

## POETRY.

## A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

(From a book of American Poetry by William Curran Bryant.)

COME, take our boy, and we will go  
Before our cabin door;  
The winds shall bring us, as they blow,  
The murmurs of the shore;  
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,  
And I will sing him as he lies.  
Songs that were made of yore:  
I'll sing in his delighted ear,  
The Island lays thou lovest to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,  
Thy country's tongue shall teach;  
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet  
Than my own native speech;  
For thou no other tongue didst know,  
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,  
Upon Tahiti's beach,  
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,  
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning--thou didst praise  
My eyes, my locks of jet;  
Ah! well for me they won't thy gaze--  
But thine were fairer yet!  
I'm glad to see my infant wear  
Thy soft blue eyes, and sunny hair,  
And when my sight is met  
By his white brow and blooming cheek,  
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come talk of Europe's maids with me,  
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,  
Outshine the beauty of the sea,  
White foam and crimson shell.  
I'll shape like their's my simple dress,  
And bind like them each jetty tress,  
A sight to please thee well:  
And for my dusky brow will braid  
A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls--  
We lose the pleasant hours;  
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls--  
That seat among the flowers,  
And I will learn of thee a prayer  
To Him who gave a home so fair,  
A lot so blest as ours--  
The God who made for thee and me  
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

## A COASTING SCRAP.

(From the Mirror.)

It was a bright summer afternoon: the estuary of Poole Harbour lay extended before me; its broad expanse studded with Islands of sand and furze bushes, of which Brownsea is the most considerable. A slight ripple marked the deeper channels which were of a blue colour, and the shallow mud banks being but barely covered by the tide, appeared like sheets of molten silver. The blue hills of Purbeck bounded the distant heath lands to the westward, and the Harbour extended itself inland towards the town of Wareham, becoming more and more intricate in its navigation, although it receives the contributions of two rivers, the Piddle and the Froome, arising probably from the soil carried down by the streams, and the faint action of the tide at the distance of eight or ten miles from the mouth of the harbour. The Wareham clay boats added life to the scene. Some were wending their way through the intricate channels close hauled upon a wind; others were going right away with a flowing sheet. On the eastern side was the bold sweep of the shore, extending to the mouth of the harbour, and terminating in a narrow point of bright sand hills, separating the quiet waters of the harbour from the boisterous turmoilings of the English Channel.

Sauntering along the Quay of Poole, indulging in a kind of reverie, thinking, or in fact thinking of nothing at all, (a kind of waking dream, when hundreds of ideas, recollections, and feelings float with wonderful rapidity through the brain,) my attention was attracted by a stout, hardy-faced pilot, with water boots on his legs, and a red woolen nightcap on his head, who was driving a very earnest bargain for a "small, but elegant assortment" of dabs and flounders. "Dree and zixpence if you like," said he. "I could ha bought vor times as much vor one and zixpence coastways, if I'd a mind, and I'll give thee no more, and not a word of a lie." His oratory conquered the coyness of the fishy damsel; and he invited the lady to take a glass of "zomat avore he topped his boom for Swanwidge."

Having before me the certainty of a dull monotonous afternoon, and cheerless evening, without any visible means of amusement, I instantly closed a bargain with Dick Hart, (for such was the pilot's name) to give me a cast to Swanwidge. In a short time I found myself on board a trim little pilot boat, gliding along the waters, as the sun was sliding his downward course, and shedding a mellow radiance over the distant scenery towards Lytchett. The white steeple of Poole church was lighted by its rays, while the town presented a picturesque appearance with the masts of the shipping cutting against the blue sky.

Dick Hart formed no small feature in the scene as he stood at the helm, with his red cap, and black curly hair smoking a short, clay pipe, which like his own face, had be-

come rather brown in service. He looked around him with an air of independence and unconcern, as the "monarch of all he surveyed," casting his eye up now and then at the trim of his canvass, but more frequently keeping it on me. Dick began to open his budget of chat, and I found him as full of fun as his mainsail was full of nettles.

