

POETRY

The following beautiful lives are extracted from the OLD MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for February, which states that the author is THOMAS MILLER, a basket maker in London:—

THE EVENING HYMN.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue,
As when at first it hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud,
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder tramping deep and loud,
Have left no foot mark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never ring so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut, and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky and sea,
That still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God! of
Thee.
The whispering leaves the far off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rook—
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright guardians of the blue-browed
night;
What are ye in your native skies?
I knew not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things,
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all Divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearkened to what Science tells,
For oh in childhood I was taught,
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening, woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusker pathways blacker grow,
All silence reigns in glen and glade,—
All all is mute below.

And other eyes as sweet as this
Will close upon as calm a day,
And sinking down the deep abyss,
Will like the last be swept away,
Until eternity is gained.
That boundless sea without a shore,
That without time for ever reigned,
And will when time's no more.

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble
soil.
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "BEHOLD A GOD!"

THE SIEUR V.—

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The resolution which it was supposed had been formed by Morey, the accomplice of Fieschi, of starving himself to death, is not the first example of the kind on record. This same mode of suicide has on several former occasions been successfully adopted by accused and condemned persons. It has been remarked that the horrible tortures of hunger do not produce delirium, or even annihilation of the intellectual faculties, except when violently imposed by power superior to that of the victim. The suffering, on the contrary, when incurred for the purpose of suicide, and endured with energetic but fatal determination, seems to excite and invigorate the moral faculties, and to increase the acuteness of the senses. In spite of exhaustion, and prostration, of the physical organization, the immaterial portion of the system acquires renewed strength, and at-

tains an inconceivable development of power.

A very curious example of suicide by means of starvation occurred some years ago in Corsica. During the elections, the Sieur V—— rushed into the electoral college armed with a dagger which he plunged into the breast of a man who had done him some injury. The man fell dead at his feet. This assassination was committed in the light of day before an assembled multitude. Never was an act of Italian *ven telt* more signally executed.

He resolved to starve himself to death during the interval which elapsed between the sentence of the Court of Assizes and the reply which the Court of Cassation would make to the appeal he had addressed to it.

He had succeeded in concealing from the observation of his jailors, a portion of the food with which they supplied him, so as to make it to be believed that he regularly took his meals. After three days abstinence, the pangs of hunger became insupportable. It then suddenly occurred to him that he might more speedily accomplish the object he had in view, by eating with avidity; he thought the state of exhaustion to which he was reduced, would unfit him to bear the sudden excess, and that it would inevitably occasion the death he so ardently desired. He accordingly sat down to the food which he had laid aside, and ate voraciously choosing in preference the heaviest things. The consequence was, that he was seized with a violent fit of indigestion, from which contrary to his expectation, the Prison Doctor speedily cured him.

He then resumed his fatal design—He suffered again what he had undergone before. The torture was almost beyond his strength. His thirst too, was intolerable. It overcame his resolution. He extended his hand towards the jug of water which was placed in his cell. He drank with avidity, and to use his own expressions, he was restored to *new Life*.

To avoid yielding again to similar temptations, he daily took the precaution of overturning the jug of water which was brought to him. Lest he should be induced to raise it to his lips, he threw it down with his foot, not venturing to touch it with his hand.

In this manner he passed eighteen days.

Every day at different intervals, he noted down in his album a minute account of his sensations. He counted the beatings of his pulse and marked their number from hour to hour, measuring with the most scrupulous attention the gradual wasting of his strength. In several parts of this melancholy memoir, he declares that he felt it harder to bear the agonies of thirst than those of hunger. He confessed that he was frequently on the point of yielding to the desire of drinking. He nevertheless resisted.

He was surprised to find his sight become more clear, strong and accurate;—it appeared to him like the development of a new sense. The nearer he approached his latter moments, the more his power of vision seemed to increase. On this subject he thus expresses himself:—"It appears as though I could see through the thickest walls."

His sense of feeling likewise attained the most exquisite sensibility. His hearing and smelling improved in a similar degree. His album contains many curious statements on these subjects.

The Sieur V—— had devoted some attention to anatomy, and physiology; and he attributes the increased acuteness of his senses to the way in which the intestinal irritation acted on the nervous system.

His ideas he says were numerous and clear, and were very different from anything he had experienced in moments of excitement or intoxication. They were all directed to logical investigation, whether he applied them to an analysis of material objects or to philosophic contemplation. He also felt himself inspired with a singular aptitude for mathematical calculations, a study for which he had previously felt but very little inclination.

In short he declares that he never derived so much gratification from his intellectual condition as throughout the whole duration of his physical tortures.

He made notes in his album to the last moment of his existence. He had scarcely strength sufficient to hold the pencil with which he traced the following words:—"My pulse has nearly ceased to beat;—my mouth is totally parched, but my brain retains a degree of vigour which in my sad condition is the greatest solace Providence could bestow on me. It is impossible that I can live out this day.—My jailers watch me, and fancy they have adopted every precaution. They little think that I have outwitted them. Death annuls the sentence which has been pronounced on me. In another hour, perhaps, they will find nothing but a cold corpse."

V—— expired as he foretold. His album has been carefully preserved. It is a record replete with interest to Medical Professors. The slow torture endured with so much courage, and described with such remarkable clearness, renders it one of the most curious documents in the annals of medical science.

A FAMILY SCENE.

I happened not long since to call at a neighbour's for the purpose of friendly conversation; when on a sudden half a dozen boys and girls rushed into the room, and with boisterous sounds of words and loud laughter, confused and drowned the conversation.

