

POETRY

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

What is mind? my spirit! say,
Thou that "lightest up" my way:
Thou that from the parent fount
Ere while, above the sun shall mount.

What is mind! my secret soul,
O'er which alone, thou hast control?
O'er which presidest, like a God:
Infinity's bright realms has trod?

What is mind? my soul's delight!
Pervading essence! Light of light!
Almighty of Almighty Seers!
Whose burning brow through space appears.

What is mind? what it is?
Th' immortal soul's antipodes,
The everlasting germ of life,
With which the soul is full and rife.

What is mind, the infant mind?
What,—but her attributes confin'd!
Immortal essence and sublime,
Which graduates with conscious time!

Apart from body—from the heart—
From clay distinct—its every part:
Existence separate and free,
Demanding immortality!

This structure of the man, how wise,
How wonderful in deep disguise?
Changing from its birth to death,
Every particle,—save breath!

Immortal work! Divine machine!
An after life's and death's dead dream,
Still combinations new take place,
Which change with changing Nature's face.

Yet, yet the mind—the throned mind,
Imperishable type, refined!
Unchanged, fulfils its prime behest
When death's vile body takes its rest.

Identity of mind—the same!
The soul supreme subdues that flame
Which kindles in the heart's recess,
And sparkles mental loveliness!

Boon of the Lord's—essential Lord!
Who "MIND" constructed by his word!
And soul infused, God's type within,
The Saviour—antidote to sin.

SECRET SORROW.

There is no wrinkle on my brow,
No sadness in mine eye,
Who ever saw my tear-drops flow?
Or heard my plaintive sigh?
And ever jocund is my smile,
And joyous is my tongue;
Who then could guess how all the while—
My heart of hearts is wrung?

While jests are flowing from my lip:
While loudest is my laugh;
Or while with those who largest sip,
The cheering bowl I quaff,
Who could suspect that all inside
No touch of joy could feel?
Or that the smiling face should hide
A soul of lifeless steel?

Yet so it is; no care have I
For aught I say or do:
Deep in yon grave my fond hopes lie,
Under the church-yard yew,
I live without a thought—in end—
A purpose to pursue;
And care not how through life I wend,
So that it were passed through.

But why should I my friends torment
With sorrows all my own?
It gives my bosom more content
To feel them quite alone,
And therefore do I smooth my brow,
And brighten up mine eye,
And check the tear, though prompt to flow,
And stop the thirsting sigh.

A PRIZE.

Yesterday an aged and respectable citizen
of Baltimore, met with an incident of good
luck of a rare and singular nature. Passing
along Baltimore street at his usual slow pace,
his eyes fell on a small package that lay im-
mediately in his path. He turned it over
and over with his cane—moved it this way
and that, and at length, after casting a look
around to see whether any observed him,
picked it up, and examined it. It was directed
to the Bank of Baltimore, dosed with red
sealing wax, and stamped with a peculiar
kind of seal. His heart beat at a rapid rate
—he had been happy in his poverty—but
now that wealth was within his grasp, he felt

that his days of joy were complete, and that
he must be miserable. As he passed along
with his treasure, he began to question him-
self as to the propriety of keeping the money
—it was directed to the Bank of Baltimore,
and should be returned to its rightful own-
ers. Yet avarice, like a wily serpent, twin-
ed around his heart, and want breathed elo-
quently in his ear tales of impoverished old
age—beds of sickness, cold and dreary win-
ters, and above all a scolding wife. "Be-
sides," said he, "nobody will be a bit the
wiser, and one family at least will be made
comfortable."

Pondering over the doctrines of Jeremy
Bentham, and accommodating circumstances
admirably to his conscience, he arrived home
with the treasure in his pocket—but as he
entered the door conviction again came upon
him—he thought he had a nest of vipers in
his pocket—the package appeared to have
troubled spirits within its envelope—each
spirit seemed to speak out in terrible tones
to his conscience, and he trembled all over
as if he had committed an act which would
for ever blast his reputation and his happi-
ness. Poor man! all his dreams of bliss had
flown—he entered his good old lady's apart-
ment with eyes glaring and limbs trembling
from joint to joint. His wife, alarmed at his
unusual appearance, placed him upon a chair,
and began chafing his beating temples with
vinegar, repeatedly asking him what had oc-
curred to agitate him so?

