

POETRY

I MUST REMEMBER THEE.

By the flame thou lighted,
By the hope thou blighted,
I must remember thee.

Night is not relieving,
To my bosom grieving,
I must remember thee.

All I fondly cherish'd
Premature hath perished,
Still I remember thee.

A GOOD STORY.

One seldom hears a good story now-a-days; the following is not bad. A year or two ago there came to the Lion, at a pleasant-looking, bustling, great-coated, commercial traveller sort of body.

'Well, landlord, what have you got? rump steak, eh? oyster sauce, eh? bottle of sherry, good eh? send 'em up.'

'Water,' said the traveller, coolly and dispassionately wiping his mouth with a napkin, 'waiter, I am awkwardly situated.'

'Sir,' said the waiter, 'expecting a love letter.'

'I cannot pay you.'
'Sorry for that, Sir, I must call master.'
'My good Sir, you see this is rather awkward; good dinner! capital! famous wine! glorious grog! but no cash.'

'Pay next time—often come this road—done nothing to-day—good house yours—a great deal in the bill way.'

'No difference to you, of course; pleasant house here—plenty of business—happy to take your order—long credit—good bill.'

'There is my bill, sir,—prompt payment—I pay as I go.
'Ah, but I must go without paying.—Let us see—bill 17s. 6d. let us have a pint of Sherry together—make it up a pound—that will square it.'

'Sir, I say you are a swindler, sir—I will have my money.'
'Sir, I tell you I will call and pay you in three weeks from this time exactly, for I shall have to pass this road again.'

'None of that sir—it won't do with me—I pay my money, or I'll kick you out.
The stranger remonstrated—the landlord kicked him out.
'You will repent of this,' said the stranger.

The landlord did repent it. Three weeks after that day, punctual to his word, the stranger re-entered the Lion Inn: the landlord looked very foolish—the stranger smiled and held out his hand—I've come to pay you my score, as I promised.

The landlord made a thousand apologies for his rudeness—"So many swindlers about there's no knowing whom to trust. Hoped the gentleman would pardon him." "Never mind, landlord, but come let's have some dinner together; they officer take a woman who had a mob let us be friends. What have you got,

eh? a couple of broiled fowls eh? nice little ham of your own curing? good!—greens from your own garden? famous! bottle of sherry and two bottles of port—waiter this is excellent.

Dinner passed over—the landlord hobbled and nobbed with the stranger—they passed a pleasant afternoon. The landlord retired to his avocations—the stranger finished his 'comforter' of brandy and water, and addressed the waiter:

'What is to pay?'
'Two pounds, ten shillings, and three pence, sir, including the former account.
'And half a crown for yourself.'

'Makes two pounds, twelve shillings, and ninepence, sir,' replied the waiter, rubbing his hands.
'Say two pounds, thirteen shillings, and call to your master.'

The stranger merely said with a fierce look, 'I owed you seventeen and sixpence, three week ago, and you kicked me out of your house for it.'

'No words, sir; I owed you seventeen and sixpence, and you kicked me out of your house for it. I told you you would be sorry for it. I now owe you £2 13s, and you must pay yourself by a check on the same bank, for I have no money now!'

HATTON-GARDEN.

Yesterday Mr. Laing stated that the conduct of the Police who had lately attended before him to give evidence, had been marked with such ignorance and inattention, that he was really tired of finding fault with them. Most of the men were new in the service, and it appeared strange to him that many good officers had been driven from the force to make way for them.

Mr. L. then adverted to the following case, which was brought before him a day or two ago. He said the woman had narrowly escaped suffering a long imprisonment through the hard swearing of the constable, who, however, he had caused to be discharged from the police. The female alluded to was complained of for being drunk, and creating a great disturbance.

The policeman, who belonged to the E division, said he found at least sixty persons collected round the prisoner. The defendant cried bitterly, and protested that the constable wrongly accused her. Mr. Laing told her that it was most disgraceful for a woman to be seen rolling about in the street; and considering that she deserved punishment, he ordered her to find bail for creating a riot.

