Poetry.

I HEAR THY VOICE.

BY W. R. ROSEN.

I hear thy voice, fond sleeper, now,
Not as it rose in gladsome hour,
When joy illumed by radiant brow,
And life bloomed fair with many a flower,
But grave with solemn tones and still,
That wake each chord with inner thrill.

I hear thy voice in many a scene
Where thou in buoyant hope didst roam,
Not such as when thy self hast been
The cherished idol of thy home:
But now in accents richly deep
From the low grave where thou dost sleep.

I hear thy voice in melting song,
Not as its cadence charmed the ear
Amid the gay and happy throng
Who gathered round thy beauty here.
A spirit's joy, a spirit's lyre
Thy strains of melody inspire.

I hear thy voice in lonliness call,
Not as it gave its witching tone
To sway with soft and gentle thrall,
And soothe the sorrows of thine own,
But quivering now with purer love
For us below, for those above.

I hear thy voice! It cometh oft,
In sorrow's gush and memory's swell,
When sigh, we ne'er welcome soft
Or whisper of its sad farewell,
It comes with happy tone and blest,
And bids us to thine own sweet rest.

THE RECORD OF A TRIUMPH!

CONSOLATION FOR THE SUFFERING.—There is no little consolation in the thought that, however low or poster may flourish for the season, he cannot long continue to delude mankind. How men contrive to acquire a brief and flashy reputation, and then sink into disrepute, and oblivion! This is especially true of the pretenders to medical skill, who, in an age when diseases abound, seek to ingratiate themselves into the confidence of the public, and to impose upon it with their noxious nostrums. We confess that years ago, when we first heard of the universal celebrity of professor HOLLOWAY, we entertained his lofty claims, and arrogated to ourselves a superiority of discernment which would not allow him to entrap our judgment. Most heartily do we beg his pardon, for the unjust imputation. A careful study of his system convinced us that we were indeed mistaken, and that the world, to do him justice, should immediately, as it undoubtedly will hereafter, rank him foremost amongst its benefactors. He has solved the mystery of human diseases, and proved that all medical treatment, from the time of HUNTER, has been based upon false premises. JENNER did not effect a greater revolution in method of dealing with the small pox, than HOLLOWAY has done in the ordinary medical routine of the present day.

The human blood is not mere fluid, coursing through the veins and arteries, and partaking of the mere qualities of other fluids. It is—startling as the statement may may appear—ALIVE. It is in plain word, *"the life of man."* All physiological diseases, such as indigestion, deranged kidneys, liver, heart, lungs, stomach, all impure secretions in the body, and a large majority of epidemic and endemic diseases have their origin, or, at least their exciting cause in the impure state of the blood. Cleanse that and keep it cleansed, and no sickness can prostrate, or even assail the system. This splendid discovery has given a lustre to Professor HOLLOWAY's name, transcending the renown of heroes and statesmen. We do not wonder at the great fame he has acquired in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia.—We rejoice that he has visited our own country and opened an establishment in New York, which will be a very TEMPLE OF HEALTH to our own citizens. His PILLS and OINTMENT are the most wonderful sanatives which science and skill have yet produced.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

A YOUNG TOBACCO CHEWER CURED.—On board ship, one day, we were stowing away the hammocks, when one of the boys came with his hammock on his shoulder, and as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"What have you got there?" asked the lieutenant, "a gum boil? Your cheek is much swollen." "No, sir," replied the boy, "there is nothing at all the matter." "Oh! there *must* be; perhaps it is a bad tooth. Open your mouth and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, which contained a large roll of tobacco leaf. "I see, I see," said the lieutenant, "poor fellow! how you must suffer! Your mouth wants overhauling, and your teeth cleaning; I wish we had a dentist on board, but as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armorer up here with his tongs." When the armorer made his appearance with his big tongs, the boy was compelled to open his mouth while the tobacco was extracted with this rough instrument.

"There now!" said the lieutenant, "I'm sure that you must feel better already. Your never could have good appetite with such stuff in your mouth. Now, captain of the after guard, bring a piece of old canvas and some sand, and clean his teeth nicely."

The captain of the after guard came forward, grinning, and scrubbed the boy's teeth well with canvas and sand for two or three minutes.

"There, that will do," said the lieutenant. "Now my little fellow, take some water and rinse your mouth, and you will enjoy your breakfast. When you are troubled in the same way again, come to me, and I will be your dentist." The lad was completely cured, by the ridicule of the occurrence, of the habit of tobacco chewing.—*Capt. Marryatt.*

SEEING IS NOTHING.—Frederick the Great being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, determined that this successor should not be lacking him in these qualifications, took the following method of ascertaining the merits of one of the numerous candidates for the appointment: He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him with a text the following Sunday, when he was to make an extempore sermon. The clergyman accepted the proposition. The whim of such a probationary discourse was spread abroad widely, and at an early hour the royal chapel was crowded to excess. The king arrived at the end of the prayers, and on the candidate's ascending the pulpit, one of his aides-de-camp presented him with a sealed paper. The preacher opened it, and found nothing therein. He did not, however, lose the presence of mind; but turning the paper on both sides, he said:—My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things," and proceeded to deliver a most admirable discourse upon the wonders of creation.

[illegible] WHERE BURNS BEGINS A MAHOGANY [illegible]—Young [illegible] on the subject of Mr. Webster's [illegible] mahogany furniture, [illegible] remarks, "Mr. Webster [illegible] Mr. Webster [illegible] a young [illegible] Webster [illegible] with a [illegible] mahogany [illegible] Webster [illegible] mahogany [illegible] Webster [illegible] mahogany [illegible] Webster