

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

Farewell to thee, sweet summer,
Thou art almost past away,
And wither'd are thy roses
So lately fresh and gay :

Or if in sunny bowers
Some few may yet be found,
They too will soon be faded,
And scattered o'er the ground.

Farewell to thee, sweet summer,
Thy singing birds have flown,
Thy soft and fragrant breezes
Have been exhal'd and gone.

And with thee have departed,
The cherish'd hopes of years,
And fair and brilliant visions,
Have been erased by tears.

Some long indulged imaginings
Have faded in thy beam,
And many drops of anguish,
Commingle with thy stream.

And there are human bosoms,
Which at thy natal day,
Were beating high with gladness,
And now are sorrow's prey.

And some around whose temples,
The light of youth was shed,
Are now entomb'd in darkness,
And slumbering with the dead.

Some have their fates united
Beneath thy genial ray,
And friendships have been plighted,
And others cast away.

But thou art gone sweet summer,
With all thy joys and cares,
Thy records of affection,
Thy offering of tears.

My heart thou leav'st in sadness,
With blighted hopes around,
And when thou next returnest,
I may not here be found.

But when earth gladly hails thee,
Rejoicing wood and dell,
My lonely grave may meet thee,
Sweet summer, fare-thee-well !

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A NERVOUS MAN.

No. II.

Feb. 2.—My great toe fomented with poppy-heads, fourteen hours. All said nothing ailed it; but as I had a dream that my great toe was nibbled by a rat, in bed, could not believe Mrs. N., nor the children and servants. Observed Crow (the pet spaniel belonging to my wife) looked amazed, wanted to lick the toe; on which, as it felt chill, and looked flabby, I ordered the leech woman to put ten leeches. Went to bed at two o'clock the next morning, but did not sleep; for the great toe seemed to fill every place. I saw great toes of all sizes, some spinning round, others racing together; some shooting up into the air, and others falling down; and wherever my eyes turned, I thought I saw my great toe, to which many of the others paid a sort of homage. Felt somewhat pleased at that.

Feb. 3.—Had the toe poulticed with linseed; kept up the foot all day; ordered two pairs of crutches—one black, for the house, the other mahogany, to go to church with on Sunday. N. B. Ordered the mahogany ones to have painted on them, in gilt letters, "Cursed be he that causeth the lame to go out of his way." Studied anatomy of the foot, that I might give scientific answers to those who inquired after my toe. Wrote down about twenty different answers to questions that I supposed might be asked. Scorned to send for the doctor, believing they were all quacks: for as women formerly practised the art of medicine, when our forefathers were such prodigies of

valour and physical strength, thought the doctors the cause of many diseases which they undertook to cure.

Feb. 4th.—Rose at three o'clock, ordered the servants to get up and breakfast at five, after the good old fashion. Servants gave me notice to quit. Ordered dinner at ten o'clock, A. M. Put up all the plate in the iron chest; sent out the man to buy three dozen of wooden spoons; proposed to Mrs. N. to abolish the use of forks, as a modern innovation, because they looked finical, and, moreover, seldom got well cleaned. About two o'clock Mrs. N. had tea, when Mr. R. (our clergyman) and his wife, called to take a friendly dinner with us, as we had been used to dine at three o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. R. much surprised. Mrs. R. had tea with my wife; while Mr. R. held a long and learned dispute with me about singularity. Poor man! he is a conformist to the world.

Feb. 5th.—Received letters from Hull, containing terms for a voyage to the Whale Fishery: sums, 100 guineas for self, and 170 if a man servant with me. Ordered Joseph to pack up, ready to sail on the 19th instant. Laid out £49 10s. 10d. in suitable clothing, and got four folio manuscript volumes, ready to continue the journal, and three quarts of ink. Sent for Mr. Best to teach me how to sketch, as I contemplated publication of my travels, in a handsome quarto, with plates. Wrote to a publisher in London.

Feb. 6th.—Seven letters from friends came this morning; burnt them all, as they tried to dissuade me from my journey. Answered none of them, as it does not become a man to be warped from his purpose. Mrs. N. in tears all day, and the children very low; but thought it necessary for my health, and I felt that the world ought to know more about North Pole subjects. Had my crutches packed up carefully lest the toe should relapse, for it had certainly become better.

Feb. 7th.—When I awoke, felt as if my head had grown so large that I could never lift it up without help. Would have Mrs. N. get up at five o'clock, to make room for my head, which I thought was enlarging, and would want all the bed. At eight o'clock, James announced breakfast, but I could not get through the door. Ordered Joseph therefore to take out the sash, and let me down by a ladder. I thus got down into the yard, my head just clearing the jambs; but, alas! could not get in at the house door. Took out another sash; and not having foreseen such a calamity, abandoned the voyage, which pleased Mrs. N. greatly. N. B. Returned the same way to bed.

