

(ORIGINAL.)

ON THE FALL OF WARSAW—1831.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

THE thunder clouds of battle
 Have burst upon the plain;
 From the quiver of the mighty
 No shaft has sped in vain.
 It cannot miss its mark,
 When guided by the free,
 And though the night be dark,
 More bright the morn shall be!—
 And though Poland numbers now,
 Her best and bravest low,
 A spirit is abroad,
 Which no despot's host can chain;
 While her sons can wield a sword,
 They'll fight it out again!—

II.

Above their heroes fallen,
 No useless tears they shed;
 Their grief is for the living,
 Their vengeance for the dead!—
 Then to the field once more,
 Ye brave true-hearted band,
 Nor give the contest o'er,
 Till your swords have freed the land—
 And when in dust ye lie,
 Your names shall never die.
 The father to the son,
 Your glorious deeds shall tell;
 Shall shew the fields ye won,
 The spot on which ye fell.

III.

The patriot band approaches,
 A bleeding corse they bring,
 Wrapp'd in the gory standard,
 And hark the dirge they sing:—
 "Brothers, bear the hero on,
 Gently, to his bridal rest;
 Manhood's honours he hath won,
 By the deep wounds on his breast.
 Freedom's sword can never rust—
 Lay her martyr in the dust;
 He hath gained a deathless fame,
 Which to all new life imparts;
 Ages hence shall find his name
 Graven on the people's hearts!

THE PROUD MAN.

A proud man is a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumour and inflammation of self-conceit, that renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and

has transformed him into his own mistress. He is his own gallant, and makes most passionate addresses to his own dear perfections. He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image; though there is no soul living of his church but himself, yet he believes as the church believes, and maintains his faith with the obstinacy of a fanatic. He is his own favourite; and advances himself, not only above his merit, but all mankind; is both Damon and Pythias to his own dear self, and values his crony above his soul. He gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatever he has receives a value in being his; as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than in a common market. He is so proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others, for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially; therefore he treats himself civilly as a stranger, with ceremony and compliment, but admits of no privacy. He strives to look bigger than himself, as well as others; and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer. A little flood will make a shallow torrent swell above its banks, and rage, and foam, and yield a roaring noise, while a deep silent stream glides quietly on; so a vain-glorious, insolent, proud man, swells with a little frail prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows its bounds, and when he sinks, leaves mud and dirt behind him. His carriage is as glorious and haughty as if he was advanced upon men's shoulders, or tumbled over their heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies himself a Colosse; and so he is, for his head holds no proportion to his body, and his foundation is lesser than his upper stories. We can naturally take no view of ourselves, unless we look downwards, to teach us what humble admirers we ought to be of our own value. The slighter and less solid his materials are, the more room they take up, and make him swell the bigger, as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more close and solid parts.—
Butler.

EFFECTS OF PERSEVERANCE.

ALL the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.—
Johnson.