

POETRY

TO A YOUNG LADY,

We parted as the worldly part,  
Nor soft nor tender word was spoken  
In future times to cheer my heart,  
We parted, and my heart was broken.  
left thee without one good bye,  
No look exchanged, no hand was shaken  
There was no tear, there was no sigh,  
We parted,—I was then forsaken.  
Yet e'en though sever'd will I bless thee,  
Sweetness and smiles be ever thine,  
A heart thou lovest may caress thee,  
But never one which lov'd like mine.  
'Tis meet that such a lovely flower  
As thou art, should be tended well,—  
Would that my bosom were a bower,  
In sun or shade for thee to dwell.  
Thou wert my soul, my life, my all,—  
'Tis past, I cannot love again;  
Affection's sweetness now would pall,  
Since I have lov'd thee girl in vain.  
I thought—forgive the thought—that thou  
For me a kindly feeling bore;  
Alas! that dream is over now,  
Alas! that it should e'er be o'er.  
Our lot is cast asunder; thine  
In pleasant places; but for me,  
Stern passions, wild excess and wine,  
Shall rule my darker destiny.  
With thee perchance, to lead, to guide  
Me in life's wayward wandering,  
I might have lived, I might have died,  
A wiser and a nobler thing.  
But I blame not thee,—I never can,  
Against thee dearest ever rail,  
Though fairer hopes ne'er felt by man,  
Were blighted by an artful tale  
Yet even though this brain may burst,  
I'll hide its workings though regret  
May wring me with the hope I nurs'd,  
Down with them,—do they linger yet?  
Long years will pass and o'er my brow  
Time's furrowing hand will coldly fall,  
But chance nor change will grieve me now,  
Thou lov'st me not,—they're idle all.  
Long years will pass, thou wilt forget;  
When I will have forgotten thee?  
When death's pale seal is on my set,  
And time and tide have ceased to be.  
My race of love on earth is run,  
Would that my pulse had ceased to beat!  
Farewell, tho' proud but lovely one;  
Farewell, we never more shall meet.

GOLD.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And love is heaven, and heaven is love."  
Gold rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And love is gold, and gold is love:—  
So might the poet sing, if now  
He glanced upon this scene below,  
And saw the mighty idol shrined  
Sovereign and lord of human kind!  
Nor worshipped more on India's strand  
Than in the far fam'd Britain's land.  
God of this world's idolatry!  
Whose temple fills the earth and sea,  
Not mine the wish to arraign thy state  
Where peers and princes humbly wait;  
Honour and pomp before thee stand,  
Pleasures await at thy right hand,  
Beauty illumines thy wide halls,  
And Fame upon its threshold falls,  
And if the wearied here can see  
A home of rest—so let it be.  
Since folly makes thy charm its joy  
Trample not on the baby toy!  
But shall immortal Genius stoop  
With thee his stary crest to coop?  
Shall Mind her priceless stores unfold  
Neath the controul of base born gold?  
Question it not! behold they stand  
A fallen, but yet a glorious band!  
Philosophy with musing eye,—  
Science with all her train is nigh,  
There Music votes e'en discord's sweet  
If golden wires the strains repeat;  
There Eloquence her charms displays,  
As prompted by wealth's sounding praise.  
Poesy too, ethereal bright,  
Hast thou too left thy fields of light,  
And pure Parnassian streams to lave  
Thine hands in such polluted wave?  
Since thus thou fling'st Fame's laurels  
down,  
And bart'rst that fair gem Renown,  
I give thee back the chain entwined  
Around my youth's bewildered mind,—  
I give thee back the scentless flowers  
Gathered with thee in Fancy's bowers.

Thus do I break thy charmless spell,  
Once, and for ever—fare thee well!

THE LOST ONE.

(FROM AUDUBON'S AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY.)

A "Live-oaker" employed on the St. John's River, in East Florida, left his cabin situated on the banks of that stream, and with his ass on his shoulder, proceeded towards the swamp, in which he had several times before plied the trade of felling and squaring the giant trees that afford the most valuable timber for naval architecture and other purposes.

At the season which is best for this kind of labour, heavy fogs not unfrequently cover the country, so as to render it difficult for one to see farther than thirty or forty yards in any direction. The woods too, present so little variety, that every tree seems the counterpart of every other; and the grass, when it has not been burnt, is so high that a man of ordinary stature cannot see over it, whence it is necessary for him to proceed with great caution, lest he should unwittingly deviate from the ill defined trail which he follows. To increase the difficulty, several trails often meet, in which case, unless the explorer be perfectly acquainted with the neighbourhood, it would be well for him to lie down, and wait until the fog should disperse. Under such circumstances, the best woodsmen are not unfrequently bewildered for a while: and a well remember that such an occurrence happened to myself at a time when I had imprudently ventured to pursue a wounded quadruped, which led me some distance from the track.

The live-oaker had been jogging onwards for several hours, and became aware that he must have travelled considerably more than the distance between his cabin and the "hummock" which he desired to reach.—To his alarm when the fog dispersed, he saw the sun at its meridian height, and could not recognize a single object around him.