A voice from the fore-castle called out to Dick, who was so intent on his story that the helm slipped from his hand, and the skiff flew up in the wind, "Mind, skipper, or you will run down Old Betty." I was astonished at the insinuation against my noble captain, that he was so likely to behave rude to a lady but my suspicions were soon removed, when I saw Old Betty was a buoy, floating on the waters, adorned with a furze bush. Old Betty danced merrily on the rippling wave with her furze bush by way of a feather, with shreds of dried sea-weed hanging to it, forming ribbons to complete the head dress of the lady buoy. The nearer we approached, the more rapid did Betty dance, and when we passed close alongside of her, she curtsied up and down as if to welcome our visit. Dick narrated why a buoy placed at the head of a mud bank, obtained the name of a lady fair, and I briefly noted it down.

Many years ago a single lady resided at Poole, of plain manners, unaffected simplicity, affable, yet retiring, and—

"Passing rich with forty pounds a year." The gentry courted her, but she still adhered to her secluded habits. Year after year rolled on, and though some may have admired her, she was never led to the altar, and consequently her condition was *unaltered*. Kind and friendly neighbours kept a vigilant eye upon her proceedings, but her character was unimpeachable; and they all agreed that she was a very suspicious person, because they could not slander her. She lived a blameless single lady.

Her attentions were directed to an orphan boy. He was her constant companion, and the object of her tender solicitude. As he grew up he excelled the youth of his own age in many exercises; could thrash all of his own size, when insulted, but never played the tyrant or the bully. He could make the longest innings at cricket, and as for swimming in all its various branches, none could compare to William. It was finally arranged by a merchant to send William a voyage to Newfoundland, and the news soon spread round the town that William (for he was a general favourite) was to see the world by taking to the sea.

The time arrived when the ship was to be warped out from the Quay, and to sail for her destination. The crew and the passengers were all on board, and William was, by his absence, rather trespassing on the indulgence of the captain; but who could be angry with the boy whom every body loved?

The town gossips, and many a fair maiden were on the Quay to see William embark. The tide had already turned, and the captain was about to give the word "to cast off, and let all go;" to send the vessel as it were adrift, loose and unfettered upon the waters, to struggle as a thing of life with the billows of the Atlantic, but animated and controlled by the energies of men. Just at this moment William appeared at the end of the Quay, walking slowly to the scene of embarkation, with his kind and benevolent benefactress leaning, and leaning heavily, for her heart was heavy, upon the arm of her dutiful and beloved William. As they approached, the crowd gave way with profound respect, not the cringing respect paid to superior wealth, but with that respect, which worth of character and innate virtue can and will command, though poverty may smite and desolate.

They walked unconscious of the notice they attracted. Their hearts were too full to heed the sympathies of others. The youth kept his eye fixed upon the loosening topsails of his ship; his benefactress grasped his arm almost convulsively, and looked, or rather stared, upon the ground. She dreaded the last hurried "farewell" the last look, the last word from her William, and she tottered as she approached the side of the ship. They stood locked hand in hand at the edge of the Quay; not a word was uttered by either; but they gazed at each other with a fondness which showed that their souls were in communion.

"Now, William jump on board—cast off there forward," exclaimed the captain; "swing her head round—heave away my boys—come, William, come my boy."

The youth awoke as from a startled sleep. He imprinted a kiss, the last kiss on the cheek of his benefactress, and dashing away with the sleeve of his jacket a tear, of which he felt ashamed, in a moment he was on the quarter-deck with his commander. He durst not look again upon the Quay; but had he looked, he would have seen many a weeping maiden who had never told her love, and he would have seen his affectionate benefactress borne away in a fainting fit. All this he saw not, for he braced his courage up before his future messmates, and he looked forward to his duties, considering the past as but a dream.

Months elapsed, and tidings were frequently received of William. He had distinguish-

ed himself by his activity and docility.—His townsmen heard with pleasure of his good conduct, and looked forward with satisfaction to welcome his return; when at length a pilot boat brought intelligence that the ship was lying at anchor at the mouth of the harbour, waiting the next tide with loss of foremast in a heavy gale the preceding night off the Bill of Portland. His benefactress, impatient of delay, immediately hired a boat, and proceeded to the ship before the tide had turned; but she no sooner reached the deck, than she was informed by the captain that William was aloft when the foremast went by the board on the preceding night, and that he fell into the raging waves without the possibility of relief being afforded him.

