

## POETRY.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S SONG.  
BY ALLEN CUNNINGHAM.

Now the sea-raven mute  
On the water is lying;  
Now the night-wind's last sob  
On the billow is dying;  
And the full-moon is up,  
Whom no dark clouds encumber,  
While the numberless stars  
Lie around her in slumber.  
All beneath us is bright—  
All above us is glowing—  
And the night's in her prime,  
And the tide in the flowing.  
Lo! a land-breeze awakens,  
And shakes mast and pennon;  
Loud the mariner shouts,  
With his hand on the cannon,  
"Up halers! with foam  
See the ocean is hoary!"  
And away shoots my ship  
In her pride and her glory.  
How we love the black storm!  
How we tread on the billows!  
How our strong timbers quake,  
And our masts bend like willows!  
See, the moon hides her head,  
And the waves rise in mountains;  
Clouds spout liquid fire,  
Heaven opens all her fountains;  
Yet our ship rides as safely  
As when, in dew nourished,  
An oak 'mid the forests  
Of Ghatsworth, she flourished!  
See! see! how the flame-crested  
Billows she's cleaving!  
See! see! in the van, how  
Old England she's leaving!  
She was wooed when she grew  
In the depth of the forest:  
Now a sea-queen she smiles  
When the tempest is sorest.  
How she smiles 'mid the tempest,  
And long for the rattle  
Of gun and of musquet,  
To burst into battle!  
At the thrust of her pike,  
At the glance of her pennon,  
At a move of her helm,  
At the flash of her cannon,—  
The Eagle of Russia  
Plies backward her pinion,  
Nor dares on the ocean  
To found her dominion.  
The Bites of Bourbon  
Seem withered and dying,  
Like weeds in the sun,  
Where her banner is flying.  
Blake, Raleigh, Monk, Nelson,  
Reign kings in sea-story,  
And Britain breeds none  
Will diminish her glory!

## SELECTIONS.

A LAND CRUISE AT PORT MAHON.—We procured four horses with some little difficulty, and rejected as many hundred mules and asses, although their owners assured us, that they were much faster than any other animals we had ever seen, and, as a last proof of their excellence, cried "viva la constitution, y la constitucion fregata!" But our hearts had become as hard as one of their own Mahon biscuits, and I doubt whether we would have accepted the beasts, even if they had paid us with their own sweet voices the same compliment. We were bound for a mountain, some eight or ten miles distant, the name of which I do not recollect, but I am decidedly of opinion that it was not Mount Athos, though Bill Wilkins, who is fresh from college, and writes rhymes as fast as I can make French sennet, swears that is the only mountain worth seeing in these parts. I don't know how that may be, but I looked for it in the table at the end of Bowditch, to find its latitude and longitude—and as it was not laid down, I suppose this was either a hoax of his, or else the mountain is too far inland for a seaman's use. We got on our horses, and Harry Liner, being the oldest officer, acted as commodore.—Bill Wilkins was ordered to go ahead of the squadron, to find out if there were any shoals or other dangers, and to hail all the Spanish craft we should meet.—Charley Lewis and I brought up the rear. The commodore gave the order, "underweigh to get," and off we went on a pretty smart trot; my feet got out of the foot-ropes, right off the reel, and not knowing how to hammer the roll of the craft, I came pretty near going overboard; but Charley gave me a little more headway with his whip, and altered the motion to a long, steady pitch; this went very well; I sat like a trooper, and thought, at the time, that it was as easy to ride a horse, as it was to roll up a royal, but I soon found my mistake, for falling a little astern, I used a pair of spurs, in order to appear ship shape, and, in a minute, the order of sailing was inverted; I was ahead, the other three were a little abaft my beam; I could not leave the log, but should think, we were hammering it off, at the rate of more than twelve knots. Finding my situation rather uncomfortable, and having become aware of my incapacity to manage the craft, I determined to try to bring her on a wind; I therefore let fly my

larboard head sheet—she came to like lightning, and, I suppose, shipped a sea, for, in a second, every thing was swept from her decks—bridle, saddle, and skipper, were all lying piled up alongside the road. I looked round, and saw that Wilkins was the only one that had weathered the squall, the rest of us exhibiting a deplorable picture, our canvass being much damaged and soiled, and our hulls considerably battered. We straggled on to Mahon, and procured mules, to commence our cruise again, satisfied of the truth of the old saying—"a short boat for a heavy sea."