Young healthy and active, he imagined that he had walked with more than usual speed, and had passed the place to which he was bound. He accordingly turned his back upon the sun, and pursued a different route, guided by a small trail. Time passed and the sun headed his course: he saw it gradually descend in the west; but all around him continued as if enveloped with mystery. The huge grey trees spread their giant boughs over him, the rank grass extended on all sides round him, not a living being crossed his path, all was silent and still, and the scene was like a dull and dreary dream of the land of oblivion. He wandered like a forgotten ghost that had passed into the land of spirits, without yet meeting one of his kind with whom he might hold converse.

The condition of a man lost in the woods is one of the most perplexing that could be imagined by a person who has not himself been in a like predicament. Every object he sees, he at first thinks he recognizes, and while his whole mind is bent on searching for more than may gradually lead to his extrication, he goes on committing greater errors the farther he proceeds. This was the case with the live-oaker. The sun was now setting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sunk in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry morrow. Myriads of insects delighted in its departure, now filling the air on buzzing wings. Each piping frog arose from the muddy pool in which it had concealed itself; the squirrel retired to its hole, the crow to its roost, and far above the harsh croaking voice of the heron, announced that full of anxiety, it was wending its way to the miry interior of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the owl; and the breeze as it swept among the columnar steps of the forest trees, came laden with heavy and chilling dews. Alas, no moon with her silvery light shone on the dreary scene, and the lost one wearied and vexed, laid himself down on the damp ground. Prayer is always consolatory to man in every difficulty or danger, and the woodsman fervently prayed to his Maker, wished his family a happier night than it was his lot to experience, and with a feverish anxiety awaited the return of daylight.

You may imagine the length of that cold dull moonless night. The poor man started on his feet, and with a sorrowful heart pursued a course which he thought might lead him to some familiar object, although indeed he scarcely knew what he was doing. No longer had he the trace of a trick to guide him, and yet as the sun rose, he calculated the many hours of daylight he had before him, and the farther he went continued to walk the faster. But in vain were all his hopes: that day was spent in fruitless endeavours to regain the path that led to his house, and when night again approached, the terror that had been gradually spreading itself over his mind, together with the nervous debility induced by fatigue, anxiety and hunger, rendered him almost frantic. He told me that at this moment he beat his breast, tore his hair, and had it not been for

the piety with which his parents had in early life imbued his mind, and which had become habitual, would have cursed his existence. Famished as he now was, he laid himself on the ground, and fed on the weeds and grass which grew around him. That night was spent in the greatest agony and terror. I knew my situation said he to me, I was fully aware unless Almighty God came to my assistance, I must perish in those uninhabitable woods. I knew that I had walked more than fifty miles, although I had not met with a brook, from which I could quench my thirst, or even allay the burning heat of my parched lips, and blood shot eyes. I knew that if I should not meet with some stream I must die, for my axe was my only weapon, and although now and then bears and deers started within a few yards and even feet of me, not one of them could I kill; and although I was in the midst of abundance, not a mouthful did I expect to procure to satisfy the cravings of my empty stomach. Sir, may God preserve you from ever feeling as I did the whole of that day!

For several days after, no one can imagine the condition in which he was, for when he related to me this painful adventure, he assured me that he had lost all recollection of what had happened. God, he continued, must have taken pity on me one day, for as I ran wildly through those drearful pine barrens, I met with a tortoise. I gazed upon it with amazement and delight, and although I knew that were I to follow it undisturbed, it would lead me to some water, my hunger and thirst would not allow me to refrain from satisfying both, by eating its flesh and drinking its blood. With one stroke of my axe the beast was cut in two, and in a few moments I had despatched all but the shell. Oh sir how much I thanked God for whose kindness had put the tortoise in my way. I felt greatly renewed. I sat down at the foot of a pine, gazed on the heavens, and thought of my poor wife and children and again and again, thanked my God for my life, and now I felt distracted in mind, and more assured that before long I must recover my way, and get back to my lost home.

The Lost One remained and passed the night at the foot of the same tree under which the repast had been made. Refreshed by a sound sleep, he started at dawn to resume his weary march. The sun rose bright, and he followed the direction of the shadow. Still the dreariness of the woods, was the same, and he was on the point of giving up in despair, when he observed a raccoon squatted in the grass. Raising his axe he drove it with such violence through the helpless animal, that it expired without a struggle. What he had done with the turtle now did with the raccoon, the greater part of which he actually devoured at one meal. With more comfortable feelings he then resumed his wanderings—his journey I cannot say,—for although in the possession of his faculties, and in broad day light, he was worse off than a lame man groping his way in the dark out of a dungeon of which he knew not where the door stood.

