay,
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste thy bloom away."—MOORE.

Her place of rest is mantled o'er
With dews of early morning;
She heeds not now the winter's roar,
Nor flowery spring's adorning.

Alike to her, when summer's heat
Glows on her verdant bed,
Or when the snows of winter beat,
And a decey covering shed.

And rarely do they mention her,
Who most her fate should mourn;
And little did they weep for her,
Who never can return.

But back to memory let me bring
Her laughing eyes of blue;
She was, on earth, as fair a thing
As fancy ever drew.

She lov'd and was beloved again!
And quickly flew the winged hours;
Love seemed to wreath his fairy chain
Of blooming amaranthine flowers

She deemed not time could ever blight
That whisper'd tale she lov'd to hear;
Alas! there came a gloomy night,
That threw its shadows on her bier.

He told her time should never see
The hour he would forget her—
That future years should only be
Fresh links to bind him to her.

That distant lands his steps might trace,
And lovely form he'd see,
But Fanny's dear, remembered face,
His polar star should be.

"O! ever shall I be the same
Whatever may betide me,—
Remembrance whispers Fanny's name,
And brings her form beside me.

"Believe, believe, when far away,
Distance but closer draws the chain;
When twilight veils the 'garish day,'
Remembrance turns to thee again."

He's gone!—but fancy in her ear
Still murmurs on his last farewell,
While hope dries in her eye the tear,
And bids her on each promise dwell.

And long she hop'd—-from day to day,—
From early morn to dusky eve
Her thoughts were wand'ring far away,
Nor deem'd that he could e'er deceive.

Fond maid!—-he thinks no more on thee—
He mocks at thy enduring faith;
While the foul tongue of calumny
Accelerates thy early death.

This world to her a desert grew,
The sunny heavens no more were fair;
Fast gathering tears obscured her view,
And only night's dark clouds were there.

Faded and changed the glorious dream,
The vision bright that floated round her;
And death was in the ghastly gleam
That gave her eyes unearthly splendour.

She lingered not, to feel that earth
Is rife with Disappointment's thorn—
That vows of faith are little worth,
And fleeting as the hues of morn.

Farewell! farewell! pale lilies drooping
On her low bed as emblems wave,—
And see!—the angel Pity stooping
To shed her tear on Fanny's grave!

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

LORD GREY AND MR O'CONNELL.

Mr O'Connell. Come Grey, here we are, face to face, and foot to foot. How can you in your own person, and in those of your wooden-headed colleagues, oppose the Repeal of the Union.

Lord Grey. Because I am convinced that it would be a measure fraught with the worst possible consequences to the country.

Mr O'Connell. Is that it? Why, then, what a pretty fellow you must have been when you pledged your whole soul to the question, and told me and the rest of my countrymen that union with England was destruction to Ireland. Why animate us with sentiments in our younger days, which now you attempt to exterminate.

Lord G. I tell you Mr O'Connell, I am wiser now than I was then.

Mr O'Connell. So that's what you are thinking! And pray my Lord, when did you make your political reputation? Why, when you were forty years younger than you are now, and when you had the credit of being a friend of the people and a leader of patriots. What your feelings towards Ireland were, your recorded speeches, and your intimacy with Arthur O'Connor, sufficiently proclaim; and to show that you are not altogether changed, I need only just remind you that your old friend is, under your special sanction come back to his native land.

Lord G. I admit my intimacy with Mr O'Connor, my feeling in his favour, and my readiness to bear testimony to his candour and loyalty.

Mr O'Connell. And yet his candour soon after the unfortunate turn of making him confess himself a rebel; so that you and your

friends who admired the openness of his heart, as well as the loyalty of his principles must either have upheld the politics of the traitor, or been the dupes of his superior adroitness and hypocrisy.

Lord G. I do not connect the questions of the Irish Rebellion and the union of the countries.

