

THE SONG OF THE SEA SHELL.

BY MRS. ABDO.

I come from the ocean—a billow passed o'er me,
And covered with sea-weeds, and glittering foam,
I fell on the sands—and a stranger soon bore me
To deck the gay halls of his far-distant home:
Encompassed by exquisite myrtles and rose,
Still, still, in the deep I am pining to be;
And the low voice within me my feeling discloses,
And evermore murmurs the sounds of the sea.

The sky-lark at morn pours a carol of pleasure,
At eve, the sad nightingale warbles her note,
The harp in our halls nightly sounds a glad measure,
And Beauty's sweet songs on the air lightly float:
Yet I sigh for the loud-breaking billows that tossed me,
I long to the cool coral caverns to flee,
And when guests with officious intrusion accost me,
I answer them still in the strains of the sea.

Since I left the blue deep I am ever regretting,
And mingled with men in the regions above,
I have known them the ties they once cherished forgetting,
Oft trust to new friendship, and cling to new love.
O! is it so hard to preserve true devotion!—
Let mortals who doubt seek a lesson of me,
I am bound by mysterious links to the ocean,
And no language is mine but the sound of the sea.

Metropolitan for July.

FROLICS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

It would hardly be thought, *a priori*, that the Stock Exchange London, that scene of immense, and, too often, perilous, nay, fatal speculation, should be as frolicsome a place as the play-ground of a school, or a bear-garden, where all the bears are young and have their troubles to come. Yet such it appears to be, and the general accuracy of the following picture we believe there is no reason to doubt.—*Ed. Metropolitan.*

"The first impression of a stranger on entering the Stock Exchange, were he not previously otherwise informed, would naturally be, that instead of being met to transact important business, they had assembled for the express purpose of having a little fun and frolic together. You not only hear them uttering, in addition to the sounds just alluded to, all other sorts of sounds, some of which partake a good deal of the zoological character, but you see a large proportion of them playing all manner of tricks at each other's expense. One of the most approved of these tricks, if we are to judge from the extent to which it is practised, is that of knocking one's hat down over one's eyes. This pastime, I believe, they call 'eclipsing,' or 'bonneting.' If the hat only goes down so far as not to prevent altogether the use of one's luminaries, it is, I presume, called a partial eclipse: but when the application of one's hand to the crown of the hat is given with such vigour as to force it down over the optics of the party who chances to be at the time the person played on, it is called a total eclipse. How far it can be so called with propriety, is at least a debatable point; for I have been assured by those who have undergone the somewhat unpleasant experiment of eclipsing, that if they saw nothing else, the severity and suddenness of 'the whack,' to use Stock Exchange phraseology, has made them see stars innumerable. How many crowns of best beavers, have been so completely 'knocked in,' as to render the hats ever afterwards unwearable, by means of the process of eclipsing, is, I suspect, a question which the most skillful calculator in the house could not undertake to decide. The cases from first to last of the destruction of hats in this way, must be innumerable; but the ingenuity of some of the members has discovered other means of assisting the hatters, where the eclipsing plan fails of effect. The members in question are remarkably expert at knocking the hats of other members off their heads altogether, and then kicking them about on the floor until they are shattered to pieces. So marked indeed are the hat destroying propensities of some of the members, that a stranger would come away with the impression, that they were in the pay of the leading city hat-manufacturers. Query—Are they so?

"The dexterity which many of the members have acquired from long practice, at playing all manner of tricks

with the hats of each other, is really surprising, and would were they inclined to accept it, procure them an engagement at any of the theatres. By wetting the fore-part of their fingers, applying them to the hat of the party to be operated on, they unconsciously to him, can make it let go its hold of his head; and then, before it has quitted his cranium entirely they give it another 'touch,' as they call it with the aforesaid fore part of their fingers, which sends it spinning through the place a distance perhaps of forty or fifty feet.

"There are various other pastimes, which are practised daily on the Stock Exchange besides those I have mentioned. Occasionally you will see walking-canes, umbrellas, etc. moving about through the place, to the imminent hazard of the heads of members. Chalking one another's backs is one of their most harmless expedients, when in a larking humour. The figures sometimes made on these occasions are of so odd a character, as to be equally beyond the pale of Euclid's mathematics and the tailorifics of any German knight of the thimble, or any other distinguished professor of the 'fitting' art. It is scarcely necessary to say that when a person's back is thus well chalked he cuts a very odd figure. Not long ago, two of the gentlemen of the house mutually chalked each other's back with every conceivable variety of stroke, without the one knowing that the other had been playing any of his odd tricks. The other gents, or at least that portion of them who most keenly relish a little frolic, had, of course, their laugh at the expense of both parties, while they individually richly enjoyed the affair, thinking they had achieved a wonderful exploit in having got through the chalking process without the party chalking being aware of the trick that had been played him. When others looked into their faces and laughed heartily, they each fancied it was in the way of giving them credit for their dexterity, and congratulated themselves accordingly. Little did either suppose the other gentlemen were laughing at, instead of with them. But perhaps the most amusing part of the affair, was that of the two chalking parties laughing most immoderately at each other, and winking at the other gentlemen around them, by way of self-gratulation at the ridiculous figure the one had been the means of making the other look. When the discovery was made of how they had tricked each other, both were mortified and crest-fallen in the greatest degree.

