

GO, LET ME WEEP.

Go, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effaced by every drop that steals.
 The fruitless showers of worldly woe
 Fall dark to earth, and never rise ;
 While tears that from repentance flow,
 In bright exhalation reach the skies.
 Go, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effaced by every drop that steals.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.
 The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
 Is cold, is faint to those that will
 The heart where pure repentance grieves
 O'er hours of pleasure loved too well !
 Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.

ELOQUENCE.

" I speak in the spirit of British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil ; which proclaim even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of 'universal emancipation.' No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced ;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him ;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down ;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery ; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty ; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, 'till they burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of 'universal emancipation.'

[Here Mr. Curran was interrupted by a sudden burst of applause from the court and hall. Silence however was restored after some minutes, by the interposition of Lord Clonmell, who declared the great pleasure he felt himself, at the exertion of professional talents, but disapproved any intemperate expression of applause in a court of justice.]

Mr. Curran then proceeded :—" Gentlemen, I am not such a fool as to ascribe any effusion of this sort, to any merit of mine. It is the mighty theme, and not the inconsiderable advocate, that can excite interest in the hearer ! What you hear is but the testimony which nature bears to her own character ; it is the effusion of her gratitude to that power, which stamped that character upon her."

Lord Erskine when defending Stockdale, the bookseller, on an indictment for libel, burst forth into the following glorious strain :—

" The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up in all the vigor and intelligence of insulated nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed with a rod of iron ; and our empire in the east would over and over again have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority which heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

" Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject ; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and 'w such feeling can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hands, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it,' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—'Who is it that causes the river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty himself into the ocean ? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer ? Who is it that rears up the shade of these lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure ? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us ; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe ; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is in vain to look for affection."

COUSINS.

" *L'Hyemen, dit-on, ecrain les petits Cousins.*"
 Had you ever a Cousin, Tom ?

Did your cousin happen to sing ?
 Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom,
 But a cousin's a different thing ;
 And you'd find if you ever had kiss'd her, Tom,
 (But let this be a secret between us)
 That your lips would have been in a blister, Tom,
 For they are net of the sister genius.

There is something, Tom, in a sister's lip,
 When you give her a good-night kiss,
 That savours so much of relationship,
 That nothing occurs amiss :
 Put a cousin's lip if you once unite
 With your's, in the quietest way,
 Instead of sleeping a wink that night,
 You'll be dreaming the following day

And people think it no harm, Tom,
 With a cousin to hear you talk ;
 And no one feels any alarm, Tom,
 At a quiet cousinly walk ;—
 But, Tom, you'll soon know what I happen to know
 That such walks often grow into straying,
 And the voices of cousins are sometimes so low,
 Heaven only knows what you'll be saying !

And then there happen so often, Tom,
 Soft pressures of hands and fingers,
 And looks that were moulded so often, Tom,
 And tones on which memory lingers ;
 That long ere your walk is half over, the strings
 Of your heart are all put in to play,
 By the voice of these fair demi-sisterly things,
 In not quite the most brotherly way.

And the song of a sister may bring to you, Tom,
 Such tones as the angels woo,
 But I fear if your cousin should sing to you, Tom,
 You'll take her for an angel too :
 For so curious a note is that note of theirs,
 That you'll fancy the voice that gave it,
 Has been all the while singing National Airs,
 Instead of the Psalms of David.