LEFT ON THE GROUND.—An Antwerp Journal contains the following anecdote of a recent duel in that neighbourhood. "On arriving at the ground, the two principals, who were to fight, entered into a parley.—Come, said one of them, 'nothing remains but to measure the distance.' 'I will fight at any distance you please,' replied his adversary, 'but if either of us is wounded there is an end to the affair, and we may declare ourselves mutually satisfied.' 'Never,' said the first, 'one of us must remain upon the ground.' 'Then you may remain by yourself,' replied the doughty combatant, 'for I have business which calls me away.' With this colloquy the affair terminated, and the parties separated without loss of blood."

A CHILD SUCKLED BY A MAN.—In the village of Arenas, there lived a labourer, Francisco Lozano, who had suckled a child. Its mother happening to be sick, he took it, and in order to quiet it, pressed it to his breast, when the stimulus imparted by the sucking of the child, caused a flow of milk. The travellers saw the certificate drawn up on the spot, to attest this remarkable fact, of which several eye-witnesses were still living. The man was not at Arenas, during their stay at the mission, but afterwards visited them at Cumana, accompanied by his son, when M. Bonpland examined his breasts, and found them wrinkled, like those of women who had nursed. He was not an Indian, but a white, descended from European parents. Alexander Benedictus relates a similar case of an inhabitant of Syria, and other authors have given examples of the same nature.—*Travels and Researches of Baron Humboldt.*

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.—News having just arrived of the death of this celebrated lady, we are most happy in having it in our power to furnish our readers with a personal sketch of her, from the pen of an English lady of high rank, and literary distinction.—

"I saw this remarkable and interesting person, for the first time, in the beginning of May, 1828, in the gardens of the Vigna Palatina, on the Monte Palatina, the beautiful villa of Mr. Mills. She had come attended by her son Jerome, ex-king of Westphalia, his wife the princess Catherine, daughter to the king of Wirtemberg, and her chaplain, Dame de Champagne, and her other attendants. Having heard that Mad. Mere disliked meeting strangers, we retired to a distant part of the garden, but Jerome having seen my carriage, sent to request that we should join them, and he presented us to his mother and wife. Madame Letitia Buonaparte is tall and slight, with a most dignified and graceful carriage; her face is even still more remarkably handsome, bearing proof of the accuracy of the resemblance of Canova's admirable statue of her; and a finer personation of a Roman matron could not be found, than this Hecuba of the Imperial Dynasty. She is pale, and the expression of her countenance is of a subdued and pensive cast, unless when lighted up occasionally, when her dark eye sheds for a moment a gleam of animation; but even when animated, her manner retains its dignified composure, and she seems born to represent the mother of kings. Jerome and his excellent wife treat her with a watchful and respectful tenderness; each supported her, and suited their pace to her feeble steps, listening with attention to her observations. She was dressed in a robe of rich dark-grey satin, a bonnet of the same material, worn over a lace cap, with a black blonde veil falling over it, and her hair a la *Madonna* (her own white hair) finished one of the most interesting pictures I ever saw. A superb Cashmere shawl, that looked like a tribute from some barbaric sovereign, fell gracefully over her shoulders; her feet are small and finely formed, and her hands admirable.

On presenting us, Jerome said something flattering about the liberal politics of my husband, and this insured as a gracious reception from Madame Mere, who looks on all liberal members of the House of Parliament, as having been kindly disposed towards Napoleon, who is still the idol of her thoughts. She expressed this in a few words, and when I told her that Napoleon had many admirers in England, who did justice to his great genius and talents, she pressed my hand, and a tear glistened in her eye. 'Why did your nation let my brave son die on a rock?' said she. 'Could no less terrific prison be found? But pardon me, bear with the feelings of a mother bereaved of such a son. I know it was not the fault of your nation, and I am grateful for their sympathy.' Jerome and his amiable wife led the conversation to other subjects, in which Madame Mere joined but by monosyllables: though