"O wife!—wife!" at length uttered he,
"I am a miserable old man. The devil has
tempted me, and I have sinned largely."

"How, my dear?" tenderly asked the old
lady, beginning to suspect that her husband
had sat too long by the tavern fire—she was
sure she smelt brandy.

"Put your hand in my pocket, and take
from thence ten thousand scorpions that
have been stinging me for this half hour past.
Take them out wife."

"Indeed, I will," said she, drawing the
package from his pocket, "bless my soul,
what's this?"

"Bank notes—I found them in the street
—but they belong to the Bank of Balti-
more."

"Why, now—how lucky; but what a pity
that we should have to return them—they
would make us comfortable for the rest of
our lives."

"Ah! wife," said the old gentleman sor-
rowfully, "don't tempt me again—Adam
sinned through Eve, and Eve through the
serpent, and I wonder how much money
is in that package?"

"Ten thousand dollars I'll be bound.—It
would be no harm to open it, would it?"
—You know we can give the money back when
a reward is offered."

The husband said nothing—and the old
lady taken silence for consent, proceeded to
break the seals, one by one—when lo! in-
stead of ten thousand dollars and as many
scorpions, out fell a brace of tracts and a
piece of paper, on which was written in large
characters "APRIL FOOL."—*Baltimore Te-
legraph.*

MANSION HOUSE.

On Tuesday a medical Jew, named GAW-
THORN, was brought before the Lord Mayor,
charged with having obtained a plate of meat
and appendages in an eating-house, from a
female waiter, for the payment of which he
left a pencil-case as security which pencil-
case he afterwards induced her to put into
his hands, and sold for 8d. in the room, after
it had become her property. Upon being
asked by the Lord Mayor what he meant by
such conduct? He insisted that there was
nothing in the proceeding, which he admit-
ted was correctly stated by the girl, that
could subject him to any penalty to be in-
flicted by a magistrate.

The Lord Mayor said that he considered
the case to be one of gross fraud, and that a
man who attempted to defend it well deserv-
ed the punishment which was affixed to an
offence of the kind.

The prisoner said it was quite impossible
to make any thing of the business, in what-
ever way it might be viewed, except a mere
debt. It was not like a fraud at all.

The Lord Mayor—I think it is, and so
like a fraud that I shall send it to a jury
to decide upon the resemblance.

Prisoner—Very well, my Lord, you'll see
which of us is right. I'd lay a wager that
my opinion is the correct one. (Loud
laughter).

The Lord Mayor—Let the commitment be
made out. It strikes me that you have been
guilty of a very gross deception upon this
poor young woman, and I think that others
will be of the same opinion.

Prisoner—Oh dear, not at all. There's no
legal ground at all you will see find.

The prisoner was then taken to Newgate,
and in going thither he seemed to anticipate
with satisfaction a triumph over the Lord
Mayor.

Yesterday, to the surprise of his Lordship,
the prisoner appeared before him again
charged with having obtained a plate of
meat and vegetables upon the (with him)
usual terms. He had no money, and he ar-
gued that the want of it was a good reason
for going in debt to a stranger.

The Lord Mayor—So you have got off at
the Central Criminal Court, sir?

Prisoner—Oh dear, yes. The grand jury
found no bill. They understood too well
what they were about.

The Lord Mayor—And their decision has
apparently given you confidence?

Prisoner—Why I know I never did any
thing against Old Bailey law. It is nothing
but a debt, and if I was to go on till dooms-
day nobody could make any more of it.—
Depend upon it I am right.—(Looking about
the room for approbation.)

The Lord Mayor—We must make you
known to the eating house people at any rate;
and I shall remand you till to-morrow.

Prisoner—Very well, my lord, you'll find
I am right, and no mistake.