Mr O'Connell. Well, then, for the Union. Here the other night, you make a blarneying speech as minister, to which you were encouraged just because Peel condescended to support you in the House of Commons, in which you praise the Union up to the skies. Just let me put it to you thus: on the 21st. April 1800, you said, in the House of Commons, that you had "the strongest and most insuperable objections to the Union—that the petitions in favour of it were sent up to the English House of Commons under the dictation of a chief magistrate, who, besides commanding an army of 170,000 men, was able to proclaim martial law when he pleased, and could subject whom he pleased to the arbitrary trial of a court-martial—"

Lord G. Well, I did say so.

Mr O'Connell. By the virtue of my oath, then that's a noble admission; just considering that you now support the Union, and have just given Lord Wellesley, the identical power you then denounced. Never mind—wait a while—what did you say in the same speech? That the Union would not unite Englishmen and Irishmen, and that the dangers to Ireland accrued from the manner in which she was governed. "Let the system be changed," said you, "and the dangers will disappear." My Lord, that's just what I say now, and which you contradict. In the same speech you denied that Catholic Emancipation would ever be granted. You tried for it through your Whig life, and never could carry it. The Tories gave us that and small thanks to you for your support of it. And what did you say, moreover, that, "till the grievances of Ireland are done away with, till the disabilities under which the Catholics labour are taken off, no progress will be made in securing the public tranquillity, or in promoting the extension of commerce and wealth."

Lord G. I said so, because I conscientiously believed so.

Mr O'Connell. Upon your honour did you? Why then, that is all of a piece with the rest of it. I once thought you wicked; I am sure now you are only weak. Do you suppose that I ever believed that Catholic Emancipation would secure public tranquillity, or promote the national prosperity?—not I. I knew it was the first step to gain, but that was all; and if you were ever sincere in your advocacy of the question, I consider you a small man entirely.

Lord G. I confess myself somewhat indifferent to your censure or approbation Mr O'Connell.

Mr O'Connell. So you say, my Lord; but that won't do. It seems a little too late to treat me with indifference, and I dare say, you fancy contempt, after having made me figure in the King's speech in company with all the kings and emperors of Europe. So just listen; you opposed the Union—you concluded that very speech by moving an address to the King, to suspend all proceedings relative to it.

Lord G. Admitted.

Mr O'Connell. And now you uphold that Union, because you say experience has taught you your error; not a change in your own circumstances or in your position in the country, but experience! why, then, let me ask you, coeval with the hatred of the Union, was your love for Parliamentary Reform? What has your experience taught you about that?

Lord G. Time enough has not yet elapsed since the passing of the Reform Bill, to judge of its working.

Mr O'Connell. It has walked a tolerable pace too. Without its assistance I don't think I and my blood relations would have been able to beat up your quarters in Parliament. But it seems to me that men who confess themselves to have been disappointed in the expectations which they at first formed on any great measure, should be extremely careful how they attempt to begin to legislate. Your experience has taught you that every opinion you had formed upon the Union was erroneous, and you tell the Irish nation, whose champion you then affected to be, that if Parliament would give you the power to put them down you would wield it fearlessly. That is just like Anglesey, who told us to agitate having previously talked of riding over us with his dragoons.

Lord G. Lord Anglesey's administration I am not going to discuss.

Mr O'Connell. Now the letter Hume read—that was a pretty job; first Althorp's denying it, and your not recollecting it, and then your admitting it, and then our publishing it. I think you might guess how that came out. When we managed the castle, and Father Doyle, and Blake, and Cloncurry, and I had the "ear," we had it all our own way. I could do anything with Anglesey if I did but admire his boot.

Lord G. And you reconciled it to your conscience, Sir, to take advantage of a nobleman's personal vanity to obtain his confidence.

Mr O'Connell. Why we could frighten our go-

vernor—so we took the wheedling line.—Your Lordship is said to try both systems; and this I can say with safety, the devil a bit of good I ever did for myself by my exertions.

