

Poetry,

Original and Select.

A PARAPHRASE ON HABBAKUK,
Chap. iii, v. 17, 18, 19.

The Lord, who is his peoples' rest
Whilst journeying through this wilderness,
My portion ever more shall be
Through time and in eternity:
Tho' favour shall exalt my head,
His word shall be my daily bread.

My spirit shall receive his voice,
And in him constantly rejoice,
Although the vernal season fly
Without a bloom to bless the eye.
Should fig-trees fail in all their kind,
Nor I thereon one blossom find;

Should summer early scorch the earth,
And drought and heat increase the dearth;
If every vine shall fail t' impart
Its grateful juice to cheer my heart;
If death should mark the gen'ral spoil,
And olive yards should yield no oil;

Should gath'ring clouds withhold their rain,
And autumn skies expand in vain;
Or sterile winter reign aroud,
And barrenness pervade the ground;
If all the smitten flocks should fall,
Nor leave a herd to grace the stall;

Should all the seasons blasting roll,
And judgment spread from pole to pole,
Confiding in the "still small voice,"
Yet will I in the Lord rejoice;
The God of my salvation sing,
And grateful off'rings to him bring.

My fortress is the Lord my God!
Although his judgments move abroad,
Yet will I praise, and he shall grace
Me with his glorious righteousness;
Shall teach my soul from hence to soar
Where sin and death can grasp no more.

W. F. T.

ON MEETING A FRIEND AFTER A LAPSE OF
SEVERAL YEARS.

YEARS had pass'd since we had met, and she was
still the same,
Except the spirits high and wild that Time had help'd
to tame.

There was a touch upon her brow, a slight impress of
care,

But yet it had not deeply trac'd its iron finger there.

She sang me all my fav'rite songs as sweet as she was
wont,

Like liquid sounds as waters fall in some rude sylvan
font,

Recalling thoughts of boyhood's day that seeming
were forgot,

Tho' Memory from her busy cell soon prov'd that they
were not.

The hill, the woodland, and the stream that wander'd
by the vale;

The shady copse that oft had rung with jest and mer-
ry tale;

The village green and rustic church o'er which the ivy
grew;

And last the cot, with roses clad, came floating past
my view.

But, like the luscious bough, they fled, that ripe and
tempting hung

Above the fev'rish lips of him, whose woes old bards
have sung;

For when amidst the smiling scene my fancy wander'd
on,
The minstrel ceased her plaintive strain--the fantasy
was gone.

THE EAST INDIA SKETCH BOOK.

Life in India has often been painted, but never with more agreeable versatility and truth, as we believe, than in these volumes. The *voyageur* to these climes would do well to possess himself of a copy, as a familiar and delightful introducer to the strange varieties which are in store for him. There is a beautiful little tale at the end of the first volume. It opens with a romantic description, in the style of Florinn, and then paints the love of two fond beings, Tulzah and Adjeit. Tulzah is coveted for her beauty by Goupaldoo, a powerful Zemindar. She suddenly disappears. Her absence cannot be accounted for, and the husband is disconsolate: The narrative goes on—

"It was the depth and dark midnight.—The moon in her wane had not yet risen, and though the stars and the planets studded the heavens, the objects of the earth were scarce distinguishable. Adjeit lay under his tamarind tree, as of old, and he gazed up at the sky as if he reproached it with his woes. Sleepless and disturbed he lay, and his thoughts were with Tulzah, and he deemed himself alone. But he was *not* alone.—There stood near another human being of small stature and slight form. But he knew not, until he heard in murmurs, like a whisper—'Adjeit!' and he felt there was but one who would thus have called on him.—He arose instantly, breathlessly. He saw not his companion, but his outstretched hand grasped her, and forgetting all his suspicions in the joy of restoration, he clasped her in his arms, and in a scream of wild exultation, he cried—'My Tulzah!—Tulzah!—leave me no more, oh Tulzah!' But, disengaging herself, she sank from his arms to his feet, and as she lay prostrate before him, her breast heaved with convulsive sobs, and in accents almost suffocated, she said—'Embrace me not! own me not! reject me! spurn me, Adjeit! I am polluted, I am defiled, I am become thy shame and thy reproach! Wife meet for thee no more; I have sought thee but to die at thy feet, Adjeit; to tell thee of my dishonour; to animate thee to vengeance; to assure thee, that thy poor Tulzah was torn from thy side, by ruffianly hands, when peaceful slumber was in our dwelling.'

"He raised her forcibly from the earth, and he wildly covered her with kisses. The faint moon rising shone on her altered face, and told him in bitter signs what the destroyer had inflicted on her. Again and again, he embraced her—'Thou wert true!' he cried, 'thou wert true, Tulzah;—but thou art dishonoured, and, Tulzah thou must die!'—'And for that I sought thee, Adjeit!' she cried, 'to tell thee I must die! to tell thee, too, thy Tulzah had drunk her last drop of life, and tasted the sweetness of revenge! The dog slept securely at my side, and with his own creiss I stabbed him as he lay, within the walls of his own tent; as he despoiled *thy* roof, was *he* despoiled. I stabbed him twice, yea thrice, Adjeit!—thus—thus—thus!' The weapon had been con-

cealed beneath her drapery, and now he opposed not the dreadful work of death. 'Thou hast spared me a sore task, Tulzah,' said he calmly, as he lay beside her dying form. 'In truth, thou hast died bravely: it was well---that thou hast done, is well!' Beneath the tree he buried the body of Tulzah, where it lay. And he arose as the day dawned on the completion of his work, and he prepared an ample meal, and he ate it greedily, and was seen there no more."

Varieties

ECONOMY OF TIME IN ENGLAND.—In England time is a revenue, a treasure, an inestimable commodity. The Englishman is not covetous of money, but he is supremely covetous of time. It is wonderful how exactly the English keep to their appointments. They take out their watch, regulate it by that of their friend, and are punctual at the place and hour. English pronunciation itself seems invented to save time; they eat the letters, and whistle the words. Thus Voltaire had some reason to say "The English gain two hours a-day more than we do by eating their syllables." The English use few compliments, because they are a loss of time; they salute in a nod, or, at the utmost, a corosion of the four monosyllables "How d'ye do?" The ends of their letters show more simplicity than ceremony; they have not "the honour to repeat the protestations of their distinguished regard and profound consideration" to his "most illustrious Lordship," whose "most humble, most devoted, and most obsequious servants" they "have the honour to be." Their very language seems to be in a hurry; since it is in a great part composed of monosyllables, and two of them, again, are often run into one; the great quantity of monosyllables looks like an abridged way of writing—a kind of short-hand. The English talk little, I suppose that they may not lose time; it is natural, therefore, that a nation which sets the highest value upon time should make the best chronometers, and that all, even among the poorer classes, should be provided with watches. The mail-coach guards have chronometers worth £80 sterling, because they must take care never to arrive five minutes past the hour appointed. At the place of their destination relations, friends, and servants, are already collected to receive passengers and parcels. When a machine is so complicated as England is, it is essential for everything to be exact, or the confusion would be ruinous.—*Count Pecchio's Observations on England.*

JOSEPH II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—In one of those excursions which this Emperor frequently took *incog.* he proceeded to Trieste. On his arrival he went into an inn, and asked if he could be accommodated with a good room? He was told that a German Bishop had just engaged the last, and that there were only two small rooms, without chimnies, unoccupied. He desired a supper to be prepared. He was told there was nothing left but some eggs and vegetables, the Bishop and suite having engaged all the poultry. The Emperor requested that the Bishop might be asked if he would allow a stranger to sup with him. The Bishop refused, and the Emperor supped