

POETRY

THE BRIDE.

Oh, see you yonder ladies-three?—the mid-most is the bride,
How know you her? I know her well, from all the world beside—
From all the *vestal* world, I mean, I know that Houris fair,
And a gentler or more lovely bride ne'er blessed a partner's care.
I know her by the orange-flower, that Heymen *only* braids—
I know her by the robes of lace, that is *not* worn by maids—
I know her by the snowiness of satin shoe and glove,
And I know her by the milk-white rose that's in her breast of love.
I know her by the girlish smile that dimples in her cheek—
I know her by the joy she shows—*she shows* but may not speak—
I know her by that inward laugh, that archly *seems* to say,
Of all the young and mirthful life *this* is my happiest day!
I know her by that lightsome step, as if she walked on air—
I know her by that crimson blush, which virgins do not wear—
I know her by her merry, laughing lustre of her eye,
And I know her by that half-suppress'd and half-exulting sigh.
Oh long, my bud of beauty, may that airy step be thine—
And long upon that dimple cheek may rose and lily twine!
Full long with love may glisten still those heart-revealing eyes,
And *never* may thy bosom heave, unless with pleasure sighs!

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS

Say, shall we mourn thee, HEMANS!
Thou of the mournful lyre;
And the gentle, thoughtful, woman's mind
Lit with the poet's fire.
Thou hast shed the tears of genius
O'er the dead of other days;
And won for them fond memories,
By the music of thy lays.
Strange might had that soft music,
E'en in our gladness heard;
Thy mystic fountain of sweet tears
Hidden within, it stirred.
Our daily paths it haunted,
A grace to sadness lent;
With all lovely things of earth and sky,
High thoughts and holy, blest.
Breathing strains passionate, yet pure,
Out o'er the lowliest flower;
Then spending on immortal themes
A lofty spirit's power.
But, Oh! what depths of anguish,
With thy rich music flowed;
To a sore-stricken, weary heart,
That melody we owed.
We may mourn that long-loved music,
And yearn for its soothing tone;
But we will not weep for the weary heart,
The stricken spirit gone.
Thou art gone, sweet Hemans! with thy fame
Down to thy quiet tomb;
Numbered with England's cherished names
In many an English home.
Dearer than fame, loves waits thee
Where childhood lips its prayer,
Where youth's clear voice breaks forth in song,
Thou art remembered there.
And woman's true and greatful breast
Shall be a living shrine
For verse, which tells her love and truth
In many a glowing line.
Her deep and much-enduring love,
Her constancy and faith,
Her duty her high fortitude
Triumphing over death.
Over her silent pathway, thou
A chastened splendour shed;
She with meet praise shall honor thee
Now thou art with the dead.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

Saumerie is a most delicious place, with its little red and white houses, seated at the foot of a flower-dressed hill, and divided by the Loire, which runs sportively through it,

like a blue scarf on the neck of a beautiful girl. But alas! this new Eden, like all other cities, had its sad attendants on civilization—a prison and a sub-prefect, a literary society, and a lunatic asylum—yes, a hospital for lunatics! Ascend the Loire by the left bank, and when you have arrived at the outskirts of the city, clamber up a steep path—you will soon arrive at the top of a pebbly hill, in the flanks of which are placed small cabins furnished with great bars of wood.—It is there, while you are occupied with admiring, with all the powers of your soul, the beautiful country which stretches from Tour to Angers, the green and fertile fields, and the rapid and majestic current which crosses and bathes the brilliant landscape, suddenly the cries of rage, and the laughter of stolidity, will burst forth from behind you, and call you to contemplate the spectacle which you have come to seek. Then you will renounce with pain the happiness of the contemplation; but you will renounce it because it cannot be enjoyed beside such an accumulation of misery.

Look at that young man who is walking almost naked—and whose limbs are blackened by exposure to the sun, and whose feet are torn by rough pebbles in his pathway. He had taken holy orders—he was surprised by love—he went crazy—now he is stripped of his orders and his love—poor victim.

As I was wandering one day in the midst of all this wreck of humanity, behind me walked a young lady, accompanied by her husband, leading by the hand a pretty little girl, their child. She came, without doubt like myself, to seek for strong and new emotions. We became strangely jaded with the tiring excitement of a city.

I arrived at the same moment with this lady opposite a girl who had been led out of her cell into the court, and was fastened to the wall by an iron chain. Her large blue eye had so much sweetness, her pale face so many charms, and her long auburn hair fell with so much grace over her naked shoulders, that I looked at her with inexpressible pain. She appeared to have been weeping bitterly—how heavy then, appeared that horrible iron which abraded her white delicate skin.

I asked the lay sister who had acted as a guide to me what had befallen this girl, that she was treated so rigorously. She answered, lowering her eyes and blushing, "It is Mary, a poor girl from the city, who has loved too deeply." The fiend who tempted, abandoned her, and after two years the child of her shame died. This loss deprived her of reason—she was brought to this institution, and in consequence of sudden dangerous excesses of derangement, she was chained!

The good sister bowed, as if ashamed of referring to such a subject.