Lord G. You surprise me. Did we not give you a silk gown, and a patent of precedence, which puts you over the head of the whole bar, save one?

Mr O'Connell. Small thanks to you for that and whose fault was it that I had not some; thing better still? No. I have my ends in view. I have my object in sight; but I scorn all personal considerations.

Lord G. What do you think of the tribute, Mr O'Connell? What do you think of draining from the pockets of a population, which by your own account is starving, a vast and splendid income?

Mr O'Connell. There's just this difference between us, my Lord: you get your splendid income by law, I receive mine voluntarily from those who have faith in my sincerity. I believe if your Lordship's pay as Premier was to be furnished under similar circumstances, it would not buy you shoe-strings.

Lord G. There can be no analogy in the cases. To live upon the hard-earned pennies of a paupered people—

Mr O'Connell. Tut, tut, my dear Lord, less of that now. What difference does it make whether the pennies come to me in copper as they are, or made up into the shape of gold cups, and presented by a Lord Mayor? You took that tribute—I take mine. The difference between us is, that your virtues and integrity were valued at about fifty pounds, and mine at about fifteen thousand a-year.

Lord G. I admit that Sir John Key disappointed me.

Mr O'Connell. Another bit of ill luck. So did the electors of Dudley, I suppose, when they turned out your Attorney-General—so did the electors of Gloucester, when they turned out your Lord of the Admiralty—so did the electors of Perthshire, when they would not have your Lord of the Treasury,—they will all disappoint you in time old gentleman.

Lord G. I would rather admit all these disappointments than unblushingly declare my conviction that things which I had supported were to be injurious to the country, and that those which for party purposes I opposed, were advantageous. I always advocated Parliamentary Reform, and was one of the Society of the Friends of the People.

Mr O'Connell. Yes, and as soon as you had carried your Reform, by means of similar societies, with whom your Government corresponded, and to whom letters were addressed under your cover (at least,) you bring in a Bill to put them down, and the moment the smallest indication of popular feeling manifests itself, all your troops, horse and foot, life guards, and foot guards, police and artillery, are prepared.

Lord G. It is the duty of every government to take proper precautions for preserving the public peace.

Mr O'Connell. Is it the duty of any government, to encourage any persons to disturb the public peace.

Lord G. I am not here to contend with you upon such points. You have desired to see and speak with me. Here you are, and as yet I have heard nothing to justify the request.

Mr O'Connell. I have disappointed you then.

Lord G. Not much. Placed, as you have chosen to place yourself, in a position of irresponsibility, I should as much regret using language adequate to my feelings towards you, as I feel ashamed when I find you indulging in vituperation and abuse, for which you impudently declare a resolution not to atone. The resolution to which you have come, is a Christian resolution, and unimpeachable in itself, but you should couple with it a determination not to assail men's reputations, which you refuse to permit them to vindicate—or attack their honour, which you decline to satisfy.

Mr O'Connell. I have said nothing offensive to you, my Lord Grey. I have recalled a few of your early words upon a subject close to my heart; and as for offending me—your Lordship may say whatever you please about me—I glory in the cause I have undertaken, and will never flinch from any responsibility I may incur.

Lord G. I hope there will be no occasion for putting you to the test.

Mr O'Connell. You are vastly obliging. If it had not been for Peel's support of you on that division, I am thinking you would have been civiler still—that division, I must say, cropped my comb, and is likely enough to moulit my tail.

Lord G. It has shown the country the estimation in which you are held, at least in England, and developed the extent of your power in Parliament.

