

POETRY.

THE SECRET LOVER.
FROM THE PERSIAN OF JAUMI.

Lives there the soulless youth whose eye
That ruby tinted lip could see,
Nor long for thee to live or die?
How unlike me

Or see that cheek's pomegranite glow;
Yet think of anything but thee,
Cold as that bosom heaving snow?
How unlike me

Or see thee o'er the golden wire
Bend with such lovely witchery,
Nor feel each note like living fire?
How unlike me

Or see thee in the evening dance,
Float, like the foam upon the sea,
Nor drink sweet poison from thy glance?
How unlike me

Or hear thy lynn, at moonlight rise,
Soft as the humming of the bee
Nor think he sits in Paradise?
How unlike me

Or see thee in thy simplest hour,
Sweet as the rose upon the tree,
Nor long to plant thee in his bower?
How unlike me

But lives there one who vainly tries
To look the freest of the free,
And hide the wound by which he dies?
Ah! how like me!

LINES TO

Life's earliest sweets are wasted,
And time impatient flies;
The flowers of youth are blasted,
Their lingering beauty dies.
Yet my bosom owns a pleasure,
That no icy breath can chill;—
'Tis thy friendship, dearest treasure,
For my hopes are with thee still.

Though mine eye, by sorrow shaded,
Drops the solitary tear,
O'er remembered joys, now faded,
To young love and rapture dear.
Even the retrospective feeling,
Leaves a momentary thrill;
All the wounds of sorrow healing,
For my hopes are with thee still.

Though I've bid adieu to pleasure,
With her giddy fleeting train;
And her song of joyous measure,
I may never raise again.
Yet the chilling gloom of sadness,
Waving o'er me brooding ill,
Emits one ray of gladness,
For my hopes are with thee still.

When the reckless world is sleeping,
And the star of eve shines gay;
While the night winds softly creeping
O'er the waters die away;
When the moonbeams softly playing,
Silver o'er the glistening rill;
'Tis to thee my thoughts are straying,
For my hopes are with thee still.

When the fragrant breath of morning,
Wanders o'er the silent dews;
And flowers the vale adorning,
Do their balmy sweets diffuse,
When the orb of day appearing,
From behind the distant hill,
Gilds the landscape bright and cheering,
E'en my hopes are with thee still.

ALINE.
A Legendary Tale.

"My parents," said the fair Aline to her unknown lover, with whom she was holding at midnight, a clandestine conference, at the little gate of the northern turret, "my parents will assuredly miss me, therefore my dear Florestan, ask me not to meet you at that hour, for positively I cannot."

"Rather say," replied the knight, "that you dare not."

"I confess it, and wherefore should I dare the displeasure of my father and mother? Why should I court that discovery of our affection, and accustomed interviews, which for the present you are so particularly anxious to avoid? And why above all, when I can and do see you so frequently in peace and safety here, should I tempt the danger, of that horrid wood, haunted as people say it is by a cruel forest fiend?"

"The knight laughed aloud; and his laugh, cold, bitter, and contemptuous, grated upon the soul, as well as the ears of Aline. "Ay," replied he, "said I not well, that you dare not meet me there? And is it not becoming lady; in you, to show me that the source of your secret repugnance lies, not in the fear of offending your parents, nor in the dread of their discovering an intercourse the publication of which is risked by every interview like this; but in the influence, undue, which a senseless superstition has obtained over your mind, to the detriment of reason, and your vaunted affection?"

"Good heavens! Florestan! how truly cruel is this suggestion! have I not ever done all that you can rationally require, to oblige, and prove my attachment to you? Why then should you torment me, by pretending to have doubts of that, the stability of which you cannot seriously question."

"But by Satan's self," returned the knight "I do begin to suspect."

"Oblige me, Florestan, by abjuring such coarse asseverations; to swear by one's God, when occasion warrants not an oath, is extremely sinful; but to swear, as you too frequently do, by the evil angels, is to me a thing inconceivably strange and horrible."

"By Beelzebub!" ejaculated the knight, "but you are too particular, Aline, touching modes of expression, which in truth mean nothing, and are in vogue, or not, according to the dictates of fashion; yet, will I endeavour to oblige you in this matter, provided you give me the promise I require."

