

Poetry,
Original and Select.

SAY WHAT IS JOY?

Say what is joy?
A transient gleam
Of sunshine darting o'er a scene
Of scattered hopes and fears;
We scarce behold the fairer spots,
E'er we perceive the barren plots,
Of sorrows, sighs, and tears.

Say what is joy?
The bubbling wave
Of running brooks, whose waters love
The barren mountain's dome;
Its gentle glidings scarce we tread,
Till dashed against the rocky base,
We see it beat to foam.

Say what is joy?
A dazzling spark,
A flash that banishes the dark,
And shows the gilded room;
We see it glare, we see it fail,
Thus scarce we joy, e'er we bewail
A worse than midnight gloom.

Then what is joy?
Then what is worth?—
'Tis air in heaven, 'tis heaven on earth,
Though never known in hell;
Its wide expanse is unconfined,
No human tongue, no mortal mind,
Its fulness e'er can tell.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

A FABLE.

Friendship and Love one day together found
Two altars on Calabria's sunny ground:
The one to Friendship raised, where art and taste
Its every part had diligently graced;
Around its base were glowing clusters thrown
Of bursting grapes that Aulon's vines had grown;
Whilst that to Love was but a simple stone,
With "Ad Cupidini" traced there alone.
"Behold!" said Friendship, with exalted brow,
"Who claims the mortal's homage most, Love, now?
Mark the proportions of this classic shrine,
Whilst yonder scarce hewn stone, alas! is thine;
Around me see the vine's enlivening birth,
The fruit of heaven, though the growth of earth,
That o'er the soul by goading cares oppress'd,
Can shed a spellwork that decess it bless'd;
Whilst thou art honour'd with one tasteless flower,
That is at most the bauble of an hour."
"I envy not," Love in return replied,
"The gay adornments of thine altar's side,
Nor all the gifts which scatter'd round I see,
To thy shrine offer'd only—not to thee,
A lowly altar mine, and such should be
The mortal's offering to his Deity;
Whilst this sweet rose, of him an emblem true
Who placed it here, expires where it grew;
Nay, frown not, Friendship; if we disagree,
And wrangle on, what, prithee, shall we be?
Without thee I must as a meteor shine,
Too fierce my passion, and too frigid thine;
But wisely mingling in one generous flame,
We both are worship'd, honour'd, prized the same."

GUERNSEY.

The happiest community which it has
ever been my lot to fall in with is to be
found in the little island of Guernsey. The
pictures of want, filth, and crime, which so

frequently shock the eye of humanity in our
own country, and which appear to a still
greater extent in Ireland, and many parts of
France, are not to be met with in Guernsey;
but in their stead are to be seen the happy
signs of abundance, comfort, and content-
ment. The poor man has his neat little
house, is surrounded by his cheerful family,
and is under no apprehension that he shall
not be able, with moderate labour, to provide
a full meal and a comfortable lodging for
all who are dependent upon him.

What are the causes of this superior state
of things in Guernsey? Why is it that with-
in so short a distance of places where the
pining labourer is but half fed and half clad,
the man of Guernsey should have a well-
stored board and abundance of clothing?
The climate is not peculiar the land is not
remarkably fertile. The southern parts of
England are quite equal to Guernsey in both
these particulars. How is it then that
Guernsey should be so much ahead in the
career of happiness? *Guernsey has superi-
or laws—superior institutions* And the
state of things in Guernsey is one among the
thousand proofs that have been given, that
the prosperity and happiness of a people are
much more dependent on its laws, instituti-
ons, and the manner in which its government
is carried on, than on climate and fertility
of the soil.

I have twice visited the island of Guern-
sey under circumstances favourable for be-
coming acquainted with its condition: and,
in the hopes of directing general attention to
a model from which much might with ad-
vantage be adopted, I will give a brief ac-
count of what fell under my observation.