Mr O'Connell. I tell you what, my Lord Grey, I know my place, and I'll not flinch—but I am not deaf to negotiation—bid high, and you may have me yet; you paid dearer for Brougham than you meant, and a nice life he leads you; you thought him mad and yet you offered him your Attorney-Generalship—he was not so mad to take that, when he could frighten you out of the Seals. What do you think of the Irish Rolls, and provision for my sons? You can't object to that—the comfortable settler of thirty seven near relations. Plunkett cannot object; his

Hannibals are all filled—at least as much as they may be, after the blow-up about the Deanery; and yet you get up and pat Plunkett's back, and cheer him up in his explanation in the Lords—

Lord G. Mr O'Connell, if this offer is the object of your visit, I can only say that I can give no answer to your proposition until I have had a little talk with Mr Stanley. Lord Duncannon and Sir Henry Parnell have already prepared me for some such event. I confess I have an opinion, Sir upon the subject.

Mr O'Connell. So you had upon the Irish union, and the Political Unions, and upon Brougham, and upon the Pension List, and upon the French Revolution, and upon various other topics—but you have changed them all; perhaps you will alter that which you have formed of me.

Lord G. When I have, Mr O'Connell, I'll send for you. Good morning.

[Exit.

Mr O'Connell. Devil fly away with him—who cares? If he does not come up to my price I'll join the Dissenters and Radicals, and blow him out of the water.

[Exit.

FALL OF A METEORIC STONE IN NORTH AMERICA.—On the 10th of February, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, I heard an explosion as I supposed of a cannon, but somewhat sharper. I immediately advanced with a quick step about twenty paces, when my attention was arrested by a buzzing noise, which increased to a much louder sound, as if something were rushing over my head, and in a few seconds I heard something fall: the time which elapsed from my first hearing the explosion, to the falling might have been fifteen seconds. I then went with some of my servants to find where it had fallen, but did not at first succeed: however, in a short time, the place was found by my cook, who dug down to it, and a stone was discovered about two feet beneath the surface; it was sensibly warm, and had a strong sulphurous smell. I was of an oblong shape, weighing sixteen pounds and seven ounces. It has a hard vitreous surface. I have conversed with many persons, living over an extent of perhaps fifty miles square; some heard the explosion; while others heard only the subsequent whizzing noise in the air. All agree in stating that the noise appeared directly over their heads. The day was perfectly fine and clear. There was but one report heard, and but one stone fell to my knowledge. There was no peculiar smell in the air. It fell within 250 yards of my house.—*Nanjung Maryland;—From the American Journal of Science.*

An analysis of this acrolite gave the following results:—

Oxide of iron	24.00
of nickel	1.25
Silicia, with earthly matter	3.46
Sulphur, a trace	
	28.71

Baron Hagel, the Austrian botanist, who lately visited the Neigherry Hills, in India, declares that the unknown varieties of trees and shrubs existing there alone exceed ten thousand. The wild-rose runs up to the top of the highest trees, and grows to the thickness of four or five inches. A delicious specimen of orange, but not exceeding a filbert in size, is also found there. In the orange valley below Kotagherry, about 4500 feet above the level of the sea, numerous fruit-trees are found, amongst which are the wild fig and lemon tree, the latter bearing fruit little inferior, in size and flavour, to that of Spain.

A farmer walking out one day, by chance met Jack Ketch, and Jocosely asked him whether he could tell him the difference between their trades. "That I can," said Jack, "the only difference is utility—you till, I tie."

Supposing the productive power of wheat to be only six-fold, the produce of a single acre would cover the whole surface of the globe in fourteen years.

EPITAPH.

If drugs and physic could but save
Us mortals from the dreary grave,
'Tis known that I took full enough
Of the apothecaries' stuff
To have prolong'd life's busy feast
To a full century at least;
But spite of all the doctors' skill,
Of daily draught and nightly pill,
Reader, as sure as you're alive,
I was sent here at twenty-five.

IMPROMPTU ON THE BURIAL OF SHUTER, THE ACTOR.

Alas! poor Ned!
He's now in bed,
Who seldom was before;
The revel rout,
The midnight shout,
Shall never know him more.
Entomb'd in clay,
Here let him lay,
And silence ev'ry jest;
For life's poor play
Has past away,
And here he sleeps in rest.