"God's will be done," murmured the unhappy woman as she clasped her hands, and taking her station at the gangway, she continued gazing on the water as it rippled by, in a state of unconsciousness to every passing object. In the meantime the vessel was under weigh, and was coming once more in sight of Brownsea, when a plunge was heard.—"she's overboard," exclaimed a sailor,—"cut away some spars—lower the boats—over with the hen coops—down with the helm and back the topsails"—roared out many voices; but she sunk to rise no more! Her corpse was found a few days after when the tide receded, lying on a bank, close to the buoy which has ever since been known by the name of Old Betty. But to complete the sad narrative, it appeared that William, as he excelled in swimming, succeeded in gaining the shore of Portland, and arrived in time at Poole to attend the remains of his benefactress to the grave in character of chief mourner.

On opening her papers it was discovered that in losing his benefactress, he had lost his mother! that she had been privately married to a widower of considerable fortune, who had one son by his first wife, and that on his demise the estate would devolve on William, provided his half brother had no children. A few days afterwards the death of Henry —, Esq. of — Hall, Worcestershire, was formally announced in the daily Journals, and the unexpected claims of William being acknowledged, he succeeded to a very fine property and estate, and died as much respected in a good old age as he was beloved in his buoyant childhood, when the gossips and the maidens of Poole agreed that the orphan boy promised to be a "nice young man."—"And not a word of a lie in it," said Dick Hart, as he finished his story, his pipe, and his grog.

We were now steering across Studland Bay. Banks of dark clouds were gathering majestically on the eastern horizon, and the sun was rapidly sinking in a flood of golden light. Behind us was the Isle of Brownsea, with its dark fir plantations and lofty, cold-looking, awkward castle. On the left was the line of low sand hills, stretching away towards Christ Church, and seeming to join the Needles' Rocks, situated at the western extremity of the Isle of Wight, the high chalk cliffs of which reflected the sun's last rays, giving a rich and placid feeling to the cold and distant grey. On the right, and closer to us, was the brown and purple heath land of Studland Bay. Here barren, there patches of verdure, and the thin smoke threading its way from a cluster of trees, denoted where the village hamlet lay embosomed from the storms of the south-west gales, close at the foot and under the shelter of a lofty chalk range, which abuts abruptly on the sea, and before which stands a high, detached pyramidal rock, rising out of the waters like a sheeted sceptre, and known to mariners under the suspicious name of *Old Harry*.

This coast was once notorious for smuggling, but those days of nautical chivalry have ceased, if Dick Hart is to be credited, who shook his head very mournfully as he alluded to "the *Block-head service*."

A DOUBLE FISH.—A pair of cat-fish were taken alive in a shrimp net, at the Cape Fear river, near Fort Johnston, N. C. in August, 1833, and presented to Professor Silliman. One of them is three and a half, the other two and a half inches long, including the tail,—the smallest, emaciated and of sickly appearance. They are connected in the manner of the Siamese twins, by the skin at the breast, which is remarked by a dark streak, at the line of union. The texture and colour, otherwise, of this skin is the same as that of the belly. The mouth, viscera, &c. were entire and perfect in each fish, but, on withdrawing the entrails, through an incision made on one side of the abdomen, the connecting integument was found to be hollow, and nothing resisted a flexible probe in passing through from one to the other. This operation was performed with great care, with the tender and soft end of a spear of grass drawn from a green plant; but there was no appearance of the entrails of one having come in contact with those of the other, for the integument was less than one-tenth of an inch in its whole thickness, and in length, from the body or trunk of one fish to the other, it was three-tenths, and in the water, when the largest fish was in its natural position, the small one could, by the

length and pliancy of his skin, swim in nearly the same position. It was not ascertained whether they were of different sexes, or of the same. When these fish came into existence it is probable they were of almost equal size and strength, but one "born to better fortune," or exercising more ingenuity and industry, than the other, gained a trifling ascendancy, which he improved to increase the disparity, and by pushing his extended mouth in advance of the other, seized the choicest and most of the food for himself.—Yet though he probably hated the incumbency of his companion, and wished the "marriage tie cut asunder," he afforded protection to his "weaker half," and could not eat it without *swallowing himself!*—*Letter in Silliman's Journal.*