One of the most striking changes which
the visitor, whether from England or France,
meets with on his landing in Guernsey, is
the entire absence of beggars. That mise-
rable compound of imposture and real dis-
tress—the wandering mendicant—is there
unknown. A tradesman who has been es-
tablished at St. Peter's Port (the town of the
island) for upwards of thirty years, assured
me that during the whole period of his re-
sidence in the island, he had never seen a
beggar. For myself, I neither saw nor
heard of one: and I was satisfied from all I
learnt, that a beggar is in Guernsey a being
of a past age—a creation of history—a fit
subject for the speculations of the antiquary
—but too completely covered with the dust
of ancient times, for those of the present day.

Not only is the island free from beggars,
but it is free also from those debasing but
unfortunate creatures whom the twilight of
evening brings forth from their hiding
places, like swarms of moths, to join the
giddy dance round the flame that is soon to
destroy them. Prostitution proceeds from
the same sources as mendicancy—want and
ignorance—and where the latter is not found,
the former will rarely be met with. Be that
as it may, however, the fact is, that the
streets and roads of Guernsey are not dis-
graced by the appearance either of the pros-
titute or the beggar.

Two establishments, called the Town and
Country Hospitals, exist in the island, to
which all persons are sent, who, for any rea-
sons whatever, are unable to obtain an ho-
nest livelihood. In these establishments

are to be found females who would other-
wise be living by prostitution—the habitual
drunkard—the lunatic—the destitute or-
phan—all have here an asylum, and are re-
moved from the temptation and misery to
which they would otherwise be exposed.

I visited the town hospital, situated, not
in the town itself, but in the outskirts, and
I was very much gratified with what I saw.
The scene was a busy one. The men were
occupied, some in weaving cloth, some as
tailors, others as shoemakers, &c. The wo-
men were engaged principally in washing.—
In addition to the washing for the hospital,
a great deal is taken in from families living
in the neighbourhood, and by this means
the women do much towards paying the ex-
penses of their maintenance. The greater
part of the cloth, shoes, &c., which the men
manufacture, is sold. The men are also
employed as scavengers.

By thus employing the men and women at
profitable labour instead of setting them to
turn a great stone as is done in some of our
parishes, the expense of the maintenance of
the inmates of the hospital is greatly reduc-
ed. The average yearly expense of each in-
mate is not more than seven pounds, not-
withstanding that at least half of those in
the hospitals are boys and girls who pro-
duce but little, being the greater part of the
day in school; and, notwithstanding also,
that there are many lunatics and infirm peo-
ple, who are of course unable to do anything
towards their own support. The number of
inmates in the town and country hospitals
together is about three hundred, and their
expense to the island is about £2000 a-year.

The arrangements of the hospitals, and
the discipline maintained in them, are ex-
cellent; at the same time, the inmates are
treated with great kindness, are allowed an
abundance of good wholesome food, and
are well clothed and lodged. Those whose
conduct deserves reward, are frequently al-
lowed to visit their friends for a day or so;
but if the privilege is abused, and, for in-
stance, if any one returns to the hospital in
a state of intoxication, he is not allowed to
leave the hospital again for several months.
On the whole, whether we regard these hos-
pitals as asylums from misery, or as schools
of morality, I must say, that I have never
yet seen any institutions in this country that
would bare comparison with them.

There are many causes which co-operate
in preventing any numerous class of people
of Guernsey sinking into that state of pover-
ty, which leads to crime and misery. In
the first place, all the necessities of life are
exceedingly cheap. Wheat, during the last
twenty years, has been at about two-thirds of
the price at which it has been sold in Eng-
land. In the summer of 1830, when I last
visited Guernsey, wheat was twenty shillings
(Guernsey money) per quarter, in the mea-
sure of the island. This price is the same
as forty-six shillings English money, for an
English quarter. The price of wheat in
England, at the same time, was sixty or
seventy shillings per quarter.

I need scarcely say, after mentioning the
price of wheat, that our corn laws do not
extend to Guernsey. Wheat, as indeed
every thing else, with the single exception
of tea, can be freely imported into Guern-