The father reddened with seeming resentment, and said in a softened tone, "Don't my children be noisy." He might as well have been silent; for they had been too long acquainted with his irrelative and unsteady government, to pay the least attention to what was said.—They continued till one a little out of breath, drew off from the rest, to listen to a story his father was relating. Presently he bawled out, "Father, you don't tell that story right."

"But do you not know my son, it is not good manners to interrupt your father when he is talking?" "But I vow, you don't tell that story as I heard it." His father was silent, and the son went on with his story, the old man was as tame as a whipped spaniel.

fill it was finished then he said, "Come my son, fetch some wood and put it on the fire." "Can't let Sam go; lazy but he hasn't done nothing to-day." "Yes I have done more than you too; you may go, father told you first," "Don't say so Sammy: come John you are father's best boy, run and bring some wood." "Yes I am always the best boy when there is anything to do; have to do everything under the sun; great lazy Sue stays in the house and can't do anything; let her go." In the end the father went himself. In his absence, as one was sitting down in his chair, another pulled the chair away, and let him fall on the floor. He scrambled up in a rage, and fell upon his brother with his fist and began to cry "Father, John is biting and striking me." "Sue has got a pin and pricks me screamed another. "He pinched me first," said Sue. "Give me my thing here," bawled the fifth. "I wout; isn't your thing; it's mine: you said I might have it." "L-a-w my son, do give it to him." "I won't." And away it went into the fire. Dinner was soon ready, and another scene of irregularities opened. The children scrambled and huddled round the table like so many hungry dogs. Each began to help himself before the duties of the table were attended to. They cut and slashed crowded and differed till the pie was brought on the table; when one called out with authority, "Mother give me a great piece." "Sam," said another has got a piece as big again as I have;" and away went his to the floor. "O my dear said the mother that's naughty; shouldn't do so. Don't cry my dear and I will give you a great piece. I believe the children always act worse when we have company than at any other time. They act worse than I ever knew them."—*Family Magazine*.

AMERICAN SPECULATIONS IN REAL ESTATE IN GREECE.—We confess we were aware that the rage for speculating in real estate and town lots pervaded the great republic from Passamaquodda to Pensacola, but we were not prepared to learn that it had invaded the classic grounds of Greece, the very temples of Athens, and columns of the far famed Parthenon. Such is the fact.—A correspondent of the London Times informs us, that such is the mild government of

young Otho who is daily walking the streets of Athens with his father the king of Bavaria, and such the encouragement given to foreign enterprise, that they have already made arrangements for a bank, (Safety Fund probably) have a steamboat running northly from Patras to Fal-mouth (Eng.)—but what is more, lots laying out without number among the crumbling cornices and broken statues of the Piræus, among which a Scotchman has invested 50,000 dollars, and an American gentleman forsooth (not to be outdone by the Caledonian Yankee) 20,000 dollars. They have long had two or three smart Yankee schoolmistresses, teaching Dilworth and Cocker to the descendants of Epaminondas and Demosthenes, and Byron and Shakspeare, to some perhaps of Homer and Euripides of posterity.—Next they will have town meetings and elections, and militia musters, and assemblymen and congressmen, ending ultimately we hope in 4th of July orations, and a declaration of independence and establishment of a republic after the Yankee pattern.—*New York Star*.

INGENIOUS HOAX.—Madam W——, a rich foreign lady at Paris, was lately made the subject of a mortifying hoax. Having sent round 400 cards of invitation and lighted her rooms most brilliantly, what was her chagrin to find not a solitary being arrive! A wag it appears who had not been asked, and who had obtained the list, sent round in revenge, an apology from the lady, countermanding her previous notes, and pleading sudden illness. The *enclaircissement* did not take place till the following day, when numerous cards arrived, enquiring anxiously after her health.

INVENTOR OF STENOGRAPHY.—Cicero as we learn from Plutarch, was the person who first introduced into Rome the art of taking notes in short hand. Before his consulate they had no short hand writers. He taught a number of the swiftest penmen the art of abbreviating words by characters, and placed them in different parts of the Senate House. In this way he only oration extant of Cato the younger was preserved.

A NEW INVENTION FOR THE LADIES.—What will or may not French ingenuity do to gratify the taste for ornament in everything especially that pertains to the ladies costume, in which their refined judgment we must confess is generally correct. There is a journal now published in Paris, called "Psche," intended exclusively for the ladies, each monthly number of which is embellished with coloured figures of the latest fashions, divided into moveable pieces representing the different parts of the dress which may be taken out and fitted upon a sculptured doll which is sent with the journal.

TAX ON BACHELORS.—A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state "Yes madam, replied Colonel —, of — in Berkshire who was present, and was a most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor, "as on all other luxuries."

"Talking of storms," said Paddy the other day to a friend of ours at Pembroke my dear sir, we had the heaviest I ever saw considering the size of the town.

VALUE OF A SINGLE VOTE.—Whiston says he was informed by Mr Arthur Onslow that it depended upon a single vote in the House of Commons whether King James should be permitted to employ Popish officers in his army. The circumstance was this:—A courtier who was to watch every member that had any employment under the king, observed one who had a regiment and was going to vote against the Court: upon the discovery he accosted him warmly and put him in mind of his regiment, to which the officer made answer, "my brothe died last night, and left me seven hundred a year."

M. Felician David, who has resided some time in the Levant and Egypt, has since his return to Paris, published a collection of new and original Oriental Melodies taken from the national airs of the people he visited.

M. de Griesswald who lately became bankrupt at Hamburg was the owner of 63 vessels.