

POETRY

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

"As if an angel spoke,
I hear the solemn sound."
Hark! to the deep-toned chime of that
bell,
As it breaks on the midnight ear,
Seems it not tolling a funeral knell?
'Tis the knell of the parting year!
Before that bell shall have ceased to chime,
The year shall have sunk in the ocean of
Time.

Oh many an eye that was beaming bright
As this year from its slumber arose,
Was dimmed by anguish, or sealed in
night,
Ere it reached its dreamy close,
And hearts that in gladness were blooming
Have withered never to bloom again.

Yet the wind will grow calm and the bill
low will sleep,
And sorrow bring joy by its side;
And hours of delight o'er young spirits will
sweep,
And the lover be blest in his bride:
And blue eyes of beauty unstained by a
tear,
Will yet beam at thy memory thou happy
old year.

"To me, faded year, thou hast not been
unkind,
Though my glimpses of sunshine were
few,
I welcomed thee kindly, part from thee re-
signed,
Nor breathe one reproach with adieu;
No! thanks to thy speed that my pilgrimage
here
By so much is shortened; then fare thee
well YEAR.

ODE TO THE CLOSING YEAR.

Oh why should I attempt to ring
The knell of Time in sorrowing tone,
Or sadly tune my lyre to sing,
A requiem o'er the year that's gone?
It has not been to me so bright
That I should mourn its timely end,
Or sit me down in grief to write
Farewell to a departing friend!
And if 'twould tarry now with me,
I should in sooth be apt to sav,
"Pass on; I've had too much of thee
To thank thee for an hour's delay."

Thy course was mark'd dark closing year,
By many a sigh and bitter year,
By promised joys too long delay'd,
By hopes that only bloom'd to fade,
By all that steals the cheeks' warm glow,
And weaves the heart with silent woe,
Damps the gay plumes of Fancy's wing,
And dips her blossoms ere they spring,
And turns the lightsome lay of gladness
E'en in its flow to strains of sadness,
And shapes with clouds of care and fear
The promise of another YEAR.

THE LOVELY MAID.

A HUNGARIAN BALLAD.

Is't snow, or star, or wavelet,
In the valley's depth that plays?
'Tis neither—but a meteor
That sparkles—that betrays.

Neither snow, nor star, nor wavelet,
Is crown'd with ringlet hair;
But a maiden crown'd with ringlets,
Bathes in the streamlet there.

With grace beyond expression
She bows her lovely head,
Her hand holds up a flow'ret,
By those sweet waters fed.

The wind is whispering secrets
Into that maiden's ear,
The branches trembling round her,
Seem all attracted near.

How swiftly would I bend me,
Were I but one of these,
How fondly would I kiss her,
Were I a heavenly breeze.

Around her beauteous members,
Delighted fishes play;
The rivulet hush'd to silence,
Long tarries on its way.

Still longer should I tarry,
Were I that silent stream;
But midst those fish to revel,
Would be the bliss supreme.

Ne'er would I leave those waters,
Were tread that maiden's feet,

But kiss and kiss untiring,
And die in bliss so sweet.
But how!—my eyes deceive me;
'This dream—theo' bright it be—
Is but a mortal likeness,
Of one less fair than she.

As in her beauteous shadow,
All earthly beauties fade;
So fades the maid's fair shadow,
Before the fairer maid.

'Twas but a feeble picture,
'Twas but a shadow rude,
That playing in the wavelets,
In maiden beauty stood.

Far lovelier in her sorrow,
On the ocean strand afar,
She stood—of love—and feeling
The more than magic-star.

A NIGHT OF ROMANCE.

