

POETRY.

VEGETATIVE VERSES.

BY A FELLOW OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Sabine, father of the fetes,  
Chief of Chiswick, rural seer,  
Deep in daisies and in dates,  
Prince of herbs and breakfasts hear!  
Hark the note of sad distress—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Ruin seizes every root;  
Buried berries daily rot,  
You and I may go and shoot—  
For the dropping shrubs will not.  
We are in a pretty mess—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Once we sat with *otium cum*  
*Dignitate* in our view;  
Now we are not worth a plum—  
Turnham-Green is turning blue.  
Science is a game at chess—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Horticulture hath its bumps;  
Currants are a current joke;  
Spades are now no longer trumps;  
Crocuses have made us croak;  
Mustard's gone, and so is cress—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Stocks are selling off too cheap;  
We and heartsease soon must part;  
O'er a lettuce let us weep;  
Artichokes have choked the heart.  
Chiswick's quite a wilderness—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

See misfortune's chilling airs  
Sweep our bark from off the beach;  
Sorrow's ever come in pears;  
Peaches will our plans impeach;  
Cats-heads kitten less and less—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Gravel walks with marble slabs,  
Tombstones, we shall shortly show;  
Since, though in an age of cabs,  
Cabbages are not the go.  
Botany has ceased to bless—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Oaks have proved a hoax at last;  
Young men see the elder die;  
Leaves, not sloe-leaves, perish fast;  
We for cypress press a sigh;  
Posies pose us to excess—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Meddlars, though on trees we've none,  
Now about our funds inquire;  
Sun-flow'rs die without a son;  
Hyacinths will grow no higher.  
These are facts we can't suppress—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Unless 'tis to see afar  
How the other gardens do;  
How the winds at Windsor are,  
How they mind their pens at Kew.  
How we managed few can guess—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Oh! the rainy, rural rout,  
When, half-starved amidst the shower  
Dandy lions walked about  
Seeking what they might devour.  
Painted ladies, blue bells press  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Thyme is fled, and o'er the scene  
Cots and chimneys will be found;  
Beans are things that once have been;  
Groundsoll gone, we'll sell the ground.  
What is Robins's address?—  
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

All is alter'd—not a bough  
(Save the gardner's) marks the spot;  
O'er the cow-slips slips a cow—  
Winds may blow there, flowers will not.  
Fashion, Honor, and Success,  
Once were meant by F. H. S. ?

But another tale they tell  
Since we fell so deep in debt—  
All our celery to sell,  
All our lettuces to let.  
Folly, Habbub, Sorrow—yes,  
These are meant by F. H. S. !

THE BOGLE OF ANNESLIE;

OR, THE THREE-CORNERED HAT.

A TALE.

"An' ye winna believe i' the Bogle?"  
said a pretty young lassie to her sweetheart,  
as they sat in the door of her father's cot-  
tage one fine Autumn evening:—"Do you  
hear that, mither, Andrew'll no believe i'  
the Bogle?"

"Gude be wi' us, Effie!" exclaimed An-  
drew, a slender and delicate youth of about  
two-and-twenty,—"a bonny time I wad hae

o't gin I were to heed every auld wife's clat-  
ter."

The words "auld wife" had a manifest  
effect on Effie, and she bit her lips in silence.  
Her mother immediately opened a battery  
upon the young man's prejudices, narrating  
how that on Anneslie Heath, at ten o'clock  
at night, a certain apparition was wont to  
appear, in the form of a maiden above the  
usual size, with a wide three-cornered hat.  
Sundry other particulars were mentioned,  
but Andrew was still incredulous. "He'll  
rue that dearly will he rue!" said Effie as  
he departed.

Many days, however passed away, and  
Effie was evidently disappointed to find that  
the scepticism of her lover gathered strength.  
Nay, he had the audacity to insult, by gibes  
and jests, the true believers, and to call  
upon them for the reasons of their faith.—  
Effie was in a terrible passion.