"Well then Florestan, I suppose I must, since you seem so greatly to desire it, though I cannot conceive why your 'particular communication' might not have as well been made here, as in the wood."

The lovers shortly afterwards parted, and Aline, as she heard the gusty wind sigh mournfully down the narrow stairs, up which she cautiously crept to her apartment in the turret, felt at her heart a faintness and chill of indefinable sorrow and dread. She lived in an age of superstition, and the vivid recollection which now flashed athwart her mind of what had been predicted by an astrologer at her birth, tended by no means to restore that cheerfulness which was so singular, so delightful a thing to most female hearts, as an interview with a lover, had totally banished. "Alas," cried the doubting girl, "what have I foolishly done?" and seating herself near the lamp which burned in her chamber, she took from a small case of red velvet, a parchment scroll, and soliloquized thus, as she attentively perused it:—Am I not just twenty-one? And have I not ever been immured like a nun, in order to preserve, possibly my very existence, from the danger wherewith I am at about this time menaced, from strange hands? Have I ever been permitted to appear in the society of strangers alone? Or ever to quit the castle unattended? Alas! no! but how could I help myself in this assignation? Did he not doubt my love, which was unendurable? and laugh at my superstitious fears which was insulting? And then what injury should accrue to me, from a sun-set walk with Sir Florestan in the forest? 'Tis true I know nothing respecting him, but his lineage, education, and his whole history am I not now in a few brief hours to hear? And gentle as he is, though ardent, would he not sooner protect me from injury than inflict it? Also morally speaking, shall I in thus humoring the whim of my Florestan commit an impropriety,—it may be, but,—a sin? Oh, no, no," and having thus compromised the matter between prudence and propriety, inclination and immorality, the maiden restored to its case the prophetic scroll, extinguished her lamp, and soon fell into a calm and refreshing slumber.

Next evening, true to her appointment, she entered towards sunset, with no slight degree of trepidation, the green forest walk which had been named by Sir Florestan as the place of tryst; although dark, sullen masses of heavy clouds seemed about to descend and rest their ponderous bodies, weary with ceaseless wanderings, upon the bosom of earth, whilst the close, sultry atmosphere and the supernatural stillness of all nature, portended a terrible tempest. The knight, who had arrived at the rendezvous before Aline, advanced to meet her; and soon, very soon the delighted pair engaged in conversation, suited no doubt to the occasion, and state of their feelings, were immersed in the thickest shades, and gloomiest recesses of the great wild wood. However in the midst of that "particular communication," which Sir Florestan had drawn his Aline thither to receive, they encountered a venerable hermit, who gazed by turns at each, with a pitying and wrathful expression of countenance.

"Lady," cried he, "unhappy one! knowest thou upon whose arm thou art now leaning for support? Whose envenomed breath thou art now inhaling? And whose insidious words, more poisonous still, thou dost, as they proceed from his accursed lips, hearken unto, with such strange and blushing delight?"

Aline, terrified by this address, endeavoured to withdraw her arm from that of Florestan, who whispering, "my dear Aline, the old dotard is mad; heed not his idle words," held it more firmly to his side.

"Avaunt demon!" cried the recluse, his mild eyes darting a thousand daggers, "I am neither mad nor doting; and oh, thou fair young creature, for whom my heart bleeds at its very core, unless thou consentest to place thyself immediately under my protection, dearly shalt thou rue the hour in which with his enchantments and hypocrisy, thou didst permit the forest fiend to beguile thine eyes, years and understanding."

"Old man," cried the knight, with inflamed visage, "driveller, liar, thou art thyself as thou well knowest the wood demon, who under such saintly disguise, Satan transformed into an angel of light, dost seek to lure my own Aline to her ruin! But loved and loving one trust not the hoary hypocrite or rather say—"

"In the name of God!" cried the anchorite in great agony, "I intreat thee, ere it be too late to leave him, and suffer my weak arm, to support you to your home."

"Aline, Aline," cried Sir Florestan, in

heart-rending accents, "O, forsake not me, thy betrothed husband, and thy long-trying friend."