"On particular days the more frolicsome gentlemen of the Stock Exchange have particular amusements. The 5th of November is a great day for fun amongst them. I am not aware that, like the boys in the streets they dress up a Guy Fawkes for the occasion. If 'Guy' has ever been paraded through the house, I have not heard of the circumstance; but crackers are quite in vogue among them on every anniversary of the escape from the gun-powder-plot. Last 5th of November, the number let off was incredible. Members went with their pockets literally crammed with them, and there was nothing but an everlasting 'rack, rack, rack,' from ten till four o'clock. They were flying in every direction; sometimes exploding about members' feet, at other times about their ears and all parts of their bodies. The number of perforations made in the clothes of some of the more unfortunate members was so great, that certain parts of their garments had the appearance of targets. To such an extent was the joke carried as to render it impossible to do any business worthy of the name.

"But to see the mischievous larking capabilities of certain gentlemen on the Stock Exchange to advantage, one must be there when a stranger chances to go in amongst the members. It is surprising how keen-scented they are in finding out the hapless intruder; and the moment the discovery is made, and the cry of 'Fourteen Hundred,' is heard, they pounce upon him like so many——, I shall not say what. He finds himself instantly surrounded, as if he were some criminal of the first magnitude, and the parties around him officers of justice, commissioned to take him into custody. He looks about him, wondering what is the matter, or rather wondering what there can be about him which not only attracts all eyes, but all persons

towards him. He has not time, however, to form a conjecture on the subject, when he finds himself equipped, not partially but totally. Before he has time to raise his hat, so as again to see the light of heaven which finds its way into the place, he feels some ten or a dozen hands, as if the paws of so many bears, pulling him about in every direction. Possibly he feels them tearing the clothes off his back; and from the rough usage he receives, he very naturally fears they will tear him in pieces. Many a luckless wight has gone to the Stock Exchange with an excellent coat on his back, and, come out with a jacket. To dock an intruder, is, by some of the members, deemed an illustrious exploit. There is one thing however to be said in favour of the parties who chiefly distinguish themselves in this way in Capel Court, which is, that they never have recourse to Lynch law when dealing with the intruder. It is but right also to do them the justice of mentioning, that they never patronise the tarring and feathering process.

"Many amusing anecdotes are related of the treatment which strangers have experienced, who have had the misfortune to enter the forbidden place. Not long ago, a friend of my own ignorant of the rule so rigidly enforced for the expulsion of strangers, chanced to visit as he himself phrased it, the Stock Exchange. He walked about for nearly a minute without being discovered to be an intruder, indulging in surprise at finding the greatest uproar and frolic prevailed in a place in which he expected there would be nothing but the strictest order and decorum. All at once, a person who had just concluded a hasty but severe scrutiny of his features, sung out at the full stretch of his voice, 'Fourteen Hundred!' Then a bevy of the gentlemen of the house surrounded him. 'Will you purchase any new navy five per cents, sir?' said one, looking him eagerly in the face. 'I am not——' The stranger was about to say he was not going to purchase stock of any kind, but was prevented finishing his sentence by his hat being, through a powerful application of some one's hand to its crown, not only forced down over his eyes, but over his mouth also. Before he had time to recover from the stupefaction into which the suddenness and violence of the 'eclipse' threw him, he was seized by the shoulders and wheeled about as if he had been a revolving machine. He was then pushed about from one person to another as if he had only been the effigy of some human being instead of a human being himself. His hat was all this while down over his face; he having neither presence of mind nor time to restore it to its usual position on his head; but even had it been otherwise, all concern for the hat must have merged in deep anxiety for himself. After tossing and hustling him about in the roughest possible manner, denuding his coat of one of its tails, and tearing into fragments other parts of his wardrobe, they carried him to the door where, after depositing him on his feet, they left him to recover his lost senses at his leisure. His first feeling on coming to himself again, was one of thankfulness that he had not realized the fate of the frog in the fable, which was stoned to death by the boys on the banks of the pond, for no other reason in the world than that of a resolution to gratify their own propensities for pastime. He says he would as soon enter a lion's den, as again cross the threshold of the Stock Exchange."

SLAVEHOLDING REPUBLICANS.—Upon the soil of America there are upwards of two millions and a half of human beings, men like ourselves, made in the image of God, and capable of the high exercises of intellect and the pure joys of devotion, who are held in cruel and degrading bondage. We confess that we know no terms sufficiently strong to express our loathing of the men who are the advocates at once of republicanism and slavery; the sturdy defenders of their own rights, and the reckless violators of the rights of others. To hear the language of freedom and of tyranny issue from the same lips is sufficiently astounding, but when there is added to this the profession of a religion which is based on mercy, and whose whole spirit is love, our surprise is turned into indignation, and we want words to express our contempt and scorn.—*Eclectic Review.*