Days one after another passed,—nay even weeks in succession. He fed now on cabbage trees, then on fogs and snakes. All that fell in his way, was welcome and savoury. Yet he became daily more emaciated until at length he could scarcely crawl.—Forty days had elapsed, by his own reckoning, when he at last reached the banks of the river. His clothes in tatters, his once bright axe dimmed with rust, his face begrimed with beard, his hair matted, and his feeble frame little better than a skeleton covered with parchment, there he laid down to die. Amid the perturbed dreams of his fevered fancy, he thought he heard the noise of oars far away on the silent river. He listened, but the sounds died away on his ears. It was indeed a dream, the last glimmer of expiring hope the sound of oars awoke him from his lethargy. He listened so eagerly that the hum of a fly could not have escaped his ear. They were indeed the measured beats of oars, and now joy shall break to the forlorn soul! the sound of human voices thrilled to his heart, and awoke the tumultuous pulses of returning hope. On his knees did the eye of God see that poor man by the broad still stream that glittered in the sunbeams, and human eyes saw him too for round that headland covered with tangled brushwood boldly advances the little boat propelled by its lusty rowers. The Lost One raises his feeble voice on high;—it was a loud shrill scream of joy and fear. The rowers pause and look around. Another but feebler scream, and they observe him.—It comes,—his heart flutters, his sight is dimmed, his brain reels, he gasps for breath. It comes,—it has run upon the beach, and the Lost One is found.

This is no tale of fiction, but the relation of an actual occurrence, which might be embellished no doubt, but which is better in the plain garb of truth. The notes by which I recorded it, were written, in the cabin of the once lost live-oaker, about four years after the painful incident occurred. His amiable wife and loving children were present at the recital, and never shall I forget the tears that flowed from them as they listened to it, albeit it had long been more fa-

miliar to them than a tale thrice told. Sincerely do I wish, good reader, that neither you or I may ever elicit such sympathy, by having undergone such sufferings, although no doubt, such sympathy would be a rich recompence for them.

It only remains for me to say, that the distance between the cabin and the live oak hummock to which the woodsman was bound scarcely exceeded eight miles, while the part of the river at which he was found, was thirty eight miles from his house. Calculating his daily wanderings at ten miles, we may believe that they amounted in all to four hundred. He must, therefore have rambled in a circuitous direction, which people generally do in such circumstances. Nothing but the great strength of his constitution, and the merciful aid of his Maker could have supported him for so long a time.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.  
Paris Academy of Sciences.

M. Buisson writes to claim at his small treatise on hydrophobia, addressed to the Academy so far back as 1823, and signed with a single initial. The case referred to in that treatise, was his own; the particulars and mode of cure adopted were as follows:—

He had been called to visit a woman who for three days was said to be suffering under this disease. She had the usual symptoms—constriction of the throat inability to swallow, abundant secretion of saliva, and foaming at the mouth. Her neighbours said she had been bitten by a mad dog about forty days before. At her own urgent entreaties she was bled, and died a few hours afterwards, as was expected.

M. Buisson who had his hands covered with blood, incautiously cleansed them with a towel which had been used to wipe the mouth of the patient. He then had an ulceration upon one of his fingers, yet thought it sufficient to wash off the saliva, that adhered with a little water.

The ninth day after, being in his cabriolet, he was suddenly seized with a pain in his throat, and one still greater in his eyes. The saliva was continually pouring into his mouth; the impression of a current of air, the sight of brilliant bodies gave him a painful sensation: his body appeared to him so light, that he felt as though he could leap to a prodigious height; he experienced he said, a wish to run and bite, not men, but animals and inanimate bodies. Finally, he drank with difficulty, and the sight of was still more distressing to him than the pain in his throat.

These symptoms recurred every five minutes, and it appeared to him as though the pain commenced in the affected finger, and extended from thence up to the shoulder.

From the whole of the symptoms he judged himself affected with the hydrophobia and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapour bath. Having entered one for this purpose, he caused the heat to be raised to 42 deg. (107 deg. 39 m. Fah.) when he was equally surprised and delighted to find himself free of all complaint.—He left the bathing room well, dined heartily, and drank more than usual. Since that time he says he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms had declared themselves, and in no case has he failed, except in that of one child seven years old who died in the bath.

The mode of treatment he recommends, is that the person bit, should take a certain number of vapour baths (commonly called Russian) and should induce every night, a violent perspiration, by wrapping himself in flannels, and covering himself with a feather bed; the perspiration is favoured by drinking freely of a warm decoction of sarsaparilla.

He declares, so convinced is he of the efficacy of this mode of treatment, that he will suffer himself to be inoculated with the disease. As a proof of the utility of copious and continued perspiration, he relates the following anecdote:

A relative of the musician Gretry was bitten by a mad dog, at the same time with many other persons, who all died of hydrophobia. For his part, feeling the first symptoms of the disease, he took to dancing night and day, saying, that he wished to die gaily.—He recovered.

M. Buisson also cites the old stories of dancing being a remedy for the bite of a tarantula; and draws attention to the fact, that the animals in whom this madness is most frequently found to develop itself spontaneously, are dogs, wolves and foxes which never perspire.

A PIOUS WISH.—Archbishop Laud was a man of very short stature. Charles I and the Archbishop were one day sat down to dinner, when it was agreed that Archer the King's jester should say grace for them, which he did in this fashion: "Great praise be given to God, but LITTLE LAUD to the devil!"

In one of the principal streets in Reading appears this notice: "Tabel bear, soald bear!"