The alarmed girl stood irresolute which of these strangely confronted beings to credit, and unto which to fly for succour and security: there was a fearful pause, relieved but by the low and distant thunder, and at length, she softly besought Sir Florestan to continue her protector, and bear her from the forest, and its insidious fiend.

Then did the aged hermit utter a piteous exclamation, and fixing his sorrowful eyes stedfastly upon Aline, exclaimed, "poor deluded one! wretched girl! now is it indeed beyond my power to save thee, since thou hast in the very face of warning, deliberately resigned thyself into the hands of that accursed being! Receive then the recompense of thy blind obstinacy and disobedient folly, and may the Lord have compassion on your soul!" Then turning to the false knight, who now clutched the fainting terrified Aline, with a grasp which fearfully assured her in whose power she was, "Demon," cried he, "Devil incarnate, quit, in the holy name of God, that false delusive figure, and appear in the shape of natural deformity peculiarly thy own, and emblematic of thy yet more monstrous mind, and so let this hapless maiden see and believe into whose hands she has blindly resigned herself."

Scarcely had the holy man pronounced these words, than the pretended knight stood forth a most hideous demon; a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous thunder clap, and the impregnation of the air, with a strong sulphureous odour succeeded, and scarcely had the unfortunate Aline expressed by one long heart-rending shriek, her sense of the horrible metamorphose which had come over the unknown, when the diabolical forest fiend, raising her in his arms, ascended with her, higher than the highest trees, and casting her down with vengeful force, howled forth a devilish jubilate over her remains, shattered, bleeding, and yet quivering with the convulsive throes of that fearful death-shock; the burden of this terrible song seemed to the horrified solitary who stood aghast at this dreadful catastrophe, to be an exultation over the miserable maiden, who preferred the advice, society, and protection of the gay, dissipated, and unknown of the other sex, to the counsels, company, and steady respectable guardianship of the elderly and holy!

THE OLD DUTCHMAN.

An old and venerable Dutchman having for many years honourably discharged all the offices of one of the principal towns of the republic, and having amassed great wealth in an irreproachable manner, took finally the resolution of ending his days in tranquillity at his country house; but ere going into retirement, wishing to take leave of his relations and friends, he invited them all to an entertainment, at his house. His guests who expected a sumptuous repast, were somewhat astonished upon entering the dining room to behold a long oaken table, covered with a coarse blue cloth. When seated, they were helped in wooden platters to curdled milk, salt herrings, cheese, butter, and rye bread; beside them stood wooden vessels filled with small beer, from which each visitor was expected to help himself. This singular whim on the part of the old man, caused many a secret murmur amongst his company; but in consideration of his years and wealth, far from daring to express their discontent, they pretended to take in good part this frugal cheer, and some even went so far as to compliment him upon this revival of the style of olden hospitality, of which in this fantasia they recognized the representation.

The old man who was not duped by this feigned satisfaction, did not desire to carry the jest too far; and upon a concerted signal, several stout maid servants, habited like country women, brought in the second course. A white cloth now took place of the blue one; pewter platters succeeded those of wood; and instead of rye bread, herrings, and cheese, the company were served with good brown bread, strong beer, salted beef, and boiled fish. Hereupon the secret murmurs ceased, the invitations of the old man became more pressing, and his visitors ate with better appetites.

Scarcely had time been allowed them to taste the second course, when a butler entered, followed by half a dozen men servants in splendid liveries, who brought in the third. A superb mahogany table took the place of that of oak and was covered with a beautiful diapered table-cloth; a sideboard was set out with the richest vessels (of plate and glass and most curious china; and the guests were cheered with the sight of rare and exquisite viands which were served in profusion. A choice collection of most delicate wines, delighted the palate, whilst a melodious concert was heard from a neighbouring chamber. The company drank toasts all round, and made themselves merry; but the good old man perceiving nevertheless that his presence was a restraint upon them, rose, and spoke thus:—