I had resigned myself to sleep, and "the
fresh dew of summer dreams," as Shak-
speare would term it, lay gently on my eye-
lids; but whether it proceeded from Tita-
nia's fairy rose, or Oberon's violet, I am un-
able at present, to afford the slightest de-
tail. My imagination, nevertheless, exer-
cised itself in a succession of the most delu-
sive phantasies, and my brains were
crowded with all the imagery essential to the
composition of an Italian novel. I reposed
beneath the roof of an inn, situated in an
airy and sunny part of the proud and mag-
nificent city of Rome. I cannot describe
how it was, but my eyes were absolutely
charmed with the blue glory of the sky—the
rich fleecy livens of the clouds, and the
beautiful stars that lighted up their bowers
in the tranquil heaven:

So gleams the past—the light of other days,
and to "the light of other days," I did not
hesitate to advert. I fancied that I breathed
in those times, *Bienzi*,

"The friend of Petrarch's hope of Italy!"
exercised his majestic genius in defence of
the freedom of his immortal Roma. I was
one of the most wealthy and turbulent con-
spirators. How I kicked, danced, and shont-
ed at the gates of the capitol, till the old
statues that crowned them seemed to quiver
with a supernatural convulsion at the sound
of my voice! *Cæsar*, when he passed the
stream of the Rubicon, never created a more
fearful commotion than myself. The scene
shifted its position. I knelt, a tall graceful
cavaliero at the feet of the young and lovely
Marchesa di Cezeli, in a hall that contained
the most splendid pictorial conceptions of
the Italian painters. From the stately win-
dows the moonlight descended in a gush of
of silver beauty and the marble floor seem-
ed saturated with its glow. The marchesa
occasionally drew her gentle hand over a
lute which awhile wrapt up my spirit in its
exquisite music: and many a sweet tale re-
lated by her beautiful lips, enchanted the
solitary spirit of loneliness. We spoke of
stars, eyes, bowers, songs, lutes, spells, and
other fairy ingredients which Moore has
mixed up so delightfully in the pages of
Lalla Rookh; and I implicitly believe that
the motion of my heart responded to hers!
but our blissful dreams were soon dissolv-
ed. The tocsin-bell sounded up its strain
of alarm! In an instant the whole city
poured out its population, including Joseph
Bonaparte and his valet-de-chambre, the
artillery rolled by, the Austrian banner chal-
lenged defiance from the French, lights flash-
ed in every direction, and trumpets pealed,
from every square. Amid this riot and con-
fusion I leaped from the window, leaving
the marchesa to dream of my fidelity at a
more convenient season. In avoiding the
tumult, however I received a slight scratch
from the bayonet of a grenadier pooh! I
awoke and found that a spiteful gnat had
stung me.

I again sunk into repose, but the same ro-
mantic visions haunted the solitude of my
brain. My imagination represented the love-
ly blue sea of Naples extending around me,
as a gallant bark bore me away from the Pa-
radise-land of Italy. My spirit for awhile
was engrossed by many conflicting emotions
to which succeeded a contemplative mood of
perverseness. Thanks to my stars! I had
little time allowed me to indulge in melan-
choly reflections, for a lurch of the ship
threw me with so much force against a snug
little gentleman in black, that I overturned
him. I expressed my regret for the unwell-
come intrusion into which I had been
thrown; but the little man laughed heartily.
"You came against your will my
friend," he observed, "and they are send-
ing me to Venice against mine."
"To Venice?" I replied, "I am going
thither also."

"This is choice my friend; but for
whom do you take me? I am Murat!—yes,
—nothing less than the crowned king of
Naples: and they send me to Venice to play
the eaves-dropper by the process of some
capricious polcy or other. But what is your
opinion of me?"

"Of you," I exclaimed, as my bosom
glowed with the recollections consecrated

to his name; "can I express my admiration,
in adequate language of the hero whose
sword divided the chain which had so long
bound Naples to her tyrant! But surely,
Signor Murat our poets and journalists do
not describe your personal attractions very
accurately."

"Bah! my friend they rely too much on
the pomp of sword and plume; but a truce
to further colloquy—are you fond of adven-
ture?"

"Yes, Signor Murat, I have been compan-
ioned with it for the last ten years of my
life."