At last, however, her prophecy was fulfill-  
ed. Andrew was passing over the moor,  
while the clock struck ten; for it was his  
usual practice to walk at that hour, in order  
to mock the fears of his future bride. He  
was just winding round the thicket which  
opened to him a view of the cottage where  
Effie dwelt, when he heard a light step be-  
hind him, and in an instant his feet were  
tripped up, and he was laid prostrate on the  
turf. Upon looking up, he beheld a tall  
muscular man standing over him, who in no  
courteous manner desired to see the con-  
tents of his pocket. "De'il be on ye!" ex-  
claimed the young forester, "I hae but ae  
coin i' the world." "That coin maun I to  
hae," said the assailant. "Faith! I se show  
ye play for't then," said Andrew, and sprung  
upon his feet.

Andrew was esteemed the best endgel-  
player for twenty miles round, so that in  
brief space he cooled the ardour of his an-  
tagonist, and dealt such visitations upon  
his skull as might have made a much firmer  
head ache for a fortnight. The man step-  
ped back, and pausing in his assault, raised  
his hand to his forehead, and buried it  
among his dark locks. It returned covered  
with blood. "Thou hast cracked my crown!"  
he said, "but yet ye sha' na gang scath-  
less;" and flinging down his cudgel, he flew  
on his young foe, and grasping his body be-  
fore he was aware of the attack, whirled  
him to the earth with an appalling impetus.  
"The Lord hae mercy on me," said An-  
drew. "I'm a dead man."

He was not far from it, for his rude foe  
was preparing to put the finishing stroke to  
his victory: Suddenly something stirred in  
the bushes, and the conqueror turning away  
from his victim cried out, "the bogle! the  
bogle!" and fled precipitately. Andrew  
ventured to look up. He saw the figure  
which had been described to him approach-  
ing; it came nearer and nearer; its face was  
very pale, and its step was not heard on the  
grass. At last it stood by his side, and look-  
ed down upon him. Andrew buried his  
face in his cloak: presently the apparition  
spoke—indistinctly indeed, for its teeth  
seemed to chatter with cold.—

"This is a cauld an' an' eerie night to be  
sae late on Anneslie Muir!" and immedi-  
ately it glided away. Andrew lay a few mi-  
nutes in a trance; and then arising from his  
cold bed, ran hastily towards the cottage of  
his mistress. His hair stood on end, and  
the vapours of the night sunk chill upon  
his brow as he lifted up the latch, and  
flung himself upon an oaken seat.

"Preserve us!" cried the old woman.—  
"Way ye are mair than enough to frighten  
a body out o' her wits! To come in wi' sic  
a flaunt and a fling, barsconced, and the red  
bluid spatter'd a' o'er your new leather jer-  
kin! shame on you Andrew! in what mis-  
hanter hast thou broken that fule's head o'  
thine?"

"Peace, mither!" said the young man,  
taking breath, "I hae seen the bogle!"  
The old lady had a long line of reproaches,  
drawn up in order of march, between her  
lips; but the mention of the bogle was the  
signal for disbanding them. A thousand  
questions poured in, in rapid succession.—  
"How old was she? How was she dress-  
ed? Who was she like? What did she  
say?"

"She was a tall thin woman, about seven  
feet high!"

"Oh Andrew!" cried Effie.

"As ugly as sin!"

"Other people tell a different story," said  
Effie.

"True, on my bible oath! and then her  
beard!"

"A beard! Andrew," shrieked Effie, "a  
woman with a beard! For shame Andrew!"

"Nay, I'll swear it upon my soul's salva-  
tion! She had seen sixty winters and mair  
afor e'er she died to trouble us!"

"I'll wager my best new gown," said the  
maiden, "that sixteen would be nearer the  
mark."

"But wha was she like Andrew?" said  
the old woman. "Was she like auld Janet  
that was drowned in the burn forenaint? or  
that auld witch that your maister hang'd for  
stealing his pet lamb? or was she like—"

"Are you sure she was na like ME, An-  
drew?" said Effie, looking archly in his  
face.

"You—Pshaw! Faith, guid mither, she

was like to naeboddy that I ken, unless it be  
auld Elspeth, the cobbler's wife, that was  
blamed for a' the mischief or misfortunes  
o' the kintra roun', and was drowned at  
last for having sense above the lave."

"And how was she dressed Andrew?"  
"In that horrible three cornered hat,  
which may I be blinded if ever I seek to  
look upon again! an' in a long blue  
apron."

"Green, Andrew!" cried Effie, twirling  
her own green apron round her thumb.

"How you like to tease an'!" said the  
lover. Poor Andrew did not at all enter in-  
to his mistress's pleasantry, for he laboured  
under a great depression of spirits, and ne-  
ver lifted his eyes from the ground.