her manner was gracious and gentle, with much of that affectionate earnestness which distinguishes the manners of the Italian ladies, and particularly those of advanced years and high rank. When we had made the tour of the garden, walking very slowly, not to fatigue her, she entered her carriage, into which she was assisted by Jerome and my husband; Jerome and his wife kissed her hand, the princess performing the ceremony as if a diadem encircled the brows of Letitia, and that she herself had not worn one. Madame Mere invited us to visit her, and, at parting, touched my forehead with her lips, and shook hands with my husband, saying kind and amiable things to us both. The gentlemen, including Jerome, all remained uncovered until her carriage had driven off, when her family and suit entered theirs and followed her.

There was something highly scenic in the whole of our meeting with this remarkable woman. Here was the mother of a Caesar, walking amid the ruins of the Palace of the Caesars, lamenting a son whose fame had filled the four quarters of the globe, and formed an epoch in the history of Europe; her tottering steps supported by another son from whose brow the diadem had been torn, and who, now shorn of his splendour, reminded one of the poet's description of a dethroned.

'He who has worn a crown,  
When less than kings, is less than other men—  
A fallen star extinguish'd, leaving blank  
Its place in heaven.'

The other supporter of Madame Mere added much to the effect of the picture. The daughter of a king of the old legitimate stock and allied to half the reigning sovereigns of our day, she has nobly, femininely, and wisely adhered to the fallen fortunes of her husband, resisted the brilliant offers of her family, and shares the present obscure destiny of him on whose throne she shed a lustre. There is something touchingly beautiful in the respectful tenderness of this amiable princess towards the aged mother of her husband; and her affectionate attention to him and her children, with the unaffected sweetness of manners, inspired us with a deeper reverence for her than the possession of the most brilliant crown could have excited in our minds.

Colonel Sabastiani told us, that while her children were yet in infancy, Letitia had been remarked for the dignity and self-possession of her character and conduct. With a large family and a small income, she practised the most rigid system of economy, without ever condescending to any meanness; and this prudence seemed in her much more the result of a laudable pride than of avarice. In later years when she saw her son not only a king himself, but the dictator of kings, with all Europe looking to him as the arbiter of her destiny, (the nation of shopkeepers only excepted from his worshippers,) neither the palace, nor income of a million of francs, that he assigned her, could blind her to the insecurity of his power, which she saw was based upon sand, while all others looked upon it as based upon a rock. The economy urged by foresight, and practised by Letitia at that period, has enabled her to support her station with descent dignity, and renders her old age free from the cares of pecuniary considerations."

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.—This Annual is among the defunct. It is melancholy indeed to think that so lively a thing could not live longer. A contemporary, in a *shower* of grief, for the loss of so useful a *Hood*, inquires—"Has he ceased to rain? Shall we never more hail his appearance? Are we to have no more *Hoodwinks*? Can he have given his readers the *cut direct*? His wit though always *block-aided*, never ceased to flow; and we fondly thought that, like the Prepotent, it knew no ebb. What can be *tide* him? We cannot forget that it was he who, by means of the press made *puns*, for the small coin of wit, pass current, in the present day; for since the days of *Swift* their circulation was *slow*, until his brain bank came into operation. Can it have closed already? All its issues were *capital*, 'tis true; but surely, in so short a time, he cannot have sold out all his stock. If so we are in *consol-able*; for our *long annuities* of fun are *reduced*; and we ourselves are *below par* at the news.—*Liverpool Albion.*

AMUSING ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN KEMBLE.—It is allowed, on all hands, that few persons shewed more philosophical firmness, under calamity, than Stephen Kemble, whose reputation for humour will certainly survive his fame as an actor. He never hesitated about communicating the story of his early misfortunes to any person, who, he thought, could be benefited by the moral which was capable of being drawn from his narratives. It appears, that, before his marriage, when he was in one of the towns of Yorkshire, where a large barn was formed into a sort of theatre, the performances were so little attractive, that he, and the rest of the Thespian party, were reduced to the greatest extremities, unable, not only to defray the expense of their lodgings, but even to provide food for the passing day. He was persecuted by his landlady, whose wretched garret he occupied, with the daily question, "Why don't you pay your charges?" and, in order