After she was locked up, Mr. Laing said to the policeman, "You are sure a mob was assembled round the woman?"
Policeman (hesitating): Yes; but I hardly think the prisoner had attracted it.

Mr. Laing—Why do you suppose she did not?
Policeman—I don't know.
Mr. Laing—Do you mean to say now that the woman was not drunk, and that she was not the cause of sixty persons collecting in the street?

Policeman—(Trembling): No, your Worship; I don't mean to say so.
Mr. Laing—Then do tell me what you mean.
Policeman—It's my belief the woman did not draw the mob about her.

Mr. Laing—Who do you suppose did?
Policeman—I can't tell.
Mr. Laing—Then I must say the sooner you are got rid of, the better, for a more stupid man, I should think, does not belong to it.

Policeman—The mob was there when I was called upon to take the woman.
Mr. Laing having ordered the jailer to bring the prisoner back, the officer suddenly exclaimed, "I beg your worship ten thousand pardons; there was not any one near the prisoner at the time I apprehended her."

Mr. Laing (astonished)—That is your tale now, is it? Which part of your statement am I to believe?
Policeman (hanging down his head)—I've made a mistake; I was confounding it with another case that I had.

Inspector Bell, of the E division, said the constable had no other case on his charge-sheet.
Policeman—Well, if I haven't, I suppose I must be a witness. I saw a brooch in the pocket of a woman who had a mob about her.

Mr. Laing desired him to leave the office, and discharged the woman. He then ordered Inspector Bell to mention what had happened to the commissioners, and to state that it was his (Mr. Laing's) opinion the constable ought not to be retained in the force.

Just before Mr. Laing's remarks upon the general character of the police, Inspector Bell reported to him that the Commissioners of the Police had dismissed the man, and would not reinstate him unless the magistrate would sanction it, which Mr. Laing at once declined.

Yesterday a tall, thin, pale-looking woman, with a melancholy expressive countenance, accompanied by her son and daughter, the former about 12 and the latter 14 years of age, applied to the magistrates for their interference, to cause the Parish Officers of Islington to relieve her and her family.

Applicant—Your worship, my husband is by profession an actor, and he has deserted me and my family.
Ashby, the overseer of Islington, said that she had no claim upon his parish; the fact was, she had been bothering St. Pancras parish, which would have nothing to do with her, and now she had applied to him by way of experiment.

Applicant (indignantly)—It is not an experiment, Sir; I am incapable of such conduct.
Mr. Laing said he could do nothing for her; when she was about to address him, and the officers laid hold of her to put her out of the office.

Applicant (theatrically, and in a sepulchral tone)—Hands off, Sir; I can walk out without being dragged. Allow me to speak.
The officer, however, did not desist, and held her arm while she endeavoured to keep him off.

Mr. Laing—Do not interrupt the business, or I will order you into custody.
Applicant—You must not, for I have done no wrong.
The boy, crying and clinging to his mother—"Oh, mother! mother!"

She then proceeded with a lofty gait to the door, saying "I have followed my husband the round of the theatres, and I will have relief." She looked back piercingly, and sighing said, "Ah! you do not know that my husband administered poison to me."
Mr. Laing said she was either drunk or mad, judging from her eccentric conduct.

On leaving the office she walked about the neighbourhood with her children in a hurried and wild manner.
Egbert Birds' Nests.—There is a peculiar kind of bird nest abounding in the Philippine Islands, which is in high respect amongst Chinese gourmands. Mr. Trevelyan, in his adventures of a Younger Son, tells us that the price of a moderate cargo is occasionally immense, and relates an amusing story of an English captain, who threw overboard enough of them to have made the fortune of his family. Dr Meyen thus explains the precise composition of this luxury:—The weed which composes the branch of commerce is Spheroceoccus cartilagineus var. selaceus sq. which is found in great abundance in this part of India. It is eaten by the bird (Hirundo esculenta) which builds the nests in question, and is used in the preparation of its precious nest. The swallow eats the fresh weeds, and permits them to soften for some time in its stomach, after which it throws up the mass, now converted into a jelly, and sticks it together to form a nest. The nests, which are subsequently smeared over with dirt and feathers, are brought in their raw state to China, where they are cleansed in immense warehouses built for the purpose, and then exposed for sale. These so celebrated Indian nests, are, therefore, hardly anything more than the softened Spheroceoccus cartilagineus, which we have brought with us from the Chinese Seas, and their effects is no other than that of fine jelly. In the preparation of these nests, such a number of fine stimulants are generally added, that they of right occupy the first rank amongst relishes at the tables of the Chinese. The Japanese had long ago discovered that these costly bird nests are nothing more than softened seaweed, and now prepare the substance itself in an artist like manner. Some of our own artists may be glad to learn that the Spheroceoccus crispus, which Dr Meyen

