

that the emperor Aurelian bestowed on her a superb villa at Tivoli, where she resided in great honour; and that she was afterwards united to a Roman senator, with whom she lived many years, and died at a good old age. Her daughters married into Roman families, and it is said that some of her descendants remained so late as the fifth century.

The three sons of Zenobia are called, in the Latin histories, Timolaus, Herennicanus, and Vaballathus. The youngest became king of part of Armenia; but of the two oldest we have no account.

### TO A LADY,

ON HER VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Since thou must leave us, rover sweet,—farewell,  
May Providence unfold thee in its arms,  
Protect thee from the ocean's fatal swell,  
And shield thee from all danger and alarms.

Blow, gentle breezes,—speed her onward course,  
Swell the full-bosomed canvas with your breath,  
Make the proud ship scud through the billows  
hoarse,  
But enter not in league with traitor Death.

Yet whispers Fear: "Thou ne'er shalt see her more,"  
Oh maddening thought!—"Tis false—we'll meet  
again!  
Hope loudly cries, as oft she did before,  
"Much sweeter pleasure follows after Pain."

I turned to Nature—kindly to our race  
And asked if thou shouldst always stay away?—  
Spring's opening flowers wore a brighter face,  
Returning swallows gladly twittered "nay."

We part.—Yet surely, sweet, thou wilt return  
To see thy home—thy friends—thy favourite tree,  
To breathe this air—and happiness to learn  
In smiling, sunny Canada, with me.

Yon mountain wrapped in tender robe of spring,  
Could scarcely drag me from my much-loved  
books,  
Till side by side we heard its echoes ring:  
It then derived new beauty from thy looks.

Though absent hence, thine image still will beam  
On me with light,—and viewed through memory,  
Will seem impressed for sunshine, cloud and  
stream,—  
The sprightly squirrel frolic still like thee.

Look at me in the moon and soul-lit stars,  
On which we loved to gaze, night after night;  
When the soft radiance of their pearly cars,  
Reflected in thine eyes appeared more bright.

And should'st thou e'er forget me (heaven forefend!)  
This moon that watches o'er thy nightly bed  
Will scowl to make thee from thy wandering bend,  
And from a cloud shake terror on thy head.

If thou her meaning then wilt but obey,  
And let thy thoughts fly back to this fair spot,—  
She'll weep in rain, to drive the clouds away  
And shew her pensive face without a blot.

The separation dearest thou must propose  
Thy throbbing breast doth but too plainly moan;  
That sigh—a world of love would fain disclose,  
This kiss—assures me thou art all my own.

Oh, leave me not! How can I bear thy loss!  
The tortures of thy absence who can tell!  
Peace, heart!—Worse pangs thy destiny must  
cross:  
Bid gentle, beautiful Delia, farewell.

S YLVIO.

### JESTING.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or seasons.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pshaw!" said the Queen, "it is his profession, I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in, but the font? or to drink healths in, but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admission; and profane jests will come without calling. In the troublesome days of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign; more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown. Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which flieth from them in the deed.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. O, it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any