to disguise the necessity of abstinence, he remained two days in bed, under pretence of indisposition. On the third day he ventured to sally forth, and, at the distance of three miles, luckily discovered a turnip field, which he entered, and there made a cold, but most acceptable repast. The next day, as he was proceeding to the same hospitable banquet, the late Mr. Davenport, husband of the present popular actress of Covent Garden Theatre, who was one of the wandering tribe of Thespians, met Mr. Kemble, declared he was nearly famished, and earnestly entreated for some assistance. Mr. Kemble, whom no distress could deprive of fortitude and good humour, told Mr. Davenport that it was a lucky meeting, for he was going to dine with a friend, and could take the liberty of bringing a friend with him. Here was another difficulty to poor Davenport, who said, his shoes were so cracked, that he was ashamed of going into company, proposing that he should cover them with mud, in order, if possible, to conceal the fissures. Mr. Kemble assured him that the friend to whom they were going, was wholly devoid of ceremony, and would care nothing whether he was well or ill shod. They then proceeded on their journey, but Davenport, nearly exhausted by the condition of his stomach, made heavy complaints of the length of the way. Kemble endeavoured to raise his spirits, assuring him that he would find an ample feast and no unwelcome greeting. At length they reached the vegetable pantry, and Kemble congratulated him on having arrived at the hospitable mansion of his friend. Davenport looked around with anxiety for a house, and then casting a look of dejection and reproach at Kemble, for having deceived him at so distressing a crisis. Kemble pointed to the turnip-field, and said, this is my only friend, it afforded me a dinner yesterday, and I suppose I shall be obliged to trespass on the same kindness till the end of the week. Davenport who was a sensible and respectable man, though an inferior actor assumed better spirits, and said, with a smile, "Well, I confess, though I do not find the fare I expected, you have brought me to an ample table, and no spare diet.—*Taylor's Records of his Life.*

MARCH OF INTELLECT AT GLOSSOP.—An announcement of which the following is a verbatim copy, was left at a house in Glossop one day last week by a person who fancies she has all the necessary qualifications to "teach the young ladies how to shoot."—This is to inform you that E. K— will hold a school this morning for boys and girls with Alphabet 2d Testament and Bible 3d Nitting and sowing 3d Marking 4d week Also a night school attendance with Evening any time when boys or girls is at liberty any that is desirous to learn to write Bring Slate and pencil after On paper Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Nights 3d Also take in all Kind of sowing for Men Women Or Children at a reasonable rate Turn of th Lane Near Glossop Please to inform your neighbours th Children Bring their Books.—*Shagfin Iris.*

POT LUCK.—A German was invited by an English family to partake of "pot luck" for dinner. He would eat no roast beef for dinner; no turkey; all the dishes passed him untouched. On being asked the reason of his loss of appetite, he said—"I do wait for dat excellent pote loock."

THE CHINESE GOOSE.—Colonel Montagu relates the following singular instance of attachment between a China Goose and a pointer that had killed the male. The dog was severely punished for the offence, and had the dead bird fastened to his neck. The solitary goose became extremely distressed for the loss of her partner and only companion, and, probably, having been attracted to the dog's kennel by the sight of her dead mate, she seemed determined to persecute the dog by her constant attendance and vociferations; but, after a little time, a strict friendship took place between these incongruous animals. They fed out of the same trough, lived under the same roof, and, in the same straw bed, kept each other warm; and when the dog was taken to the field, the lamentations of the goose were incessant.

LORD ERSKINE.—The late Lord Erskine was a great humourist and wit. Having gained a cause for a coal company, they invited him to a dinner on the occasion, and being asked for a toast, he addressed them in a style of surprising familiarity: "Sink your pits, blast your mines, and dam your rivers."

A CIVIL GUEST.—The passionate love of good eating, and the brutal species of wit which distinguished Quin, a celebrated actor, furnished many anecdotes in his day. He was invited to dine with a duchess, who delighted in the company of men of talent.—To the surprise of Quin, she helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch which stood before her. "What! and does your grace eat no fat?" "Not of venson, sir." "Never, my lady duchess?" "Never, I assure you."—Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiment, the epicure exclaimed, "I love to dine with such fools!"

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