thinks would serve just as well for the composition of this luxury, is to be found in large quantities on the western and northern coasts of Great Britain.

SPEED OF FISHES. As to their motions in their element, birds of the most rapid and unwearied wing, must yield the palm to them; the eagle to the hawk, and the swallow to the herring and salmon. The form of fishes, generally speaking, is particularly adapted for swift and easy motion; and the resistance of the fluid, in which they move seems never to impede their progress. While birds that undertake long flights are often obliged to alight upon vessels for some rest and renovation of strength, fishes never seem exhausted by fatigue, and to require no respite or repose. Sharks have been known to keep pace with ships during long voyages; and like dogs they will sport round vessels going at several knots an hour, as if they had plenty of force. The tunny darts with the rapidity of an arrow, and the herring goes at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

BON-MOT OF MAHOMET.—The best and greatest of men (may God send upon him copious benedictions,) was fond of an occasional joke; but when in his holy sayings, a factious remark escaped him, it was never other than the truth, though expressed in an adroit and indirect manner. It is related, that one day he said to an aged female, "At the resurrection no old woman will be admitted into Paradise." The female, in great distress, exclaimed, "Prophet of God may heavenly blessings rest upon him!" smiled, and withholding the veil of rubies which covered the pearls of his teeth, said, the Creator (to whom be glory) will make every old woman young again, and will then conduct her into Paradise.— Asiatic Journal.

LEVITY CORRECTED.—An English Ambassador having to inform Frederick the Great of a victory achieved by his countrymen, began with, 'It has pleased Divine Providence.' "What," said the king, 'is God Almighty one of your allies?' 'Yes sir,' replied the Englishman, 'and the only who demands no subsidies.'

A YANKEE SHOT.—A good story is told of a Major and another Yankee. A Yankee says to a Major, 'Can you shoot a rifle, Major?' 'Pretty considerable,' says he. 'I can hit a chip in the air,' says the Yankee, 'five times out of six shots.' The Major replied, 'Well, I can beat that, I guess, for I can hit one seven times in four shots.' 'Well,' says the other, 'that's enough; we won't waste powder, and I knock under.'

BLACK AND RED EYES.—A Spanish poet speaking of the black eyes of a lady, says, 'They were mourning for the many murders they had committed.' An Englishman accounts for the bloodshot eye of his mistress nearly in the same manner:—

'Oh let it be said thine eye is all red, No longer dear Harriett be moody; For since so many die by the stroke of of that eye, I wonder the weapon is bloody.'

Jefferson, in answer to the following question by Bonaparte, 'what kind of Government is that of the United States?' replied 'It is one which you can neither feel nor see.'

GREY-GREEN MARRIAGES.—Upon an average three hundred couple are married in the year, and half a guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged. But a trifle like that is only levied from poor and pedestrian couples, and persons even in the middle ranks of life are compelled to pay much more handsomely. Not long ago a gentleman had given forty pounds, and independently of the money that is spent in the inns, many hundreds must annually find their way into the pockets of the priests and their concurrents the post-boys.

GRATIFYING FACT.—At a recent annual meeting of the New Cemetery Company, the chairman had great pleasure in announcing to the meeting the gratifying fact, that the burials in the Cemetery for the last year, were double in number those of the year preceding.

CENT PER CUNT.—At Barnstable butter is 8d. a pound; in London just double that price.

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