I stood lost in reflection upon the mutation of human affairs, as I gazed at the unfortunate being before me; when suddenly I saw her spring the whole length of her chain, seize the little child which the young lady held by the hand, pressed it closely to her breast, and rush back with the swiftness of an arrow to her stone bench.

The mother screamed frantically, and sprang toward the miserable lunatic, who grove her back with shocking brutality.

"It is my babe," cried Mary, "it is she indeed—God has restored her to me—oh, how good is God!" as she leaped up with joy, and covered the child with kisses. The father attempted to seize his child by force, but the lay sister prevented him, and besought of him to let Mary have her own way.

"It is not your daughter," said she kindly to Mary, "she does not resemble you in the least."

"Not my daughter! good Heavens! look—look sister Martha—look at her mouth, her eyes,—it is the very image of her father. She has come down from heaven. How pretty, how very pretty she is! my dear, sweet daughter!" and she pressed the child to her bosom, and rocked it like a nurse, to still its cries.

It was, however, heart-rending to see the poor mother, who watched with anxiety every movement of the lunatic, and wept or smiled, as Mary advanced toward, or retired from, sister Martha.

"Lend your daughter to me a moment, Mary, that I may see her," said the good sister.

"Lend her to you! Oh, no, indeed—the first time the priest told me also, that I should lend her for a little while to God, who desired such angels, and she was gone six months. I will not lend her again; no, no, I would rather kill her and keep her body," and she held up the child as if she would dash it against the wall.

The mother, pale, and inanimate, fell helpless upon her knees, and with bitter sobs supplicated the maniac to give her back her child, and not to do it harm. Mary gave no heed to her; she was holding the infant with her eyes bent intently upon its features.

The father, half-distracted, had gone to seek the director of the institution.

It would have been difficult then to say which was the real crazy one—the mother, who lay trembling in my arms, and calling aloud for her child, or Mary, who with loud

laughter, was presenting to the child her shrivelled breasts.

It was resolved not to employ force, but to allow Mary to retire into her cell, and when she was asleep to take the child.

Once in her cell, Mary laid the child at the foot of the bed, pressed down the mattress, and disposed the clothes into the form of a cradle, while the real mother, with her face dressed against the gratings of the cell, watched in the twilight of the place with haggard looks, and streaming eyes, every emotion of the lunatic.

Mary carefully disposed of the child in its new made bed, hushed it, and sung little nursery songs, with a wild and fitful voice, and then fell asleep beside the infant.

The kind nurse immediately entered the cell on tip-toe, snatched up the child, and restored it to its mother's arms, who screamed with joy, and fled away with her precious burthen. The cry of the mother awakened Mary—she felt beside her in vain for the child; she ran to the grating and shook it with a powerful arm; she uttered a wild discordant cry, and fell her whole length upon the floor—SHE WAS DEAD—twice was too much.

THUNDER.

We are enthusiastic lovers of thunder, whether we listen in awe and admiration on the mountain's green brow, or hide ourselves in the thick foliage of the echoing forest: there, lonely and in praise, we listen to the mighty wonder. We were early taught to look on this grand phenomenon as the evidence of a living God,—as the voice, "trumpet-tongued," of his wrath, and the declared evidence of his power. We remember how difficult it was to keep us within doors on the day thus hallowed by the voice of the cloud. Torrents of rain were as nothing us, so that alone, and by ourselves, we could fully enjoy the magnificence of the scene, and humbly endeavour to unravel the fearful mystery, or con the declarations of the hidden voice.

Awfully fearful and pleasing is it to listen to the prolonged echo from the hills, when cloud speaks to cloud, throned in the misty west, and heaven's attic opens and shuts, emitting the "live lightning;" when the *locks* (we love the northern name) quiver and gleam, and the streams reflect the lightning in yellow lines along the valley; when the earth seems to rock, and the cliffs to shout back to the voice from the wilderness; when the tall forests tremble, their dark hoods bending beneath the big drops, and the swarms of their small feathered inhabitants chirp and hop among the leaves to shield their little bosoms from the dreadful storm.

