

## Poetry,

Original and Select.

TEAR OF SYMPATHY,  
A MORAL SONG.

How sweet is pure affection's sign,  
Which trembling on the eye,  
Speaks thus: "thy feelings all are mine"—  
The Tear of Sympathy.

Sweet the emotions of the breast,  
Which evil passions fly;  
Where nurtur'd lies the heav'nly guest—  
The Tear of Sympathy.

When the afflicted spirit stoops;  
When pain on sorrow's by;  
Blest is the eye which kindly drops  
The Tear of Sympathy.

I value this above the gems  
That sparkle in thine eye:  
The sacred fire, which kindly beams  
The Tear of Sympathy.

Where'er there's wo, which pity feels,  
Permit the rising sigh;  
And this which from the heart appeals  
The Tear of Sympathy.

Be soft, my heart! preserve for a'!  
Humility's supply;  
At sorrow's voice a tear let fall—  
The Tear of Sympathy.

In grief or pain, in care or toil,  
My days still peaceful fly;  
Be it my bliss to share th' while  
The Tear of Sympathy.

I ask but this on earth—a friend!  
Who will not e'en deny  
This token pure—with mine to blend  
The Tear of Sympathy.

Carbonear, April 6, 1834.

W. J. T.

## Varieties

**A TRAGICAL STORY.**—The following extract from a diverting yet tragical story by the Ettrick Shepherd, of an imposition of the ventriloquist Alexandre upon a rustic, is from the *Forget Me Not*. Hogg, the two Naesmiths, (thus he spells the names of the Scottish landscape painters,) Terry, Grieve, and Scott were of the party of Alexandre, when they came to a hay-field:—There were three men and a very handsome girl loading an immense cart of hay. We walked on, and at length this moving hay-stack overtook us. I remember it well with a black horse in the shafts and a fine light gray one in the traces. We made very slow progress; for Naesmith would never cease either sketching or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature. We made such slow progress on account of Naesmith, that up came the great cart-load of hay on one side of us with a great burley Lothian peasant sitting upon the hay, lashing on his team, and whistling his tune. We walked on, side by side, for a while, I think about half a mile, when, all at once, a child began to cry in the middle of the cart-load of hay. I declare I was cheated myself, for, although I was walking alongside of Alexandre, I thought there was a child among the hay; for it cried with a kind of half-smothered breath, that I am sure there never was such a deception practised in this world. The

driver of the cart began to stare around him like a man bereaved of his senses. "What is the meaning of this," said Terry, "you are smothering a child among your hay." The poor fellow, rough and burley as was his outer man, was so much appalled at the idea of taking infant life, that he exclaimed in a half-articulate voice,— "I wonder how they could fork a bairn up to me frae the meadow, an' me never ken!" And without taking time to descend to loose his cart ropes, he cut them through the middle, and turned off his hay, roll after roll, with the utmost expedition; and still the child kept crying almost under his feet and hands.— He was even obliged to set his feet on each side of the cart, for fear of trampling the poor infant to death. At length, when he had turned the greater part of the hay off upon the road, the child fell a crying most bitterly amongst the hay, on which the poor fellow (whose name was Sandy Burnet) jumped off the cart in the greatest trepidation. "Oh! I hae thrown the poor thing ower!" exclaimed he, "I's warrant it's killed—and he began to shake out the hay with the greatest caution. I and one of my companions went forward to assist him.— "Stand back! stand back!" cried he, "ye'll may be tramp its life out. I'll look for't mysel'." But, after he had shaken out the whole of the hay, no child was to be found. I never saw looks of such amazement as Sandy Burnet's then were. He seemed to have lost all comprehension of every thing in this world. I was obliged myself to go on to the brow of the hill, and call on some of the hay-makers to come and load the cart again. Mr Scott and I stripped off our coats, and assisted; and, as we were busy loading the cart, I said to Sandy, seeing him always turning the hay over and over for fear of running the fork through the child. What can hae become o' the creature, Sandy?—for you must be sensible there was a bairn among this hay." "The Lord kens sir," said Sandy. "Think ye the lasses are a' safe enough an' to be trusted?" said I. "For ony thing that I ken, sir." "Then where could the bairn come frae?" "The Lord kens, sir. There was a bairn, or the semblance o' ane, naebody can doubt; but I'm thinking it was a fairy, an' that I'm hauntit." "Did you ever murder any bairns, Sandy?" "Oh no! I wadna murder a bairn for the hale world." "But were you ever the cause o' any lasses murdering their bairns?" "Not that I ken o'."—"Then where could the bairn come frae? for you are sensible there is or was a bairn among your hay. It is rather a bad-looking job, Sandy, and I wish you were quit of it." "I wish the same, sir. But there can be nae doubt that the creature among the hay was either a fairy or the ghaist of a bairn, for the hay was a' forked off the swaith on meadow. An' how could ony body fork up a bairn, an' neither him nor me ken?" We got the cart loaded once more, knitted the ropes firmly, and set out; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards before the child fell a crying again among the hay with more vehemence and with more choking screams than ever. "Gudeness have care o' us! Heard ever ony leevin the like o' that! I declare the creature's there again!" cried

