

POETRY

FIRST LOVE.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way,
But never never can forget
The love o' life's young day!
The fire that's blown on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cule.

O dear, dear Jennie Morrison,
The thoughts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows o'er my path,
And blind my een wi' tears;
They blind my een wi' saut saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' lang-syne.

'Twas then we luvit ikither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scul;
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bunk,
To leir ikither leir;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were
shed,
Remember'd evermair.

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule time and o' thee
O' mornin' life! oh mornin' luvie!
Oh lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings far and near,
Ye never were forgot,
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jennie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still drea'd
O' bygone days and me.

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

What, tho' above thee shineth bright
An ever-smiling sky,
And on the "swift-wing'd steeds" of
time
Thy moments gladly fly.

Tho' Heav'n's own loveliest works are
shed
In rich profusion round,
And blooming sweets of every hue
Adorn that "Fairy" ground.

Tho' Nature all before thee stand
In all her pride confest,
Can "Fairy's" bow'rs or India's groves
Delight alone thy breast?

Is there no thought that's homeward
bound
For kindred—friend—or yet
For her who loves thee, though afar,
And never can forget?

No! be those charms whate'er they
may,
Or spell that hath thee bound,
A heart than thy own "English maid's"
Will ne'er more true be found.

'Tis true that wounded feeling—deep—
Hath parted her from thee!
But never till in death she sleep
Wilt thou forgotten be!

THE HEADSMAN'S TALE.

The tale of Balthazar was simple but
eloquent. His union with Marguerite,
in spite of the world's obloquy and in-
justice, had been blessed by the wise and
merciful Being who knew how to temper
the wind to the shorn lamb. We knew
we were all to each other, he continued,
after briefly alluding to the early history
of their births and love; "and we felt
the necessity of living for ourselves. Ye
that are born to honours, who meet with
smiles and respectful looks in all ye meet
an' know little of the feelings which
bind together the unhappy. When God
bave us our first-born, as he lay a mil-

ing babe in her lap, looking up into her
eye with the innocence that most likens
man to angels, Marguerite shed bitter
tears at the thought of such a creature's
being condemned by the laws to shed the
blood of men. The reflection that he
was to live for ever an outcast from his
kind was bitter to a mother's heart. We
had made many offers to the canton to
be released ourselves from this charge;
we had prayed the Herr Melchior,
you should know how earnestly we have
prayed the council, to be suffered to live
like others, and without this accursed
doom—but they would not. They said
the usage was ancient, that change was
dangerous, and that what God willed
must come to pass. We could not bear
that the burthen we found so hard to en-
dure ourselves should go down for ever
as a curse upon our descendants, "Herr
Doge," he continued, raising his meek
face in the pride of honesty, "it is well
for those who are the possessors of hon-
ours to be proud of their privileges,
but when the inheritance is one of wrongs
and scorn, when the evil eyes of our fel-
lows are upon us, the heart sickens.—
Such was our feeling when we looked on
our first born. The wish to save him
from our own disgrace was uppermost,
and we bethought us of the means."
"Ay," sternly interrupted Marguerite,
"I parted with my child, and silenced a
mother's longings, proud nobles, that he
might not become the tool of your ruth-
less policy; I gave up a mother's joy in
nourishing and in cherishing her young
that the little innocent might live among
his fellows, as God had created
him, their equal and not their victim!"
Balthazar paused, as was usual with him
whenever his energetic wife manifested
any of her strong and masculine qualities
and then when deep silence had followed
her remark, he proceeded. "We want-
ed not for wealth; all we asked was to
be like others in the world's respect.—
Without money it was very easy to find
those in another canton, who were willing
to take the little Sigismund into their
keeping. After which, a feigned death,
and a private burial did the rest. The
deceit was easily practised, for as few
care for the griefs as for the happiness of
the headsman's family! The child had
drawn near the end of its first year, when
I was called upon to execute my office
on a stranger. The criminal had taken
a life in a drunken brawl in one of the
towns of the canton, and he was said to
be a man who had quarrelled with the
precious gifts of birth, it being suspected
that he was noble. I went with a heavy
heart, for never did I strike a blow with-
out praying God it might be the last,
but it was heavier when I reached the
place where the culprit awaited his fate.
The tidings of my poor son's death,
reached me as I put foot on the thresh-
hold of the desolate prison, and I turn-
ed aside to weep for my own woes, be-
fore I entered to see my victim. The
condemned man had great unwillingness
to die; he had sent for me many hours
before the fatal moment, to make acquain-
tance, as he said, with the hand which
was to despatch him to the presence of
his last and eternal Judge." Balthazar
paused; he appeared to meditate on a
scene that had probably left indelible im-
pressions on his mind. Shuddering in-
voluntarily, he raised his eyes from the
pavement of the chapel, and continued
the recital always in the same subdued
and tranquil manner. "I have been the
unwilling instrument of many a violent
death,—I have seen the most reckless
sinners in the agonies of sudden and
compelled repentance, but never have I
witnessed so wild and fearful a struggle
between earth and heaven—the world
and the grave—passion and the rebuke
of Providence—as attended the last
hours of that unhappy man! There
were moments when the mild spirit of
Christ won upon his evil mood his true
but the picture was in general, that of
revenge so fierce, that the powers of hell
alone could give it birth in a human
heart. He had with him an infant just
fitted to be taken from its mother's
breast. This child appeared to awaken
the fiercest conflicting feelings; he both
yearned over it, and detested its sight,
tho' hatred seemed most to prevail."
"This was horrible!" muttered the Doge.
"It was the more horrible, Herr Doge,
that it should come from one who was
justly condemned to the axe. He reject-
ed the priests; he would have nought of
any but me. My soul loathed the wretch