Behold! along the mead, in troops the cattle gather, murmuring their instinct terrors, and the fiery steed, shaking his mane on the breeze, madly rushes to the covert.—The poultry are grouped under the shed, and, in drooping plumage, complain, in suppressed notes, man and beast are stricken in the presence of the declared God. How we hate the city at such a season! It is true, the domes and towers and long-drawn streets echo to the dense clouds over head, but there is the eternal rattle of wheels, and clatter of hoofs, and mingling of thin voices, all breaking in on the "solemn pauses," and subtracting from the grandeur of the scene, lowering the elevated mind by a sense of earth and its vulgar turmoils and cares.—No! the silence of the desert accords best with the mind delivered up to the contemplation inspired by the thunder's deep note.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.—It was on a summer evening, of that peculiar kind of beauty to be met with only in the mountain districts of Scotland; when the varied hues of wood, heather, and mountain-shrub, give a deep, rich, and purple tinge to the evening sky, and a delicious flavour to the evening air,—when nature, in fact, attracted by the warmth, unusual to the climate, seems to come forth from all her hiding holes, in order to bask and rejoice in the genial and delicious calm of the hour and scene. A blue-eyed, flaxen-haired daughter of the soil was leaning on one arm. She had, I have been told—for I never discover a lady's failings—a fair allowance of the faults ascribed to her first ancestress, and was, besides, not averse to a moderate degree of flirtation; but light was her footstep in the dance, light was her heart, and elastic her disposition; and her stature, though rather below the middle size, was of exquisite form and figure. Her image had haunted my waking dreams (I tolerate no sleeping dreams) so long, that I had come to the full resolution of making an absolute and downright declaration. It is at the best an awkward sort of determination, which no very sensible man should perhaps make till certain of the result. But as women sometimes carry coquetry beyond the fair line of demarcation, as men are often vain, and never absolutely rational on such points, it would only be a waste of wisdom to give good advice on the subject. The farther my partner and I got separated from the rest of the company during the walk, the more my heart began to beat: and the tremulous sensation I then experienced far exceeded any thing I felt

while waiting under the walls of St. Sebastian for the signal of assault. Some mischievous children were marshaling the way to a moss-house on the banks of the streamlet, just below the cliff on which the castle was situated. The scene was, in truth, strikingly romantic, and too well adapted for my purpose; but the children kept close to us, and they have, besides, such marvellously sharp ears. At last they fairly locked us into the moss-house, and ran away laughing. The relief made my very pulse throb again, and I could willingly have kissed the urchins all round; but my heart beat so that I was not immediately able to profit by their absence, and was obliged to continue the commonplace conversation on which we had been engaged. She, the lady of that bower, had one of those melodious and silvered-toned voices that sink at once into the very depth of the bosom, making every nerve and fibre thrill at the "concord of sweet sounds." I was, nonsensically, making her repeat lines and verses in illustration of some foolish question about the harmony of sound and sense which we had been discussing; while I had not one particle of sense about me, and thought of no other sounds, in heaven or earth, but those of her most musical voice. I was recovering fast, however, and was just dictating the lines of Tasso, that were to serve as a text to a more interesting subject, when in popped a fair, laughing, giggling little face at every window. It would have been in vain to think of driving the urchins away: we were forced to return to the drawing-room, where we found one of those "charming little parties" assembled in which all eyes are fixed upon you. Such parties are always hateful. A woman, like fortune, once missed, is missed for ever. So, recollecting that I had an engagement in town, and that the mail was going to pass, I took my hat and made my bow. Whether there was any tremor at the points of her fingers, all that she handed me to shake at parting, or whether the magic touch alone made my heartstrings vibrate again, is still an undecided but too dangerous a question to be reflected upon.

DEATH OF ONE OF LOUIS XVI'S JUDGES.

—M. Louis Martineau, Deputy of La Tienne during the Convention, in which he voted for the death of Louis XVI. resided lately at Chatelerault. He adopted this place of residence after his return from Switzerland, whither he had been exiled in 1816. Having fallen dangerously ill, he solicited the aid of the Church, and gave into the hands of M. Miller, the Archpriest and curate of St. Jacques of Chatelerault, the following declaration. He died on the 23d of May, having received the last sacraments of the Church, at the age of 84 years, and was buried the following day. This declaration is dated a month before his death:—"I Louis Martineau, the undersigned, confess before God, that the part which I took in the trial of the king, Louis XVI., was the effect of the excitement of which I have ever since repented, and for which I ask pardon of God and man; and I pray to God to pardon me also for the bad example and cause for animadversion which I have occasioned, in not practising the religion in which I desire to end my days, which is the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Religion.

Chatelerault, April 25, 1835.
(Signed) Martineau.

The amount of the differences in the late foreign settlement at the Stock Exchange is said to have exceeded ten millions; of which one banking house alone paid, in cheques of its customers, upwards of two millions.

Tippoo Saib's son visits England to seek an augmentation of the pension settled on him after the death of his father. He is going to London to seek interviews with the King and the Duke of Wellington, the latter of whom served in the Mysore, as Colonel Wellesly under Lord Harris.

STEAM PACKETS.—It is in contemplation at New-York to establish four steam packets between London and that city. The prospectus has been published—headed "Union line of Steam Packets from London to New York"—the capital to be raised is five hundred thousand dollars, divided into shares of twenty-five dollars each.—It is proposed to have the vessels ready by the first of April next.

FRENCH WOMEN.—It is usual for many to descant on the superior graces of French women; to sneer, or, "without sneering, others teach to sneer," at the comparative *gaucherie* of our English ladies; and to ridicule the latter, as domestic automatons, totally unskilled in the art of conversation. A French woman has her *monde*, her circle, her set, but no home; she lives in public, and to the public; while home is the peculiar and privileged sphere of an English female. Of one fault laid to the charge of our British ladies it is impossible to accuse the French, namely, of "chilling reserve;" which chilling reserve, however, is seldom more than a due self-respect, and becoming avoidance of that familiarity which encourages impertinence, if not something worse.