

POETRY.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

Sister, thou art gone before us, and thy
saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
and sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from
care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er
and borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
to reach his blest abode,
Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus upon
his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt
thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and
the Holy Spirit fail,
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
whom on earth thou loved'st best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
the solemn Priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now, and
we seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, sister, soars away among
the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
whom thou hast left behind,
May we untainted by the world, as sure
a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to
be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.

ON ETERNITY.

What is Eternity?—Can aught
Paint its duration to the thought?
Tell every beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he sits;
Till every light-winged mote that strays
Within its ample round of rays;
Tell all the leaves, and all the buds,
That crown the gardens and the woods;
Tell all the spires of grass the meads
Produce, when spring propitious leads
The new born year; tell all the drops
The night upon their bended tops
Sheds in soft silence, to display
Their beauties with the rising day,
Tell all the sands the Ocean laves,
Tell all its changes, all its waves;
Or tell, with more laborious pains,
The drops its mighty mass contains;
Be this astonishing account
Augmented with the full account
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread.
Through all Time's long protracted tour,
From Adam to the present hour;
Still short the sum; nor can it vie
With the more numerous years, that lie
Embosom'd in Eternity.

Was there a belt that could contain
In its vast orb the earth and main,
With figures was it clustered o'er,
Without one cipher in the score;
And could your lab'ring thought assign
The total of the crowded line;
How scant th' amount! th' attempt how
vain,
To reach duration's endless chrin;
For when as many years are run,
Unbounded age is but begun.

Attend, O man, with awe divine,
For this Eternity is thine.

EXTRACT
FROM

THE NAVAL SKETCH BOOK.

It was late in the afternoon of a gloomy day in the later part of November, when, in consequence of a signal made that a suspicious sail was seen off the coast, as if waiting for the flowing tide in the dark, Lieutenant — had given orders to man his favourite galley, and proceed in quest of the stranger. The crew had been carefully, though to appearance, hastily selected from those injured to service, and bearing a character for intrepidity, some of whom had been the partners of a scene which was

ever uppermost in his mind, when among the first to board the American frigate Chesapeake, as a young midshipman, he was stretched on the deck by the stroke of a cutlass on the head. The strokesman of the Shannon, as soon as the Americans had deserted their deck, and fled for safety below, as he now shipped the rudder look-wistfully in the wind's eye. The glance was not unobserved; but the Lieutenant apprehensive that it might be accompanied by some remonstrance (a liberty which Jack considered himself exclusively privileged to take), quietly motioned him to go forward, in order to hoist the mainsail. The boat being shoved off the beach, after pitching twice in the surf, rose triumphantly over the third sea, which had now exhausted itself. In a moment the sail that was hoisted; she instantly gathered away and stood off in an internal direction from the shore. The men seated themselves regularly on the thwarts, and the strokesman, after reefing the main sheet through the fair leader abaft, sat with it in his hand in such a position on the after-thwart, that though his face was turned to windward, his eye would occasionally meet that of his commander. As the light boat lay down to the wind, and became steady in her course towards the chase, the crew had time to look around them. The strokesman's eye was alternately turned from that part of the heavens, where he had vainly sought for encouraging appearance amidst the portentous indications of a wild wintry sky, to the beach, where in a lonely romantic gorge, skirted with verdure and leafless underwood, between two grey beetling cliffs, was discovered the compact white wooden station house of the party, with its signal post, and miniature glacis descending almost to highwater mark. His look betrayed unusual emotion in one of his years and service, possibly occasioned by the intrusive officiousness of the remembrance, that there were gathered up the source of his best affections—his wife and innocent little prattlers—whom, through some unaccountable pre-hazard of her destruction) the boat veteran's eye at this moment; for, as if unwilling to be longer a witness of the struggle between tenderness and duty, Lieutenant addressed him in a tone of evidently assumed ease, and inquired if the arm-chest had been kept dry. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, and having ascertained that each man had his cutlass beside him, he proceeded to examine the printing of his pistols, which he finally placed in his waist belt, and wrapped himself in a cloak which had been spread for him in the stern sheets abaft. Taking advantage of the first heavy swell, he rose in the boat to catch a glimpse of the strange sail in the offing, which was discovered broad on the lee bow. Having directed the attention of the bowman to her position, both resumed their seats, and the lieutenant shaped his course so as to board her on the quarter. Not a word as yet, had escaped the lips of any of his men, who sat covering in a bending attitude, with elevated shoulders and arms crossed, fearful of changing the position of a limb, lest it should occasion any alteration in the boat's trim. Thus broad the villains,—"Aye, aye sir," exclaimed by every effort of art, and impelled by a light breeze, the galley soon gained rapidly on the chase; which, perceiving that the boat from the shore was evidently about to pursue her, bore round up, making all the sail she could carry before the wind. The bowman, just then got way on her, two of the weather oars looking under the foot of the lug, pronounced her to be a large lugger, which he had before seen on the station, under suspicious circumstances. The lieutenant putting up the helm, instantly edging a course edging in for the land, into her wake, and followed precisely her track. A short period, however, sufficed to show that the chase, from the quantity of sail she was enabled to carry, had decidedly the advantage; and the wind continuing to freshen as the tide set in darkness around; and although from half an hour she was hull down; the sea, and which appeared to be haze of evening growing every moment thicker, she became almost imperceptible to the view. The men now involuntarily turned their eyes, which had hitherto been strained on the chase, to the stern to follow her was to brave unseen danger of the galley; the appeal was unnecessary—the lieutenant was already occupied in council with the coxswain: his trusty favourite hesitated not to dissuade him in