—yet so few ever showed an interest in
order me to the Indies, to China, for Ja-
pan, and you shall be obeyed. The sa-
crifice is greater than all that, said the
lady. For compassion's sake, then, cried
he in despair, tell me what it is? It is
no less than this, said she, that you
shave off your monstrous whiskers, that
I may have the pleasure of beholding
your face!—thy whiskers! cried he in
astonishment! my whiskers! O heavens!
No, madam, be it known to you, I will
not part with my whiskers, to obtain the
heart and hand of any daughter of Adam
now existing on the face of the earth.
A Yorkshireman taking the advice
his counsel on a lawsuit which his for-
tune depended, his advocate told him he
would be cast, and showed him "East
repors," "Never mind," said the suitor,
"the judges may not remember it;" and
while he was discussing the matter, the
counsel was called out on some business,
when seizing the opportunity, the coun-
tryman cut the disagreeable pages clean
out of the book, and stuffed them into
his fob. His cause came on, and he got
the verdict; on which the lawyer con-
gratulated him, "O sir," he replied, "I
could not lose, for I have taken special
care to keep the law against me in my
pocket."
The author of "The clubs of London"
relates the following anecdote of Mr. Ri-
chard Wilson a member of the Beef-steak
club:—
"Dick one day called at the Secreta-
ry's office in the India House, upon Cobb
who happened for a few minutes to be
absent; but on returning, who should he
see but Dick, earnestly exploring a map
of Asia that was suspended on the wall,
measuring the scale of it with a pair of
compasses that he found on the table,
and then applying them to a large tiger
which the artist had introduced to em-
bellish it, as one of the animals of that
country. "By Heavens Cobb," exclaim-
ed Dick, "I should never have believed
it! Surely it must be a mistake. Ob-
serve now—here," pointing to the tiger,
"here is a tiger that measures two and
twenty leagues. It is scarcely credi-
ble!"
SWALLOWING A CHICKEN.—To such
straits were we reduced for eatables of
some kinds, that I heard of a cavalry
officer of high rank, who having been
most unwelcomely warned by his mes-
senger that the egg which he was about to
discuss had a chicken in it, instead of
checking his hungry jaws in the infan-
ticial act, immediately swallowed the
savoury mouthful, with the exclamation,
"I wish it was a goose!"
CONNUBIAL RECKONING.
I took you, deceiver, "for better for
worse."
Submitting to wedlock's hard fetter;
While your worse part has daily grow
worse than perverse,
I have not discovered your better.
THE WIFE.
Does fortune smile, how grateful must
it prove,
To tread life's pleasing round with
we love?
Or does she frown? The fair with soft
ening art,
Will sooth our woes or bear a will
part."
THE LAWYERS.
Two lawyers, when a knotty case was
o'er,
Shook hands, and were as fast friends as
before.
"Zounds!" says the losing client, "how
comes yaw
To be such goods friends, who were such
foes just raw?"
"Thou fool," said one, "we lawyer
so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves,
what's between."
Dr Young tells a singular prophecy
Swift's about himself, which was too
tally confirmed. He says, "I remember
as I and others were taking an evening
walk with Swift, about a mile out
of my fortune, and myself for your
Dublin, he stooped short; we passed on;
slave, replied the suitor, I will not de-
but perceiving that he did not follow is,
I went back, and found him fixed as a
fair damsel. Name your terms, name
your terms cried the impatient lover.—
bid me wage war with giants, or fight the
as much withered and decayed. Point-
ing at it, he said, "I shall be like that
for you shall make me victorious. Nay, I
tres; I shall die at top."

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