"But ye hae na tauld us what she said,  
lad!" said the old woman, assuming an air  
of deeper mystery as each question was put  
and answered in its turn.

"Lord! what signifies it whether she  
said this or that! hand your tongue, and  
get me some comfort; for to speak truth I  
am very cauld."

"Weel mayst thou be sae," said Effie,  
"for indeed" she continued in a feigned  
voice, "it was a cauld an' eerie night to  
be so late on Anneslie Muir."

Andrew started, and a doubt seemed to  
pass over his mind. He looked up at the  
damsel, and perceived for the first time,  
that her large blue eyes were laughing at  
him from under the shade of a huge three-  
cornered hat. The next moment he hung  
over her in an ecstasy of gratitude and  
smothered with his kisses the ridicule  
which she forced upon him as the penalty of  
his preservation.

"Seven feet high, Andrew!"

"My dear Effie!"

"As ugly as sin!"

"My darling lassie!"

"And a beard!"

"Na! na! now you carry the jest o'er  
far!"

"And Sixty winters!"

"Sixteen springs! Effie! dear delightful  
springs!"

"And Elspeth the cobbler's wife? oh An-  
drew, Andrew, I never can forgive you for the  
cobbler's wife!—and what say you now, An-  
drew! is there nae bogle on the muir?"

"My dear Effie! for your sake I'll be-  
lieve in a' the bogles in Christendie!"

"That is," said Effie, at the conclusion  
of a long and vehement fit of risibility,  
"that is in a' that wear three cornered  
Hats."

BELIEF IN SPIRITS.

With regard to spirits it has surely a  
right, even upon the severest grounds of  
reason to rest upon the same privileges of  
possibility, and of a modest and wise igno-  
rance to the contrary, as any other parts of  
a loving and even a knowing faith; for the  
more we know of existence, the more we  
discover of the endless and thronging  
forms of it,—of the crowds in earth, air  
and water; and are we, with our confessed-  
ly limited faculties, and our daily discove-  
ries of things wonderful, to assume that  
there are no modes of being, but such as are  
cognisable to our five senses? Had we pos-  
sessed but two or three senses, we know very  
well there are thousands of things round  
about us of which we could have formed no  
conception; and does not common modesty  
as well as the possibilities of infinitude, de-  
mand of us that we should suppose that  
there are senses besides our own, and, that  
with the help of but one more, we might be-  
come aware of phenomena at present unma-  
nifested to human eyes? Locke has given  
celebrity to a story of a blind man, who on  
being asked what he thought of the colour  
of red said he conceived that it must be like  
the sound of a trumpet. A counterpart of  
this story has been found, (we know not  
with what truth,) in that of a deaf man, who  
is to have likened the sound of a trumpet to  
the colour of red. Dr Blacklock, who was  
blind from his infancy and who wrote very  
good heart and *impart* verses, in which he  
talked of light and colours with all the con-  
fidence of a repetition-exercise (a striking  
lesson to us verse-makers!) being requested  
one day the state what he thought of some-  
thing visible,—of the sun for instance,—said  
with modest hesitation, that he conceived it  
must resemble "a pleasing friendship!"  
we quote from memory; but this was his  
simile. We may thus judge what we miss  
by the small amount of our own complete  
senses. We have been sometimes tempted  
to think, seeing what a beautiful world this  
is, and how little we make of it, that human  
beings are not the chief inhabitants of the  
planet, but that there are others of a nob-  
ler sort, who see and enjoy all its loveli-  
ness and who regard us with the same curi-  
osity with which we look upon bees or beav-  
ers. But a consideration of the divine qua-  
lities of love and imagination and hope (as  
well as some other reflections more serious)  
restores us to confidence in ourselves, and  
we resume our task of endeavouring to equal-  
ize enjoyment with the abundance afforded  
us. When we look upon the stars at night-  
time, shining and sparkling like so many  
happy eyes, conscious of their joy, we can-  
not help fancying that they are so many hea-  
vens which have realized, or are in the pro-

gress of realizing the perfections of which  
they are capable; and that our own planet  
(a star in the heavens to them) is one of the  
same golden brotherhood of hope and possi-  
bility, destined to be retained as a heaven-  
ly if its inhabitants answer to the incitements  
of the great Experimenter or to be done  
away with for a new experiment if they fail.  
For endeavour and failure, in the particular,  
are manifestly a part of the universal sys-  
tem; and considering the large scale on  
which Providence acts, and the mixture of  
evil through which good advances, deluges  
are to be accounted for on principles of the  
most natural reason, moral as well as physi-  
cal, and an awful belief thus becomes re-  
conciliable to the commonest deductions of  
utility.

