

Selected for the Pearl.

STANZAS TO THE YOUNG.

Long have the wisest lips confess'd,
That minstrel ones are far from wrong,
Who "point a moral" in a jest,
Or yield a sermon in a song.

So be it! listen ye who will,
And though my harp be roughly strung,
Yet never shall its highest thrill
Offend the old, or taint the young.

Mark me! I ne'er presume to teach
The man of wisdom, gray and sage;
'Tis to the growing I would preach
From moral text, and mentor page.

First I would bid thee, cherish truth,
As leading star in virtue's train;
Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,
But falsehood leaves a poison stain.

Keep watch, nor let the burning tide
Of impulse, break from all controul;
The best of hearts needs pilot-guide,
To steer it clear of error's shoal.

One wave of passion's boiling flood,
May all the sea of life disturb,
And steeds of good but fiery blood,
Will rush on death without a curb.

Think on the course ye fain would run,
And moderate the wild desire;
There's many a one would drive the sun,
Only to set the world on fire.

Slight not the one of honest worth,
Because no star adorns his breast;
The lark soars highest from the earth,
Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.

Heed but the bearing of a tree,
And if it yield a wholesome fruit,
A shallow, envious fool, is he
Who spurns it for its forest root.

Let fair humanity be thine,
To fellow-man, and meanest brute;
'Tis nobly taught; the code's divine,
"Mercy is God's chief attribute."

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture aught below,
Is ever first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe.

Be not too ready to condemn
The wrong thy brothers may have done;
Ere ye too harshly censure them
For human faults, ask "Have I none?"

Look that thy young and glowing breast
Can think of death without a sigh;
And be assured that life is best,
Which finds us least afraid to die!

ELIZA COOK.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DINNER IN A STEAMBOAT.

"They fool me to the top of my bent."—Shake.

'Come, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs. Sweetbread, Mrs. Cleaver! dinner's ready; shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we mustn't spoil good victuals though we are sure of good company.—Lauk! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing's roasted by steam, they say,—how excessively clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's so high and mighty, she may find her own way down. What! she's afraid of spoiling her fine shawl, I reckon, though you and I remember, Mrs. Hoggins, when her five shilling Welsh-whittle was kept for Sunday's church, and good enough too, for we all know what her mother was. Good heavens! here comes Undertaker Croak, looking as down in the mouth as the roof of my tongue: do let me get out of the way; I wouldn't sit next to him for a rump and dozen, he does tell such dismal stories that it quite gives one the blue devils. He is like a nightmare, isn't he, Mr. Smart?' 'He may be like a mare by night,' replied Mr. Smart, with a smirking chuckle, 'but I consider him more like an ass by day. He! he! he! Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway exclaiming, 'Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other.' 'Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart; I don't quite understand being called a liver—look at the

sparks coming out of the chimney, I declare I'm frightened to death.'—'Well, then of course you are no longer a liver,' resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; 'so you may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you.' 'O Gemini! don't talk so shocking; I had rather never die at all than have such a fellow as that to bury me.' 'Dick, my dear,' cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most wo-begone and emetical expression of countenance, 'hadn't you better come down to dinner? There's a nice side of a round o' beef, and the chump end of a *line* of mutton, besides a rare hock of bacon, which I dare say will settle your stomach.' 'O mother,' replied the young Cockney, 'that 'ere cold beefsteak and inguns vat you put up in the pocket-handkerchief, vasn't good I do believe, for all my hinsides are of a work.' 'Tell 'em it's a holiday,' cried Smart. 'O dear, O dear!' continued Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lackadaisical whine, 'I want to reach and I can't—vat shall I do, mother?' 'Stand on tiptoe,' my darling,' replied Smart, imitating the voice of Mrs. Cleaver, who began to take in high dudgeon this horse-play of her neighbour, and was proceeding to manifest her displeasure in no very measured terms, when she was fortunately separated from her antagonist, and borne down the hatchway by the dinner-desiring crowd, though sundry echoes of the words 'Jackanape!' and 'impudent feller' continued audible above the confused gabble of the gangway.

'Well, Mr. Smart,' cried Mrs. Suet, as soon as she had satisfied the first cravings of her appetite, 'you promised to tell me all about the steam, and explain what it is that makes them wheels go round as fast as those of our one-horse chay, when Jem Bell drives the trotting mare.' 'Why, ma'am, you must understand—' 'Who called for sandwiches and a tumbler of negus?' bawled the steward—'Who called for the savages and tumbling negres?' repeated Mr. Smart. 'Yes, mam, you saw the machinery, I believe—(capital boiled beef) there's a thing goes up and a thing goes down, all made of iron; well, that's the hydrostatic principle; then you put into the boiler—(a nice leg of mutton, Mrs. Sweetbread)—let me see, where was I? in the boiler, I believe. Ah! it's an old trick of mine to be getting into hot water. So, ma'am, you see they turn all the smoke that comes from the fire on to the wheels, and that makes them spin round, just as the smoke-jack in our chimnies turns the spit; and then there's the safety-valve in case of danger, which lets all the water into the fire, and so puts out the steam at once. You see, ma'am, it's very simple, when once you understand the trigonometry of it.' 'O perfectly, but I never had it properly explained to me before. It's vastly clever, isn't it? How could they ever think of it? Shall I give you a little of the salad? La, it isn't dressed; what a shame!

'Not at all,' cried Smart, 'none of us dressed for dinner, so that we can hardly expect it to be dressed for us. He! he! he!'—'Did you hear that, Mrs. H.,' exclaimed Mrs. Suet, turning to Mrs. Hoggins, 'that was a good one, warn't it? Dart it, Mr. Smart, you are a droll one.'