Feb. 8th.—Awoke by a tickling of the nose; believed it to be a carbuncle. Searched the medical books, and sent for the leech-woman, who applied twelve of Nature's physicians. Searched the medical books again! but the abominably unintelligible stuff which the physicians call technical language confounded me. Had a poultice to my nose, and read Aristotle and "*Boetius Consolatione Philosophie*," admired their depth, and pitied the shallow scholarship of modern times. Begun a translation of the fathers, which I possess in about one hundred and twenty-four folio volumes, which I propose to publish, with notes, in a hundred octavos, for the benefit of youth. Wrote to Mr. M., and drew up a prospectus.

Feb. 9th.—As I was gaping, at breakfast time, thought my jaw was locked; wife and all about said it was not, but was sure they were wrong. Could speak, however, and sent for the leech-woman, who seemed alarmed, desired to see my toe, and shook her head. I fainted; and when I revived, Sarah was bathing my head in cold water, and the quack doctor (an M.D. though) was sitting with the family at breakfast, talking about my systems of government for the day;—before, I had made seventeen new forms, which I had read to the family. Doctor ordered no tea, and to go out; but my head was too large to get out conveniently, as my toe felt singular, and Joseph would not carry the crutches, could not go.

Feb. 10.—Awoke very cold; had a pain in my teeth; sent for the dentist, who drew three, and lanced the others, and ordered me to keep comfortably warm. Drew out a plan of a treatise on the teeth, founded on

new principles; and another, to show the connexion between galvanism and theology. Counted the title pages of projected works to be finished by me, and found them fifty-four. Towards evening had a trance, in which my wife appeared to be multiplied into ten or twelve forms, and instead of eight children, there appeared to be about eighty or ninety in the room, and every thing else about me seemed to be tenfold. Proposed to fast to-morrow, and to inquire into the moral design of this marvel.

Feb. 11th.—Rose at three A. M., and then drew out a plan for the morning study, as a preparative for inquiring into the design of the aforesaid trance. Plan was

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| 1. Nature of being | 7. Miracles. |
| 2. ——— metaphysics. | 8. Dreams. |
| 3. Corpuseles. | 9. Second sight. |
| 4. Organic laws. | 10. Presentiments. |
| 5. Mental agencies. | 11. Ideality. |
| 6. Supernatural intervention. | 12. Symbolical truth. |

Ate a biscuit at ten, and drank a glass of cold water, and spent the rest of the day, in the investigation, and concluded that the vision meant that all things are of ten times more consequence than they are thought to be. Felt comforted, read the communion service, and thought of entering the church.

Feb. 12th.—Made a new will; counted the wooden spoons, found only six left; left off garters, because they promote white swellings; shaved off my eyebrows, because apt to catch the candle, counted my teeth, and made a model of a new pair of wings, to fly with. Thought if I could only substitute a whale muscle for the pectoral muscle of the birds, could reach the moon. Wrote to Hull, to get about twenty yards of that material, by the earliest opportunity. Received a letter offering me the presidency of——. Declined it, as my toe might not bear the climate, and supposed my head would enlarge again on shipboard, and then all would be lost.

Feb. 13th.—Turned all my servants away, and wrote to London for a French cook, and to Bristol, for a "nigger boy," to wait; experimented about the longitude and universal motion; made three new discoveries, one being an automaton image, to go on errands, for which I have taken out a patent, as I am weary of those worms of life, the servant tribe. Fancied I was descended from William the third: sent to the Herald's Office, to search. Thought candles likely to bring on the *gutta serena*, so would not have any burnt, and ordered the chandler to send no more. N. B. My wife and Sarah look very ill, must be examined to-morrow by the leech-woman; think they have a complaint in the kidneys. Before I went to bed, felt as if I should burst; read the medical books, concluded I was dropsical, and thought I would let the water out of my leg with my penknife; but when I tried it only bled, which frightened my wife, who sent for the doctor, but I would not see the rogue.

WOMAN AT THE COUCH OF SICKNESS.—I love to see her by the couch of sickness—sustaining the fainting head—offering to the parched lip its cordial—to the craving palate its simple nourishment: treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid, when he says:

"Let me not have this gloomy view,
About my room, about my bed,
But blooming roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead."

Disposing the sunlight upon the pale forehead—bathing the hair with ointments—and settling upon it from the summer casement, the breath of Heaven! How lovely are such exhibitions of ever during constancy and faith! How they appeal to the soul!—like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, "dropping with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock!"—*Knickerbocker*.

HAPPINESS.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says "the foundation of domestic happiness, is faith in the virtue of women; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God."