"Lend an ear then, and your fortune de-
pends on the activity with which you exe-
cute my proposal. You must proceed to St.
Mark's with this packet of communication,
and promptly deliver it to the Padre Augus-
tine Nicolo, whose reward for your essential
mission will amount to a thousand dollars.
Beware is a word somewhat mysterious in
sound, but I must apprise you that if you
are discovered with the papers in your pos-
session, the Forty will doubtless claim
your head."

After a few moments were employed in
deliberating, I accepted the commission
which Murat had assigned to me; and if
as an old dramatic writer has set down:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

I am induced to believe that I completed
my decision in a manner coincident with his
illustrative poetry; for the tide at that mo-
ment impelled our bark into the arms of the
lovely bride of the Adriatic!

The Padre Augustine received me with a
cordial welcome; but his Jesuitical tenaci-
ty was soon excited. Having obtained pos-
session of the papers with which I had been
entrusted, he firmly asserted the inconsis-
tency of acceding to the munificent inten-
tions of Murat. Incensed by such an affir-
mation, I felt the lava of my intemperate
heart kindling with the passion of revenge.
He invited me to an alcove, beneath whose
loneliness rippled the blue waves of the sea,
and he there pledged me in a cup of the
sweetest sherbet that mortal lips ever tasted.
In recompense for such politeness, I threw
him into the Adriatic, whose waters he has
probably sanctified ere now.

The honesty of my employer now seemed
extremely dubious; and in the adoption of
a discovery, I expected to console my depart-
ed dreams of reward. I hastened to the
Doge or rather to the chief magistrate (for
"Rome of the Ocean," as Venice is called,
has no claim whatever to the former distinc-
tion) and acknowledged the commission
with which Murat had invested me. The
heart of the Doge seemed brimful of joy;
but just as he was deliberating on the prop-
riety of introducing me into a dungeon be-
neath the Bridge of Sighs, a French banner
flashed in the sunlight which illumined the
hall, and a band of grenadiers with Murat
at their head relieved the Doge of his medi-
tations. I reminded Murat of his treache-
ry with a blow of my fist, which at any oth-
er time would have dashed the Lion of St.
Mark from his pedestal!

"The Magdalena save your honour!" ex-
claimed my host, "and make you more
gentle for the time to come."

"Ha! Francesco,—what vision is this?"

"Why your honour has not only thrown
me down, but also broken the cup which
contained the chocolate for your breakfast."

"And my dream has departed too—so
farewell to Murat, the Doge of Venice, and
the Lion of St. Mark!"

METAPHYSICS.

SPECIMEN OF A COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION

Professor—What is a salt box?
Student—It is a box made to contain
salt.

Prof.—How is it divided?
Stud.—Into a salt box, and a box of
salt.

Prof.—Very well show the distinction.
Stud.—A salt box may be where there is
no salt, but salt is absolutely necessary to
the existence of a box of salt.

Prof.—Are not salt boxes otherwise di-
vided?

Stud.—Yes, by a partition.
Prof.—What is the use of this division?
Stud.—To separate the fine salt from the
coarse.

Prof.—To be sure, to separate the fine
from the coarse, but are not they otherwise
distinguished?
Stud.—Yes, into possible, positive, and
probable.

Prof.—Define these several kinds of salt
boxes.

Stud.—A possible salt box is a salt box
yet unsold in the joiner's hands.
Prof.—Why so?

Stud.—Because it hath not yet become a
salt box, having never had any salt in it;
and it may probably be applied to some
other use.

Prof.—Very true; for a salt box which
never had hath not now, and perhaps never
may have, any salt in it, can only be term-
ed a possible salt box. What is a probably
salt box?

Stud.—It is a salt box in the hand of one
going to a shop to buy salt, and who has

twopence in his pocket to pay the shopkeeper,
and a positive salt box is one which hath
actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

Prof.—Very good; what other division
of salt boxes do you recollect?