The prisoner, who is a spare, long-featur-
ed, dark-visaged man, and has been for some
time running "the boiled beef rig," was
then remanded. He remarked upon going
out of the Justice-room that the citizens
were by no means sound lawyers.

A MUCH INJURED MAN.—George Talkin-
ton, once a celebrated horse dealer at Uttox-
eter, who died on the 30th April, 1836, at
Cheddar, Cheshire, in his eighty-third year,
met with more accidents than probably befel
any other human being. Up to the year
1793 they were as follows:—Right shoulder
broken; skull fractured and trepanned; left
arm broken in two places; three ribs on the
left side broken; a cut on the forehead;
lancet case, fine case, a knife forced into the
thigh; three ribs broken on the right side;
and the right shoulder, elbow, and wrist dis-
located; back seriously injured; cap of the
right knee kicked off; left ankle dislocated;
cut for a fistula; right ankle dislocated and
hip knocked down; seven ribs broken on
the right and left sides; kicked in the face,
and the left eye nearly punched out; the
back again seriously injured; two ribs and
breast bone broken; got down and kicked
by a horse, until he had five holes in his
left leg; the sinews just below the right knee
cut through, and two holes in that leg, and
also two shocking cuts above the knee; ta-
ken apparently dead seven times out of dif-
ferent rivers.

It is a triumphant evidence of the exqui-
site taste of the Egyptian Monarchs, that we
have made little, perhaps no improvement
on the forms of the vases and vessels, and
that an Egyptian headdress or sideboard,
with all its details, not excluding dishes,
plates, knives, and spoons, near 4,000 years
ago, bore a striking resemblance to the side-
boards of our modern palaces and villas.—
The hunting cups were embellished, as at
present, with heads of the animals of the
chase; but the banqueting uras, instead of
being supported by the forms of vanquished
Carthians, &c., Caristides, as at Athens, are
supported by the forms of vanquished Bac-
trian, Chaldean, Scythian, or Ethiopian
Kings.

HOW TO LEARN FRENCH.—A friend of ours,
on a recent visit to Paris, thought it well to
make a virtue of necessity; and, in order to
practice only the language of the country, so
as to acquire facility in speaking it, resolved
to board in a house where no English resided.
Being satisfied in his particular enqui-
ries in this respect, he agreed for his "pen-
sion" for a month, sent in his luggage, and
occupied his allotted apartment. The first
day's dinner hour had arrived, and he had
brushed up his French to meet the numerous
party who sat down to it. Besides the head
of the establishment there were twenty-five
at table, and they were—all Americans!

A LONG TIME TO WAIT.—It is the custom
at Chambers, in Inns of Court, when attor-
neys or their clerks are absent, to put labels
on the doors, thus—"Gone to the Temple;
return in an hour," &c. A certain limb of
the law having recently been non est inces-
sary, and a charge of embezzlement brought
against him, a friend fastened the following
announcement to the doors of his chambers:
—"Gone to Botany-bay; return in fourteen
years."

AN INDIAN'S REPLY TO A CHALLENGE.—
"I have two objections to this duel affair;
the one is, lest you should hurt me. I do
not see any good that it would do to me to
put a bullet through any part (through even
the least dangerous part) of your body. I
could not make use of you when dead for
any culinary purpose; but I could of a rab-
bit or a turkey. I am no cannibal, for my
tribe does not feed on the flesh of men! why
then shoot down a human creature, of
which I could make no use? A buffalo
would be better meat; and although your
flesh may be delicate and tender, it still
wants that firmness and consistency which
retains salt; at any rate, it would not be fit
for long voyages. You might make a good
French stew, or an American barbecue, it is
true, being much of the nature of the racoon
or an opossum; but people are not in the
habit of barbecuing any thing human now-
adays. As to your hide, being little better
than that of a year colt, it is not worth
taking off. As to myself, I think it more
sensible to avoid, than to place myself in the
way of any thing harmful. I am under

great apprehension you might hit me! That
being the case, I think it more advisable to
stay at a distance. If you want to try your
pistol take some object—a tree, or any
thing so about my dimensions; if you hit
that, and me word, and I shall acknowl-
edge it, if I had been in the same place,
you must have hit me."