"Gentlemen and ladies—I return thanks for the favour you have accorded me; but it is

time that I retire, and leave you at liberty; yet before the ball commences which I design for those who are fond of dancing, permit me to explain the end which I proposed to myself when I invited you to an entertainment so singular as this must have appeared. I wished to give you an idea of our republic. Our ancestors reared the new born state, and acquired liberty, wealth, and power, by living in the frugal manner represented by the first course. Our fathers preserved these precious heritages by living in the simple manner of which the second course, was intended to present the picture; and now, if it be permitted to an old man, who regards you tenderly, and is on the point of saying farewell, to state freely what he thinks, I fear that the extravagant profusion which you have noticed in the last course, and which is our present style of living, will deprive us of the advantages which our ancestors by their toils acquired, and which our (immediate) forefathers have transmitted to us, by their industry and good administration."

RUSTIC IGNORANCE.—An old woman, who had never in the course of her life taken the Sacrament, having become extremely anxious to receive it, the pastor of the parish to which she belonged thought it his duty to examine her a little, and unfortunately found her one of the most deplorably ignorant, and stupid beings in existence, with few ideas, beyond a sort of vague general notion of a God, and a future state of retribution. Perceiving that she knew nothing of her prayers and creed, he asked her whether she had ever heard that there were any commandments? and if she had how many? She replied yes, and that there were five. "Five!" exclaimed the minister, "you mistake; however tell me if you can, which be they."—"Why Sir," answered the ancient catechumen, with a curtsy and look of manifest pleasure that at length an opportunity had occurred of displaying her knowledge; "they be Christmas Day, Lady Day, Lammas Day, Michaelmas Day, and let me see, another but I'm sure I forget what."—"Good heavens! my poor woman!" exclaimed the horrified clergyman, "I could not have conceived that any body lived so weak as yourself!"—"Wake!" quoth the old dame in a huff, "wake did you call me sir? Ay ay, indeed, I may well be wake, and so would you be I fancy, an you'd be troubled with the ager fits as long as I have!"

An old woman extremely anxious to be confirmed, was asked by the clergyman of her parish whether it was with a view to receive the Sacrament, and whether she understood the meaning and purport of confirmation? to which she answered, "Ay, why no sir; I can't say that I well do. But I've wanted mortal bad to be confirmed, because I've a notion 'tis a some'at as 'll do my rheumatiz good."

THE IRISH BAR.—Mr Dundas a keen sarcastic man, who loved his bottle nearly as well as Sir Hercules Langerish, invited the baronet to a grand dinner in London, where the wine circulated freely, and wit kept pace with it. Mr Dundas wishing to procure a laugh at Sir Hercules, said, "Why Sir Hercules, is it true that we Scotch formerly transported all our criminals and felons to Ireland?" I dare say," replied Sir Hercules; "but did you ever hear, Mr Dundas of any of your countrymen returning to Scotland from transportation?"

ENIGMATICAL REPLIES.—A pleasant young fellow, about half-seas-over, passing through the Strand at a late hour, was accosted by a watchman, who began with all the insolence of office to file a string of interrogatories, in the hope of being handsomely rewarded for his trouble.

"What is your name, Sir?"—"Five Shillings."

"Where do you live?"—"Out of the King's dominions."

"Where have you been?"—"Where you would have been with all your heart."

"Where are you going?"—"Where you dare not go for your ears."

The officious guardian of the night thought these answers sufficient to warrant him to take the young man to the watch-house. The next morning, on being brought before the magistrate he told his worship, "that as to the first question, his name was Thomas Crown; with regard to the second, he lived in Little Britain; with respect to the third he had been drinking a glass of wine with a friend; and that as to the last," said he, "I was going home to my wife." The magistrate reprimanded the watchman in severe terms, and wished Mr Crown a good morning.

WARNING TO COWARDS.—There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Caesar of the hurts he had received in his face. Caesar knowing him to be but a coward, told him, "you had best heed next time you run away how you look back."—Lord Bacon.

CAUGHT AT LAST.—Sir Jervis Elwayes, lieutenant of the Tower, being much addicted to gaming, used to say in his prayers, "Lord, let me hanged if ever I play more." He broke this serious prayer a thousand times, and at last was hanged on Tower Hill in 1615; for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.