"They are divided into substantive and
pendent. A substantive salt box is that
which stands by itself on the table or dres-
ser, and the pendent is that which hangs by
a nail against a wall.

Prof.—What is the idea of a salt box?

Stud.—It is that image which the mind
conceives of a salt box when no salt is pre-
sent.

Prof.—What is the abstract idea of a salt
box?

Stud.—It is the idea of a salt box abstract-
ed from the idea of a box; or of salt, or of
a salt box; or of a box of salt.

Prof.—Very right; by this means you ac-
quire a most perfect knowledge of a salt
box; but tell me, is the idea of a salt box
a salt idea?

Stud.—Not unless the ideal box hath the
idea of salt contained in it.

Prof.—True; and therefore an abstract
idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round
or square, long or short; and this shows the
difference between a salt idea, and an idea
of salt—Is an aptitude to hold salt an es-
sential or an accidental property of a salt
box?

Stud.—It is an essential; but if there
should be a crack in the bottom of the box,
the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an
accidental property of that salt box.

Prof.—Very well, very well indeed. What
is the salt called with respect to the box?
Stud.—It is called its contents.

Prof.—And why so?

Stud.—Because the cook is content quoad
hoc, to find plenty of salt in the box.

Prof.—You are very right.

A schoolboy had the following Latin
theme to construe, and was kept without his
dinner till he effected it:—

"Magister artis, ingenique largitor
venter."

PENSIVUS.

His translation was as under:—

Hunger a master is of arts,
Who brightens much the mental Parts.

A country vicar giving his text out of He-
brews, pronounced it He brews 10 and 12,
(meaning the chapter and verse.) An old
toper, who sat half asleep under the pulpit,
thinking he talked of brewing so many bush-
els to the noghead, said, "B, the Lord,
and no such bad liquor neither."

A youth is at present living at Seville,
who loses his sight in the day time and re-
covers it at night. His vision is so perfect,
when his eyes are totally deprived of light,
that he can read the smallest print, all
around him being involved in obscurity.

Why is an unsigned legal instrument like
the action of the witches in Macbeth?
It is a deed without a name.

NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.—A few
days since, a young girl, near Dorchester,
in the prospect of marriage, being unable to
find money to purchase her wedding clothes,
actually submitted to the painful operation
of having seven of her front teeth drawn,
for which she received five guineas, and af-
terwards provided the necessary articles.

Drunkenness expels reason, drowns the
memory, distempers the body, defaces beau-
ty, diminishes strength, inflames the blood,
causes internal, external, and incurable
wounds; is a witch to the senses, a devil to
the soul, a thief to the purse, the beggar's
companion, a wife's woe, and children's sor-
row; the picture of a beast, and self mur-
derer, who drinks to other's good health,
and robs himself of his own.

The following ludicrous advertisement was
observed posted in a widow near Worcester
Cathedral, "henny body that wants henny
sauf water my fathr will carry it for you."

An old lady somewhat evangelical, hear-
ing her son slip out an oath on a Sunday,
exclaimed, "My dear Richard, what are
you about? What can you think of the
law and the prophets?"—"What do I think
of them?" said he—"Why I think the law
pockets the profits most infernally."

A few days ago a country gentleman wrote
a letter to a lady of rank in town, and sent it
through the General Post with the following
address:—

"To the 25th March,
"Foley Place, London."

The postman duly delivered the letter at the
house of LADY DAY, for whom it was in-
tended.

There is a tradition of Quin, one night on
his way to dress for Othello, looking through
the curtain, and seeing a very thin house,
exclaiming, "Hang 'em, they are not worth
blackening one's face for; I think I shall
play it white."

Why is a man disappointed in obtaining
a kiss, like a shipwrecked fisherman? Guess,
girls. D'ye give it up?—Because he has
lost his Smack.

Why is a man whipping his wife like a
drunking man?—Because he is given to
Lick-her.