Here the company were alarmed by a terrified groan from Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, 'Heaven have mercy on us! did you hear that whizzing noise? there it is again—there's something wrong in the boiler—if it bursts, we shall all be in heaven in five minutes.' 'Lauk forbid!' ejaculated two or three voices, while others began to scream, and were preparing to quit their places, when the steward informed them that it was nothing in the world but the spare steam which they were letting off. 'Ay, so they always say,' resumed Croak with an incredulous tone and wo-begone look; 'but it was just the same on board the American steamboat that I was telling you of—fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, laughing and chatting for all the world as we are now, when there comes a whizz, such as we heard a while ago—Heaven help us! there it is once more—and bang! up blew the boiler, fourteen people scalded to death, and a little finger picked up next day in an oyster shell, which by the ring upon it was known to be the captain's. But don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any scalding as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall only go to the bottom smack. Indeed we may arrive safe—they do sometimes, and I wish we may now, for nobody loves a party of pleasure more than I do. I hate to look upon the gloomy side of things when we are all happy together (here another groan,) and I hope I haven't said any thing to lower the spirits of the company.'

'There's no occasion,' cried Smart, 'for I saw the steward putting water into every bottle of brandy.' The laugh excited by this bon mot tended in some degree to dissipate the alarm and gloom which the boding Mr. Croak had been infusing into the party; and Smart, by way of fortifying their courage, bade them remark that the sailors were obviously under no sort of apprehension. 'Ay' resumed the persevering Mr. Croak, 'they are used to it—it is their business—they are bred to the sea.' 'But they don't want to be bread to the fishes, any more more than you or I,' retorted Smart, chuckling at his having the best of this nonsense.

'Well,' exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, 'I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch water; they should have put it upon the cullender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it.' 'Madam,' replied the party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, 'I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead. I am eating the ham, you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to exemplify one of Shakspeare's soliloquies—Ham—let alone.' 'La! you're such a wag,' cried Mrs. Hoggins, 'there's no being

up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge bone—nothing's better than cold beef.' 'I beg your pardon, Madame,' replied the indefatigable joker, 'cold beef's better than nothing—Ha, ha, ha!'

'How do you find yourself now, my darling?' said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on because, as he said, his 'air was quite vet.' 'Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish that I feel as if I should heat any thing.' 'Then just warm these potatoes,' said Smart, handing him the dish, 'for they are almost cold.' 'I'll thank you not to run your rigs upon me, quoth the young Cockney, looking glumish, 'or I shall fetch you a ripe with this here hash-stick. If one gives you an hinch, you take a hell.' 'Never mind him, my dear,' cried his mother, 'eat this mutton chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!' 'Very good,' exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands, 'Ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin.' This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when he first came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and begun attacking the buttock of beef with great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous 'happetite,' and felt 'as ungrateful as an ound.' 'I never say any thing to discourage any body,' said Mr. Croak, 'particularly young people, it's a thing I hate, but t'other day a fine lad sate down to dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made.'

'I'm not going to be choused out of my dinner for all that,' replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out, 'Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs.' 'I doubt that,' cried Smart. 'I say it does,' resumed Dick, angrily, 'the table-cloth is all of a sop.' 'I'll bet you half-a-crown it doesn't.' Done! and done! was hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer.' This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who suddenly muttered, 'I'm not going to be bamboozled out of an 'alf crown in that there way, and vot's more I vont be made a standing joke by no man.' 'I don't see how you can,' replied his antagonist, 'so long as you are sitting.' 'Vy are you like a case of ketchup?' cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own enquiry, 'because you are a sauce-box.' 'Haw! haw!' roared his mother, 'bravo, Dick; well done, Dick; there's a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart.' Somewhat nettled at this joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge by enquiring of Dick why his hat was like a giblet pie? and after suffering him to guess two or three times in vain, cried because there's goose's head in it, and instantly set the example of the horse-laugh in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be 'I' water in the 'arbour when they arrived. 'Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it,' said the pertinacious Mr. Smart, 'perhaps it may cure your squint.'

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bouurrasque* (as the French say) in the hold, but there was just then a tremendous concussion upon the deck, occasioned by the fall of the main-boom, and followed by squeaks and screams, of all calibres, from the panic-stricken company at the dinner table. 'Heaven have mercy upon us,' ejaculated Croak, with a deep groan, 'it's all over with us, we are going to the bottom, I like to make the best of every thing, it's my way, and therefore no lady or gentleman will be in the least alarmed, for I believe drowning is a much less painful death than is generally supposed.'

Having run upon deck at this juncture for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the accident, which he found to be unattended with the smallest danger, the writer cannot detail any more of the conversation that ensued.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN MARRIED LIFE.

"Oh! fearful thing, to let one only hope
Engross the human heart."

Lindsay Bathurst married the beautiful Jeanette —, almost against his own judgment, being aware of her mother's frailty, of which Jeanette was entirely ignorant. Under particular circumstances, Jeanette was one day invited to visit a Mrs. Grant, an old friend, despite of her husband's prohibition.

'Jeanette was almost a stranger to moral fear; but when she beheld the deep shade on Lindsay's brow, instead of the gladness that should have been there, she experienced an inward tremour that all but deprived her of the power of speaking. She was conscious of it; and, exerting herself to overcome it, her first words were—'Lindsay, I have disobeyed you—I have seen Mrs. Grant.' 'You may spare yourself the trouble of confession, Jeanette: I know it already.' 'I wished you to do so; but I had hoped you would have heard it first from me.' 'It is of little consequence