terms respectful yet decisive, from continuing so unequal a chase; more particularly as there was no chance, in the dark, of communicating by signal either with the shore or any cruiser which might be then off the station. A heavy swell had now set in from the same point in which the wind continued all day. The sun had set with every indication of stormy weather; a pale yellow streak of light over the land, partly reflected from the east, formed the only contrast to the general murky gloom of the horizon, across which the gull, and other sea-fowl, hastily fled the approach of the gale, already indicated by the swift drifting of the scud, which overtook them in their flight, and suddenly enveloped all in a pitch-darkness, without the intervention of twilight. They had got so far to leeward, that to return with the lug was impossible. The sail had already been lowered, and the boat brought head to wind; when the crew shipping their oars, bent their broad shoulders to pull them through the heavy sea, which flung itself in sheets of spray over the bows, and drenched every man on board. It was soon found that oars were unavailing, to contend against a sea like this, in which it was scarcely possible so small and delicate a bark should live much longer. The waves were rolling from the main with aggravated violence, and the united strength of the men could barely keep her head to wind; who, perceiving there was no longer the slightest prospect of making any progress, or the wind moderating, sullenly contented themselves with hanging on their oars. Apprehension soon put an end to all subordination, Remonstrances on the impossibility of persevering in their present course, were now muttered by every man, except the coxswain, whose features betrayed, notwithstanding, no less anxiety than the rest. A heavy sea which now struck the larboard bow, making in consequence of its being im-possible for the crew to keep the boat's head on, a rapid accumulation of water every minute, soon decided the reluctant lieutenant to run (though at the obvious hazard of her destruction) the boat ashore in the first situation which might offer a chance of saving the lives of his brave companions. "Lay in your oars, my lads," cried he, "step the short mast—close reef the storm lug; we must run all risks, and beach the galley under canvass." Whilst executing this order, the bowman sung out, "a sail close aboard, sir; if she don't keep her luff, she'll run us right down." "Luff, luff!" exclaimed aloud every man in the boat. The lugger's course, however, remaining unaltered, there could be no doubt that she had seen them first, and perceiving her to be a king's boat, her object was to run clean over the galley, by taking her right abeam. Destruction seemed inevitable in her helpless condition. A shriek of despair, mingled with execrations, succeeded as she neared the galley, when the lieutenant rose in the boat, levelled his pistol at the steersman, and fired; word as yet, had escaped the hand which grasped the tiller relaxed its hold, and the miscreant his life. The lugger instantly broached to, passing to the windward of the boat—"Out oars, my lads," said the lieutenant, "we'll any alteration in the boat's trim."—"Aye, aye sir," exclaimed several voices, with an alacrity which might be taken for the surest rapidly on the chase; which, perceiving were again manned, the boat in the meanly pitching bows under, and shipping before the wind. The bowman, just then got way on her, two of the weather oars looking under the foot of the lug, pronounced her to be a large lugger, which he had before seen on the station, under suspicious circumstances. The lieutenant putting up the helm, instantly edging a course edging in for the land, into her wake, and followed precisely her track. A short period, however, sufficed to show that the chase, from the quantity of sail she was enabled to carry, had decidedly the advantage; and the wind continuing to freshen as the tide set in darkness around; and although from half an hour she was hull down; the sea, and which appeared to be haze of evening growing every moment thicker, she became almost imperceptible to the view. The men now involuntarily turned their eyes, which had hitherto been strained on the chase, to the stern to follow her was to brave unseen danger of the galley; the appeal was unnecessary—the lieutenant was already occupied in council with the coxswain: his trusty favourite hesitated not to dissuade him in