Sandy, and flinging himself from the cart with a summerset, he ran off, and never once looked over his shoulder as long as he was in our sight. We were very sorry to hear afterwards that he fled all the way to the highlands of Perthshire where he still lives in a deranged state of mind.

General Dumas Gerard, in the French expedition to Egypt, was, we are told, in bed ill of the plague when the revolt at Cairo broke out. Though he was supposed to be dying fast, he jumped out of bed, mounted his horse in his shirt and nightcap, rode into the *melee*, slew a dozen, at least, of the insurgent Arabs with his own hand, and was cured of the disease by the exercise. Such is the story.

## DEXTERITY OF CONTINENTAL SMUGGLERS.

—When the Count de St. Cricq was director-general of the customs, he heard so often of this dexterity, thanks to which his agents were continually baffled, that he resolved to assure himself personally of the truth of what was reported. He went, in consequence, to Geneva, presented himself at the warehouse of M. Beutte, bought jewellery to the amount of thirty thousand francs, on condition that it should be sent free of duty to his hotel in Paris. M. Beutte accepted the condition like a man accustomed to such bargains, he only presented the purchaser with a kind of private bond, by which he bound himself to pay five per cent. for insurance. The Count smiled, took a pen and signed *De St. Cricq, Director-General of the French Customs*; he then returned the paper to M. Beutte, who just glanced at the signature and said, "Monsieur Director of the Customs, the articles you have done me the honour of purchasing shall be in Paris as soon as yourself." The Count taking this as a fair challenge, scarce gave himself time to eat his dinner, sent to order post-horses and was on his road homewards within an hour or two after concluding the bargain. As he passed the frontier, the Count made himself known, to the officers, told them of the purchase, recommended the most active vigilance along the entire line, and promised a reward of thirty *louis-d'or* to the officer who should seize the prohibited goods. Not an officer slept for the three next days. During this time M. de St. Cricq reaches home, enters the house, embraces his wife and children, and then goes up to his room to change his travelling dress; the first object that attracts his attention is a beautiful box, of an unrecognized appearance, lying on the chimney-piece. He goes to it, and reads on a silver plate inserted in the lid, "To M. the Count de St. Cricq, Director-General of the Customs;" he opens it and finds the jewellery he had purchased at Geneva. Beutte had it appeared, a secret understanding with the waiters of the inn, who, while aiding the Count's servants to pack his baggage, had slipped in the prohibited box. When they reached Paris, the Count's *valet de chambre*, seeing the beauty of the casket and the peculiarity of the direction, had placed it on the mantle-piece of his master's apartment.—*Letters from Switzerland.*

**THE SAILOR PREACHER AT BOSTON.**—A writer in the *Westerly Monthly Magazine*