INDIAN RUBBER CARPETS.—Having some Indian Rubber varnish left, which was prepared for another purpose, the thought occurred to me of trying it as a covering to a carpet, after the following manner. A piece of canvas was stretched and covered with a thin coat of glue, (corn meal size will probably answer best,) over this was laid a sheet or two of common brown paper, and another coat of glue added, over which was laid a pattern of house-papery, with rich figures. After the body of the carpet was thus prepared, a very thin touch of glue was carried over the face of the paper to prevent the Indian Rubber varnish from tarnishing the beautiful colours of the paper. After this was dried, one or two coats (as may be desired) of Indian Rubber varnish were applied, which, when dried, formed a surface as smooth as polished glass, through which the variegated colours of the paper appeared with undiminished, if not with increased lustre. This carpet is quite durable, and is impenetrable to water, or grease of any description. When soiled it may be washed like a smooth piece of marble or wood. If gold or silver leaf form the last coat, instead of papering, and the varnish is then applied, nothing can exceed the splendid richness of the carpet, which gives the floor the appearance of being burnished with gold, or silver. A neat carpet on this plan will cost, when made of good papering, about 37½ cents a yard. When covered with gold or silver leaf, the cost will be about 100 or 150 cents a yard.—*Ibid.*

A TRIED RECIPE FOR BURNS.—Keep on hand a saturated solution of alum (four ounces in a quart of hot water) dip a cotton cloth in this solution and lay it immediately on the burn. As soon as it shall have become hot or dry, replace it with another, and thus continue the compress as often as it dries, which it will, at first, do very rapidly. The pain immediately ceases, and in twenty-four hours under this treatment the wound will be healed, especially if the solution be applied before the blisters are formed. The astringent and drying quality of the alum completely prevents them. The deepest burns, those caused by boiling water, drops of melted metal, phosphorus, gunpowder, fulminating powder, &c., have all been cured by this specific.—*Journal des Connaiss. Usuelles.*

PELTING CUSTOM.—On the election of a bailiff, at Kidderminster, Scotland, the inhabitants assemble in the principal streets to throw cabbage stalks at each other. The town-house bell gives signal for the affray. This is called lawless-hour. This done, (for at least an hour,) the bailiff elect and the corporation, in their robes, proceed by drums and fifes (for they have no waits) to visit the old and new bailiff, constable, &c. &c. attended by the mob. In the meantime, the most respectable families in the neighbourhood are invited to meet and fling apples at them on their entrance.

A CLINCHER.—An American paper says this is the method of catching tigers in India:—A man carries a board, on which a human figure is painted; as soon as he arrives at the den, he knocks behind the board with a hammer; the noise rouses the tiger, when he flies in a direct line at the board, and grasps it, and the man behind clinches his claws in the wood, and so secures him!"

HALF-HONESTY.—A few nights since a friend gave a hackney-coachman two sovereigns instead of two shillings for his fare; when the coachman turned sharply and said, "Sir you have given me a sovereign." keeping back the other; for which supposed honesty he was rewarded.

METAPHORS.—The following novel and interesting intelligence is contained in the Clommel Advertiser:—"Wheat is looking up since our last." A Waterford paper improved upon the phrase, by announcing to bacon-merchants, "Dead pigs are looking up."

A curious enquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

One of two twin brothers died: a fellow meeting the survivor asked, "which is it you or your brother that's dead."

ON A VERY FAT MAN  
All flesh is grass, so do the Scriptures say,  
And grass, when mown, is shortly turn'd to hay.

When Time, to mow you down, his scythe doth take,  
Good Man! bow large a stack you then will make.