no capture, they were more likely to find a smooth by following the lugger, which clearly was herself making for the beach. A heavy lurch, which nearly swamped the boat, soon created unanimity. The lieutenant putting the helm up, she flew with incredible speed in the lugger's wake, though not without imminent danger of being popped by every successive surge. The roaring of the surf was now distinctly heard, and soon the whole scene was lighted up by its luminous appearance. The bowman, alarm d, now vociferated "breakers ahead!—hard down sir! hard down!" Before the word was repeated, she had entered the frightfully agitated element. "Down with sail or we're lost!" exclaimed the crew. "Hold on! hold on everything!" cried the veteran, "tis our chance to beat her." The surf now reared itself in boiling masses higher than the mast, and as it fell, thundering on the shore, the wild din burst on the affrighted ears of the seamen like successive salvos of heavy artillery. An enormous sea striking her on the quarter, swept her broadside to the spuff, washing out the lieutenant, with one of the crew; and the next, bursting with wilder fury, turned her seven unhappy seamen in one common grave.

An Irish sailor, bearing a parson real from his death in the cockpit of Sampson, enquiring of his companion if he was an Irishman, receiving no reply—was he an Irishman? vociferated in true boatwain style—astonished and roused the congregation. "Because if he was't, I know'd a Denis O'Neil, in the North of Ireland, who would twist an horse shoe in his teeth, and sweep the deck with you and your Sampson!"

THE TREE OF DRUNKENNESS.
Drunkenness
expels reason,
drowns the memory,
distempers the body,
defaces beauty, diminishes
strength, inflames the blood,
causes internal, external, and incurable wounds; is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse, the beggars companion, a wife's woe, and children's sorrow; the picture of a beast, and self-murderer, who drinks to other's good health and robs himself of his own.

EPITAPH
In a Church at Coventry.
Here lies the body of Captain Tully,
Who lived 150 years fully.—
Nine of his wives by him do lie,
And so shall the tenth, when she does die.
A young man, being lately examined by a minister, prior to confirmation, was asked, "Who is the Mediator between Almighty God and his people?" After a pause, and scratching his head, he replied, "The Archbishop of Canterbury."

The following ludicrous advertisement was observed posted in a window near Worcester Cathedral:—"henny body that whants henny sault water, my father will carry it for yo"

A boy, three years of age, was particularly backward in his tongue, and his parents feared that he would never talk. "Send him to a girl's school," said a friend. The hint was adopted, and succeeded beyond expectation.

According to a statement in the Morgenblatt, the celebrated Chinese wall was erected 213 years before the birth of Christ against the Mongolese. It is 714 Dutch miles long, 14 feet thick, and 26 feet high; so that with the same materials, a wall one foot in thickness and 23 in height, might be carried twice round the world.

A printer, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it. "In printing," answered he, "all the faults are exposed to the eye, but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets more easily off."

Why is a man whipping his wife like a drunken man?—Because he is given to Lick-her.