ANECDOTE OF A RAVEN.—In the days of  
Tiberias Cæsar, a young raven that had  
been hatched in a nest upon the temple of  
Castor and Pollux took his first flight into  
a shoemaker's shop just opposite. The mas-  
ter of the booth was well pleased to receive  
the guest, especially as it had come from so  
sacred a place and took great care of it. In  
a short time the visitor began to speak, and  
every morning flew to the top of the rostra,  
where turning to the open forum, he saluted  
the emperor, and after him Germanicus and  
Drusus, the young Princes each by his name  
and after them the people that passed by.—  
This he continued to do for many years, till  
another shoemaker, either envying his neigh-  
bour the possession of so rare a prize, or en-  
raged at the bird for muting on his shoes,  
killed him. At this rash proceeding the  
people were so indignant, that they drove  
the ungenerous mechanic out of the street,  
and afterwards murdered him. The body  
of the raven was solemnly interred in a field  
two miles from the city, to which it was  
carried by two blacks, with musicians play-  
ing before, and a great crowd following. In  
such esteem says Pliny did the people of  
Rome hold this wit and aptness to learn in  
a bird, that they thought it a sufficient cause  
for ordering a sumptuous funeral, and even  
for putting a man to death, in that very ci-  
ty where many brave and noble persons  
have died without having their obsequies so-  
lemnized, and which afforded not one indi-  
vidual to revenge the undeserved death of  
the renowned Scipio Emilianus, after he  
had conquered both Carthage and Numantia.

NATURAL LOVELINESS.—"Is nature ordi-  
narily so unattractive?" asked the Greek.—  
"To the dissipated—yes." "An austere  
reply, but scarcely a wise one. Pleasure de-  
lights in contrasts; it is from dissipation  
that we learn to enjoy solitude, and from so-  
litude dissipation." So think the young  
philosophers of the garden," replied the  
Egyptian; "they mistake lassitude for me-  
ditation, and imagine that because they are  
sated with others, they know the delight of  
loveliness. But not in such jaded bosoms  
can nature awaken that enthusiasm which  
alone can draw from her chaste reserve all  
her unspeakable beauty; she demands from  
you not the exhaustion of passion but all  
that fervour from which you seek in adoring  
her a release. When young Athenian, the  
moon revealed herself in visions of light to  
Endymion, it was after a day passed, not  
amongst the feverish haunts of men, but on  
the still mountains and in the solitary valleys  
of the hunter."

A reverend and worthy divine, preparing  
his juvenile parishoners for confirmation,  
asked a boy in language above his under-  
standing, if he knew who his Ghostly en-  
emy was? "Ees, (answered Numphs) Tam  
Saunders, for he's always leathering o'  
me."

A report was once circulated in London,  
during the absence of Garrick, that he was  
dead. The next day however, the report  
was contradicted, accompanied by the fol-  
lowing lines.

"Garrick is dead—so prattles Fame,  
The bard replies it cannot be;  
Nature and Garrick are the same,  
Both form'd for Immortality."

Mr Curran was once asked what an Irish  
gentleman just arrived in England could  
mean by perpetually putting out his tongue.  
"I suppose," replied the wit, "he is trying  
to catch the English accent."

The Greeks had an idea that Bacchus  
was the father, and Venus the mother of the  
Gout.

A Merchant being asked what he thought  
of the numerous Companies forming at pre-  
sent, replied that they resembled cold baths  
which if any one wishes to derive any ben-  
efit from them, they must be quick in and  
very quick out.

An English lady of high fashion, at Bou-  
logne lately separated from her husband,  
has changed her religion, being resolved as  
she says, to avoid his company in this world  
and the next!

A noble Duke, we have great pleasure in  
stating, has tied himself against card play-  
ing. "For 15 years," said his Grace, "I  
have seen the sun rise whenever it has been  
visible."