A HARD CASE.—When Mr J— was in
the Debtors' Prison, at Bristol, his wife wrote
thus, enumerating his sufferings:—"He is
allowed to visitors on Sunday; and, worse
than that, he is obliged to go to church—a
thing which you know he, poor fellow has
never been accustomed to it.

A LETTER "CALLED OUT.—Mr B—, a
provincial manager, who visits several towns
within fifty miles of the metropolis, (Gnild-
ford, Reag, Croydon, &c.) engaged a new
leader of the band, a very efficient music-
ian; but his gentleman was eternally teasing
Mr B— with hopes that he wouldn't go to
Croydon. "What has Croydon done to you?"
asked the manager. "Are you in debt there?"
"No." A dozen interrogatories were nega-
tived, and the mystery remained unravelled.
At length the company actually did go to
Croydon, and, sore against his will, the
luckless leader too. He had scarcely taken
his seat on the first night, when a voice
from the gallery exclaimed, "who sawed
the man's legs off?" Next night, and every
night after, another and another caller came,
and the last was louder than the former.
At length the leader sent in his resignation.
"I can bear no longer sir." "Bear what
sir?" said Mr B—, who had never applied
the gallery exclamation to his leader. "Why
don't you hear 'em calling out every night."
"Who sawed the man's legs off?" "To be
sure I do, but it's some slang phrase, and
what can it matter to you?" "Every thing
sir." "Why did you ever saw a man's legs
off?" "Ah! Sir, I was a small undertak-
er in this town—once, and having mis-meas-
ured a coffin for the workhouse, I was oblig-
ed to cut off the legs of the corpse to put
him in it. His got air, and by this very
they hunted me out of town.

Value life, but not so as to love it for
mere vulgar pleasures and despicable views
of ambition. Prize it only for that some-
thing more important, more elevated and di-
vine; because it is the arena of merit; dear
to the eye of Omnipotence; glorious to Him,
glorious to ourselves. Love it then, not-
withstanding its sorrows, or rather for its
sorrows, since these lend it a beauty and dig-
nity worthy of an imperishable mind. It
is these which cause us to spring up, to avoid,
and to bear the fruit of generous thoughts
and noble determinations in the mind of
man. Yet be ever mindful that this life,
which you ought to estimate, is given you
but for a brief period. Dissipate it not in
too many relaxations or enjoyments. Give
only to joy and pleasure what is necessary,
so much as may seem good for your health
and the comfort of others. Prefer where
you can, to ease your chiefly consist in lau-
dable employment; by serving your fellow-
citizens with spirit of magnanimous broth-
erhood, and in serving your God with the
filial love and obedience due to him.

SPACE AND LIGHT.—The largest star in
the sky is one to the south, called Sirius,
or the Dog-star. If we could suppose it to
be equal in size and light to our sun, we
should know that it is distant from us the
inconceivable space of two millions of mil-
lions of millions of miles. But one of
the stars has been calculated to have a di-
ameter three thousand times greater than our
sun, so that the distance of Sirius may be
somewhat less. It is certain, however, from
other calculations, that the distance is not
less (however true) than nineteen millions
of millions of miles. Light travels at the
rate of a million of miles in five seconds;
now, it will take a year and a half to travel
from some of those conspicuous stars.—
Other stars have been calculated to be forty
two thousand times more distant than Sir-
ius: according to the light which they bear
in our eyes, when we look at them through
a telescope, we have left them sixty three
thousand years ago, and been travelling a
million of millions every five seconds ever
since.

RESENTMENT.—It is far more glorious and
more difficult to subdue our own resentments
and to act with generosity to an adversary
than to make him feel the severest effects of
our vengeance. This highest act of self-
denial and self-government, this conquest
over our strongest passions, our Saviour and
our religion require.

EPIGRAM.

The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without;
For Nature, which to them gave goût,
To us gave only Gout!

Condemn not such haste,
To letters but appealing;
French Goats only taste,
The English Gout is feeling!
Never trouble others for what you can do
yourself.